

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

MARCH, 1867.

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

BY HENRY W. DANN.

THE doctrine of Christian Holiness is peculiar to Divine Revelation.—Nothing akin to this is found in any other system. Morality, it is true, finds a place in some of the false religions of the present age—but this revealed Holiness infinitely transcends the most exalted idea of morality ever conceived in the human mind.

Morality is good, but it fades into insignificance before the mighty blaze of Gospel Purity. Upon the subject of holiness, perfection, or purity, much has been said and written, and still there is a great diversity of opinion concerning it. The reason for this, I believe, is not because of any inherent difficulty pertaining to the doctrine itself—but it is found chiefly in the fact that different writers have not viewed it from the same standpoint.

1. It has been treated historically. The origin of the doctrine—the controversies and disputes concerning it have all passed in review. The evidences *pro* and *con* have been carefully summed up, and a verdict rendered accordingly. This view of the doctrine is good and valuable, inasmuch as it gives us the writings of the past in reference to it, and at the same time furnishes us with an idea more or less perfect of the mode of thought that has prevailed in other days.

2. It has been viewed from the standpoint of experience. On this point

much stress has been laid, as experience is usually considered to be the most positive kind of testimony.

In the words of another, "what a man experiences he knows, and what he knows, is beyond the reach of argument or dispute." It is indeed good to listen to the experience of one who has felt the saving power of Jesus' blood, and often it cheers the drooping spirit. But the experiences of the best of us are so diversified that probably but very few ever feel precisely the same emotions under the hallowing influence of the grace of God.

It is true, there is a sense in which the experience of all Christians is alike; but, after all, such evidence is not as certain and satisfactory as that furnished by the Word of God, on which we base our hope of eternal life.

3. It has been set forth from the standpoint of Revelation. On this point, the command, duty and privilege of being made holy have been vividly portrayed, the necessity of it abundantly shown, and the possibility of its attainment most forcibly argued.

We believe that no Christian will deny that the Scriptures set forth this doctrine in plain and unmistakable language, and expressly declare that it is the will of God that we be made perfect in love.

It is no wonder then that there is a diversity of opinion concerning this doctrine; and, perhaps, it is well that there is. But, after all, the question of all others most important is, am I holy, or am I not? If I am, then will

I endeavor in all my ways to please God. My life will be one of unceasing prayer—my very life-blood will mingle with the blood of the everlasting covenant, and to me Jesus will be all in all. Then I can triumphantly sing, Jesus saves! Jesus reigns! Jesus conquers! Glory be to the Immortal God! Hallelujah to his excellent name! But if I am not holy, then, where Jesus lives I can never go. I can never taste the glories of the eternal state, or feel the exquisite raptures of an eternal life. I can never gaze on the glittering spires of the eternal temple, or feast my longing eyes on the lovely scenes of the better land. In view of all this my soul pants after the living God, and my very life yearns for that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

ZEAL.

ZEAL hath vanquished the world, in the mouth of the first Preachers of the Gospel; it will again in ours, if the Spirit of God inspire us with what we shall think, and what we shall speak. The world showed a greater repugnance to the truth, when first proclaimed by the Gospel: the severity of laws, the rage of superstition, the wisdom of philosophy, all, with united force, opposed it, and all acknowledged its irresistible power; and it would again be honored with the same triumphs, were it intrusted with the same Ministers. Let us enter into the spirit of our holy predecessors, and we shall enter into the success of their labors: let us imitate the same zeal.

Zeal which exasperates, and which excites to revolt, those whom it censures, is the zeal of man, it is not the zeal of God; we must gain their hearts, if we would render them attentive to our instructions; severe manners, rather indicate our disposition, than tend to correct theirs.—*Massilon.*

AVOID EXTREMES.—None should despair, because God can help them. None should presume, because God can cross them.—*P. Henry.*

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home, do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please *me*."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends had noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it, with tempting smiles, towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes: "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing at the sparkling, ruby liquid—"a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's

edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek how deathly! his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look! how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant, native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the unfasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now: the great white moon is coming up, and his beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim

are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth—the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother!—a victim to *this* deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice, he faltered—"No, no, my child—no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces.—Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously, every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills, than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the poison cup. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form, in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eye, his sad, sweet smile, was his answer. The Judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many, from that hour, renounced forever the social glass.

THE PREACHING HYPOCRITE.

ADMITTED of men, not called of God, he preaches Christ, but not for Christ. "Put me saith he into the priest's office, that I may eat a morsel of bread."—He is, perhaps, a "preacher of righteousness, but a "worker of iniquity." But the true Christian preacher only spends and is spent upon Christ and his interest; he is careful not only of his gifts, but of his grace; not only to be sent of men, but of God. The one preaches himself, and for himself; the other preaches Christ, and for Christ. The hypocrite is ambitious to show his learning,—to be admired rather than useful: not so St. Paul, 1 Cor. ii. A "scribe well instructed bringeth out of his own treasures things new and old."

He brings in learning, but not Divine learning! His artificial fire hath no warmth in it. But the Christian minister, though perhaps learned in Egyptian wisdom, as Moses, and in Greek literature as St. Paul, who quoted Aratus to the Athenians, Acts xvii: 28, Menander to the Corinthians, 1 Cor. xv: 38, Epimenides to Titus, chap. i: 12, never uses it but as the Agar of Sarah; Christ crucified being his chief knowledge.

The hypocrite uses Divine learning to human, carnal ends,—to get preferment of fame, to support opinions or practices. The minister of Christ handles not the "word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth," commends himself to every man's conscience. 2 Cor. iv: 2. He glorieth not in his preaching, a necessity being laid upon him by Christ.

The hypocrite chooses subjects on which he may shine and please: the other, those which may awaken and edify, disclaiming men-pleasing. The one shoots over the heads, the other aims at the hearts of his hearers; suiting himself to the meanest capacity.

He puts on a face of zeal, without zeal; and, trying to move others, is himself unmoved. He can not say, with Christ, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." His zeal is an *ignis fatuus*, or perhaps a heathenish fire lighted at Seneca's torch; not a burning, as well as a shining light.—He may have some feelings, but they are over with his sermon or prayer; some warmth for the Church, as Jehu, because it is his party. But the Christian minister hath more zeal in his bosom than on his tongue. Elijah-like, the "word of the Lord is as a fire in his bones."

His soul "mourns in secret places" for the sins he reproves openly, Jer. xiii: 17. He can put *probatum est* to what he preaches; and his zeal hath a very large measure of Gospel love; it saves others while it consumes himself.

The hypocrite is, perhaps, strict in his rules, loose in his practice, binding heavy burdens, that he touches not himself. He is like a finger post, which shows the way, but never walks in it. He promises liberty, while he is himself the slave of sin. The true preacher is afraid to preach what he practices not; he lives his sermons over. As a brave captain, he saith, "Follow me." He aims at thummin as well as urim; perfection as well as light.

The one makes the way to heaven as broad as he can, at least to himself; and oftentimes allows things to others to screen himself. The other makes the way narrower to himself than to his hearers, and never gives up the last of the word, lest his own foot should be pinched.—*Fletcher.*

The principle of *self* is always corrupt; the principle of the *subjection of self to God* is divine.

PERFECT LOVE.

BY ORPHA PELTON.

God is love, and when we are filled with God, we are filled with love. Love that is perfect is a great love. The apostle in describing it, says: "It suffereth long and is kind; envieth not vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth, believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things, and never faileth. Innocent and guiltless, it goes out into the world, among all classes and conditions of men, doing good. It conceals the faults and imperfections of others, and covers a multitude of sins. It never talks uncharitably, neither does it judge harshly, according to the *appearance*, but it judges righteous judgment. All may confide in it, for it reveals no secrets; none need fear it; it speaks no evil. If it is itself in an error, or has done anything wrong, it is exceedingly glad to find it out, and is very grateful to the person that will tell him of it, feeling to say with the Psalmist, let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me: it shall be an excellent oil that shall not break my head. It loves its neighbor as itself, and Christians as Christ loved them. John xv: 12. He laid down his life for the sheep.

Love goes out and searches after the sheep and lambs who are wandering on the mountains, nipping wild flowers and drinking of poisonous streams, longing to find something to satisfy their hunger, and satiate their thirst. It knows that often they bleat and cry, and long to be back in the fold, to feed in green pastures, to hear the kind Shepherd's voice, and have him shelter them from the storms that ever and anon break above them. It does not look at these reproachfully, and think, O, you are always getting out of the fold! It is useless to try and keep you with us. No. It thinks they were led astray by some great goat which looked

considerably like a sheep, or by some wolf in sheep's clothing. It knows not the force of the temptation, or the greatness of the trial under which these went astray, so it seeks them out again, shows them the way back to the fold, and the Shepherd rejoices more over these, than over all the others that are safe about him.

It seems to me that the greatest of all is, to *think no evil*. How pure the heart, how unspeakably full of God the soul, that thinks no evil. How free! How happy! But you say there are those who do this, whom you know, that enjoy the blessing of perfect love. A Christian that circulates evil reports about other Christians, or that speaks evil of them, has not perfect love. If, says the Apostle, we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is *perfected* in us. "Charity is the bond of perfection." If we love one another it will not be in our hearts to say anything against any of God's children, and it will be exceedingly painful to us to hear any one else do so, "for we are members one of another."

A small portion of snow, descending from the top of a mountain, increasing in size every time it rolls over, and going with greater rapidity as it enlarges, has been known to bury a city. A report may be likened to it. It may commence with a simple word, or surmise. Slowly at first it circulates, then with greater rapidity, continually gathering as it goes from mouth to mouth, till at last it comes around to the one of whom it was spoken, and crushes one of Christ's "little ones." Let those beware who are guilty of so doing, lest it were better for them that a mill-stone were hanged about their necks, and they cast into the sea. Their words do eat as doth a canker.

The word of God forbids evil-speaking all the way through. David, in his morning prayer said, "Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor *taketh up a reproach* against his neighbor." We are not to take up and send on a reproach.

against any one. What says the prophet Isaiah? "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Then he tells who shall dwell on high; who shall see the King in his beauty. "He that walketh righteously and *speaketh uprightly*, he that despiseth the gain of oppressions; that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that *stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood*, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil."

It is not a little thing to touch God's anointed to do them harm. One of the old Band-rules was, "*Not to mention the fault of any, behind his back, and to stop those short that do.*"

Christians are members of Christ's body. There is no schism, no breach of union in this body. This is a great truth. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, *all* the members rejoice with it; and God hath set the members every one of them in the body as it hath pleased him: and these members being knit together in love, are of "*one mind*," and love one another with a pure heart fervently. That he might present it to himself a glorious church, *not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.*

Then let us leave fault-finding, suspicious feelings, back-biting, every strife, etc., for where these are, there is confusion and every evil work, and may God grant that *redeeming love* may be our *theme*. What this generation needs that it may become converted, is the example of Christians who live what they preach, and profess; Christians whose walk is close with God; in whose mouth there is no guile, who are blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation among whom they shine as lights in the world.

A sister one time requested one to rub the dust off the glass that she might see her face better. While doing so the thought flashed across my mind that we needed often to get to

the blood, that Christ might see his image reflected better on our souls.

"Every moment Lord we need
The merits of thy death."

WORKING FOR JESUS.

BY MISS THIRZA SPARKS.

WHEN I look around and see souls, intoxicated with the pleasures and vanities of the world, who have but to stop breathing, to fall into the "lake that burneth with fire," I realize there is something to do.

When I see those who have named the name of Christ, denying the Lord who bought them, settling into dead formality, or plunging anew, and deeper into sin and folly, saying to sinners by their example, there is no reality in the religion of Christ, nothing to satisfy the immortal soul, my heart is stirred within me.

When I think of Christ, the world's Redeemer, and his life of suffering, the burden he bore, his agony in the garden, his ignominious death, and realize that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son to redeem it;" and when I see that all Heaven is awake and angels are on the wing to save poor perishing man, I wonder why people are so calm, and seemingly uninterested. I wonder why some professed Christians are not more actively engaged in the Lord's vineyard. Oh there is work to be done, real work. Souls are being hurried into Eternity all around us. Some will serve for fuel to feed the everlasting burnings. What is to be done? Something must be done. Who will weep between the porch and the altar, feeling pressed "as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves," in view of the depravity and sinfulness of the human family?

Jesus wept, Jesus groaned, he sweat great drops of blood, he toiled early and late, he was despised and rejected of men, homeless and a stranger, and all this to save the world. What are we doing?

Let us look around us. The Word

says, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

How many there are who would receive the word with gladness, who are so situated as to be deprived of the means of grace. Can not they be reached in some way? How many of us spend a day, or even a few hours in each week in distributing tracts, talking and praying with the people? My mission is not to the rich and noble, but to the poor and outcast. These receive the word with gladness, while the rich turn scornfully away. Oh how the Lord has blessed my soul when engaged in this work, and so lifted the cross, and given me words to speak, that I realized it was not myself but Christ in me. I never feel the presence of the Lord so continually and sensibly, as when actively engaged in the work he gives me to do. Oh, I praise God for the privilege of staying a little while in this world to do something for him.

"We must hold up the light higher, higher, Thousands need our aid."

To do this successfully we must have the love within, that burns, and glows, and kindles to a "flame of living fire."

"It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord. Oh, let us get down out of self into God, and let us pray the Father to renew our commission; and then let us go to work to win souls for Christ.

Binghamton, N. Y.

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We must be Christ's disciples before we are his ministers; his followers before his ambassadors. We must learn Christ before we preach him; otherwise we may "fish" for a livelihood, for honor, for applause, but not for souls: if we be not first inclosed ourselves in the net of the gospel we can have but small hopes of bringing others.—*Burkitt*.

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SIN is first easy, then pleasant, then agreeable, then delightful; then the man is far from God; then he is obstinate, then he resolves never to repent, and then he is damned!

AGONY FOR SOULS.

THE great and glorious Head of the Church, looking forward to the redemption, said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!" What words are these! What a combination of zeal and love, desire and piety they indicate. Paul, ever true to his Master, represents himself as "travailing in birth" for the Galatians, until Christ was formed in them. In these two facts, then, we have illustrated the idea of agony on behalf of lost souls. In proportion as men have drunk into the spirit of their Master, they feel the same longing desire, and pour out their hearts within them for a descent of the power which can alone extricate the lost. The literature of the Church in our own land abundantly exemplifies the presence and operation of this spirit in the breast of men "of whom the world was not worthy,"—men that were the lights of the times in which they lived. The following are examples:

It is said of the learned John Smith, "that he had resolved very much to lay aside other studies, and to travail in the salvation of men's souls, after whose good he most earnestly thirsted." Of Alleine, author of the "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners," it is said that "he was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls; and to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and preaching." Bunyan said, "In preaching I could not be satisfied unless some fruits appear in my work."

"I would think it a greater happiness," said Matthew Henry, "to gain one soul to Christ, than mountains of silver and gold to myself. If I do not gain souls, I shall enjoy all other gains with very little satisfaction, and I would rather beg my bread from door to door than undertake this great work."

Doddridge, writing to a friend, remarked, "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything besides. Methinks I could not only labor but die for it with pleasure."

Similar is the death-bed testimony

of the sainted Brown, of Haddington: "Now, after near forty years' preaching Christ, I think I would rather beg my bread all the laboring days of the week, for an opportunity of publishing the Gospel on the Sabbath, than, without such a privilege to enjoy the richest possessions on earth. Oh, labor, labor," said he to his sons, "to win souls to Christ."

Rutherford could assure his flock that they were the object of his tears, cares, fears, and daily prayers; that he labored among them early and late.

Fleming, in his "Fulfillment of Scripture," mentions John Welsh, "often in the coldest winter nights visiting for prayer, found weeping on the ground, and wrestling with the Lord on account of his people, and saying to his wife, when she pressed him for an explanation of his distress, 'I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, while I know not how it is with many of them.'"

Brainard could say of himself, on more than one occasion, "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I waked, the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for the conversion of the heathen, and all my hope was in God."

Such, we conceive, is the spirit in which the Gospel of mercy ought to be dispensed by parents, heads of families, Christian instructors, visitors, Sunday school teachers, pastors and missionaries; and so dispensed, it will not fail in the end, to prove the power of God to salvation.

We should accustom ourselves to view those above us without admiration or envy, and never look upon those below us with contempt. Little souls fall down and worship grandeur without reflecting that admiration is due only to virtue and goodness.

Religion is such a belief of the Bible as maintains a living influence in the heart.

THE LORD'S PART.

THERE is a common opinion existing in the minds of Christians that, though their expenditures for the support of their families should be suitably proportioned to their incomes, that which is devoted to the Lord's service may well be left to accident, or the convenience or impulse of the moment when a call for benevolence is made.

Although it is true that in the New Testament we have no definite amount for God's treasury demanded, yet we are enjoined to give in proportion to our income. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in store, as God hath prospered him." Here the duty of a definite appropriation is demanded. It does not, it is true, state whether a tenth, or fifth, or hundredth is required; but let us look a moment at a few records of those early days, and see if any light may be gathered from them. Zaccheus gave "one-half his goods to the poor." The poor widow whom Christ commended, gave in "all her living" to the treasury of the temple. We find the poor and afflicted church of Macedonia "abounding in riches of liberality" to those still poorer, giving even "beyond their power," and entreating that the gift might be accepted. A whole church sold their houses and lands, and gave away the proceeds.

Although we are not commanded to perform the same acts, yet the whole spirit of the gospel teaches us to make self denials for the advancement of Christ's cause, and points toward a much larger liberality than was required in the old Jewish Church.

And what was the proportion required then for the Lord's service? From the highest to the humblest, every one was required by God to give one-tenth of his increase to the tribe of Levi. Another tenth was required for the support of the regular feasts. Still another, every three years, for the poor, besides journeys to the temple, trespass-offerings, and numerous other requirements, making in all not less than a fifth of the income.

How can any Christian, with the light of God's word illuminating the path of duty, be willing, or even dare to give less than one-tenth of all he receives to the Lord. "Shall a man rob God." Yet how many are daily robbing him by withholding the tithes, the mere interest-money on the sums he has loaned them! Ah! a breath of his power can scatter the ill-gotten possessions which are secured by such robbery. "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich." He who fails to honor God with the *first fruits* of his increase, will find his gold corrupted, and its "rust shall eat his flesh as it were fire."

The resolution of Jacob should be written on the door-posts of every Christian's heart: "Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth to Thee." Many have adopted, and strictly followed this resolution, and one who has had a large acquaintance with the business as well as the religious world, said he never knew an instance of one who did so, failing in business, however great the commercial pressure. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." God never fails to give back "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together," for all that is given in his cause. Dr. Harris has truly said that "the most marked interpositions, and even earthly prosperity have attended the practice of Christian liberality in all ages." Said Baxter, who was noted for his charities, "The little I now possess was nearly all acquired at the time when I gave away the most."

Let any one try the experiment, and watch the providences of God, and I doubt not that he will find his promises of prosperity to those who honor him with their substance fulfilled far beyond his largest expectations.

Many afflictions will not cloud and obstruct peace of mind so much as one sin; therefore, if ye would wait cheerfully, be more careful to walk holily. All the winds about the earth, make no earthquake, but only that within.

A WONDERFUL CONTRAST.

BY REV LEVI WOOD.

"But ye are wise in Christ."—1 Cor. iv: 10. "The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise that they are vain."—1 Cor. iii: 20. Worldly wisdom seeks the applause of men: heavenly wisdom seeks the approbation of God, and is never satisfied without it. ("For if I yet please men, I shall not be the servant of Christ."—St. Paul. Worldly wisdom conforms to prevailing customs: heavenly wisdom seeks an entire conformity to Christ. Worldly wisdom trusts for success in schemes and plans of human devising: heavenly wisdom trusts alone in God and in the power of the Holy Ghost. Worldly wisdom seeks an easy and popular way to heaven: heavenly wisdom is content to go there by the way of the Cross. Worldly wisdom hath its origin in human selfishness: heavenly wisdom originates in the Divine Beneficence. Worldly wisdom embodies itself in "moral reform societies;" and seeks to promote virtue by the inculcation of good works: heavenly wisdom seeks to lead the sinner to Christ as his only hope, and expects permanent reformation only through the renovating power of the Holy Ghost. Worldly wisdom hath been a persecuting spirit in all ages, and will be till the end of time: (See Luke xi: 49. Acts, vii: 32. 1 Cor., ii: 8. John, xv: 20.—The reason is given in John xvi: 1-3.) Heavenly wisdom suffers in meekness after the pattern of Christ. (See 1 Pet. ii: 19-23.) Worldly wisdom looks at the things which are seen, and are temporal: heavenly wisdom, at those which are not seen, and are eternal. Worldly wisdom looks to the world for its support: heavenly wisdom looks to God.

Truly, "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God," and while "the wise shall inherit glory, shame shall be the promotion of fools." Prov. iii: 35.

GALLERY SINGERS.

In solemn ranks behold we stand,
 Selected as a choral band,
 While o'er our tuneful notes we glide,
 Only to gratify our pride.
 But how impossible to sing,
 The praise of our most holy King,
 Till hearts are tuned by grace divine,
 To celebrate such love as thine.
 And which of all the choir can say,
 "We've lips to praise and hearts to pray?"
 But how can ever prayer be found
 Where sin and wickedness abound?
 And how disgraced the cause of God,
 While such can sing Christ's cleansing
 blood,
 That bids all hateful sin depart,
 When grace divine renews the heart;
 What strange hypocrisy and guile,
 Must that black sinner's heart defile,
 Who emulates an angel's song,
 With such a heart and such a tongue;
 And oh! what scandal and offence
 Are brought on God's dear cause from
 thence,
 While such, with heart and lips profane,
Pretend to celebrate his name!
 Let silence seize that lying tongue,
 That can presume to lift its song
 Before that great heart-searching God,
 Whose awful sin-avenging rod,
 Might send the sinner down to dwell
 Amid the darksome shades of hell!
 Great God! in mercy yet impart
 Thy powerful grace to change the heart;
 And make such sinners meet to shine
 Where angels chant their songs divine.
By the late Rowland Hill.

So comprehensive are the doctrines of the gospel, that they involve all moral truth known by man; so extensive are the precepts, that they require every virtue, and forbid every sin. Nothing has been added either by the labors of philosophy or the progress of human knowledge.

If we are poor in this world, it is the Lord's providence; if we are poor in grace, it is our own fault.

TRUE GRACE.

An unsound professor, if left to his choice, would rather choose sin than affliction, and sees more evil in that than in this. And this can not be doubted, if we consider that the principle by which all unregenerated men are actuated, is sense, not faith. Hence Job's friend's would have argued his hypocrisy, Job xxxvi: 21; and had their application been as right as their rule, it would have proved it. "This hast thou chosen rather than affliction."

I do not say that an upright man cannot commit a moral evil to escape a penal evil. O that daily observation did not too plentifully furnish us with sad instances of this kind. But upright ones do not, dare not, upon a serious, deliberate discussion and debate, choose sin rather than affliction. What they may do from surprisals, and in the violence of temptation, is of another nature.

But a false and unsound heart discovers itself in the choice it makes on deliberation, and that frequently when sin and trouble come in competition. "Put the case," says Augustine, "that a ruffian should with one hand set the cup of drunkenness to thy mouth, and with the other a dagger to thy breast, and say, Drink or die. Thou shouldst rather choose to die sober, than live a drunkard." And many Christians have resisted unto blood, striving against sin, and, with the renowned Moses, chosen affliction, the worst of affliction, yea, death itself, in the most formidable appearance, rather than sin; and it is the habitual temper and resolution of every gracious heart so to do, though those holy resolutions are sometimes overborne by the violence of temptation.

The hypocrite dreads less the defilement of his soul, than the loss of his estate, liberty, or life. If you ask, Upon what ground, then, does the apostle suppose, in 1 Cor. xiii: 3, that a man may give his body to be burned, and have not charity? Can the salamander of hypocrisy live in the flame of martyrdom? The answer is at

hand. They that choose death in the sense of this text, do not choose it to escape sin, but to feed and indulge it. Those strange adventurers, if any there be, act rather to maintain their own honor, and enrol their names among worthy and famous persons for posterity, or out of a blind zeal for their espoused errors and mistakes, than from a due regard for the glory of God and the preservation of integrity. "I fear to speak it, but it must be spoken," saith Jerome, "that even martyrdom itself, when suffered for admiration and applause, profits nothing, but is blood shed in vain."—*Flavel*.

BE CONSISTENT.

BY REV. D. A. CARGIL.

All who attempt to teach others in private or public, from the pulpit or the press, should always remember that they live among beings who judge of character by conduct; of the nature of the tree, by the fruit it bears. As writers or teachers, this fact should be always borne in mind, that men see us and will justify or condemn us as our precepts and example, agree or disagree. It is soul-sickening to see so great a discrepancy between preaching and practice. Among all the causes of disrespect for religion, none is more fruitful than the inconsistencies of nominal Christians. I am grossly inconsistent if I preach "Thou shalt not covet," and am known to steal; or say, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and yet am envious; or say, "Speak evil of no man," and at the same time, create, or take up, or encourage any evil or false report against my brother in the absence of the best proof of his guilt, and then do all in my power to mar his moral and ministerial character, whether in private or public, and at the same time profess to be a friend. Again suppose I reiterate the injunction of the Master, "Judge not," and then set up my own impression or notion as a criterion, and hold under condemnation all who refuse or neglect to say my shibboleth,

is it not clear that I arrogate to myself the seat of a Judge? How incompatible is such a course with the character of a Christian! What downright hypocrisy in a minister of the New Testament! Dearly beloved, how important that we keep to the Word, and be consistent. Before you are heard from, through the press or pulpit, go or send and be reconciled to thy brother: then come and offer thy gift. Remove the stumbling-blocks by practising just what you preach. Be consistent.

FOREVER.

It is related of an eminent servant of God who resided in the north of Scotland, that in his youth he was often employed in tending a flock of sheep. The pasture to which he led them from day to day was in a field pleasantly situated near a river. Once, as he lay on the bank of the stream, admiring the ceaseless flow of the water, he suddenly remembered having heard in a sermon, that "a river was like eternity." He felt now, as he had never before, the force of the illustration. Still gazing on the constant torrent he said to himself,

"When I die I must either go to heaven or to hell. If I go to heaven, my happiness will be like this river—always, always flowing."

The thought clung to his mind, as hour by hour the stream flowed calmly by. It was the crisis of his life. No loud call from heaven, no alarming providence, no pathetic appeal stirred his soul: nothing but the still, small voice from the bosom of the tranquil river. At length he returned home, but he could not shake off the impression. The Holy Spirit awoke him to the consciousness of his mortality, and constrained him to ponder whether that immortality should be an endless river of pleasure at God's right hand, or a ceaseless stream of anguish from the lake of fire. Day after day he returned with his flock to the pasture, but every fresh glance at the river recalled to his mind the one towering thought—Eternity.

At last he could endure it no longer. He fled for refuge to the Saviour, received the sense of forgiveness through a believing apprehension of his cross, and thenceforward found the thought of future existence a source of comfort rather than alarm. Subsequently he was called to the ministry of the gospel, and became a distinguished blessing to the church. The circumstances which, under the divine guidance, originated his career, gave the tone to all his subsequent course. He habitually dwelt, not upon the seen and the temporal, but upon the unseen and eternal. — *Visitor.*

PRAYING AND LIVING.

Ever labor to live suitable to thy prayers. It is to no purpose to begin the day with God, and then spend it with the devil; to be a saint in the morning in thy closet, and then a sinner all day in the world. Having prayed against sin, be sure thou watch against it, avoiding the occasions and temptations thereto; for otherwise thou wilt fall before it. Having prayed for holiness of life, labor to live holily. Having prayed for humility, labor to walk humbly. Having prayed for sobriety and temperance, labor to live soberly and temperately. Having prayed in the Spirit, labor to walk in the Spirit. Ever bear in mind that to pray for one thing and live for another, is a contradiction and an impiety. The whole course of thy life should savour of thy prayers. He who hath all his religion in his prayers hath no religion at all.

No man ever trusted in God but he found him faithful, nor in his own heart but he found it false. Whoever has Christ cannot be poor; whoever is without him cannot be rich.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small acts make the will.

A man should not praise his works, but his works should praise him.

MARRIAGE.

"I grant," says one, "the person I am about to marry is not a religious person. She does not make any pretensions to it. She has little thought about it. But she is a beautiful creature. She is extremely agreeable, and I think will make a lovely companion." This is a snare indeed! Perhaps one of the greatest that human nature is liable to. This is such a temptation, as no power of man is able to overcome. Nothing less than the mighty power of God can make a way for you to escape from it. And this can work a complete deliverance: his grace is sufficient for you; but not unless you are a worker together with him; not unless you deny yourself and take up your cross. And what you do, you must do at once; nothing can be done by degrees. Whatever you do in this important case must be done at one stroke. If it be done at all, you must at once cut off the right hand, and cast it from you! Here is no time for conferring with flesh and blood. At once, conquer or perish! Let us turn the tables. Suppose a woman that loves God is addressed by an agreeable man, genteel, lively, entertaining; suitable in all other respects, though not religious: what should she do in such a case? What she *should* do, if she believes the Bible, is sufficiently clear. But what can she do? Is not this

"A test for human frailty too severe?"

Who is able to stand in such a test? Who can resist such a temptation? None but one that holds fast the shield of faith, and earnestly cries to The Strong for strength. None but one that gives himself to watching and prayer, and continues therein with all perseverance. If she does this, she will be a happy witness, in the midst of an unbelieving world, that as "all things are possible with God," so all "things are possible to her that believeth."—*John Wesley's Sermons.*

The Old Testament is savourless, if Christ be not tasted in it.

JUSTIFICATION and SANCTIFICATION

BY REV. J. F. SEAMAN.

THE Holy Spirit convicts the soul of guilt for actual transgression before justification. It convinces the soul before sanctification, that a degree of the carnal nature remains within; although restrained by justifying grace, yet to be put away by the blood of cleansing.

The cry of the soul in seeking forgiveness, or justification, is: O, Lord, forgive my sins, remove the weight of guilt now upon me. I am as a cart beneath its sheaves, by my manifold transgressions; have mercy upon me, a wretched sinner. The cry of the soul in seeking entire sanctification, does not indicate guilt on account of known sin, but is, O Lord, cleanse me from inbred sin, "for when I would do good evil is present with me." Cleanse me from all disposition and inward inclination to sin. I groan, being burdened with these strivings within. O Jesus, cleanse me from them by an application of thy precious blood, make me every whit whole.—Empty, sweep, and garnish my heart; and fill it with all thy fullness,—with thy blessed self.

In justification, an assurance of forgiveness, of innocence, and the Lord's acceptance, is given by the Spirit. In sanctification, the Spirit gives positive witness of inward cleansing to the uttermost. And the abiding power of the Holy Ghost is enjoyed. The justified soul rejoices that all sins are washed away. That to it there is no condemnation; and that it is adopted into the family of the Lord. The sanctified soul rejoices in the same, and also further, that the Lord trying the heart, and proving it, findeth no sinful way within. All within is in harmony with the love of God.

The justified soul is as the soil cleared of the wilderness; clean of all growing obstacles to fertility; bringing forth the good fruit of the kingdom. The sanctified soul is as the soil rid of all roots, with its entire surface open for good seed, bringing forth no better fruit of its kind than the justified soul, but a

much greater fold. The soil that was once occupied with difficulties, bears now rich fruit.

The justified soul is as the gold taken from the mine, washed, being separate from the earth. The sanctified soul is as the gold put through the crucible, refined, cleansed from dross, moulded and fashioned after the Lord's likeness, bearing his image and superscription. BLESS HIS NAME FOREVER.

JESUS CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

BY MRS. A. J. EDLIA.

In the New Testament we have the example and spotless life of Christ; after which we are to copy.

Under the Mosaic dispensation, God spake to men, and in that way, made known to them his will. Under the gospel dispensation, he has given his written word, accompanied by his Holy Spirit. In the law he says, "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy;" while the language of the gospel is, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

We are likely to become, in many respects, like the person with whom we associate much, especially if we love him, or regard him as our superior. Let a young convert, warm in his first love, be a great deal in the society of the one who was instrumental in his conversion, and how soon we hear him using the same expressions, praying in the same manner, and in other ways, imitating him, who is to him now almost as dear as his own soul.—Admitted to companionship with Jesus, and content with his approbation and his alone, how soon his example exerts an influence that so moulds the spirit, the conduct, the life of the newly-saved child, that those who behold him are constrained to say, "he has been with Christ, and learned of him, who was meek and lowly."

From the moment we are made new creatures, we are to take Christ as our great Exemplar, and follow after him in every thing. "Learn of me; for I am now to be the One to whom thou

shalt cleave with all thy heart; bear my yoke for it is easy; and my burden, for it is light;" are the words of him, to whom he has now consecrated his all.

But how are we to pattern after Christ? He was pure, we are impure. With a picture before us that we are to copy, we look at all its parts; examine it closely, make the lines, the figures, the shadowing, all precisely like the pattern, and then we can say, this is but the reflection of that. In this way, we are to look to Jesus and pattern after him. Place our soul and bodies' powers at his disposal—close our eyes to things earthly; behold nothing but the Victim on Calvary—hear no voice but that of the Master.

Be like him in humility. He veiled Divinity in humanity, came to earth, mingled with the poor and destitute, suffered his name to be cast out as evil, was spit upon, shamefully handled, yet bore all, saying: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

Be like him in submission. His language was, "Not my will, but thine be done." "I came, not to do my will, but the will of him that sent me."—Say when he speaks, "Here am I, send me." "I'll take the cross, the suffering, only fit me for the glory." Oh, then, let us cease to look at ourselves; but let us "look to Jesus," and imitate him, and let him melt, mould and fashion us, until we shall be the reflection of himself in simplicity, in meekness, and in purity.

TEMPTATION REPELLED.—I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and sweat. This was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spencer, describing true temperance under the person of Guio, brings him with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.—*Milton*.

THE BIBLE.

BY EMMA WOODCOCK.

RATIONALISM, Spiritualism, and kindred errors make little headway until they, by their specious reasoning, overthrow our faith in the Bible. Just as soon as the thought is admitted that the Bible may be a human invention, the triumph of Satan is sure. We need generally to be more confirmed in our faith—to realize more deeply the solemn fact that the Bible is God's Word. That it is to be studied, revered, loved, and reduced to practice.

I was once acquainted with one who for several years was a member of the church and usually read the Bible daily. Yet this person did not feel condemned in reading novels, attending parties, wearing gold and pearls and costly array, and otherwise disobeying the plain commands of the Bible. *Why* was this? She read the command to abstain from such things, yet had no conscience about it. The reason was this, from her infancy she had heard it preached that it was impossible to live up to the Bible requirements, that we are accepted through Christ with no merits of our own. Thus the standard was placed where it best suited a carnal nature. But a time came when God convicted this soul. Then the often read commands came up, as they will to many a lost soul at the judgment, to condemn. And she knew there was no appeal from God's Word; that it was given as our guide of conduct, and we must live up to its teachings or be lost. Then came before her the way, the Bible way. Oh how rugged it looked. She saw every friend would forsake her if she walked up to her convictions. The struggle was terrible but Jesus conquered, and she said in her heart, I forsake all. I take the Bible for my textbook, the Spirit for my guide, Jesus for my Saviour. The light broke in, and she was saved. And how plain seemed the once dark and mysterious word. We can obey God. We can live up to the Bible standard, but unless we do we cannot reach heaven.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

It may be feared that Christian mothers of our generation do not pray with their children as in former days. When we see sons and daughters in Christian households growing up with worldly hearts, and wavering from the faith of their parents, we always fear that a mother's heart has not been burdened by their sins, and a mother's prayers and faith have not led them to Christ. Dr. M'Crie, the celebrated biographer of Knox, records with filial love and reverence the fidelity of his own mother in training him to a Christian life. An incident in his experience is of rare beauty.

In his sixteenth year he left home to attend the classes of Edinburgh University, and his devoted mother, apprehensive of the temptations to which he would be exposed in city life, walked with him part of the way, to give him her last words of counsel. She parted from him in Coldingham Moor. Before bidding him farewell, she led him to a rock a little distance from the road, and kneeling behind it, with her hands upon his head, implored, in a fervent prayer, that God would shield him from danger, and make him an intelligent and zealous Christian, useful to the Church in his generation.

Such a mother's faith could not go unblest. Such prayers must secure God's blessing. In a year from that time the mother was a saint in heaven, but the son, over whom she had yearned and prayed, was not forgotten of God. He was converted, and became one of the eminent ministers of Scotland, and a biographer of some of her great worthies.

A curious incident is told of his closing life connected with this prayer of his mother at the roadside. Nearly fifty years had passed. He had lived a life of toil and trial and success. He was ripe in years and service and experience. One night in a dream his mother appeared to him, standing behind the rock on the moor, beckoning him to follow. He promised to obey her, and the vision passed. Dr.

M'Crie was not a weak or superstitious man, but he regarded the dream as a warning that his work was nearly done. In a few weeks he was called away, and the mother and son were united forever in a better world.

MEEKNESS.

MEEKNESS is patience under injuries. If a man suffers himself to be fretted by opposition, and thrown into a passion by obstacles that are thrown in his way, he may rest assured that Satan will manage to keep him in such a state of mind, that he will by no means grow in grace. A want of meekness is a sad defect in Christian character. A spirit to *resent* everything is extremely unlovely, un-Christian-like and wicked. And perhaps there are few things that more disarm professors of religion, and nullify their influence as Christians, than a disposition to fret. If a Christian does his duty, he must take it for granted that he will meet with opposition. And as long as the Church is in such a state as it now is, he must expect often to receive the most determined opposition from those from whom much better things ought to have been expected. In such cases he must learn to possess his soul in patience, and let patience have its perfect work. When he is reviled, he must learn not to revile again. And if he is persecuted, to threaten not. Many individuals seem to attach great importance to their own *reputation*, and suppose themselves obliged to defend their character, for the honor of religion. I am afraid of this spirit. It seems to me exceedingly unlike the spirit of Christ, who made himself of no *reputation*. He was reviled and slandered, and all manner of evil spoken against him, and yet he seemed to have manifested no disposition to spend his time in going about, hunting up the authors of those slanders. He never acted as if he supposed that his honor, or the success of the gospel, required him to do so. And why the servant should be thought above his master, I do not know.

—Finney.

DENYING JESUS.

BY L. F. BOWEN.

If we dress like the world's people, and join them in their amusements, and act like them, and joke and blackguard like them, and unite with them in light and trifling conversation, are we not denying our blessed Saviour more offensively than if we should refuse to testify for him in meeting? How often do we see people professing godliness not only doing these things, but laughing at wicked and vulgar expressions! Let us come out and show our colors to the world.

O, who'll stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene,
And raise the blood-stained banner,
Amid the hosts of sin?

If you belong to Jesus let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven. "But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." 1 Peter i: 15. So let us lay aside all manner of vulgar language, and vain and idle conversation. Where is the disciple of Jesus who has suffered himself to be hurried on to the utterance of hateful words, or the performance of impetuous actions but subsequently feels condemned? For our God is the God of order, and not of confusion, and he would have us, by wise and prayerful forecastings walk in wisdom towards them that are without. Thus pondering well the path of our feet, our daily walk with God will be established. We must be crucified to the world. We are doing work for eternity. If we ever get to heaven we must be pure, without spot or blemish. Heaven is a place of purity. There associations will be pure; conversation will be pure, thoughts will be pure, habits will be pure, tastes will be pure, and the holiness of God will transfuse all natures and all joys. In that sinless realm there shall be no night, and they need not the light of the sun, neither the moon, for the Lord God giveth

•them light, and there shall be no weeping there, for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

IRRELIGION IN ENGLAND.

An English clergyman gives the following interesting statistics:—"There are five millions of our fellow-country people who are living in open neglect of the means of grace. If all the people in what is called Christian England who neglect the means of grace were to be formed into a line standing shoulder to shoulder, they would stretch over one thousand four hundred and fifty miles, or it would make nearly four rows reaching from London to Edinburgh; and it would take eighteen weeks for them to pass a given spot, at sixty a minute, six days of a week, of twelve hours each. Thus millions in this country are to all practical purposes heathens. In Manchester there are one hundred and fifty thousand who habitually absent themselves from any place of worship. In Birmingham there are one hundred thousand persons who never darken the doors of God's house. Look also at Liverpool. There we find a public house to every two hundred and sixty of the inhabitants; and the apprehensions for crime are as one to every fifteen of the population. In Manchester there is a public house for every one hundred and fifty of the population, old and young, while there is but one sanctuary, (including all sects, large and small, old and new) for every two thousand five hundred of the people. No less than fifty-four public houses have sacred music on the Sabbath, and thus souls are lured to perdition to the strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus" and "The Heavens are telling." In that town one hundred and fifty thousand of the inhabitants never enter God's house, and Sabbath after Sabbath are living in the desecration of the Lord's day. Thus in "Christian England" we have a vast amount of heathenism, and, what is worse, practical atheism."

♦♦♦
Taste and see that the Lord is good.

THE BIBLE.

'Twas on a sultry summer's day,
When faint and weary with the way,
And by the heat oppressed,
I stood to taste the rippling rill,
That wound around the summer hill
Where I had leaned to rest.

Recruited by the cooling drop,
I hastened to the mountain top,
To view the plain below ;
And wished my power the stream could
swell,
To those, who in a region dwell
Where no such waters flow.

Oh, Christian ! spread these cooling
streams,
Wide as the sun's enlivening beams,
That all their power may prove ;
Yours is the means, be yours the will,
To send to all, from Zion's hill,
Rivers of joy and love.

—W. M. Mag.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

Some thirty miles or so below Philadelphia, on the Jersey shore of the Delaware, there is a little village called Pennsgrove, and a pier jutting out in the river. About a half a mile above this pier there is a venerable oak tree lifting up its mossy, gnarled branches over the very margin of the stream. When the summer sun is warm, its grateful shade affords an inviting place of repose, at the same time busying the eye and the mind with beautiful scenery. The Delaware is here about three miles wide, and the glassy plains thickly dotted with steamers and with the snowy sails of vessels of all description, from the light-winged skiff with its single voyager, to the stately war ship, a cloud of canvass above, and a thousand brave hearts below. Across the smooth waters are the green hills of Delaware, dotted with farm-houses as far as the eye can reach, while opposite are seen the clustered dwellings and spires of the city of Wilmington.

One summer's morning, nearly half a century ago the old oak waved its foliage over a goodly company gathered beneath and around it on the shore. They were

Delawarians returning home from a Jersey camp-meeting. The last day of the week had come : the religious exercises had been closed in the old fashioned form ; their parting hymn was sung ; and with tearful eyes and hearty grasp of hands, and earnest exhortations and sobbing pledges to meet again in heaven, the thousands of Israel had separated. Those who had come from the other shore clustered on the margin of the river to embark in the sloops and schooners which lay there to receive them. But lo, the tide and the wind were contrary, and the mariners declared they must be content to wait till the course of the current changed, and so they gathered on the shore, two or three hundred in number, youth, infancy, and old age, around the old oak. Many of them were followers of Immanuel, and warm in his love. How natural then, that they should while away the hours in singing the songs of Zion. After spending some time in this pleasant employment, it was proposed that a sermon be preached, and two or three, who were local preachers, were invited to officiate on the occasion. While they were debating the matter, an aged colored man was seen approaching. The lapse of many years had covered his face with wrinkles, bleached his hair to a snowy whiteness, and bowed down his head very low, and he tottered feebly along, supporting his halting steps with a long staff. "There is Uncle Jacob, he shall preach for us," exclaimed one of the company. And as the old man came slowly up, he was greeted with respectful salutations, and pressed to give them a sermon. "Children," said the veteran, trying to straighten himself a little, and turning his head on one side so as to look at the faces of the group around him, "children, how can I preach after such a sermon as we have had on the campground? You would not listen to me, and I would not blame you either." "Oh yes, Uncle Jacob," was the reply. "If you will only preach we will listen to you, and you shall have good order too." After being urged for some time he consented. He laid aside his hat, planting his staff before him to steady his position, while his audience seated

themselves on the clean sand, or stood around in groups. He began: "Now, children, I am going to tell you something about myself. My parents were brought to this country and sold. Their master had some new land somewhere down South, and he took all his hands and went to his tract, and began to clear it up. My father built a cabin for himself, by setting up barks and slabs against the limbs of a large tree, which had been blown down, and in that old, bark cabin in the top of the tree, I was born. When I was about eighteen I went to hear Mr. Whitefield preach, and he made me feel very bad. I thought if I did not begin to serve the Lord, I should go to hell straight. I cried, and promised, and prayed, and the Lord heard me and pardoned my sins, and made me happy in his love. I began to talk to some of my companions, and pretty soon I got two or three of my age to start for heaven with me. But I was not satisfied yet; there was no church in the neighborhood, and I often asked myself if we could not have meeting somehow; but my master and mistress were grand people, and they had no religion, and I was afraid they would not like it, and so I said nothing about it for some time, but I did not feel right. At last I got a little courage and went up to the house to ask master. I told him and my mistress my story, and asked him if he would not please to let us hold a prayer-meeting in one of the cabins next Sunday. He looked at me pretty sharp, and said: 'Jacob, you hold meetings?' Yes, sir, says I; we sing and pray as well as we can, and when the Lord comes to meet us we are very happy. Then mistress spoke up, and says she, 'Jacob, the cabin is too small for your meeting; you may all come here, and you shall have the kitchen.' Then I praised the Lord softly, and when I had thanked my mistress for her kindness, I went and told the boys the good news. Well, when the time came we went to the meeting; all the people on the plantation were there seated on benches around the room. I did not see master nor mistress, nor either of the young ladies, but the door that led into the sitting-room from the

kitchen was open just a crack. I began to feel pretty bad, and what made it worse, the two boys that had religion kept rolling around their eyes at me, scared-like, as if they wanted me to go ahead. Well after a spell I stood up and repeated a hymn that I had learned. We sang it, and I called on one of the boys to pray. He prayed crooked enough I tell you. We sang another hymn and then I called on the other boy. The next time I would have to pray myself, and I felt scared worse than ever. However, we sang, and then we kneeled down, and I tried to pray. The Lord blessed me, children, and gave me words. I prayed for the boys that had got religion, and for the others who were yet in their sins. Then I prayed for our kind master and mistress, and while we were praying hard for them, we heard such a noise in the other room that we all started up and run to see what was the matter. I pushed the door open and looked in, and there was master lying right in the middle of the floor crying for mercy, and mistress and both my young mistresses were sobbing as if their hearts would break. Children, I praised the Lord loud that time. One of them says to us 'will you not pray for us again?' and we did, you may be sure; and my master got converted, and then we cried, and sang, and praised the Lord together a good while. The next day my mistress was converted, and some time after, both her daughters, and so they all set out for heaven. When I got some older, my master gave me my freedom, and then, praise the Lord again, our children. That was a great while ago. My old master and mistress are gone; they died in the faith and went home, and I am going home too. My day is almost gone, the night is coming on, and sometimes the way is bad; but I am going home, and I have got so near that I begin to see the lights in the windows. I shall see my old master and my old mistress there, and we will sing and shout together as we did a long time ago down on the old plantation"

As Uncle Jacob progressed in his address he had gradually warmed up with,

his subject. His stooping frame became more and more erect, and his dim eyes began to shine. As he told of the happy hour in the kitchen prayer-meeting his staff dropped from his hand; floods of exultant tears ran down his wrinkled face, and his voice rose clear and strong, as in the far distant days of youth. Toward the close of his exhortation the veteran, straight as a grenadier, walked rapidly to and fro with shouts of triumph, leaping and praising God, like him who sat at the beautiful gate. The auditors were melted by his simple fervor and truth. They wept, they shouted, and fell around him as wheat before the sickle. Hours were spent in the delightful work of prayer and praise, and when the veering tide and flapping sails admonished them of their homeward voyage, they reluctantly left the spot and embarked, and none present that day ever forgot the scene under the old oak. The dust of the patriarchal African sleeps in the graveyard in the city of Wilmington. He lived respected by all; and when he was gathered to his fathers, devout men carried him to his burial, and made lamentations over him. The facts given above were related to me by one of the few survivors who witnessed the memorable scene.—*N. Y. Economist.*

ZEAL IN DEATH.—Dr. Backus, president of Hamilton College, was upon his death-bed. His physician called upon him, and after approaching his bed-side and examining his symptoms with interest and solemnity, he left the room without speaking, but as he opened the door to go out, was observed to whisper something to the servant in attendance. "What did the physician say to you," said Dr. B. "He said, sir," that you cannot live to exceed half an hour. "Is it so?" said the great and good man. "Then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees: let me spend that time in calling on God for the salvation of the world!" His request was complied with, and his last breath was spent in praying for the salvation of his fellow men; he died upon his knees.

HOLINESS AND SUCCESS.

MANY at Bradford have lately experienced the great salvation, and their zeal has been a great blessing. Indeed, this I always observe wherever a work of sanctification breaks out, the whole work of God prospered. "Here began that glorious work of sanctification which had been nearly at a stand for twenty years. But from time to time it spread; and wherever the work of sanctification increased, the whole work of God increased in all its branches." "Where Christian perfection is not strongly and explicitly preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing from God; and consequently little addition to the society, and little life in the members of it. I hope brother C. is not ashamed to preach full salvation, receivable now by faith. This is the word which God will always bless, and which the devil particularly hates; therefore he is constantly stirring up both his own children and the weak children of God against it." Mr. Wesley wrote to Freeborn Garrettson: "The more explicitly and strongly you press all believers to aspire after full sanctification as attainable now, by simple faith, the more the whole work of God will prosper." Bishop McKendree said to Summerfield, "Never forget that no doctrine which we have ever preached has been more owned by the Head of the Church; and I doubt not the success of your mission may mainly depend upon your zealously holding forth this great salvation." Dr. Jesse T. Peck says, "The work of God strengthens and revives, and sinners are saved by scores and hundreds by the living power of perfect love."

Rev. J. V. Watson says, "We have often known revivals of religion to commence under the preaching of holiness." Lady Maxwell says, "A full salvation has this last year been more insisted on in public, which has answered valuable purposes. Wesley observed and declared that "wherever holiness was preached, revivals usually prevailed. It is the grand deposition which God has given to the people

called Methodists, and chiefly to propagate this, it appears, God raised them up.—*J. A. Wood.*

PRIDE.

SUPPOSE you are in danger of being flattered and lifted up with pride. As a reasonable being you are bound to know this, and be on your guard.—There is a woman who has a husband doting on her, and wants to dress her up like a graven image and worship her. Be firm, and say, "I am not going to be worshiped; I myself, worship God, and will not be an idol for men." I have known some Christian women, who when asked how they could wear such and such expensive dresses, say, "O, it is to please my husband, he is a worldly man, and loves to see me wear them; and he can afford it, and so gratify him." Suppose now he should build a temple, and set up an altar in it, and then wish you to stand up there and be his goddess, and let him offer incense, and some one should say, "How is this? I thought you professed to worship Jehovah, and do you stand up here to be worshiped yourself?" You should reply, "O, I do it to please my husband, he is an ungodly man, and wishes to do so, and I like to gratify him. I hope in this way to lead him along, and retain influence on his mind, that in God's time I hope to make him a Christian." Why, you have just as much right to say this, as you have to be decked out in all this gaudy drapery of fashion, and made an idol of in the way you are. REMEMBER you are a servant of Jesus Christ, and you have no right to yield to any mortal, that authority which belongs to HIM. And besides, this practice of doing it to please your husband, is in nine cases out of ten, all a sham. You do it to please yourself. Beware. If you are inclined to be proud, guard against it as against the gates of death.—*Finney.*

We sail to glory, not in the salt sea of our tears, but in the red sea of Christ's precious blood.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF FAITH.

BY REV. G. W. HENRY.

ALREADY more than three score winters have bid us farewell, since we stood by the knee of our school dame, there waiting for her to reveal that, which was then to us as great a mystery, as it now is to know how mind acts upon matter. And when she pointed to the first letter in the alphabet, she said that was A. And if God had spoken as plain to me then, as Christ did to Saul, it would not have added strength to my child-like faith. And as she pointed down the column, I had perfect faith, nothing doubting, that all she said was true; and this faith led me on to perfection.

I had in a few months, as perfect a knowledge of my alphabet as my teacher. I had a perfect foundation for a classical edifice. Stronger faith was never known in Israel than this. It was common faith, yet it was purely evangelical. Forty years had rolled around, when we were brought into the school of Christ.

We were like a tall, awkward youth, who was left to run in the street until he was twenty years old, but was finally compelled to take his place in the infant class, and bend his mightiness to be taught the first letter of the alphabet by a little girl of five years. We fancied we knew as much about the way of salvation as the most of Christians; consequently we placed our highness in the first class, among the Greek and Latin scholars; and the idea of one of our age and experience to stand in the infant class, like a stacking pole with a few sheaves at our feet, was too humiliating for our wisdom and dignity to condescend to. I write this especially for like dignitaries that they may learn to commence at the right end of their spiritual spelling-book if they ever expect to be taught in the school of Christ, or wear a sparkling diadem in the realms of bliss. After about six months in this high school, I learned but one thing. One day, while upon my knees at the throne of grace,

Paul whispered in my ear, intimating very strongly, that all this time I had done nothing else but to deceive myself. This gave me such a shock that my slumbering soul began to awake and rub her eyes. Paul then gave me an old receipt which read as follows: "If any man among you seem to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise." I was then just sick enough to swallow any drug that would promise relief. I found it to be wormwood mingled with gall. It was death to my pride and worldly wisdom. I feel it at once, oozing out from every pore of my soul, when I cried out in the bitterness of my heart, "Save, Lord, or I perish." Just at that awful juncture, something whispered in the soul's ear, "except ye receive the kingdom, as a little child, with the same child-like faith, nothing doubting, in like manner as when your little flaxen head bent over the knee of your school dame forty years ago, anxious and willing to be taught, you can never advance one step, towards the kingdom of grace and glory."

At this point, reader, you will find us standing at the foot of the infant class, there eagerly waiting to be taught that, which was the first principles of the doctrine of Christ.

The next order in the programme is, to know where, and who, is to be the teacher. The Holy Ghost seemed to have his eye on one completely adapted to teach us our alphabet and lead us across the threshold of the eastern gate of the city, where the first rays of the morning sun tinged the newborn soul with its golden beams.

In the little village of Greencastle, there lived a maiden lady known as Aunt Kitty Acher. She had already bid farewell to three score summers, and for ought we know, to every hope, or fear, of ever being wedded to one of the coarser material of God's creation. Her full length portrait is about three feet six inches in height. On her back and shoulders arose in grandeur a little mountain of rickets which she had patiently borne from her infancy. Aunt Kitty was a whole burnt offering; she

never used the varnish brush when she painted sinners their danger. It would have been hard to persuade us that she was a king's daughter, all glorious within. It would have been still harder, while in our moral blindness, to convince us that she was the elect lady, chosen of God, to be our spiritual mother and teacher, for she was then to us, in a two-fold sense, a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. We saw no beauty either in her person or piety; but we have since learned that God has chosen the weak things, and the things that are nought to confound the wise, and the mighty. The tall cedars waved over our heads in vain. Reader, please take our arm, and walk with us into the tented grove, into the tent in which we have our quarters. In the front part of it are about twenty-five men, and in the back part about the same number of women. It is now a little past midnight—all are in profound sleep except Aunt Kitty, our spiritual mother and teacher.—About this time you may observe a blind man coming forth from a prayer circle, dressed in rich apparel of the highest fashion, but looking like one dejected and sorrowful, in midnight darkness, both body and soul. He is now making his way to his quarters for the balance of the night. After committing his soul unto him whose eye never sleepeth nor slumbereth, with a deep sigh he pillows his head for the night, little thinking what the coming hour would bring forth. Before closing his eyes, he cast a retrospective glance over his benighted wanderings for the last six months. He remembers the very spot in the glen of the mountains of Virginia, while dashing on, Gallio like, on his way from his steam mill to Berkly Springs, desecrating the holy Sabbath, then and there, the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" seemed to leap into his path, as much as to say, thus far, and no farther, shalt thou go. An awful strangeness came over our whole frame. We wheeled our carriage about, and returned to the mills. The same day, our little idol, Fannie, was transplanted, in the space of fifteen

minutes from rosy health to the groves of endless bliss. Thirdly—we were brought down to the dark waters of Jordan, without a Joshua to pilot us across. Alas! how dreadful it looked. Fourthly—all our earthly goods took to themselves wings, and flew away. Fifthly—we were visited with total blindness, everything swept overboard but our heavy load of sin. Sixthly—when we knelt in the valley of decision, we made a covenant with God that, sink or swim, live or die, we would seek the sinner's friend. We then thought of the several wonderful visions presented to our sightless eyeballs at sundry times and places. We had then arrived at an end of all our own ways, as well as those of the arch fiend. We felt our rotten platform giving way beneath our feet, and just at that awful, yet glorious juncture, the voice of Aunt Kitty came filtering through the canvass, and fell sweetly on our attentive ear. She began to point us to the first letter of our spiritual alphabet; she told us how willing Jesus was to save us; she talked freely about the simplicity of faith. All she said was the pure milk of the word, and oh! how eagerly we drank it down.

She pointed us to the flowing fountain of water and blood that followed the cold steel of the unfeeling sentinel, as he drew it forth from the heart of the Redeemer of the world. Blood to atone, water to purify. At this point we exercised precisely the same child-like faith as when we stood at the side of our literary teacher, and in both cases without a shadow of doubt, we believed every word she said, and by the time we had got down to the only omnipotent letter in the alphabet, we found ourselves at full length in the kingdom of Jesus. Our burden of sins was rolled into the sepulcher of forgetfulness; our captivity was turned back, and our mouth was filled with laughter. As soon as we could articulate a word, we shouted glory to God! It seemed to us like red hot bomb shells thrown into the camp. And now, the wonder of wonders, is still to us, the simplicity of the way. Was it possi-

ble, thought we, that we could be so filled with the raptures of heavenly joy, simply by believing the word spoken?

And now, reader, we have not time to tell you about our two years journey through the desert of Arabia, and how we got across our spiritual Jordan, and saw Jericho tumble down, and how we have pitched our tent in the land of Beulah, on the banks of Eschol, so fertile for grapes and pomegranates, a land abounding with corn, oil, and wine, where, for twenty years, through rich, abounding grace, under a cloudless sky, we have dated all our prayers and praises.

Oneida, Madison Co., N. Y.

“THE FEW.”—In some remarks by a Massachusetts Congregational Minister at the recent Christian Convention, Boston, he stated that he had a Church numbering near three hundred members, but that there were less than twenty reliable workers among the whole; that is, men and women on whom he could at all times rely for their presence and help. The general sentiment among his people was, that if they came to hear preaching they had discharged their duty; the week-night meetings and special services must care for themselves. In what degree are multitudes of other churches throughout the land superior to this Massachusetts one? The almost universal history of the Church is, that there are a very few who are overworked, while the mass take their ease. If all were to work for Christ as they work for themselves, how radiant the face of the Church would become, and how great would be the number seeking entrance to her fold!

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. *Psa. xlv: 1.*”

Be it our task to imitate the man,
Whose life was governed by the golden
plan:

Who learned of Christ in virtue to excel,
And taught the blessed art of living well.

SOUND WORDS.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

Who has read the Bible and has not remarked the simplicity and purity of its style? Who has read the words of Jesus, so simple, so comprehensive, and has not seen in them evidences of divinity? It has been truly said, "From him we can copy, and never copy a blot." We hear words, phrases, speeches, even among those who claim to be following the divine pattern, and oh how little to remind one of the beautiful copy!

We shall say but little of the *flowery* style, that roams, and meanders, and soars, for in it, *self* is so evidently set forth, that none can fail to see it; and the cross of Christ is so hidden in the background, that none may hope to find it.

Neither shall we dwell upon the *affected* style which might lead one to say, "*Methinks* I hear —;" for, outside of religion, good sense will guard that point.

Neither long upon the *positive* style, which affirms a thing is so, "As true as you live;" "As sure as God's word;" "As certainly as the world stands."

Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these *cometh of evil*.

Yes, it is so. No, it is not so. This is as Jesus has told us. Let us leave that other form for the world to use.

What we wish particularly to call attention to, is a *careless* style, which some seem to glory in, as if it were a virtue. We are not slow, as a people, to see and correct faults in others; and this we must do if we would be as God's mouth. Jer. xv: 19. Let us not then be afraid, also to lay our own faults open to the light of a blazing sun, that they may be bleached away.

Perhaps with some, this careless habit has grown from a desire to avoid affectation, and to appear at ease; and so in avoiding one evil, they have plunged into another, and we think a worse one; one which indicates both carelessness, and affectation. With others the habit

may grow from a desire to be cunning or odd. With others, it may be one of the old things which was not done away, when they thought all things had become new, but which assumes another form, clothing itself in a garb of piety. With ministers it may be a "coming down" to the common people, and a wonderful coming down it is too.

Oh, for a revival of simplicity and purity of language! Oh, for a copying after—not any of the eccentric, odd, or funny that we have heard, or heard of, but after Jesus Christ!

Let no one, of pure motives, and simple style, to whom God has given some peculiar way of doing, or unusual mode of speaking, be tempted over what we say. David cannot fight in Saul's armor, neither can any of us work in another's harness. If it is not *we* that speak, but God that speaketh in us, our words shall be all right. But there are set phrases and speeches often repeated, which savor of the world, nor can any one mistake them for the Father's voice. As if one should say he did not care any more for the opinions of the world than for a rotten straw, or a cent, or a fig. I would not snap my fingers for this or that.

Perhaps one person might speak of the extreme difficulty he had in becoming a Christian and represent it by saying that he was "Squeezed into the kingdom." Where one might innocently speak so, doubtless hundreds would grieve that Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

"And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."

Do let us have our conversation honest among the Gentiles, that whereas they speak against us as evil doers, they may be ashamed who falsely accuse our good conversation in Christ. Do let us speak the *truth* in love, in all things showing ourselves patterns of good works; in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity; *sound speech which cannot be condemned*, that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of us.

Editorial.

HOLINESS.

We propose to examine this all-important subject in the light of the Bible. *One* plain text of the Scripture proves more than a thousand human assertions.

I. ITS NATURE. The words, sanctification and holiness, as used in the Bible, mean the same thing. The same original Greek word is translated in our Bible, sometimes by the word holiness, and, sometimes, by the word sanctification. The same is true of the word translated, sometimes holy, and sometimes, saint. The original is one and the same word.

1. Holiness implies, in common with a state of justification or pardon, *victory over outward sin*. A person that is holy does not commit sin. This is also true of one who lives justified before God.—Rom. ii: 14. "For sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law but under grace." That is, grace has the mastery over you. In the struggle between grace and sin, grace triumphs. 1 John iii: 4. "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin": but "sin is the transgression of the law." 1 John iii: 4 So that he who imagines that he enjoys the blessing of holiness, and yet does what God in his word forbids, or neglects to do what he commands, *is deceived*. His so-called *faith*, is fatal *presumption*.

2. *Holiness is a state*. It does not consist in a repetition of good acts, but is that gracious condition of the soul which prompts to the performance of all good actions. It is the pure fountain from which pure water continually flows. Proof. 1 Pet. i: 16.—"Because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy." This does not say, *Do* holy things, but, **BE HOLY**. 1 Thes. iii: 13. "To the end he may stablish your hearts unblameable in holiness." It is the *heart* that is to be established; then the habits will be right of course.

3. Holiness implies deliverance from all wrong dispositions, tempers, and desires; and from all inclination to indulge those that are right, in an unlawful manner, or to an inordinate degree. There are dispositions of the soul that are wrong in themselves, such as *anger, pride, covetousness*.

From all wrong tempers a holy person is so far delivered that he not only does not yield to them, but he does not feel them. Other desires become sinful only when indulged in an unlawful manner, or to an inordinate degree. Our Saviour hungered. In this he did not sin, but he would have sinned if he had yielded to the temptation of Satan to satisfy his hunger in an unlawful manner. Enoch walked with God and begat sons and daughters. In a holy person, all his powers of body and mind are brought into harmony with the will of God. 1 Thess. v: 23. 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. This prayer teaches: (1.) That the body is so far sanctified as to be blameless. For it must be made so before it can be preserved in that state.—Hence when the victim of the use of tobacco or strong drink is sanctified, his body undergoes such a change, through the power of the Spirit of God that he no longer feels the terrible cravings of appetite for indulgence, which were fast hastening him on to destruction.

(2.) The affections, passions, desires and propensities are so subdued that they are the occasion of good and not of harm. (3.) The intellect, the judgment, the will and the imagination, are made pure and holy in all their exercises.

1 Cor. vii: 1. "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Hence we see that holiness is opposed to all *filthiness*, either of body or mind. It removes from soul and body every thing that defiles.—Rom. viii: 12, 13. "Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh. For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." He that does not live after the flesh does not bring forth the works of the flesh. These are (Gal. v: 19.) "Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like." "They which do such

things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God." They which are holy are led by the Spirit, and bring forth the fruit of the Spirit which is (Gal. v: 22.) Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

4. *Holiness is distinct from justification, and subsequent to it.* When one is converted, he is so far made holy that he has victory over sin. But sin remains, though it does not reign.

1 Cor. iii: 1. "And, I brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ." These persons were "brethren," "babes in Christ." Therefore they were justified. But they were carnal—not yet made holy. Heb. vi: 1. "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."

These persons were living in the principles of the doctrine of Christ. They were justified believers. Paul exhorts them to go on to a perfection of holiness.

Do not these plain passages abundantly sustain all we have said as to the nature of holiness?

II.—ITS NECESSITY.

1. It is indispensably necessary to qualify us for heaven. We cannot get there without it. None ever did, and none ever will. Heb. xii: 14. Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "To see God," is to be in his presence, to enjoy the bliss he alone can impart. So that "without holiness" no one, no matter what his church or his creed, can stand before the throne of God. Rev. vii: 14. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." But "white robes" are the emblem of purity. (Rev. xix: 8.) Ps. xxiv: 3, 4. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." God's holy place is heaven. But the pure in heart alone shall dwell there.

2. Holiness is indispensable to present happiness. The unholy person cannot be happy. He may enjoy pleasure, but pleas-

ure is not happiness. People seek after pleasure because they are unhappy. The pleasures of the world are short-lived and unsatisfactory. But he who is holy has a never-failing spring of enjoyment within. I Pet. i: 8. "In whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Ps. cxviii: "The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous."

3. Holiness is essential to usefulness. Unholy men may spread Christianity, but they pervert it as they spread it. Their "riches are corrupted," and they corrupt Christianity when employed for its support. Perhaps no one man ever devoted so much wealth to the support of the Gospel as Constantine; and no one ever did so much to corrupt it. An impure channel will foul the purest water. Colored glass imparts its own hue to the light that passes through it. A holy soul alone is qualified to lead others into holiness. Ps. li: 10-12. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." One may, without a clean heart, or the joy of salvation, convert people to the church, but it is to be feared that few of them will be found to be converted to the Lord.

Acts ii: 4, 41. "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues." "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." Holiness is power. He that possesses it can do good. "For the Kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." 1 Cor. xiv: 20.

III.—ITS ATTAINABILITY.

1. *God Commands it.* Lev. xxi: 12.—"Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God." 1 Pet. i: 16. "But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." God never commands that which is impossible. To affirm that he does is blasphemous. It would make him out a tyrant.

2. *To sanctify the soul or make it holy is God's work.* If this can be proved,

then it follows that holiness is possible. Whatever God undertakes he can accomplish. With him things are easy that are impossible for men. Ezek. xxxvi : 25-27. "Then will I 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." Here God says he will do the work, and do it thoroughly. (1) He will cleanse,—not from some,—but from ALL idols and from ALL filthiness. (2) He will give a new heart and a new spirit. (3) He will cause us to walk in his statutes and judgments. He will impart the spirit of obedience, and with it the power to obey.

John xvii : 17. "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."

1 Thess. v : 23. "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." These passages plainly imply that it is God's work to make believers holy.

3 *Some have attained to holiness.* (1) Enoch walked with God three hundred and sixty five years. (Gen. v : 21, 22.) (2) "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." Gen. vi : 9.

(3) In the New Testament the disciples of Jesus are called Christians at twice, never Methodists, Baptists or Presbyterians. *Sixty times are they called saints, or the holy ones.*

IV.—HOW IT MAY BE ATTAINED.

If it is by the power of God that we are sanctified, then why are not all, and especially all professing Christians holy? Because they do not meet the conditions. These are:

1. *Entire consecration.* All of time, talent, property, reputation, influence, yea life itself, must be forever consecrated to God. Rom. xii : 1. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." The body includes all.

A living sacrifice, is a constant, perpetual one.

Lev. xi : 44. "For I am the Lord your God; ye shall therefore sanctify yourselves, and ye shall be holy: for I am holy." That is, Set yourselves apart for God's service, and he will make you holy.

Luke xi : 44. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall save it."

2. *Confession of inbred sins.* 1 John i : 9. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "If we confess our" actual "sins" he is faithful and just to forgive us: "if we confess our inbred "sins, he is faithful and just to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

3. *Faith in Christ as our sanctifier.* Acts xv : 9. God put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." Acts xxvi : 18. That they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

In both these passages faith is spoken of as the medium through which sanctification is received.

Reader, what do you think of these passages of Scripture that we have brought before you? Do they not show you the necessity and the attainability of holiness? Do you live in this state of grace? If so thank God, and press forward. If not, make no delay to obtain it. You have too much at stake to live without it a single day.—Resolve firmly that you will be holy. Ask God to search you! If, in the light of the Spirit, you see, as is often the case, that you are not justified, have the moral courage and honesty to confess your condition. If in a backslidden state, you seek for holiness, you will, in all probability take up with something short of the reality. Be thorough! Confess as fully as the word and the Spirit of God direct. Give yourself up, without the least reserve to obey the Lord in every thing. Say in sincerity,

"My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent."

Look to Jesus as your present Saviour from all sin. Plead his promises. Rely upon his grace to save you to the utter

most. Thus you shall soon feel the sanctifying power of the Spirit of God all through soul and body. You will then, in your daily life, have your fruit unto holiness; and the witness of the Spirit will be given, to assure you of your present gracious state, and give you a pledge of untold glories to be enjoyed in the world to come.

Now we have received the SPIRIT WHICH IS OF GOD, THAT WE MIGHT KNOW THE THINGS THAT ARE FREELY GIVEN TO US OF GOD.

STEADYING THE ARK.

It is dangerous business to put forth the hand to steady the ark of God. Uzzah found it so. He was sincere in his apprehension that the ark was in danger. There was reason for the fear. The oxen stumbled and shook it, and to prevent its falling in dishonor in the dust, he reached forth his hand and took hold of it. He was zealous, but mistaken. He forgot that God was in the ark and could save it from disgrace without his help. As a warning to others God smote him for his error.

The ark was the symbol of God's special presence. This is granted to his people now, as truly as under the old dispensation. Where God specially manifests himself there is a commotion. It has always been so, and probably always will be. On the day of Pentecost there was a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind. When the Holy Ghost fell on the disciples they made a noise. The congregation said they were drunk. Doubtless when the work of God is carried on in power, there will always be some seeming and, perhaps, some real extravagance. Luke-warmness always passes for respectability. He who is awake to his eternal interests must appear wild to one who is spiritually asleep. But what if there is real extravagance? What if the ark does shake? Let it alone. God will take care of it. Keep the ark moving. Whip up the oxen, but let the ark alone. It is no evidence that a man or a woman is not a devoted Christian because he or she does not leap or shout for joy. And it is no evidence that they are under the influence of a wrong spirit because they do. If you truly think they are extravagant do not go to fighting them. Make no side issues, and allow none to be

made if you can help it. Keep to the great work of soul-saving and all will come out well. But if you allow yourself to be taken up with the disorders that may prevail, and employ your energies for their removal, you will stop the work of God from spreading, and confusion will be likely to follow.

The Rev. Mr. Jarratt, a clergyman of the Episcopal church in giving an account of the great revival that prevailed in Virginia in 1776, says:

"I have no doubt but the work now carrying on is genuine, yet there were some circumstances attending it which I disliked, such as loud out cries, tremblings, falling, convulsions. But I am better reconciled, since I read President Edwards on that head, who observes. 'That wherever these most appear, there is always the greatest and the deepest work.'

There is another thing which has given me much pain: the praying of several at one and the same time. Sometimes five or six or more, have been praying all at once in several parts of the room, for distressed persons. Others were speaking by way of exhortation, so that the assembly appeared to be all in confusion, and must seem, to one at a distance, more like a drunken rabble than the worshippers of God. I was afraid this was not doing all things in decency and order. Indeed Dr. Edwards defends this also."

For some time this kind of confusion has been totally gone. But as this abated the work of conviction and conversion usually abated too. Yet blessed be God, it still goes on, though not with such rapidity. I have heard of but two or three that found peace for three weeks; whereas some time ago seldom a week passed, but I could hear of eight or nine; sometimes between twenty or thirty at one meeting."

Do not lay stress on any physical manifestations, as though the work of God could not go on without them; and do not magnify their importance by opposition.—Many a healthy child has been killed by giving it medicine instead of nourishment. Keep the true light shining, and it will eclipse the false. The rod of the magicians may appear powerful for a time, but the rod of Moses will devour it at last. God is mightier than the devil.

OLD LADIES' HOME.

Being recently in New York, we were taken by a friend to visit "The Home" provided for aged and indigent women of the M. E. Church in that city. It was a precious season. The Lord greatly blessed us in talking, and singing, and praying with these worn-out pilgrims, who, with staff in hand, were waiting permission to cross over Jordan. Here may be witnessed some remarkable instances of the sustaining power of divine grace. One old sister, we saw, ripening for heaven, lying upon her bed unable to help herself. Her hands were drawn all out of shape by the rheumatism, and she suffered acute pain constantly. But not a murmur (as we were assured by the matron) is ever heard to escape from her lips. She is praising the Lord continually. Another is blind, but happy, looking forward to that glad hour when faith shall end in sight.

The building is pleasant, airy, and commodious,—the management all that can be desired. The Legislature of this state, made an appropriation for their benefit last year, which enabled them to pay off the indebtedness upon the valuable property in their possession. This is very proper, for who is more deserving of benefactions than Christian women who have grown old in doing good? We were greatly surprised and pained in looking over the annual report, to see that a large share of their income is derived from the proceeds of fairs and festivals. Can it be possible that all the Methodist Episcopal Churches of New York city, with all their boasted wealth and liberality, cannot take care of sixty of their helpless members, worn out in the service of the church, without the aid of fairs and festivals? Has it come to this? Must three score churches, more or less, many of the members of which are rolling in luxury, appeal to the sensual appetites of the multitude in order to obtain daily bread for about sixty superannuated saints? Is this New Testament piety?

We are acquainted with some of the managers of this noble charity, and we are confident they would not give their consent to such objectionable modes of raising money unless they deem it absolutely necessary.

But we should beware lest we give our consent to doing evil that good may come. We should give no encouragement to those who prove themselves to be "lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God."

AFFECTATION.

Guard against affectation. The least touch of it will hurt you. It does not injure others like dishonesty, or evil speaking, still if you intend to lead a holy and a useful life you must keep clear of affectation. It is one of the small foxes that destroy the vines. It grieves the Spirit of God more than any one thing short of positive and known sin. You must come down from your stilts if you would ever touch the waters of salvation. The proud, God beholdeth afar off; and affectation is the offspring of pride. The words of an affected person, like a sword wrapped up in ribbons, never cut. They may be well in themselves, but the nice way in which are uttered destroys their force.

You are entirely mistaken, if you think affectation is a mark of gentility and good breeding. You will find the most unaffected simplicity in well bred, well educated people. Affectation in any one is disgusting to all sensible people, but in a professor of religion it is absolutely intolerable—Then do not suffer yourself to be tainted by it. Be natural in the tones of your voice, and in your manners generally. Do not suffer yourself to put on any airs. God will leave you if you do. Your holiness will degenerate into politeness,—and sham politeness at that.

MOREOVER THE LORD SAITH, BECAUSE THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION ARE HAUGHTY, AND WALK WITH STRETCHED FORTH NECKS, AND WANTON EYES, WALKING AND MINCING AS THEY GO, AND MAKING A TINKLING WITH THEIR FEET; THEREFORE THE LORD WILL SMITE WITH A SCAB THE CROWN OF THE HEAD OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION.

JANUARY NUMBERS.—If any of our friends know of any January numbers uncalled for in any of the Post offices, we would be greatly obliged if they would return them to us. We are getting short of that number. Continue to send on new subscribers. We will supply the back numbers. If necessary, we will get out a new edition of the January number.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

Dear Editor: Having become, by reading, somewhat familiar with your pages, and being in sympathy with the spirit manifested through them, it appears to me a choice medium to convey true and earnest thoughts respecting the church of Jesus, to the world. Not but that there are other channels conveying truth to the souls of men, but the waters of the river of life are becoming mixed with the interests and maxims of this "Present evil world," as they flow through them. Truth is truth everywhere; but all know that its power may be impaired, if not entirely destroyed, by dilution, and that it may be so mixed with error of a worldly spirit, that in taking it, the error kills the soul before it can get truth enough to save it. For this reason, if for no other it is essential that some periodical, in these days of religious printing, should "come out from among them," and be wholly set apart to the work of "spreading Scriptural "truth and holiness through these lands." In a word, the most pressing want of the religious world to-day is, a strictly gospel press. One that is free, *entirely* free, both from a tendency to please the depraved, novel-reading taste of the times, and from the worldly wise, financial policy of which too many magazines and church papers are now guilty.

The love of gain, numerically or financially, is too much displayed in the religious press of the day. To attain their ends, some of them at least, stoop to very questionable measures. As an instance, a journal buying up the contributions, or perhaps sermons of some popular man, and then publishing that such productions will be found in no other paper but itself, and then flaming forth to the world the fact (?) that the arrangement is greatly increasing its circulation. Or as another example, a religious paper stooping to praise some vile, trashy, soul-destroying weekly, of the flash and ruin stamp, that floats off on the scum of metropolitan pollution, the only reason probably being, to make an apology for some person in high position in the church who has agreed, for money, to contribute a novel to its pages. Or, *must it be said*, publishing for money, advertisements of vile nostrums, de-

ceptive agencies, and world renowned quacks! by means of which confiding and suffering humanity is cheated out of its hard earned money. This course appears to be followed by some, without a single inquiry as to the religious effects of it upon their readers. It may be said of them, the people sought for light in them, but found darkness; for healing, but behold wounds.

"Ichabod" is written over against many of these should be saving agencies. Instead of sending forth, as a stream, the refining, purifying waters of gospel truth, to awaken the careless, or confirm and sanctify believers, "sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth,") they give to their readers, scientific discussions, commercial statistics, political reports; or something else, as little calculated to produce religious warmth and life in the reader. The above topics are good in their place; and may not be amiss in a religious journal, but the fault is, that such matter is presented, to the almost total exclusion of strictly saving, religious truth. Christ and him crucified must be put foremost, first and fully, to characterize a print as for and of him. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," is the watchword of the kingdom, and should stand out in the beginning, the continuance and the end of the religious press. As the matter now stands, if one would find religious reading in a religious paper, he must turn to some bye, out of the way corner, and there perhaps, he will find a column or two headed, "Religious reading," as if it had become necessary to tell the reader by a caption, that it is religious reading, because the former matter had led him to think there was none in the paper.

With this condition of things about us, what is the duty of the earnest Christian, who feels that he must "Cry aloud and spare not?" Evidently to look for some agency of the press that lives to convey the truth of God from soul to soul in a clean vessel that will not neutralize its effects by mixing it with matter that is of the "earth earthy," nor destroy its savor in the bringing.

Such an agent, we think, is found in the *Earnest Christian*, and without wishing to appear adulatory, we may commend it warmly, and say unhesitatingly that it is the most truly religious print now going forth

to a reading Christian people, from the American press.

As no Christian has a right to withhold his light from the world, ("Let your light to shine," etc.—*Jesus*); so no person has the right to live and work below the position of his experience in the things of God. Each one therefore, should consult and use the agency best suited to convey, in a truthful and spiritual manner, his earnest thoughts, to an earnest reader. With feelings of this character upon him, the man may come to your columns and find rest. Shall it be denied him?

A Preacher of the Presbyterian Church.

A WORD FROM MEADVILLE.

The Lord, in great mercy to an unworthy child, is graciously reviving His work in my soul. Hallelujah! to the Lamb for ever. The precious blood of Jesus cleanses, this morning. I am his, glory to God! For four weeks, as God has given me opportunity, I have been preaching at the M. E. church at Little's Corners, seven miles from here. The kind brethren come in for me at night, and take me back early in the morning. I have proved, to the praise of God, the truth that "*the Gospel is the power of God.*" I have been enabled, as I never was before, to hold steadily to the high standard of the Gospel. I have lifted the cross high up above the world; and "Jesus has drawn all men unto him." No compromise with the world, its fashions, customs, or laws that are opposed to the spirit of Jesus. The entire community are stirred for miles. Whole families of hardened Universalists are soundly converted to God, and are already pressing after holiness.—One young woman came forward Saturday evening, and was blessed, went home, and her father turned her out into the road. God gave her a home. On Sunday he was all broken down, called for his daughter, fell upon her neck, wept and cried for forgiveness. The church pleaded for him, he yielded, and now is the happiest man in Hayfield, he thinks. Glory to God! The clear light is shining. Oh, my dear brother, you can not tell how I feel the power upon my soul. The house was a perfect jam last night. I spent the day with them yester-

day, with my companion. The majority of the church spent it as a day of fasting and humiliation before God. The altar was crowded yesterday with those seeking purity, and others for a clear evidence of justification. Their pastor, a beloved young man, is gaining rapidly. Nearly thirty are forward every evening. Oh! I am looking up. I told them last night I was a champion for earnest Christianity. I have no heart for anything else. Oh! that our little church would constantly humble herself. Let me warn my brethren in the travelling and local ranks to let every kind of controversy alone, and preach Christ and him crucified. Hallelujah! I hear now in my ears the shouts of the new-born souls last night. Glory to God!

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee."

I love my brethren. Oh! for a constant, overcoming faith. Brother Roberts, I shall meet you in our Father's kingdom. Your labors in Pekin are producing fruit in Pennsylvania. Give the *Earnest Christian* a certain sound. Oh may every number be baptised more and more with the Holy Ghost.

Yours, under a clear sky,
S. K. J. CHESBROUGH.

ALBION GENERAL QUARTERLY MEETING.—This was as good a meeting as we ever attended. It was all good. There was no drawback. The Spirit of the Lord was present in glorious power. Sinners were convicted and converted, believers sanctified and the saints made to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The Lord worked as He pleased and no one put on any restrictions, or criticised the work, or prescribed bounds within which the Holy Ghost must confine his operations. As that veteran of the cross, Asa Abel, remarked: "He is to be pitied who could call such an out-pouring of the Spirit, fanaticism."

The meetings have been continued with success, and we learn from Brother James Mathews, preacher in charge, that some twenty have been converted. May the work of God spread in power all over the land! Soldiers of the cross, push on the battle! Keep self under! Let God work in his own way. See to it that you are a laborer together with God, and success is certain. When one is awakened hold on for him until he is brought out in the clear light of salvation.

ROSE QUARTERY MEETING.

Dear Brother Roberts:—By request of Rev. Mr. Thurston, I attended the General Quarterly Meeting in Rose Valley on the 17th inst.; beginning Friday evening, and continuing over the Sabbath. "The Lord was with us of a truth, and holy is His name."

To me the occasion was one of great interest. It was a renewal of the old time quarterly meetings I used to enjoy forty years ago, when life and power and salvation were the order of the day, and "God was present to heal." The distance some of the friends came, from five to thirty miles, their warm and friendly greetings, their responsive amens and hearty shoutings under the word, and the demonstrations of spiritual life and power which broke forth in their songs of praise, their effectual fervent prayers, equally shared in by male and female, and the testimony they bore of the reality and blessedness of perfect love, caused me almost to forget the intervening years, and to feel I was worshipping with the Methodists of other days. Praise the Lord! Pure Primitive Methodism—"Christianity in earnest"—has found an asylum among this people, and is still doing its appropriate work of "spreading Scriptural holiness over the land." We had many witnesses of full salvation present, a number "being made every whit whole" during the meeting.—Praise God that old-fashioned Methodism is marching on.

Brother McDougall, whom I found to be a live man, is very much beloved by his people, and a good revival is going on upon a part of his charge through his instrumentality.

ELIAS BOWEN.

Cortland, N. Y.

REVIVALS.

SARATOGA CIRCUIT.—The Lord is blessing the labors of Bro. Sinclair at an appointment a few miles out of the village.—About thirty have been converted, and the work is going on.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Free Methodist church, under the labors of brother Monroe, is enjoying prosperity. A number have been converted, and some are seeking the Lord in almost every meeting.

DYING TESTIMONY.

BROTHER JACOB CLUTE left Aurora, Kane county, Illinois, for the fields of Eternal Blessedness, on the morning of the 2d of December, 1866, in the 45th year of his age. He found the Saviour of sinners, and made a public profession of religion at about the age of fourteen years. Seeing and feeling that he had a great High Priest that had passed into the Heavens, he held fast to his profession, and was always an example of Christian meekness and firmness. Naturally retiring in his disposition, and amiable in his manners, he won for himself a large circle of Christian friends, and was respected by all who knew him.

In the forepart of September last, he attended a quarterly meeting at Clintonville, in this State, which was, by the influence of the Holy Ghost, made a great blessing to him. To some friends who was with him, he expressed himself as being very much cast down, and almost overcome; he could not live unless he could obtain the victory. During the meeting, on Sabbath afternoon, an invitation being given, he with others bowed at the altar, and in answer to his prayer of faith, the baptism of the Holy Ghost came down upon him. He arose from his knees, (he was no longer the retiring, careful Brother Clute) with tears of joy coursing down his cheeks, he leaping, clapped his hands, and, with great earnestness of expression, told what the blessed Saviour had done for him. With a heavenly smile on his countenance, he moved about in front of the altar, telling the congregation, that by faith, the Lord had wonderfully delivered him from all fear, and had cleansed his soul from all sin.

On hearing of my return from St. Louis, he sent for me. As I approached his bedside, he grasped my hand heartily, and with an earnest look, says: Brother Jenks, I never have lost the victory received at the Clintonville Quarterly Meeting, and then broke out in praises ascribing all to the grace of God.

The day previous to his death, I had the privilege of being with him some three or four hours. Such exhibitions of gospel victory and triumph it has been seldom the lot of any to witness. There was not merely tri-

umph, but exultation. He quoted Scripture, and uttered sentences which were inspired. No one can describe the glory that gathered around the dying saint. It seemed more like the house of living than dying. Although very weak and prostrated, his sentences were distinct; with emphasis he said: "I have the victory, and shall triumph." As the shadows of mortality gathered over him, and the rays of immortality were flashing upon his spirit, he looked up to his weeping companion, and said: "You won't feel bad, will you? I shall triumph."

While his bosom seemed swelling up with the fires of love, with unearthly sweetness he repeated:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Fell soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

As I was standing a little away from him, he motioned with his hand for me to come to him. I lent my ear, and he whispered: "Pray, pray right here." We fell on our knees with a few faithful Christian friends. Our mouth was opened, our lips were touched, our soul inspired with the heavenly atmosphere; the Holy Ghost descended and filled the place; all felt its power; the living man, though dying, threw up his emaciated arms, clapped his hands, and, in an audible voice, shouted hallelujah to Jesus, and said, with great triumph, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, I rejoice in the rock of my salvation." At the close of prayer, responding; *Amen, Amen*, his face shining with rays of heavenly joy. A little before he died, he was told by his wife he could not stay but a short time with them. "What word," said she, "have you to leave for little Louise," a daughter who was then absent. With heavenly light rekindling in his countenance, "tell her," said he, "It is all well with me." "Meet me,"—here his strength failed. He would have added no doubt, "in Heaven." The last words he was heard to utter when nearing the other shore, are:

"There is power in Jesus' blood."—

And here he fell asleep.

LEVI JENKS.

Aurora, Ills.

THE LOVE FEAST.

FRANCES B. ENGLISH.—My soul is often blessed, and my spirit refreshed by the precious visits of the *Earnest Christian*. "Life is what we make it" in the December number of the old year, was especially interesting and profitable. Truly we are painting to-day, what will to-morrow be our past,—how will it appear to us then? To the honor of our blessed Master I would say, he is still precious to my soul, my star by night, my sun by day, my spring of life when parched with drouth, my wine to cheer, my bread to stay my strength, my shield, my safe abode, my robe before the throne of God. In him all fullness dwells. Fellow Christians, do you not rejoice with me that we have meat to eat the world knows not of? When we gave up its vanities, and consecrated ourselves to Jesus, he imparted himself to us; what do we covet more? Is not this your experience, dear young convert? Since the world is given and Christ received, what is the new song you sing? Do not your heart and tongue unite with our's in the sentiment of these excellent lines:

"Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O, how delusive and vain they appear!"

O yes! you have no relish for revelry and mirth. Well God be praised! you have no need of Christmas trees, festivals, Sunday School exhibitions, etc., to keep up your interest in a good cause. May the Lord bless you abundantly. Let us hear from you through the columns of the *Earnest Christian*. It will strengthen you to live for God in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation.

M. MARSHALL.—I bless God this morning for a free and full salvation. The last ten months I have been enabled to rejoice in a present salvation. This morning I feel that I am all the Lord's. When I laid my all on the altar, he gave me to feel that the altar sanctified the gift. O, why should I not praise him for what he has done for me? I love God with all my heart, and love the narrow way; and I expect to be one that shall go from this place to swell the ranks of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? Glory to God! Jesus is able to cleanse the heart and keep it clean.

Oil City, Pa.



