

The Earnest Christian

AND
GOLDEN RULE.

DECEMBER, 1866.

PARDON OF SIN.

BY REV. L. KELLY.

THE lowest grade of experience in salvation is pardon. If this is not obtained, the subsequent life of a professing Christian is all confusion. He who presumes to overleap this pre-requisite, and strives to attain Christian perfection, is utterly blind. Many who profess salvation are destitute of pardon. Their experience is built upon the sand. They are insecure because they are not sanctioned by the Bible. Others, who once obtained pardon but have lost the witness of the Spirit, now testify to Christ's saving ability, while they are themselves children of corruption. O, mistaken souls, to dream of heaven, while you carry the burning conviction of living in known sin! Reader, if you are the man, you may profess the most sanctified life, but God who sees you, unmasks your self-constituted righteousness. Yes, you feel an awful weight on your soul, of accumulated guilt. Do you wish to deceive? Better confess to an assembled world than go down to hell, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire. Why not now bow meekly before God and ask forgiveness? Then go straight to Jesus, tell him your sorrows, pour out your grief, settle the matter between yourself and him. To rest another day may be fatal. Your case needs attention. Delay is ruinous.—Your means of reform have proven Christless. You have been waiting for peace. Mark! *First pure, then peace-*

able. Your probabilities of salvation are diminishing, and your desperation increasing. You may now turn ere the darkness of blackness is winding its eternal horror round your unforgiven soul. The foreshadowing of an endless, starless night, spreading its gloom with increasing fear of coming wrath, now makes you feel that pardon is the only relief. O, why not sink into His hands, and have your guilt all forgiven? May God for Christ's sake pity you. Look around you; you stand on the threshold of an awful hell, while God offers you pardon. O, madness! My soul feels for you. Stop now—think awhile. Let the voice of God be heard. Better you had never seen the light than reject it. Let us turn our attention to a few facts.

1. *Pardon is a change of relation.* Before he is pardoned, man is at enmity with God. For the removal of this, God offers him relief through faith in his Son. All possible expedients have been tested that human wisdom can devise, and yet none has ever brought the desired peace. Men have acknowledged God, but few have sought his favor. Strange! that such a relation should be contemned. To be translated from a state of rebellion to a state of peace—from a child of hell to one of glory, and yet this change is known by few, though all mankind might taste the bliss. In this new relation the soul obtains *peace*.

This *peace* is the fruit of the Holy Ghost. Christ is called *our Peace*.—The redeemed sinner can rest on a su foundation. Storms may come a

winds may blow, but his security is unshaken. This *grace* is found in every justified soul. It takes the place of former enmity. Contention ceases in such a soul. The peace of a sinner before pardoned is unlike this. It is unsettled. It comes from earth, and depends upon it. It changes with the prospect before him. He has no Christ, and where this precious Jesus is not, doubt and unbelief sit enthroned. He may imagine peace, but one thought of eternal judgment scatters it to the winds. "There is *no peace* to the wicked, saith my God." The "wicked are like the troubled sea that cannot rest, casting up mire and dirt." They say, "lo here is Christ, lo there is Christ." "They have Lords many, and gods many." If the Devil can induce them to seek, in this world, the peace they long for, by presenting objects of hope, the very opposite of Christ, he accomplishes his hellish design. You may, reader, live in a palace, yet your soul be at enmity with God. There is absolutely no peace out of Christ. "Out of Christ God is a consuming fire."

You may always have this *grace* in your heart by observing two things. 1st. Commit all into God's hands, and 2d. Believe he will not forsake you, and that what he does, is and must be right, because it is not possible for him to do wrong. Enter into this life and your "*hope will be firm unto the end.*" Understand you do not covenant to serve him according to circumstances, but to be his *always*. He who occupies this ground can

"Gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain."

We must rest meekly in his hands—to move is to be destroyed. To retain this peace we must not complain, or wish our lot different, or assume to prescribe to God. Our Father's hand will lead us, only you must allow yourself to be led. As storms gather, lean on him. Tempest without and peace within.

2. *It implies a change in our nature.* It would be useless to argue the natural purity of our race. Every day's experience contradicts this. The worst of

unbelievers would repel the theory of innate purity. Men everywhere complain of the depravity of our race—the deceitfulness of our nature. Every possible means has been resorted to for a radical reform. Men of the best intellect have been guilty of the most atrocious deeds. Education has expended its millions, and has failed to cure the moral disease. Philosophy and tradition have been substituted for God's commandments. Ceremonies have been observed. They have never converted a soul. Is there no remedy? Is there not a balm to reach to the utmost limits of our corrupt nature?—Nothing short of a radical cure will be restorative. The disease must have an antidote of infinite merit.

When earth had failed to find a remedy, heaven devised one. The Son of the living God reveals in the most expressive language the necessity of a change, but conceals the manner. We know not whence the wind cometh or whither it goeth, but we hear the sound; so is every one who is born of the Spirit. The Holy Ghost plants in us the seed of a divine nature, changing the current of our affections, and turning our attention heaven-ward. The moment we experience this new creation, we apprehend the Son of the living God as its author, and in us is now fulfilled the words, "created anew in Christ Jesus." We are partakers of the divine nature. Christ sanctified his human nature by the divine, so we have Christ *in us* the hope of glory, and are united to him our living head as the branch is to the vine. This is the new nature, though men may revile it. It is a hidden life. "Your life is hid with Christ in God." The ones who are thus changed, no more live unto themselves, but unto him who bought their pardon. The old nature has passed away, and behold all things have become new.

In this *new nature* not a trace is produced by self. Self must be abandoned. There is no mixture of human wisdom or skill. The instrument is lost in the immensity of the work. The work is so full of life, truth and love, that if all men doubted its genuineness, the sub-

ject would not hesitate to proclaim it. It is a well of water, springing up unto eternal life, not a pool produced by rain, or mere circumstances, but whose source is God himself. It is not required to tell the newly-born child, "you are saved,"—that fact is attested by the divine power. Very often we hear doubts expressed by seekers of salvation, and some agents of Satan, some times in the persons of ministers, console them with the words, so unaptly put, "The Lord has blessed you, *we know he has,*" and they send him out two-fold more the child of hell, not to contend against darkness, for he is darkness himself. What preachers!

Reader, if you have not this new nature, get it. God never deceives. What he hath promised he will perform. He will put his laws into your minds, and write them in your hearts. He will be your God, and you shall be his sons and daughters. How true God is. Every regenerated child knows God, as a sin-pardoning God. He is so merciful in making himself known. He reveals himself by the Spirit. The Spirit searches the deep things of God, and takes the things of God and reveals them unto us. Did God deal doubtfully, how sad would be our condition, but he lives in us. The whole man is changed. He possesses a new heart. The tree is good. The fountain now yields sweet water—not bitter.

This new nature makes a change in the outward life. He who professes to be born again, and never convinces his neighbors of that fact by a new character, is himself deceived. Men can not be kept ignorant of this spiritual life. If you can go in the same company, retain the same friends—trifle and jest as they do, live without giving offence to the hypocrite, you have merely supposed yourself a converted man, while you possess the entire old nature, only coated over. Perhaps you are born of the will of man, which is a sensual, devilish, and hellish nature. If you consider yourself righteous because your church brethren endorse you, beware, if you have not the seal of God. If you now love pleasure and mirth, and seek your

satisfaction therein, you have not been born again. That thirst for worldly pleasure is a strong evidence that you are far from God. If you are truly regenerated, you can no more seek ease and comfort in such things, than the sinner can in God's service. You know how unconverted men have no delight in God's worship, so the really regenerated man has no delight in serving the devil. Flee the appearance of evil.—Here is no ground of compromise. None whatever!

3. *Pardon implies a recognized innocence.* God is the justifier of him who believes in Jesus. His sins are not remembered against him. Whatever he may have done against God, is now freely forgiven. He knows he is accepted in the Beloved. The virtue of the atonement has been applied. He is now in Christ Jesus—without condemnation. God now for the sake of his Son receives him. As Christ was declared innocent, so he who receives Christ into his heart is acknowledged so before God. The sentence of the law fell on the Son, and now by an act of faith the believer continues in this relation of a justified and sanctified favor. If God justifieth who is he who condemneth? If he pronounces a soul absolved, who can withstand his will?—The sins of every sinner are as freely pardoned, and he is as graciously accepted, as if no enmity had previously existed. In this provision of salvation God can be merciful and just. He is just in pardoning for the sake of his Son, and recognizing the believer as entitled to an heirship of his glory.

Upon this principle God can do what man can not. Men may pardon criminals, but can not renew them. God can forgive the sinner who is guilty, without infringing upon his laws. No civil administration could stand which pardons men guilty of crime, because they repented or promised reform; but God's moral government can be more successfully administered for the race, in proportion as men repent and receive pardon, because there is more done than the mere act of pardon; the sinner is regenerated, and his whole life

renewed, and in the sight of violated law he is absolved from its penalty.

The expression, "I will remember their sins no more" is full of tender affection, and, "I will remember my covenant," is God's faithfulness pledged. This covers the ground. To say that the pardoned sinner forgets his former sins, is not strictly true. There may be, and often is, more real sorrow for sin, after pardon, than before, but it is not fraught with the pain of guilt, and he often laments his sins, but trusts God. There is joy mingled with sorrow when we remember our iniquities, because we have found the cleansing fountain. A faithful child may be sorry, at having strayed from his father's wishes, from love to that father. These thoughts teach us that we can not, even when forgiven, attribute any of our goodness to self." The Christian can always say "I abhor myself." He never speaks of his *innocence*, but the innocence of *Christ*, under whose favor he lives, and by whom he has access unto this grace, and rejoices in the hope of the glory of God.

This innocence does not teach the fatal doctrine, so soothing to corrupt human nature, that "Christ has done all and there is nothing for me to do," but place us where we *can* and *must* do, or forfeit our acceptance in Christ. Deliverance from the curse of the law, does not exempt us from its obligations, for the law is holy, and the commandments holy, just and good. We are co-laborers with God. He who pleads exemption from the duties of God's law has no part in his forgiving grace. God can not pardon any man who lightly esteems his law, neither can that soul live in his favor which ignores one jot or tittle of it. The whole Bible enjoins close living. Grace came by Jesus Christ, so did truth. Let there be fruit, as evidences of faith. Let faith and works go together. We talk much of heaven, and the incense of the redeemed, but the dressing-room for heaven is here on earth. The garment which saints wear in heaven must be put on here. This is God's ante-chamber to glory. In this sin-polluted world these gar-

ments are much needed. If you hope to wear one *there*, you must *learn* to wear it here and keep it *clean*. There can be no glory in a victory where there is no conflict. Palms are worn by the victors, not by the deserters. They have overcome by the blood of the Lamb. Through tribulation we enter in.

O, ye proud and gay professors, how can ye, while wearing the mark of the beast, and worshipping supreme self, claim a part in the glory? Better you were *not*, than merely to *be*, to be damned. You may see the shining way of God's redeemed host, but what hellish pangs will fill your soul for your self-deception. Do you walk here among God's people having a name to live, while your conscience tells you that your true place would be with the wicked? Have you the golden wedge, and God's armor on? Do you draw the sword against sin in others while you should let its edge cut you to the quick? Remember, you may say sharp truths, and even convince others, but I think if these truths do not find soil in your heart, what a harvest of iniquity you will reap. "*Save mighty God.*"

Lebanon, Ills.

A SECRET.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:—"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting and standing."

EXPERIENCE OF MRS. E. A. BOWEN.

ONE year ago last winter while attending a protracted meeting at the Methodist Episcopal Church, the convicting Spirit of God got hold of me, and I was brought to see myself a great sinner. I tried to seek my soul's salvation. I struggled a long time but found no rest, until at last my convictions wore off, and I told them how I felt, and they told me God had forgiven me my sins and I joined the class.

The next August they took me into full connection with the Church, and I thought I had as much religion as the most of the members. Last spring I attended a Free Methodist prayer-meeting, and again got under conviction. I then found I had never been converted, and could not receive pardon until I came out from the world, took the flowers off my bonnet, and consecrated myself to God as far as I had received the light. Jesus then spoke peace to my soul loud enough so I understood him.

Last fall at the Gowanda camp-meeting I made a full consecration to God, and he accepted my offering. Yes! I sold out to the Lord. Glory to God, I am wholly the Lord's. Praise his holy name for a free and full salvation. Jesus saves me from all unrighteousness.

I want to say to my old brethren and sisters, come awake from dead formalism, and enjoy the fire and spirit of religion. Oh how many are going down to perdition who think they are on the right road to heaven. Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ will give thee light. May the time soon come when we may have bible holiness preached in all our churches. God has plainly promised to accomplish within all who seek for it, the blessing of holiness. Because it is written, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." 1 Peter i. 15-16. "I am the Almighty God, walk before me and be thou perfect."—Gen. xvi. 1. "Then I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a

new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." Ezek., xxxvi: 25-27.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Springville, N. Y.

THE GREAT EXAMPLE.

BY G. E. CHAMPNEY.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The true criterion of our lives is the example of the Son of God. Although we may not, with our fallen natures, expect to attain to that perfection which characterized his holy life; yet, there is a degree of imitation of his character, to which, if we are owned of him, we must attain. In perusing the history of His life, we find a beautiful delineation of his divine character, in which stand,

1. *His love for his enemies.* If one attribute of the great Redeemer may be properly said to exceed another, we should say this, in point of excellency, is prominent. Have you the Spirit of Christ in this particular? Are there any to whom you would wish any ill? If so you have *not* the Spirit of Christ; for with his expiring breath he prayed for his murderers: "Father forgive them." What an enemy-loving spirit was this! Oh, my brother, shall your stubborn will cut you off from your inheritance? "For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you yours." Still these are his sayings: "Love your enemies. Do good to those that hate you." Leave now thy gift before the altar, go and be reconciled to thy brother, then come offer thy gift, and it shall be received. Henceforth let this pre-eminent trait in the character of your Master be your rule of action.

2. *He had a spirit which resisted temptation.* We must remember, while viewing this attribute of His nature, that He was "tempted in all points like as we are." Behold him there in the solitary wilderness, enduring all the temptations, and resisting all the bribes that the demons could invent, and overcoming them all by the power of God's word. See with what subtlety Satan quoted Scripture to the Son of God! But Jesus escaped his power.

3. *A spirit of constant prayer.* We can never understand what temptations the "man of sorrows" had to contend with. The hosts of hell, were arrayed in all their infernal power against Him. And He meekly bore it all! How much he suffered for us while on the way to the cross! But he triumphed over all. How? By prayer. My brother, this is your example. Did "God manifest in the flesh" pray? Then how much more need is there of your praying! He was the Lord from heaven, but you are a fallen son of Adam. When you are tempted to sin, do you remember the Saviour's words, and say: "Lead us not into temptation"? Let us consider the blessings which it affords, to imitate the great example of Jesus, and exercise a spirit of continual prayer.

We find our Exemplar resigned to the Divine will. Hear his lovely words: "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." And he taught us to pray, "Thy will be done." And when the billows of God's wrath—though due to us—overwhelmed his soul, and prostrated him to the earth, he raised his eyes to heaven in the bitterness of his soul, and said: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but *thine* be done." What resignation! what submission! what meekness! and what an example! My brother, can you look upon this example of the All-lovely, and say you imitate it? How oft do you complain while passing through those faith-trying paths, and think you are an heir of unreasonable affliction? But consider, and you can easily perceive that you were guided

thither by the hand of a loving Father, and they will "work for you a far more exceeding weight of glory." My dear reader, look well to this, for it is one of the fruits of the Spirit to be patient in tribulations.

We observe a *liberal spirit* in his mission and life. He gave himself for us. What a gift! *Gave himself!* The King of kings gave us his riches, for he was rich, and for our sakes became poor. And he says, "I give unto them eternal life." His *all* was laid upon the sacrificial altar, and he said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Are these the sentiments of your heart? Is it more blessed to give to him than to receive from him? It is evident from his words (Matt. xxv. 40,) that he regards an act of charity, when done to his followers, as done to himself. But if you were to give your all, how little would it be, compared to what he gives. His is a *continual* giving, yea, and what he asks of you is already his. And yet, you refuse to let him have control of his own possessions. Selfish ingratitude!

What an accommodating spirit did our Saviour possess. Although fatigued by long weary travels under the scorching sun, over the burning sand, he was always ready to go on errands of love and mercy. When the poor were in distress, they went to the friend of sinners, of whom they were sure to obtain relief.

My dear brother, look at this image of that Saviour whom you profess to represent on earth, and see where you fail from filling the description of a child of God. And when tried by the earthly walk of your Master, do not say, when you fail, that you are as consistent as the majority of professors. It makes no difference to you how others walk. Every soul must be lost or saved by the relation we sustain to God by the law through Christ. Oh, weigh this momentous matter well; for it is terrible to be deceived at last.

Cooksville, Wis.

Be much in humiliation and confession.

I DO NOT LIKE TO HEAR HIM PRAY.

I do not like to hear him pray

Who loans at twenty-five per cent.

For that I think the borrower may

Be pressed to pay for food and rent ;

And in that Book we all should heed,

Which says the lender shall be blest,

As sure as I have eyes to read,

It does not say, "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray

On bended knees about an hour,

For grace to spend aright the day,

Who knows his neighbor has no flour ;

I'd rather see him go to mill,

Or buy the luckless brother bread,

And see his children eat their fill,

And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,

"Let blessings on the widow be !"

Who never seeks her home to say,

"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long,

That's uttered for the orphan's weal,"

By him who sees him crushed by wrong,

And only with the *lips* doth feel.

I do not like to hear him pray,

With face as long as any rail,

Who never means his debts to pay,

Because he can't be put in jail ;

For caution asks the written bond,

But friendship trusts the word alone,

And he's a knave where'er he's found,

Who never comes his debts to own.

I do not like to hear her pray,

With jewelled ears and silken dress,

Whose washer-woman toils all day,

And then is asked to "work for less."

Such pious shavers I despise ;

With folded hands and airs demure,

They lift to Heaven their "Angel" eyes,

Then steal the earnings of the poor !

do not like such soulless prayers ;

If wrong, I hope to be forgiven ;

No angel's wing them upward bears,—

They're lost a million miles from heaven.

I do not like long prayers to hear,

And, studied, from the lips depart ;

Our Father bends a ready ear—

Let words be few—he *hears the heart*.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

BY REV. S. H. PLATT.

WE have become self-confident, and lost our sympathy with the suffering. Our sense of dependence is feeble. It is time that we were reminded of our frailty. Providence smites our boasted strength. Long, slow hours of pain and weakness come.

The sentence sounds in our ears, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." The sublime portal of eternity lifts its arch. God only can save. We turn, like the stricken king of Israel, and pray, and years are added to our lease of life.

We live, but the knowledge of our weakness stands fronting us at every turn, and, in humble dependence and trust, we walk with God, saying with the Psalmist, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy laws."

If our bark is storm-tossed and driven, it is because, like Jonah, we flee from some prophetic mission, or, that we may, like Paul, manifest our faith to the salvation of our shipmates.

If our gourd-vine withers, it is to teach us mercy by the fervid glare of the noonday sun ; a faint emblem of the vengeance that we would have overtake some anathematized Nineveh.

Our moral character in the past and present, like the simple elements of the chemist, are united in the fuming, babbling, boiling circumstances that now surround us, and which shall, in the end, under the watchful care of the Divine Al-chemist, deposit the pure crystals of a higher organization, and a more beautiful form.

The forest tree that the axe-man levels, shall have a destiny. If it be the tough-ribbed oak of a hundred years—sound at heart and prime in texture, it shall ride the storm-heaved Ocean,—a thing of majesty and power.

If it be the young cedar, close-grained and fragrant, it shall adorn some palace-home, or breathe out its incense within some temple of the living God.

But, if the oak be gnarled and worm-eaten, or the cedar be knotty and fissured—the one shall feed some plebeian fire, and the other shall become an unsightly fence post, or rot in ignoble uselessness.

So he who has grown straight and tall in moral uprightness, and toughly fibered in conscious rectitude, shall walk sublimely forward amid the surging events of the present, turned only as the Master-helmsman shall determine. So she, who is decked in the evergreen foliage of heart-loveliness, the fragrance of whose piety has lingered, like the memory of a pleasant song around her home-life. She shall be burnished by God's passing providence, till the lustre of her character shall beautify some place of honor and of power.

But *he*, whose principles are misshaped and deformed; and *she*, whose trusts are cankered and crumbling, shall find a corresponding sphere.

Remember, O ye immortals, whose destiny seems ever changing, like the visions of the kaleidescope,—that *life is what ye make it!*

Some ancient painters drew their pictures upon the canvas, invisible to all. But, when the noon-day sun shone upon them, one by one the colors would appear, till at last all the tracery of the Master-hand would stand disclosed.—So your moral states have been painting, day by day, and the sunshine of the present is bringing out the tints, and when all of life's present becomes life's past, the picture will be complete forevermore.

How, then, are ye painting to-day? Art thou drawing upon the canvas of thy future the sombre tints of cypress shades where lie entombed all noble aspirations and immortal hopes?—or, art thou laying on the golden hues and mellow radiance of the autumn sunset, smiling upon the ripened harvest of the season?

Life is what ye make it! Not in cloudless skies, and flowering shrubbery, and soft and fragrant breezes, but in the power to silver-line the darkest clouds,

and extract from the deadliest night-shade some healing virtue, and cause the remorseless tempest to bear away the malarious exhalation that, unre-moved, might smother thee.

A LITTLE OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY H. H. PEASE.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, my father was keeping tavern near Wilkesbarre, Pa. Being the oldest son, I beame bartender, learned to smoke and drink a little, and to chew tobacco. But I was not left to myself. A portion of that Spirit, which is given to every man to profit withal, was given to me. It told me I was a sinner, before I ever heard, or remember of hearing any one speak to me on the subject of religion. This voice followed me day and night.

At length the Methodists in that place began a protracted meeting. I tried to shake off conviction, but failed. I went to the altar for prayer, and kept it up for several nights. At length the preachers asked me if I did not feel better. I told them I thought I did. Then they said I was converted.

I went on doing as well as I knew how, but would stay out of class often, because I had no gift of speech. When I attended prayer-meeting I would learn a prayer to say, but always would forget it, and break down in trying to say it in meeting. This was my death. I had a like experience for about six months. At length in a private house, with a few devoted brethren, I felt all given up to be anything or nothing for Jesus' sake; and I ventured on him by faith, and tried to pray and ask God for what I needed. Oh, glory to God! it came as quick as thought. My heart was filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. My mouth I opened wide, and He filled it. Now, instead of praying and speaking myself, the Spirit prayed and spoke through me. Oh, glory to God forever for this glorious conversion of my poor deceived soul! Now it was a great joy to do the will of my Heavenly

Father. I resolved to do every duty and follow him through to the end of the journey.

In about a year, at White Haven, I sought and found the blessing of sanctification. This blessing I thought greater than the first. I was not yet eighteen years of age. I have been fastened out of doors many times when I went to those Methodist Meetings. I have been dragged around the house by the hair of my head; have been threatened to have my brains blowed out by my own father for attending these meetings. Father used to say that mother and the Devil helped me to get in, when he fastened me out. But I told him that Jesus always was a very present help in time of need, and I never failed once to get in. Shortly after my conversion, I gave up the use of tobacco, knowing that I could only endure, and not enjoy religion if I used it. I parted with the dearest idol I had. I neither drank nor sold liquor, nor even went behind the bar again to handle it. I was cleansed, soul and body.

Mother and one of my sisters have been converted to God, and are on the road to the better land, I trust. The tavern was broken up, and prayer-meetings held in the dining room. Father has given up drinking liquor, and advised me never to do as he has done, but says I shall serve God. I had family prayer, and asked a blessing at the table. Bless the Lord! Jesus gave us a glorious victory there; stirred up the Devil, broke up his nest, and disappointed him of his prey. They gave me three months, then six, and then twelve, in which time I would fall, but Jesus has kept me fifteen years.

My trials for the last two years have been greater than any before of all my life; but Jesus has brought me forth as gold tried in the furnace. My hopes were never brighter, or my joys greater than they are at present; and with Job I can say, it is good that I have been afflicted, and I know that sudden death would be sudden glory. Bless God forever!

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

TEST OF FAITH.

BY MRS. J. M. BARROWS.

EARLY in the fall of 1860 I began to feel the importance of a work of grace in the church with which I was connected, and as I had never, since my professing religion, passed through a revival, I inquired of a number professing godliness what state of mind individual members of a church must be in before such a blessing could or would be granted. But gaining no satisfactory reply, I kept looking to my heavenly Father for a descent of the Holy Spirit; and as we were having only one weekly prayer-meeting, I appointed another at my residence, which soon assumed the character of the one then held at Dr. Palmer's, in Rivington street, New York, but now at 23 St. Mark's Place.

Our meeting became very interesting, and it was not long before I began to take hold of the precious promises of God for the outpouring of his Spirit. The first promise given me was, "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favor her, yea, the set time is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof." Soon, others were presented, such as, "I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry; and the whole of the 26th chapter of Ezekiel was full of meaning and promises to me, as was also the last chapter of Hosea. Bless the Lord, O my soul! My faith soon became so established that God was about to pour out his Spirit upon us, that I ventured to prophesy in one of our prayer-meetings. The substance of what I said was, that my faith had taken hold of the promises contained in the word of life, for the descent of the Holy Spirit upon us, and I believed fully we should realize it. There was not a doubt in my heart in regard to the fulfilment of the promises upon which my faith was resting. I knew God could not lie, and that all things are possible to him that believeth. But I was soon assailed by the arch-enemy thus: you have proph-

esied in the name of the Lord; now what if he should not manifest his power as you have said you believed he was about to do? The question caused for a moment my blood to course more quickly through my veins, and I thought if he did not, I should be ashamed. But the Lord does not allow his children to be long in trouble, and I was soon set free. The precious promise, my people shall never be ashamed, was presented with power to my mind, and my faith received it; and then the still small voice whispered, "*Believing is receiving.*"

Dear Father, there is not one of the precious promises upon which thou hast caused me to rest, which was not bought for me in the sufferings and death of thine only begotten, and well beloved Son! And they shall not fail. How great is thy mercy and goodness to those who fear thee!

After the adversary was foiled in his first attempt to overthrow my faith, he made another by presenting the fact to my mind that God said to Jonah, "Go prophesy, saying, yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed! and he did not do as he said he would. I was again obliged to examine the foundation of my faith, and I saw the temptation of Satan when I remembered that the inhabitants fulfilled the requirements of God by repenting and humbling themselves before him, and doing this, they were in a situation to claim a blessing from him instead of a curse. I saw from God's own word that if he thought to pluck up, to pull down, and destroy a nation, on account of the sins of the people, if they repented of their evil doings, he had promised to repent of the evil he thought to do unto them.

The sword of the Spirit made thorough work. He who goeth about as a roaring lion was silenced, and he harassed me no more upon that point, nor do I recollect that he has since attempted to convince me that the promises contained in God's word cannot be relied upon. I praise God for the many victories he has given me over the adversary!

I soon found myself asking where Jesus was in this my experience, as I had not been conscious of hearing his voice at all. My faith was resting wholly upon the promises contained in the Old Testament; but it was not long before the Spirit carried me into the New, and brought vividly to my mind the fact that when Jesus was here upon the earth, he sympathised with his disciples, and when he saw that they had been toiling and rowing all night without any success, he went to their assistance, and I was assured that he was the same now as at that time, and that he would surely aid his people when he saw them toiling and laboring for the good of Zion, and the salvation of souls: and also that when it was noised abroad that he was in a place, there the people gathered together, and he healed them of whatsoever disease they had. O, how this encouraged my faith, and strengthened me to go forward in the path of duty! Week after week I was called by the Spirit to testify to the exact way the Lord was leading me in our church prayer-meeting, and I needed much grace and wisdom: and glory be to God, he gave it to me. I was then led back into the Old Testament, where there was an exhortation given to blow the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain, and to gather the people together, to call a solemn assembly, and to prove the Lord, etc. But the church was not ready for action, until a young lady came into one of our covenant meetings, and tremblingly rose up and asked Christians to pray for her. She told us that she had been anxious for about a year, and had occasionally sought her pastor's residence for the purpose of telling him her feelings, but her strength had always failed her. The scene was one of thrilling interest. The hearts of Christians seemed melted to tenderness, and voices that were seldom heard in prayer or praise were no longer silent. A series of meetings were appointed, and the Spirit came like a rushing, mighty wind. Our lecture-room was filled, when, but a few evenings previous there

would be only ten or twelve present, and those professors. The result of the work was an addition of twenty to our church. The young lady who was the first to ask the prayers of God's people, was the first to find the Saviour; and about two years since, I heard her in a meeting exhorting sinners to give their hearts to Jesus, telling what happiness she had found in serving him. Her unconverted sister soon followed her example, and both united themselves in church fellowship with those that love the Lord.

Their mother was hopefully converted last winter, and put on Christ by baptism. I believe the revival would have continued much longer, and many more souls have been added to the Lord had there not arose a spirit in our midst contrary to the pure, gentle spirit of Jesus; and he left as suddenly as he came.

Previous to this revival, I recollect of asking the Lord as I had never before, to work through me to his glory, and I believe the Spirit of God taught me to offer that prayer. Those of like precious faith know there is a difference between praying in the Holy Ghost, and offering prayers of our own forming.

O, there is prayer that takes hold of the arm of the Almighty!

Dear reader, are you living so that you know that your ways please the Lord? and do you have the things you ask of him? Are you living so that God can work through you? Know that it is your duty thus to live. It is the Christian's privilege constantly to have the witness of a pure heart. God works through pure souls, and to him be all the glory.

Jesus maketh whole: he giveth perfect soundness. "Yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness."

ALMOST SAVED.

What a thrill of horror went through the land at the news of the terrible disaster at Pemberton Mills, when the falling of the great building buried some six hundred people in the ruins. Many were killed in an instant, many more so wounded as to be utterly helpless, and a large number so involved in the rubbish that they could not extricate themselves. The work of helping the sufferers went on rapidly, brave men periling their own lives to afford them relief. But soon all hope was at an end. A father searching frantically for a lost daughter, struck a lantern against some piece of machinery, and in an instant the loose cotton lying about was in a blaze. The flames spread like lightning, and in a few moments the fires were crackling and hissing over the entire mass of rubbish.

There were many imprisoned by the fallen timbers who were still unhurt. Cups of water and of coffee and other refreshments were passed down to them by anxious friends, and what was more reviving still, words of cheer and hope were constantly given them. Hundreds and hundreds of hands were working with a will for their rescue. Through a small opening in an inner apartment, a noble citizen who was risking his own life to save others, saw two men and a woman walking about unharmed. It took but an instant to reach out a hand to them and to speak a cheering word, and then his sturdy blows fell thick and fast on the partition. Just a minute too soon the flames rushed in upon him, and he was forced to abandon the spot, and leave the prisoners to their fate, which seemed doubly dreadful because relief had been so close at hand. Oh, what a fearful moment for those within, when the first sound of the raging fire fell on their ears. Over two hundred perished in the ruins either by the fall or the fire, and as many more were seriously wounded. Probably scores of those who might have been rescued perished in the flames, because relief came just a little too late.

BELIEVERS are children of the same Father, members of the same Son, and a habitation of the same Spirit; fellow-citizens, fellow-servants, fellow-travelers, and fellow-heirs.

Ah, it is a fearful thing to be almost saved! And yet is it not too often true of immortal souls? They seem to come up almost to the gates of light and then turn back, under the delusive hope that it is but for a little while. Yet turning decides their doom. Death comes in and closes the scene, as hopeless as the flames which swept over the factory ruins. Jesus was waiting to receive them, but they "would not come unto him that they might have life." How many there are in revivals of religion, who seem to belong to this class. And yet to be almost saved is to be altogether lost.

No doubt the destiny of some is often fixed, long before death takes away the soul. Beware of delays. Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Be in haste to repent. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.

A HOBBY HORSE.

BY THE OLD PILGRIM, JOHN GIRVAN.

He is perfect in every respect.—Those who undertake to ride upon him must be clothed with robes clean and white.

1. They must be regenerated. Regeneration is the change and renovation of the soul and body by the Spirit and grace of God. (John iii: 5.) It is called the new birth, and consists in the impression of spiritual life in the soul, whereby it is capable of performing spiritual action, and living unto God. (Rom. xiv: 8.)

2. Justification is a gracious act of God, whereby he pardons and accepts sinners on the account of Christ's righteousness imputed to them, and received by faith. (Rom. xvi: 18.) It is confirmed and ratified by the resurrection of Christ. (Rom. iv: 25.)

3. Sanctification is that work of grace by which we are renewed after the image of God, set apart for his service, and enabled to die unto sin and live unto righteousness, as an inestimable privilege granted us from God. "And the very God of peace sanctify you

wholly,"—1 Thess. v: 23. "Because it is written, Be ye holy for I am holy."—1 Pet. i: 16. This epithet is applied to God the Father, Son and Spirit, who is infinitely holy above all creatures, and is called, by way of emphasis, the Holy One. All the holiness and perfection that creatures do, or shall enjoy to all eternity is derived from the unmeasurable abyss of God's holiness.

It is said that the ministers of the Free Methodist Church cannot preach without holiness; they cannot pray without holiness; they cannot lead their class without holiness. It is charged that they make a hobby horse of holiness. All that pretend to ride this horse must be perfectly holy. Every stain of sin must be forgiven. They must pass through that fountain that was opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. He will not be dishonored with anything unclean. He will soon cast them off. I have known many that have professed to be comfortably seated on this horse, and in a few weeks they were cast in the dust and ashes of repentance. They were not pure. They were not perfect. "A new heart," saith God, "will I give you; and a new spirit will I put within you."—Ezek. xxxvi: 26; Eph iv: 24. We read of Job's horse, "He rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword." He is mighty when the rider is prepared, having the whole armor on, and having the two edged sword of the Spirit bound to his arm, though all the forces of hell stand in firm phalanx against him, he will rush upon them with the unbounded power of the Holy Spirit, and cut his way through. If he receives any wound in the battle they shall pluck a leaf from the tree of life, and it is immediately healed. They shall put on his head a never fading crown of life, and will bring a robe of Christ's imputed righteousness. Then his warfare is accomplished. He has cast off his armor, he needeth it no more forever. He is not ashamed to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem, there to

sing the song of redeeming love forever and ever. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever, amen.

LIVING TO GOD.

If we desire to live unto God, it is necessary to bring our whole life under this law, to make his glory the sole rule and measure of our acting in every employment of life. For there is no other true devotion, but this of living devoted to God in the common business of our lives.

So that men must not content themselves with the lawfulness of their employments; but must consider whether they use them, as they are to use every thing, as strangers and pilgrims that are baptized into the resurrection of Jesus Christ, they are to follow him in a wise and heavenly course of life, in the mortification of all worldly desires, and in purifying and preparing their souls for the blessed enjoyment of God.

For to be vain, or proud, or covetous, or ambitious in the common course of our business, is as contrary to those holy tempers, as cheating and dishonesty.

If a glutton was to say, in excuse of his gluttony, that he only eats such things as it is lawful to eat, he would make as good an excuse for himself as the greedy, covetous, ambitious tradesman, that should say, he only deals in a lawful business. For as a Christian is not only required to be honest, but to be of a Christian spirit, and make his life an exercise of humility, repentance, and heavenly affection; so all tempers contrary to these, are as contrary to Christianity, as cheating is contrary to honesty.

All this is only to show us the absolute necessity of such uniform piety, as extends to all the actions of common life.

That we must eat, and drink, and

dress, and discourse according to the sobriety of the Christian spirit; engage in no employments but such as we can truly devote unto God; nor pursue them any further, than conduces to the reasonable ends of a holy life.

That we must be honest, not only on particular occasions, and in such instances as are applauded in the world, easy to be performed, and free from danger or loss, but from such a living principle of justice, as makes us love truth and integrity in all its instances, and follow it through all dangers, and against all opposition; as knowing that the more we pay for any truth, the better is our bargain, and that our integrity becomes a pearl, when we have parted with all to keep it.

That we must be humble, not only in such instances as are expected in the world, or suitable to our tempers, or confined to particular occasions, but in such a spirit, as renders us meek and holy in the whole course of our lives, as shows itself in our dress, our person, our conversation, our enjoyment of the world, patience under injuries, submission to superiors, and condescension to those that are below us, and in all the outward actions of our lives.

That we must not only devote times and places to prayer, but be every where in the spirit of devotion, with hearts always set toward heaven, looking up to God in all our actions, and doing every thing as servants living in the world, as in a holy temple of God; always worshipping him, though not with our lips, yet with the thankfulness of our hearts, the holiness of our actions, and the pious and charitable use of his gifts. That we must not only send up petitions and thoughts now and then to heaven; but must go through all our worldly business, with a heavenly spirit, as members of Christ's mystical body, that with new hearts and new minds, we are to turn an earthly life into a preparation for a life of greatness and glory in the kingdom of heaven.—*Law.*

PREPARE for, and think not strange of trials. Heb. x. 32.

TESTS OF DISCIPLESHIP.

BY HATTIE P. MC. WHORTER.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Brethren and sisters, have you fathomed the height and depth of these words of the apostle, and can you stand the test, saying in sincerity, "I am one of His disciples"? *The Spirit of Christ*. Is it to be censorious, uncharitable, and fault-finding? Nay, verily! Is it to make long prayers and exhortations, and then go from the sanctuary and live six days out of the seven so swallowed up in the dust of life's highways, that never a glimmer of the light within shines through the smoke and ashes? We have not so learned Christ. Can you possess the spirit and the mind of Jesus, and yet live so that the members of your own family circle shall doubt the verity of the religion you profess? I beseech you, *do not so dishonor our blessed Saviour*. If there is one who sits at your table, and sleeps beneath your roof, who knows not the Lord, let not that one learn from *your* life that religion is a failure; and if there should be one, a child, a servant, or "the stranger within thy gates," whose heart has been touched with the love of Jesus, who is seeking to know the way, see to it that the light that is in them become not darkness through *your* unkindness or neglect. Perhaps father, or mother, one who *would* care for that soul sleeps in the churchyard, and dare *you* put a stumbling-block in the way of one, however weak, who is trying to follow Christ? Our Saviour said; "it must needs be that offences come, but *woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!*" Be careful lest the sin lie at your door, of offending "*one of these little ones which believe in Him.*" Take heed how you suffer reproach to come upon the pure name of our holy religion, and let not the profession be faultless, while the life is inconsistent. Oh! if through *your* neglect, or lack of sympathy, *one* soul that looked to you for help and encouragement, has been driven away from the cross, out among the breakers of worldly in-

fluences, and the rocks of temptation upon which there are no light-houses; may God help you to atone, by *tears* and *prayers*, and *increased faithfulness*. Christian mother, do not suffer that shrinking, sensitive daughter to walk with you hour after hour, and never learn from your lips and life that Jesus is a *precious* Saviour. Christian father, suffer not your son to work by your side day after day, and learn nothing of the love of God. Dear reader, do you love Jesus? To *you*, He says; "*Feed my lambs.*" If there is one among your friends or acquaintances inquiring for the light, extend to that trembling disciple a hand of Christian love and sympathy. Let your heart, warm with the love of Jesus, take in the Lambs of the flock; bear with them, encourage them, love them, as He hath loved us; and remember, that for you it is written, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Groton, N. Y.

IT IS HUMAN NATURE.

BY S. KOONS.

WE often times hear men, and even professors of religion attempt to justify themselves for acts which are not right, by the plea that it is "human nature" to do so. But brother, or sister, let me ask you, whether we are to follow human or divine nature in these acts? If you answer the human, then every vile sinner can also justify himself in his vile acts, and can say it is according to human nature. Have you forgotten that the "Bible" tells us that we are "partakers of the divine nature?" Not when we enter the Kingdom above, but the moment we enter the kingdom of Christ upon earth? Have you become a "partaker of the divine nature?" If you have, you will act accordingly. If you have not, you have neither part nor lot in this matter. And the best thing you can do, is to seek *salvation*, at once, with all your heart, and when you find "the pearl of great price," let us hear whether you still act according to human nature.

EXPERIENCE

OF N. NEWTON.

I WAS born in Noble county, Ohio, reared by pious parents; waded through their prayers and entreaties. I left home at the age of twenty-one, to seek my fortune in the gold regions of the Pacific, thinking in that way to gain happiness and contentment. After enduring the hardships of a journey over the plains and a summer spent in scouring the mountains in search of the desired treasure, I found myself settled on a claim of land on the wild prairies of Oregon. Here, blessed be God, his Spirit found way to my heart. I fell down, and there was none to help. I laid my case before a professed minister of the Gospel. He could give me no comfort or satisfaction. My case to me grew hopeless. The adversary tempted me to believe that I had committed the unpardonable sin. That I had sinned against so much light and knowledge that the Lord would not hear my pleading. There being no means of grace within my reach, I continued to struggle on all alone. My neighbors thought me crazy. Some advised me to take medicines; others to get drunk, and in that way I would drown my sorrows. But I would consent to none. Thus I remained for some ten weeks, when a Christian mother came to see me. I ventured to tell her my experience through the two preceding weeks. She pointed me to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and blessed be God, light sprung up in my soul, and I was made to shout aloud the praise of my Redeemer. I afterwards united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Seven years of trial and tribulation have passed, and to-day, blessed be God, I feel the power of that blood that cleanses from all sin. Through the labors of brother and sister Wadsworth, the *Earnest Christian* was put in my hands. After carefully perusing its pages, I came to a piece on sanctification, by Bishop Hedding. I felt that I could almost claim it, but after a close examination of my heart,

I found that I lacked a good deal of what the Lord required me to be. I saw and felt a need of the blessing of entire sanctification. I sought it earnestly. After about two weeks earnest wrestling, I obtained it to the joy and satisfaction of my soul. It has been something near three months, and to-day, blessed be God, I stand in the pure light of heavenly love, both to God and man. There are but few that understand me, but I know my blessed Saviour does, and that suffices. I feel determined to go through on this line, let my days be many or few. Say to all that are in the narrow way:

"Here is my heart and hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land."

Albany, Linn Co., Oregon.

TO THE UNCONVERTED.

If you would be converted and saved, labor to understand the necessity and true nature of conversion.

Consider in what a lamentable condition you are till the hour of your conversion, that you may see it is not a state to be rested in. You are under the guilt of all the sins that ever you committed, and under the wrath of God and the curse of his law; you are bond-slaves to the devil, and daily employed in his work against the Lord, yourselves, and others; you are spiritually dead and deformed, a being devoid of a holy life, and of the nature, and image of the Lord. You are unfit for any holy work, and do nothing that is truly pleasing to God. You are without any promise or assurance of his protection, and live in continual danger of his justice, not knowing what hour you may be snatched away to hell, and most certain to be damned if you die in that condition; and nothing short of conversion can prevent it. Whatever civilities, or amendments, or virtues are short of true conversion, will never procure the saving of your souls.

And then you must understand what it is to be converted; it is to have a new heart or disposition, and a new conversation.

POSTURE IN WORSHIP.

OF all the lazy folks in creation, Old School Presbyterians take the lead in reference to the manner in which they conduct religious worship on the Sabbath day. Every principle of physiology and common sense is subverted; every instinct of propriety, respect, reverence and devotion are all sacrificed to the Moloch of personal idleness and ease. The people go in, squat down on benches, and sit, and sit, and sit for two mortal hours, neither kneeling, nor standing till two or three minutes previous and preparatory toward taking their hats and marching out. Some denominations have the decency to kneel in prayer, which seems very appropriate and becoming; the Presbyterian leans forward on his hands and goes to sleep, becomes semi-comatose, or lays plans for next day. Some of them, the women, doubtless, are devout as far as persons can be who can scarcely keep their eyes open. Does it not defy criticism, that keeping one's position for nearly two hours predisposes to sleep; which is further cherished and invited by leaning forward, as just described, and closing the eyes.

Episcopalians are called formal by some, and ceremonious, by their frequent change of position in sitting, standing, and kneeling; others derisively speak of it as "bobbing up and down all the time," so that a stranger can't tell what's what, as sometimes they sit when they sing, at others stand when they sing; now the minister recites and they stand; again he recites and they sit; a third time, and they lean forward; sometimes he says "Amen," and they lean on, take no notice of it; at another time he says "Amen!" and "as you were" seems to be the order of the day. We never fail to get mixed up entirely when we go to hear the Episcopalians preach; nor have we any chance of going to sleep.

Who ever sits squat down two hours at a stretch at home, abroad, or any where on the face of the earth, except a Presbyterian at worship? It is the more irrational, in proportion as the

worshiper is a laboring man, or is actively engaged in business during the week; for the blood will tend to stagnation from being so long in one position, the body becomes uneasy and cries out for change, as is evidenced plainly enough by the incessant wriggling about in the pew; while the brain is oppressed by the stagnation of blood, and the mind works sluggishly and sleepily.

The good old-fashioned Methodist plan is the best, the most rational, devout, and becoming; to sit when they listen to man; to kneel when they address the great I Am; to stand when they praise before the Saviour of all. But homely old Methodism is getting out of date now; it isn't decorous in these times to "shout aloud" and show that the worshiper is a wide-awake Christian, a living man; they don't sing in these times as if they would split their throats open with the gushing unction of their songs, but they are getting to be put in straight jackets like other people, with "steepelows" to the churches, and doors to their pews, as if to keep out the uncircumcised and the stranger; while their foretime soul-singing has dwindled down to a prim squeak, like a penny whistle that had the croup. What would good old John Wesley say, if he could be resurrected? —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Do YOU PRAY?—Prayer is the language of need and of dependence. You need many things, and are dependent upon God for them. Do you pray? Many say prayers and read prayers, and make prayers, but they do not *truly* pray. Do *you* pray? The question is not about the *place* or the *manner* of your praying, but the *fact*—do you *truly* pray?

THE MYSTERY OF A CHRISTIAN.—He is meek, but vehement; meek in his own cause, but vehement in the cause of God. As Moses, who was dead to affronts, he will comply with anything that is civil, but with nothing that is sinful. He will stoop to the necessities of the meanest, but will not yield to the sinful humors of the greatest.

"GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT."

Go, feel what I have felt,

Go, bear what I have borne—

Sink 'neath the blows a father dealt,

And the cold world's proud scorn.

Then suffer on from year to year—

The sole relief the scorching tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,

Implore, beseech, and pray—

Strive the besotted heart to melt,

The downward course to stay—

Be dashed with bitter curse aside,

Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept,

O'er a loved father's fall—

See, every promised blessing swept—

Youth's sweetness turned to gall—

Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,

That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,

Behold the strong man bowed—

With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,

A cold and livid brow ;

Go, catch his withering glance, and see

There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, bear, and feel, and know,

All that my soul hath felt and known ;

Then look upon the wine cup's glow,

See if its beauty can atone—

Think if its flavor you will try

When all proclaims, " 't is drink and die."

Tell me I hate the bowl—

Hate is a feeble word ;

I loathe—abhor—my very soul

With strong disgust is stirred,

Whene'er I hear, or tell,

Of the dark beverage of hell.

CONFLICT OF FAITH.—"If Satan and I ever did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ: *"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out; he at one end and I at the other. O what work we made. It was for this that we did so tug and strive; he pulled and pulled; but, God, he praised, I overcame him, and got sweetness from it."*—Bunyan.

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.

BY ORPHA PELTON.

AND a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there.—Isa., xxxv: 8-9.

I was about to be placed in the crucible. Truth and error were all mixed up in my mind. I knew not where to look, or what to do. In my distress I wrote to a sister—one who had a deep Christian experience, for advice and instruction. I will here give you an extract of her letter.

DEAR SISTER:—"Heaven is love, not that we loved God, but that *he loved us*. And this is why, when we are living beneath our privilege, and in a state of unfitness for death and heaven, he works upon our hearts by his Holy Spirit, disturbing our rest, and giving us no peace, till we *"awake with his likeness."* I praise God for all his dealings with me in the past, that he showed me the narrow way, and gave me strength to walk therein; I praise him that he is putting you in his crucible, that you may be brought forth purified, to be used to his glory.

How few there are, professing religion, who understand what it is to be crucified with Christ! If we are crucified with Christ we shall also live with him, nor do I believe that any will enter through the pearly gates but those who have died to sin.

You say there are many professors, living like the world, acting, talking, dressing like the world, who die happy; and inquire, as I once inquired, if there is a broad way to heaven for some to travel in, and a narrow way for others, if it is sin for some to pursue a certain course of conduct, and right for others to pursue the same course. I do not so understand the word of God, though I believe some may have more light, clearer views of what is required of them than others; but sooner or later,

if they walk in what light they have, the *Spirit* will lead them into *all truth*. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—The difficulty, I think, with many is, that after they are converted, they walk joyfully with the Lord for awhile, but when some new light is shed upon them, instead of walking in it, they parley, and reason, and compromise, till they lose the light, and, pursuing the course they have *reasoned* (as they think) to be right, they hope on, believing themselves to be Christians, when the light they have had really becomes darkness.

Then there are many, I think, who have never really experienced "the new birth." Where one makes up his mind that he *will be a Christian*, God gives a blessing, there is a *degree* of peace, the conflict just at that point is settled, and the person feels differently from what he did before, but if he does not go farther than this, and get the direct *witness of the Spirit* that he is a child of God, that his sins are all washed away, it will be but a little while before he will feel as he always felt, and live as he always lived, the "good begun work" never having been finished. They may *hope* they are Christians, but they have no satisfying evidence, neither do they bring forth *fruit unto God*.—"He that abideth in me and I in him, the same *bringeth forth much fruit*."

With regard to their end; they may, while upon a sick bed, or in view of death, give up the things they can enjoy no longer, repent of unfaithfulness, and so trust in Jesus as to be saved and die happy, but it is to be feared that many are deceived, and are calm in the hour of death, because of the false hopes which they entertain, that they are soon to be with the blessed. Jesus spake of a class who at the last day should say, "Have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name have done many wonderful works? whom Jesus professes that he *never knew*, telling them to *depart*." Oh, how awful to be deceived up to the time of the judgment day, and

then be refused an entrance into the heavenly city! But no doubt many are deceiving themselves. "By their *fruits* ye shall know them."

Dear Sister, ask Jesus to put the wedding garment on you, and make you his "bride," and may you dwell in his arms, and enjoy his smiles, and *never grieve* him any more.

When you have consecrated yourself fully to God, you will know it; there will be no doubt in your mind with regard to it, and if you keep yourself on the altar, the *altar will sanctify* the gift. If you hardly know whether you have consecrated yourself or not, remember the promise, that "if in anything you are otherwise minded, God *will reveal even this* unto you."

We need to watch and pray much, or we shall give way to temptation.

You ask my advice with regard to attending sociables. Wherever we may be, we want our conversation in heaven; and where it is improper to introduce the subject of religion, there it is improper for us to be. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil that is in the world."—My idea is, that we ought to speak and do at all times as Jesus would speak and do if he were in our places, as we are his "representatives." There are many places where we should dishonor God by going. When we go out into the world we want to go with a holy baptism on our souls, fresh from the fountain of cleansing, having such a fullness of the Spirit, that from us shall flow *rivers* of living water, to bless the world; having our faces all aglow with the love of God (and here I want to say that if we have this, we shall have no desire whatever for the friendship or the pleasures of the world, as I then had, but that we shall want to mingle with it *only* to point it to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world".)

May you prove the power of Christ to save *even to the uttermost*. Write to me very soon, and tell me *all*.

With much love. Amen."

Alas, it came too late to do me any

good, for I had decided, and "angels might have wept over that decision if there were tears in heaven."

I saw the narrow way, but refused to walk in it. I felt that my loss was infinite. I feel so still.

Ah, yes! "*Before I was afflicted I went astray.*" After that, I sought after the Lord. "He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters, he brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me."

Then I became enveloped in fog and mist, and soon found myself in mire and clay, with, (as I thought) no eye to pity, and no arm to save. All daubed, all covered with filth I struggled, with nothing to cling to. There was nothing loveable about me, and in my misery I longed to be annihilated, to have rocks fall upon me, anything but to have an existence, in such a place, where I thought I must remain through time and eternity.

But, no: how great was my surprise and astonishment, when one day, one came along who I thought despised me and everything I ever did, and lifted me up, washed me, and put a clean white robe upon me, and placed me upon a rock.

Praise his name. There the Sun of righteousness arose upon me with healing in his wings, and oh—what beautiful sights I saw; "rivers of life," and "trees of paradise."

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" It is hard to die on the cross, but it is glorious to be resurrected, and live in Jesus." It is hard to obey his command, and hate father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and our own lives, yea more, to be willing that our dear brothers and sisters in the church, as well as the world, should think and say wrong things about us, but it is glorious to walk hand in hand alone with Jesus. O, to be made worthy "to walk with him in white"; to be led "unto fountains of living waters": to be, at the last day, in that throng, "who have come up through

great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Reader, would you be there? Then be willing to be crucified with Christ.

La Grange, N. Y.

IT IS HIS ANGEL.

BY MRS H. A. CROUCH.

PRAYER had been offered unceasingly by the followers of Jesus for Peter, who had been apprehended and put into prison. And as the time drew near that he was to be delivered to the Jews, doubtless their prayers were more effectual and fervent. The last night had come, and while Peter was guarded by four quarternions of soldiers, bound with chains, the disciples gathered together in Mary's house to pray. How they prayed that night! Faith forgot the soldiers, and the chains; the prison doors and gates of iron; faith laughed at impossibilities as they asked for his deliverance.

Well, he came. He knocked at their door. Rhoda goes to the door, then runs back to tell them that *Peter is there!* Do they say "Praise God!—We knew it would be so." Do they run to meet him? No, they are surprised. They tell her, Thou art mad! And though they have prayed, they cannot believe that God has heard, and answered.

It is really so. Rhoda insists upon it that it is so. Then say they, It is his angel. It is not Peter. It cannot be Peter. It is his angel.

They are not alone in their unbelief. Many weary souls down at the foot of the cross, weary with waiting and watching, and fasting, weary of sin—that long black catalogue, have heard the voice of God in their hearts: not as they thought it would come, perhaps. Not with a room full of light; not with such power as would lay a strong man low; not as a shock from some highly charged battery; rather a calm after a storm; a resting after the battle.

Is this religion? the soul asks. No!

says the tempter, seeking to draw away the soul through unbelief, that would fain cast itself on Christ. No. It is something; you may call it almost anything but religion.

Who cares to know whether the chains fell off from Peter's hands with a great clanking, whether the soldiers were asleep or awake, whether that iron gate opened noiselessly or otherwise? The question is, has God heard prayer? Is Peter before the gate? Oh, no. It is his angel.

Go and see.

Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat, and they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord, and he saveth them out of their distresses. He sent his word and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

Their prayers are answered. They are well. Do they praise the Lord for his goodness? Do they sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing?

Oh the blindness of unbelief! It is not the answer of their prayer. It is not the work of God. It is the effect of remedies, or the skill of some physician.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof.—They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Do they praise the Lord for his goodness? Do they exalt him in the

congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders?

"A well built ship we had. A noble captain. A brave crew."

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water springs. And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for a habitation; and sow fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase. He blesseth them also that they are multiplied greatly, and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

What does unbelief say of a man thus blessed of God?

"He manages his affairs with skill. He knows how to make money."

Will a man rob God? but you have robbed me. Hands off! The praise is his. Give him the glory due unto his holy name.

JUDICIAL TESTIMONY.

THE late Rowland Burr, Esq., who was for nearly twenty years Justice of the Peace and Jail commissioner at Toronto, in a statement in the Canadian Parliament, said that nine out of ten of the male prisoners, and nineteen out of twenty of the females, are sent to jail by intoxicating liquors. He examined nearly 2,000 prisoners in the jails of Canada, two-thirds of whom were males, and nearly all signed a petition for a Maine Liquor Law, many of them stating that their only hope of being saved from ruin was to go where intoxicating liquors could not be obtained. In four years there were 25,000 of prisoners in the Canadian jails, 22,000 of whom were brought there by intoxicating liquors. He kept a record of the liquor dealers of a single street in Toronto, 100 in number, for 54 years past. In these families there have been 214 drunkards, 45 widows, 235 orphans left, 44 sudden deaths, 31 suicides, 203 premature deaths by drunkenness, 4 murders, 3 executions, 1,915 years of human life estimated to have been lost by drunkenness, and a loss of property once owned in real estate amounting to \$298,500.

TOBACCO.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

Association of Tobacco-using with Intemperance.

All virtues are congenial, and so are all vices, whether of body or mind. If the character of a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, I know not why the nature of a habit may not be determined by its associate habits. By this rule of judgment, where will the tobacco habit be found? Rum is every where its most intimate ally. The use of tobacco creates an appetite for rum; and it has been noticed that tobacco-users who have reformed from drunkenness are peculiarly liable to relapse into their former habits of intemperance. A reformed drunkard who uses tobacco habitually is never secure in his reformation; nor so long as he lives, moves, and acts under the constant influence of a narcotic excitement of any kind. A slight reverse of fortune, casualty, domestic affliction, or bodily disturbance, produces an easy transition from the tobacco to the liquor narcotic stimulant. Tobacco also leads to gross eating as well as drinking habits. The senses of taste and smell are so palsied by it, that nothing but strong, complicated, high-seasoned and hence unhealthful dishes are relished; and the thirst produced by tobacco is of a nature which can seldom or never be satisfied with pure water. The torpid and palsied mouth and throat incessantly crave something stronger and more pungent to rouse them to a state of sensibility.

Walk through any of the thoroughfares of New York city on the Lord's day, when the church-bells are summoning the people to their devotions; the side-walk is thronged with people hurrying to and fro; all is quiet, save the tramp of pedestrians and the rattling of carriage wheels, business is suspended; the work-shops are still; the stores are closed; all traffic is relinquished for the day, for it is the Sabbath. But stop! The shops are not all still; nor is all traffic relinquished;

nor are the stores *all* closed; nor is *all* business suspended. There are two exceptions. Throughout all the bounds of the great city, in all the streets and lanes, all along the main thoroughfares, and in all the by alleys, etc., *grog-shops* and *tobacco shops* are busy. *It is their great business day of the week.*

Sermon for the Children.

ON BIRDS—NO. 3.

BY AUNT ANN.

It was a clear, cold morning, and the ground was covered with snow, and the limbs and twigs of the trees were all coated over with ice, and it was dark too, for the sun had not yet risen, when close to the bed room window a little bird sang one of the sweetest of songs.

Was not that a strange time to sing? And what was she singing about? O, she was praising God, and waiting for the morning, probably. "How strange!" you say.

You have heard birds sing on sunny Spring mornings a thousand times, perhaps, but not often on mornings like this. There she sat on the icy limb, with her little bare feet, and it was a happy song she sung. If you or I had been in her place we might have thought we had very little indeed to praise God for, and we might have said, "My feet are so cold I can't sing! If I could sit on a rose-bush now, and the days were pleasant as they were last summer, I could sing ever so sweet."

However poor and destitute we may be in this life, we have very much to praise God for, and so had this little bird. Why God had kept her all through that bleak, cold night, from freezing to death! And while the seeds had all fallen from the twigs and bushes, and the worms were all gone, and the snow had covered the earth, he had kept them from starving to death in some way; I do not know how. I do not know what good things God had found for her to eat during that cold storm. If she had been a worrying little bird, instead of praising God with a happy

song, she would have drooped her head, and said, "Dear me! where shall I get my breakfast? I might search over a hundred trees without finding one live worm, and there is not a bare spot of earth large enough for me to put my foot down upon. Dear me! I shall soon drop from this limb, my feet are so cold! Soon I shall lay down on a snow-bank, all alone, and die. No one to mourn for me. No one to give me even a decent burial.

"Oh! oh! what if some one should find me here in this sad condition and take me off to the poor-house?"

Now, children, get your maps and find out where the little bird's poor-house is.

Ah! you are all laughing. Your search is a fruitless one, indeed.

Do you know God takes such good care of the birds that they do not even need to have a poor-house at all? And, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows," Jesus says. (That is my text.)

You have seen in the early spring a great many birds hopping around on the ground very happy. After awhile there has come on a great snow storm so that the snow was deep; up to your knees all over; every thing covered with ice and snow. Now what will those little birds do?

Oh they will all starve and freeze to death!

Do you think so? Well then you have seen hundreds of them, I suppose, lying stiff and cold under the fence, and under the bushes, and you have taken them up and thought how sad a thing it was, and you have cried over them.

No, *you have not*. You have never found a dead bird yet unless some wicked boy had shot it, and left it on the ground to die, or something of that sort had happened to it. God does take good care of birds in cold as well as in warm weather; in the dark as well as in the light; and you are worth much more than many birds; so, of course, he will take good care of you.

A fine lady, all dressed in silk, riding in her great carriage, passed a little

house where a very poor family lived, and there were quite a number of children playing around the door. "Well!" she said, "I don't see what poor people do with so many children. I should think they would all starve to death together." (They were just as fat, rosy children too as she ever saw playing around any door.)

But she wondered how they could live, and what they found to eat. I guess she forgot the thousands of birds, and thousands of squirrels, and thousands of wood-chucks, and the deer, and the wolves, and the bears, and the lions, and the fish in the sea, and the great family of little insects. I guess she forgot how God feeds them every day, and some of them a great many times in a day, or she would not have wondered how six or eight children could keep from starvation.

Perhaps she did not know that God thinks more of little children than he does of all the animals in the world put together.

I would like to hand that lady a Bible, and let her read the 26th verse of the 6th chapter of Matthew. That is a good verse for you to learn, children.

♦♦♦
RUM'S DOINGS.—It seems that the awful conflagration at Quebec, by which eighteen thousand human beings were rendered homeless, was the result of rum-drinking on a Sunday morning. The fire "broke out in a house in St. Joseph's street facing the western angle of the Jacques Cartier Market Hall, the upper flat of which was occupied by a man named Letarte, and the lower by one Trudel, a sort of half groggery, where numbers of low characters were in the habit of resorting, and card playing. On Saturday night a number of them had congregated there and notwithstanding the civic regulation for the closing of such places at midnight, Trudel allowed them to continue their carouse far into the morning." What a fact to add to the record of rum business.—*Chr. Sec.*

♦♦♦
TAKE care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.

Editorial.

STANDING THE TEST.

Appearances are deceitful. Things are not what they seem. Our great inland seas are so quiet and placid in a calm, that the tiniest bark can float upon their surface in safety. But when the storm rages at its height, the strongest vessels are glad to seek a shelter from the fury of the waves. How gentle and yielding ordinarily is air! The weakest child that walks, moves in it, unconscious of the fact that it offers any resistance. And yet this balmy air, that fans so gently the cheek of the invalid, and speeds the ships of commerce on their way, is capable, as it has demonstrated again and again, of sending the proud frigate to a watery grave, or prostrating the mightiest monarchs of the forest, and levelling to the ground the costliest buildings that stand in its path. But the human heart is still more deceitful. No one knows to what depths of depravity he may descend under favorable circumstances. That dignified looking gentleman, of courtly manners and eloquent speech, so devout at church that you would take him to be a very saint, wielded an authority by which thousands of helpless men were deliberately and systematically put to a lingering death by slow starvation. Ladies of refined manners and noble bearing, forgetting the gentleness of their sex, applaud the greatest cruelties, and gloat in scenes of blood with a tiger's ferocity.

There is no petition, in the model prayer left us by our Lord, of more importance than the one often times so little regarded, *Lead us not into temptation.* The extent to which men yield to circumstances is so great as to produce the impression upon scrutinizing beholders, that there is no such thing as sterling integrity, that all seeming goodness depends for its permanence upon conditions that are favorable to its existence. We must admit that many are kept from vice simply because they lack a favorable opportunity to commit it with apparent impunity.

Take pride for example. It is one of the six things that God specially hates—one of the seven that are an abomination unto

him. Many are plain and simple in their dress and furniture, and style of living, while their means require it. They are apparently humble, earnest Christians, bearing a clear testimony against all sin, and especially that of worldly conformity. But let wealth flow in upon them. They become gay, worldly, and fashionable.—*They do not stand the test.* Their piety is superficial. As an apology for the pride, and fashion, and vain pomp that prevail in the popular churches of the present day, it is said, "The times are changed." What is the meaning of this oft used expression? In plain words it means: "We were once too poor to make much of a display, but now, since we can afford it, we desire to make as grand an appearance as possible." This is a virtual acknowledgment that the seeming humility was real hypocrisy!

Many are liberal upon a small scale. They think they are entirely consecrated to God. But as they prosper, their liberality declines. They cease to honor the drafts that God makes upon them. They think to compound the matter, and give to his cause a much smaller proportion than they did before the opportunity to gratify a covetous disposition was presented. They did not love the world until the temptation came, and then they drank in its spirit as greedily as any.

Many are virtuous until temptation comes, and then their goodness is as the morning cloud, or the early dew. They go to destruction with rapid strides, when the door opens before them.

Beloveds, does your piety stand the test? Moses' did. He chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.—Joseph's did. He would go to prison sooner than yield to the solicitations of the high born woman who would lead him astray. Daniel was tempted to softness when luxury was esteemed no crime. He was true to his God at the risk of his life. The grace of our Heavenly Father is just as mighty now as it was then. We may have the help that will give us the victory over every temptation.

How is it with you? Does grace or na-

ture prevail in the hour of conflict? Are you unselfish in your actions, ready to distribute to the necessities of the saints, given to hospitality? Are you plain and humble, when you might conveniently be otherwise, adorning yourself not with gold, or pearls, or costly array, but with good works? If you are good in *resolution only*, you need and must have something done for you, or you are lost forever! Seek the grace that saves in every hour of conflict. Claim the blessing of him who *endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life.*

CHARITY.

There is no grace its superior. Faith is essential to salvation. *He that believeth not shall be damned.* But you may have faith to work miracles, and if you are destitute of charity, your faith will profit you nothing. You may abound in beneficence. You may give by the million, but if charity is wanting, however much good your money may do to others, it will not secure your own salvation.

But what is the meaning of this much used and oft abused term? Its signification is LOVE. It means this,—nothing more, and nothing less. The doctors find it very convenient, when they cannot tell what ails a patient, to call his disease by some indefinite term whose meaning is generally unknown; so when one is pressed in conscience by truths which he cannot gainsay, and which require him to take a course in life that he is unwilling to, he seeks relief to his awakened conscience by saying that he who proclaimed, with such power as to disturb him, the unwelcome truths, is *uncharitable*. This is a weighty charge. To say that one is wanting in charity, is to pronounce upon his doom, and assign him to perdition. It is to say that his portion forever will be *where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* Does it never occur to those who bring this awful charge, that they themselves are guilty of this very sin they condemn in others? That in bringing this heavy accusation they themselves exhibit a want of charity? The greatest slanderer we ever knew was one who was constantly charging

others with slander. Fanaticism may be manifested by denouncing others as fanatical; and so a want of charity may be shown by a flippant readiness to charge others with uncharitableness.

But what is the ground on which this accusation of a want of charity is based? Why some one preaches a sermon, delivers a testimony or exhortation, or writes an article that your conscience, in its personal application, says, proves conclusively that there is something wrong about you.—What now is to be done? The safe course is to repent, confess, forsake, come to God, and get right. To do this is the course that the Spirit of God urges. But Satan whispers, “He is uncharitable”—the “accuser of the brethren” is listened to, and his suggestions expressed in words,—the Spirit of God is grieved, and a great blessing is lost.

When you feel tempted to call any one uncharitable, because he searches you, pause a moment and inquire if what he says is true? Does he utter it in a good spirit? Can he have any selfish motives in giving expression to sentiments that will tend to arouse the opposition of the carnal heart? Is he more willing to lose your friendship and favor than he is that you should lose your soul? Why, bless you, instead of calling him uncharitable you should take him to your heart. You have found a rare jewel—a true friend. His soul is full of charity! Do not cast him off. Do not turn a cold shoulder to him. Do not force him to say as the apostle Paul said: *Am I your enemy because I have told you the truth?*

He is lacking in charity who flatters you in your sins. The false prophets prophesied smooth things. They desired the favor of the people, and sought to say things, which, carrying with them an air of probability, would be likely to please their hearers. Was Jeremiah wanting in charity when he said, “Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men; that I might leave my people and go from them: for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men. And they bend their tongues like their bows for lies; but they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth; for they pro-

ceed from evil to evil, and they know not me, saith the Lord." Was Daniel wanting in charity when he said to his Sovereign, "Wherefore, O king, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor?" Was Jesus wanting in charity when he said to God's chosen people, "ye are of your father the Devil"?

Oh, beloveds, do not trust yourselves in the hands of those who cry, peace, peace, when God has not spoken peace. With soft words and fair speeches they will lure you on to destruction. "They feed themselves and not the flock" of the Lord. Give your confidence to those who labor to promote your welfare by showing you your faults. It will do you far more good to be dealt faithfully with than to have one minister to your self-complacency and vanity.

Above all see to it that you have genuine love for the souls of men. Rather offend the best friend you have than fortify him in a course that will land him in the realms of dark despair. Much that passes for charity is only selfishness in disguise. Be not deceived. Do not take up with the counterfeit. God will give you the reality if you earnestly seek it. *Let love be without dissimulation.*

SPIRITUALISM.

When this terrible delusion first came about, it made its inroads into a church of which we were pastor. We saw we must grapple with it. To meet it intelligently we must understand it. So we took the time, and gave it a thorough examination. We read Andrew Jackson Davis' Revelations and other standard works in favor of the subject. We examined a large pile of spiritual newspapers, and attended some of their circles. *We became thoroughly convinced that modern spiritism is of the devil.* There may be deception—we presume there is—but it is not all deception. There is something supernatural about it, and that supernatural something is the influence of demons. It answers perfectly to the description given of it in the Bible. It is just what God said should come to pass

in the last days. The "unclean spirits" are "the spirits of devils working miracles." Rev. xvi, 14. By their fruits ye shall know them. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry!"—destroying the marriage relation.

That this is an accurate picture of modern spiritism we introduce a competent witness to prove. This is Dr. Hatch, the husband of the celebrated trance-speaking medium, Mrs. Cora Hatch. He does not charge Mrs. Hatch with immorality, but speaks of its general character and tendencies. He says:

"The most damning iniquities are every where perpetrated in spiritual circles, a very small per centage of which ever comes to public attention. I care not whether it be spiritual or mundane, the facts exist, and should demand the attention and just condemnation of an intelligent community.—Look at the iniquities which have been committed within the past two weeks in this city, and that, too, by spiritual mediums who claim to be controlled by angels. It is worse than useless to talk to the Spiritualists against this condition of things, for those who occupy the highest position among them are aiding and abetting in all classes of iniquity which prevail amongst them. *The abrogation of marriage, bigamy, accompanied by robbery, theft, rapes, are all chargeable to Spiritualism.* I most solemnly affirm that I do not believe that there has, during the past five hundred years, arisen any class of people who were guilty of so great a variety of crimes and indecencies as the Spiritualists of America.

"For a long time I was swallowed up in its whirlpool of excitement, and paid comparatively little attention to its evils, believing that much good might result from the opening of the avenues of spiritual intercourse. But during the past eight months I have devoted my attention to a critical investigation of its moral, social, and religious bearing, and I stand appalled before the revelations of its awful and damning realities, and would flee from its influence as I would from the miasma which would destroy both soul and body. *Spiritualism and prostitution, with a rejection of Christianity, are twin sisters, which every where go hand in hand.* With but little inquiry, I have been able to count up over seventy mediums, most of whom have wholly abandoned their conjugal relations, others living

with their paramours called 'affinities,' others in promiscuous adultery, and still others exchanged partners. Old men and women who have passed the meridian of life, are not unfrequently the victims of this hallucination. Many of the mediums lose all sense of moral obligations, and yield to whatever influence may for the time be brought to bear upon them. Their pledges, the integrity of their oaths, are no more reliable than the shifting breezes of the whirlwind, for they are made to yield to the powers which for the time control them."

This is the testimony of one who has had the most ample opportunity to ascertain the truth of the matter.

BE YE ALSO READY.

This is an age of sudden deaths. By sea and by land, by accident, and by disease, men and women are unexpectedly hurried away to the retributions of the eternal world. Recently a steamer left New York for New Orleans. She was a strong, staunch boat, nearly new. A gay and giddy throng—most of them open, flagrant sinners—went on board, anticipating a pleasant and safe voyage. A storm arose—the ship went to the bottom of the ocean, and nearly three hundred human beings found a watery grave. Reader, what would have been your fate if you had been among the number?

Do you ride upon the cars? Then you have need to be ready for death, for every now and then we are startled by the intelligence that a railroad accident has happened and some of our fellow beings have been suddenly killed. Do you stay at home? The angel of death will find you there. He invades the domestic sanctuary, and bears away his victims. He comes unbidden to the happy home, and takes young and old from the embrace of friends. No favored place can screen you from the shafts of the fell destroyer.

Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

The retributions of eternity are at hand. The destiny of your souls is at stake.—Make no delay. Live not in uncertainty. Be ready for death every moment. Put on the righteousness of Christ, and stand complete in him. See to it daily that you have that holiness without which no man can see the Lord.

DEDICATION AT ELGIN, ILL.

About one year ago a class of Free Methodists, consisting of four members—one of whom was the minister's wife—was formed at Elgin, Kane county, Ills. The difficulties in the way were numerous and of such a character as required time, patience, courage and faith to overcome, as well as the favoring smile of Heaven. But as the result, under the blessing of God, of the faithful labors of their Pastor, Rev. C. H. Underwood, and those who, from time to time, have rallied around him, brought there either as recent converts to the cause of the Redeemer, or as veterans whom Providence dropped there, the membership has been increased to nearly fifty souls. As the result of zeal and self-denial, they have completed a neat, comfortable and commodious church edifice, which it was the writer's privilege to dedicate to the worship of God on Sabbath morning, November 18th. A deep seriousness and a solemn regard for sacred things characterized the large congregations that were called together at three different times on that day.

The people responded nobly to the call for financial aid to liquidate the balance due and unprovided for. The aggregate receipts for the day amounted to one thousand and forty-seven dollars and seventy-two cents—(\$1,047.72)—the most of which was paid by citizens of Elgin. It is hoped that the liberal donors may receive the pure bread of life in return for their benefactions, and it can scarcely be doubted that they who acknowledge the Saviour's cause and lend to it their aid shall be amply recompensed therefor by the very agency they have helped to establish.

N. D. FANNING.

Aurora, Kane Co., Ills.

THE SHINING LIGHT.—We are glad to hear that this excellent book, by our associate, Brother Newton, is meeting with favor from the religious public. If you have not a copy send for one. Agents wanted. Price in cloth, per copy, - - - \$1.50
" " gilt, " " " - - - 2.00

Address D. F. Newton, 189 West 20th street, New York.

APPEAL TO FRIENDS.

We need your help. We are publishing a magazine that does not, so far as we know, compromise God's holy truth one iota. You know the stand that we have taken. By the help of God we mean to maintain it. The gospel standard we will not, dare not lower.

We want you to help us in our work by giving to the *Earnest Christian* your active, cordial support. If your subscription expires with the present month, send us on promptly the money for another year. Do not wait. Act as your own agent. Induce others to subscribe. Make a New Year's present to your son, daughter, father, mother, or friend, by sending them the *Earnest Christian* a year. Do they enjoy religion? It may be the means of keeping them from backsliding. Are they unsaved? It may, by the blessing of God, be the means of their salvation.

To any one sending us four new subscribers, with the money, we will send a fifth number gratis if they desire it.

To any one sending us five new subscribers, with the money, we will send a copy of the *Earnest Christian* for 1865—bound—and prepay the postage.

In sending remittances, send Post Office orders, or drafts on New York, whenever practicable. All money properly mailed is at our risk.

HOW WE LOSE SUBSCRIBERS.

A brother writes us: "There are some that will not subscribe. Some belong to these oath-bound societies, and of course they cannot stand it to have their abomination exposed. The *Earnest Christian* talks too plain to suit them,—they will not come to the light lest their deeds be reprov'd. It is as true now as ever, that men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. And I will inform you who to drop from the list by the first of January. I bid you God speed in your noble, Christ like work of preaching the gospel to the poor, and scattering the light and spirit of primitive Methodism through your magazine.

S. L. P.

So it goes. Some read the *Earnest Christian* with a great deal of interest, and en-

dorse its sentiments, until they come to an article that touches the sin for which they claim indulgence. When they see tobacco, or masonry, or worldly conformity attacked in its columns, then they are done with it forever. *Their own idol must be spared.* Were we to adopt the course of similar magazines, and keep silent about sins popular in the church, we might gain many hundreds or thousands of subscribers, but we have told the Lord that we would not confer with flesh and blood, but speak out boldly, at whatever cost, all the truth he gives us to utter. This vow must be kept. Will you, who believe in an uncompromising Christianity, sustain us in this course?

CANVASSERS.

We should like to employ, to procure subscribers for the *Earnest Christian*, pious, energetic men and women, who with hearts full of the Holy Ghost, and of fire, will talk to the people earnestly and affectionately about the salvation of their souls. One or more such in every county could be thus employed with profit to themselves, and the cause of God. For every new subscription for a year forwarded to us, from five and upwards, we will allow a commission of twenty cents. If any will make a business of it, and procure a hundred subscribers, or over, we will allow them thirty cents. We make these offers, because, though our friends generally have aided us greatly out of pure love for the cause of an uncompromising Christianity, there are others who cannot afford to employ their time without remuneration. We shall be very grateful to our friends who will continue to labor to extend the circulation of the *Earnest Christian*, as heretofore, out of love for the cause, without money and without price. Let us all go at it at once, and do all we can to swell the subscription list of the *Earnest Christian* to ten thousand names for 1867.

MINUTES.—The Minutes of the Conferences of the Free Methodist Church for 1866 are ready. Price, by mail, 13 cents a copy.

GIVE NOTICE.

If you wish to discontinue the visits of the *Earneſt Chriſtian*, and have not given us notice please do ſo at once. Do not wait until one or more numbers are ſent to you, and then return them, without any intimation of the place they came from, and then complain becauſe we do not ſtop it. We cannot find your name on our books unleſs you give us your Poſt Office and State.

THE DISCIPLINE.—The new Discipline of the Free Methodist Church will, we truſt, be ready in about four weeks. Price, by mail, thirty cents a copy. By Expreſs, charges not paid, \$2.50 per dozen, in advance.

THE POST OFFICE address of Rev. Levi Wood is Jamestown, Chatauque Co., N. Y.

THE LOVE FEAST.

ANNIE EASTON.—I am ſtill travelling to the Heavenly Canaan. No ſound, nor tear, nor groan, can wake me to the earth again. I feel like ſinging,

"My ſtrongeſt trials now are paſſed,
My triumph is begun."

But again I pauſe, for, as I paſs along, I ſee here and there a drowning hand juſt above the waves. And a voice whiſpers, act your part to ſave from eternal burnings, and leave the reſt to me. And ſo I do, and glory in it. Many years ago, when I was younger, I ſaw that my young friends all gloried in ſomething. My ſchool mates left me, one by one. And I would often find myſelf ſtanding as one amazed, and look on to ſee how each one did glory. Some in books and ſchool; ſome in fine horſes and carriages, houſes and farms; ſome in wives and children. And I ſaid, Lord what ſhall I glory in? For I ſee all muſt glory in ſomething. And He ſaid, you may glory in the croſs of Chriſt. And ſo I do, and rich glorying it is too. It coſt the Son of God all; it has coſt me all. I am never found an idler in the King's highway. And when there are no more tears to wipe, no more warnings to give, no more wounds to probe, and no more to heal, then I am going home.

REV. PHILO TOWER.—The ſlumber of years has rolled off from my drowſy eye-lids, my ſpiritual ſenſe is quickened, and a full ſalvation, with which I commenced my heaven bound voyage in your city thirty years ago, is again the light of my life, and breath of my breath.

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

To ſay that in the laſt twenty years I enjoyed none of the ſweets of ſalvation, would be going beyond the record of facts, for during that period it has been my fortune to enjoy very many glorious baptiſms of the Holy Spirit; but living and mingling among the *dead*, I became, alas! too ſoon and too often a ſpiritual corpeſe. At the earneſt inſtance of ſeveral good brethen, who, like myſelf, were ſick of living amid "garniſhed ſepulchres," I wrote to my old friend, Rev. D. W. Thurſton, to come and form us into a Free Methodist Claſs. He did ſo, for which we thank God. In ſhort, I am ſafe in ſaying that I am re-committed to this great ſalvation, and re-conſecrated to this temple of the Holy Ghhoſt.

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrained to be."

Yes, glory to God in the higheſt! I am ſaved, waſhed in the blood of the Lamb, and I feel all the ſtrong affinities of my heart bound up in the croſs. I mean to live with the crucified on earth, and reign with Him forever.

Lovell, N. Y.

JAMES AND ELLEN MATHEWS.—God the Father loves us. God the Son ſave us juſt now, and God the Holy Ghhoſt aſſures us that all things work together for our good.

Though in affliction's furnace tried,

Unhurt on ſnares and death we tread,

Though ſin aſſail, and hell thrown wide

Pour all its flames upon our head;

Like Moſes' buſh we mount the higher,

And flouriſh unconſumed in fire.

Hallelujah! It has ſeemed rather rough lately, but we ſhall get through by the grace of God.

Albion, N. Y.

LOUIS SICARD.—I love the Lord, and he ſaves me from all ſin. I know there is power in his blood to waſh away every guilty ſtain; for I feel it all through my ſoul.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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