

# The Earnest Christian

## AND GOLDEN RULE.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

### PERSEVERING PRAYER.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

WERE we now in the pulpit, with the above theme selected as the topic of discussion, we might select the following as the most appropriate Scripture basis of our remarks:—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James v: 16. "Men ought always to pray and not to faint."—Luke xviii: 1.

By fervent prayer, we mean that which is warm, earnest and importunate,—as opposed to that stiff, formal frigid and indifferent manner which so frequently characterizes our approaches to the throne of grace. It is not necessary that we should shout or scream in order to prove that we are in earnest. But we must be hearty, fervent and warm.

Said a disturbed formalist to a young lad, "What makes your mother pray so loud? Does she think that God is deaf or far away?" The lad replied, "No, I presume not, but she wants what she prays for, and means to have it. She is in earnest about it, and when she gets in earnest she always speaks loud, but never so loud as she does sometimes when praying for the salvation of souls."

Scriptural phraseology and example inculcate and illustrate fervency in prayer. Hence such expressions—as crying, knocking, striving, wrestling, laboring, etc. See illustration of this fervency of spirit in the case of Jacob

at Penuel—Gen. xxxii: 26.—of the importunate widow Luke xviii—the Syrophenician woman—the blind man—the lepers, etc. Is it said of our Saviour that, "In the days of his flesh he offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears." Instance the remarkable prayer of Daniel chap. ix. O, Lord, hear: O Lord, forgive. O Lord, hearken and do; defer not for thine own sake, oh, my God: for thy city and thy people are called by thy name."

It is related of that renowned orator of ancient times, Demosthenes, that a person came to him and wanted him to plead his cause. No attention was given to that petitioner while he told his story without earnestness, the man saw this and cried out with anxiety that it was all true. "Oh," said Demosthenes, "I believe you now."

"I have listened before now," says a certain writer, "to the clock when striking, how actively and nimbly the wheels within seemed to be going. It is ever thus with the praying soul—there is a stir within."

Have you never observed the motions of a mother toward her child? when it whimpers and whines, she will not run to it immediately, although she may cast many an anxious look in that direction. But, when it cries right out, she drops all, and is immediately with it. We lose much for want of earnestness. "A low voice," says one, "does not cause a loud echo, neither does a lazy prayer procure a liberal answer.

Sleepy petitions cause but deadness.

A lazy prayer tires before it gets half way to heaven. When David was fervent all day, an angel was sent at night with the answer.

Oliver Cromwell was one day engaged with a lady in a warm argument on oratory. The lady maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early life, and their practice afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, insisted that there was no real eloquence but that which sprang from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of an object; it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression which would, in the comparison, render vapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. This argument ended, for the time being, as most arguments do, in the lady's tenaciously adhering to her side of the question. But Cromwell said, he had no doubt but that he should one day make her a convert to his opinion. Some days after, this same lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the unexpected arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the Lord Protector—rushed through his guards threw herself at his feet—and, with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her husband.

Cromwell maintained a severe brow, until the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused. His stern countenance then relaxed into a smile and extending to her an immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in the dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart alone has power to save."

"Prayer without a heart," says one, is "like a body without a soul. What a deformed and loathsome thing is a body without a soul, so is thy prayer without a heart."

*The necessity and importance of perseverance in prayer in order to*

*its being effectual, receives abundant illustration from the Scripture and from other sources.* We readily admit that prayer is often answered on the instant of its being presented. But the Bible—Christian biography—observation—and personal experience—present numerous and incontrovertible evidence that frequently perseverance—sometimes long-continued perseverance—is absolutely and indispensably necessary to success therein.

In the xxxii and xxxiii chapters of Genesis we peruse the deeply interesting narrative of Jacob's night-long supplications with the "angel of the covenant." Here is a prayer, which for fervency and earnestness, was never perhaps surpassed except in the case of the "man of sorrows," bowed down with anguish, in Gethsemane's garden. But, notwithstanding there was here every essential of truly Scriptural prayer it was not until after many hours of earnest pleading, not until the break of day, that the suppliant prevailed.

The prayer of Elijah at mount Carmel 1 Kings xviii: 42-45 furnishes us with another illustration of this view of prayer. Six times in succession, Elijah's servant ascends the summit of Carmel from whence he looks forth for indications of an answer to his master's prayer. But on each successive occasion he returns with the response,—"No appearance of rain." But he who had power—by prayer—to shut and to open the windows of heaven, continues his fervent intercessions for rain, the servant ascends the memorable mountain the seventh time, and soon returns with the cheering report of the little cloud discernible upon the horizon. Soon that cloud overspreads the sky, and is speedily succeeded by "the sound of abundance of rain." Comment is unnecessary.

The importunate widow, mentioned in Luke xviii, and the narrative of the Syrophenician woman recorded in Matt. xv: 21-28, teach the same important lesson of perseverance.

A poor woman, at Berwick, St. John, in Wiltshire, England, the wife of a day laborer, being called by the grace

of God, her husband became a bitter persecutor, and because his wife would not relinquish the service of God, he frequently turned her out of doors in the night, and during the winter season. The wife, being a prudent woman, did not expose his cruelty to her neighbors, but, on the contrary, to avoid their observation, she went into the adjacent fields, and betook herself to prayer. Greatly distressed, but not in despair, her only encouragement was, that with God all things are possible. She, therefore, resolved to set apart an hour each day, to pray for the conversion of her persecuting husband. This she was enabled to do, without missing a single day, for a whole year. Seeing no change in her husband, she formed a second resolution to persevere six months longer, which she did up to the last day, when she retired about twelve o'clock, as usual, and as she thought, for the last time. Fearing that her wishes, in this instance, might be contrary to the will of God, she resolved to call no more upon him, her desire not being granted, her expectation appeared to be cut off. That same day her husband returned from his labor in a state of deep dejection, and instead of sitting down as usual to his dinner, he proceeded directly to his chamber. His wife followed, and heard, to her grateful astonishment, that he who used to mock, had retired to pray.

The husband came down stairs, but refused to eat, and returned again to his labor until the evening. When again he came home, his wife affectionately asked him, "What is the matter?" "Matter enough," said he. "I am a lost sinner. About twelve o'clock this morning," continued the man, "I was at my work, and a passage of Scripture was deeply impressed upon my mind, which I can not get rid of, and I am sure I am lost."

His wife encouraged him to pray, but he replied, "O, wife, it is of no use, there is no forgiveness for me." Smitten with remorse at the recollection of his former conduct, he said to her, "Will you forgive me?" She

replied, "O yes." "Will you pray for me now?" "That I will, with all my heart." They instantly fell on their knees, and wept, and made supplication. His tears of penitence mingled with her tears of gratitude and joy. He became decidedly pious, and afterwards greatly exerted himself to make his neighbors acquainted with the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

A revival of religion commenced in a certain place by the following means: Two or three young men agreed to meet in the chapel, at a certain time, to pray for a revival. They had never seen anything of the kind, but almost the entire population were "lying in the arms of the wicked one," and they considered this a proper and Scriptural method for their rescue. Their minds, also, were greatly distressed on account of the low state of religion. The society had dwindled to a few, and it was so long since the place had been visited by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that the leaders knew little, if anything about a revival, and, of course, felt indifferent as to such a manifestation. The young men continued to hold their meetings. Their timidity forbade them to ask for a light, (for their time of prayer was in the night,) but they knew that darkness and light were alike to a prayer-hearing God. In the dark chapel, night after night, did they pour out their souls in prayer for the inhabitants of the place.

Two months had nearly passed away, and sinners appeared as indifferent as ever; but they were not discouraged, and continued their meetings. About the close of the ninth week, on the night of a public prayer-meeting, two young men, hitherto careless and wicked, were in deep distress, and disturbed the few present with their groans for mercy. This was a new thing, but not sufficient to impress the old professors. They were on the eve of a glorious revival, and knew it not. The people were dismissed, and no further attention paid to the incident. The praying youths, however, had prayed too long to be indifferent; but there was no meeting for public prayer till the following Thurs-



day night. The official members, in the meantime, foreboding some disturbance, became "nervous," and exceedingly afraid of excitement. Thursday, at length, arrived, and the place was crowded. No one could tell why there was such an unusual stir; the secret was with the young man. Information reached the preacher, stationed on the circuit: he came, and recognized it as the commencement of a great work of God, and entered into it with the usual zeal of a Methodist minister. He adjourned the meeting into the chapel. The official members followed, curious to see the results. In a short time God touched their hearts, and opened their eyes, and they were compelled to exclaim, "Surely, God is in this place, and we knew it not!" It was not long before scores of converted souls were added to the little society.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend as long as I  
Till rise superior to my pains and pains  
When I am weak then I am strong; and I  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

*Morrison, III.*

It is a matter that cannot be too often considered, that real happiness, health, order, peace, and bounty, depend on self-denial. If nature, in its wild state, and wishes, and indulgent sensualities, is to be humored, a dose of poison is brewing, a scourge for the fool's back is preparing—like drunkards, who sit down in good humor to tipple, but soon proceed to black eyes. No man ever found a happy life by chance, or yawned it into being, with a wish. Even the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent only take it by force. So that perfect peace may be won by perpetual war; and the health of the spirit by the death of the flesh. My old maxim is, that religion will cost us something, but the wants of it infinitely more. *Rev. R. Cecil*

If you know me to have done any thing improperly or wickedly, and do not blame me for it, you yourself are to be reproved.

## THE KIND HEARTED TANNER.

THE following incident is so beautiful and touching, that it should be read in every household in the country. It develops the true, active principle of kindness. How many an erring mortal, taking his first step in crime, might be redeemed by the exercise of this sublime trait in the character of the kind hearted Quaker:

William Savery, an eminent minister among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade. One night, a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, called John Smith. Next week the following advertisement appeared in the country newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides, on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money, by means more reliable, to bring him peace of mind." *Most begin!*

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without looking up he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied, "then thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."



He turned his back toward her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice: "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very badly about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. Thy little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it to thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." John entered his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them: but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

Love is the fulfillment of the law.

A TEST OF UNIVERSALISM.—"A Christian gentleman, one Col. Richardson, was in a boat along with two Universalists, on the river, some distance above the Falls of Niagara. The Universalists began to rally the Colonel on his belief of future punishment, and expressed their astonishment that a man of his powers of mind should be so far misled as to believe the horrid dogma. The Colonel defended his opinions, and the result was a controversy, which was carried on so long and earnestly that when they, after some time, looked round, they found that the boat was hurrying, with great rapidity, towards the Falls! The Universalists at once dropped the oars, and began to cry to God to have mercy on them. Richardson laid hold of the oars, exerted all his strength, and, by God's mercy, pulled ashore. When they had landed, he addressed his companions: 'Gentlemen, it is not long since you were railing at me for believing in future punishment. Your opinion is that when a man dies the first thing of which he is conscious is being in heaven; now, I want to know why you were so terribly frightened when you thought that in five minutes more you'd be over the Falls and up in glory? The Universalists were silent for some time; at length one of them, scratching his head, said: I'll tell you what, Col. Richardson, Universalism does very well in smooth water, but it will never do to go over the Falls of Niagara!'"

A virtuous man may be innocently revenged on his enemies, by persisting in well-doing; and a wicked man by reforming his life.

No man should be confident of his own merit—the best err; neither should any rely too much upon his own judgment; for the wisest are deceived.

He that falls into error for want of care and diligence to find out the truth, can have no pretence to pardon. We are as much bound to know our duty, as obliged to practice it.

## TESTS OF A DISCIPLE.

BY PHILIP GRIMSHA.

Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth Righteousness is Righteous even as he is Righteous.—1 Jno. iii. 7.

WHOEVER is born of God doth not commit sin. Be not deceived: God is not mocked. God's commandments must be kept: not heard only, but kept. He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.

"He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

"He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now."

It does not require much religion, to cry salvation, or hallelujah, or glory to God, or praise the Lord at the top of your voice. Most any one can do that. Be not deceived. You may do all that, and use all the vain repetitions you can, and not have religion. It is the pure in heart, who shall see God.

The tongue is an unruly member: the heart is deceitful above all things. Talking religion and living religion are two things.

Head religion and heart religion, are two different articles. To change the head, some have thought was the work of man; but to change the heart, is the work of God; but we had better let God do the whole change, and then the work will be well done.

"Without me ye can do nothing," said our Divine Master. "No man can serve two masters." No one can love God, and hate his neighbor. No one can love God and speak evil of his neighbor.

Let this be plainly understood, for it is written in the Book, *Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.* And he that hateth his brother, is a murderer.

Let us forget the things which are behind; let us reach forth to those things which are before. O, let us press towards the mark, the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Let us not frustrate the grace of God. Let us go on unto perfection, not laying

again the foundation of repentance from dead works.

"The earth, that drinketh in the rain that falleth oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God. But that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned."

"Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and they that do wickedly shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts." Be not deceived. Examine carefully. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in you, and turn away from the wickedness you have committed; and do that which is lawful and right, that you may save your soul.

## THE WAY TO BE USEFUL.

No man ever had more solemn views than Mr. Rowland Hill, of the true nature of the ministerial work, and of the necessity of an humble dependence on the Lord's assistance, for a blessing in it. One of his remarks was—"If favored at any time with what is called a good opportunity, I am too apt to catch myself saying—'Well done I'; When I should lie in the dust, and give God all the glory. Another was—"Lord make me distrustful of myself, that I may confide in thee alone. Self-dependence is the Pharisee's high road to destruction." "Oh dear," he said, "what poor stuff makes a preacher in the present day!—a useful minister must have brains in his head, prudence in his conduct, and grace in his heart; which is more than too many of the *made-up talkers*, who set up in these times for preachers have."

"Some folks," he would say, "appear as if they had been bathed in *crab verjuice*, in their infancy, which penetrated through their skins, and has made them sour blooded ever since. But this will not do for a messenger of the gospel; as he must manifest a spirit of love." A minister having observed to him, that notwithstanding the fault

found with his dry sermons, there were hopes of their usefulness; for Samson had slain the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. "True, he did," replied Mr. Hill, "but it was a *moist* jaw-bone." He used to like Dr. Ryland's advice to his young academicians—"Mind; no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's in it—Ruin by the Fall—Redemption by Christ—Regeneration by the Holy Spirit." Of himself he remarked, "My aim, in every sermon, is a stout and lusty call to sinners, to quicken the saints, and to be made a universal blessing to all." It was a favourite saying with him—"The nearer we live to God, the better we are enabled to serve him. O how I hate my own noise, when I have nothing to make a noise about. Heavenly wisdom creates heavenly utterance." In a letter to Mr. Jones he observes—"There is something in preaching the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, I long to get at. At times, I think I feel something like it; and then I bawl almost as bad as a Welchman. If we deal with divine realities, we ought to feel them such, and acknowledge the power that does wonders on the heart."

I Love a serious preacher, who speaks for my sake, and not for his own: who seeks my salvation, and not his own vain glory. He best deserves to be heard, who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue. Nothing is more detestable, than a professed deceiver, who retails his discourses, as a quack does his medicine.

It costs us more to be miserable, than would make us perfectly happy. How cheap and easy to us is the service of virtue: and how dear do we pay for our vices!

We can strike up bargains and make contracts by proxy; but all men must work out their salvation in person.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.

## SELF-DENIAL.

BY REV. G. H. MARCELLUS.

To deny self, is pre-eminently a Christian duty. This is seen from the word of God. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Herein we see the principles of a Christian's life.

1 There must be, according to the established relation existing between God the Creator, and man the created, (who is a free moral agent), a voluntary yielding, or an entire surrendering of all that appertains directly or indirectly to him, in this present life. And, connected with this, there will be a sincere desire to be a meek and humble disciple of the Master.

2 He must deny himself. That is, renounce, most perseveringly, all self-dependence and all selfish pursuits.—For our ugly self is bitterly opposed to God; therefore opposed to real happiness. "For, to be carnally minded, is (spiritual) death."

3 Whoever will thus accept and embrace the conditions which God has appointed, and is willing to bear the troubles and difficulties consequent upon the Christian warfare, let him also take up his cross daily.

4 He must emulate the example of Jesus, in doing and in suffering all in the spirit of him who really loved his enemies, and always did good, both to the souls and bodies of all, and even to those who despitefully used him. "Let him follow me." The doctrine of self-denial, it will be observed, enters very largely into the above principles.

For, the very instant that an individual yields himself to be the Lord's wholly, that very moment he denies self. Self seeks and desires to have its own way, which is always counter to God's way. The term, cross, implies denial; because everything, which is opposite to our wills, may justly be termed a cross. To bring ourselves (by the help of grace), into a state of entire subjection, both as it refers to our internal and external life, so that



in all things and under all circumstances we can say, "thy will be done," implies accurate and constant self-denial. Therefore, to deny self, is pre-eminently a Christian's duty; and one that enters into all the walks of life.

Self-denial must be exercised in regard to every forbidden indulgence, how pleasant so-ever, or seemingly profitable. This sentiment is taught by the words of Jesus, "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off;" i. e., if thou hast a cherished habit, which has in any degree caused you to stumble, or to be irregular in your enjoyment, or vacillating in your purposes in the Christian course; pluck it out and cast it from thee. If thy right hand—any employment which leads you into sin, cannot be carried on to the glory of God, and the good of mankind, break with it at once, how lucrative soever it may be; treat it as a deadly enemy, for certainly such it is.

We are to deny self in every forbidden indulgence. And

1. Is it not a fact, that we are prone to squander the golden moments of probation in inactivity and idleness? Even when the fields are ripe to the harvest? The exhortation is, "redeem the time;" "work while the day lasts." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do; do it with thy might," i. e., steadily improve every present moment, by laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. The discipline makes an inquiry, "Why are we not more knowing?" The answer given is, "Because we are idle." The first rule to a certain degree is forgotten which is, "Be diligent." The word diligence, is from (*diligo*, to prefer or love,) which denotes earnest application to some specified object or pursuit. Every minister of the cross is eminent, just as he is diligent and industrious in soul saving. He may, however, be diligent in seeking some favorite end, without meriting the title of being industrious. As was the case with Mr. Fox, while Mr. Burke was eminent not only for diligence, but industry,—he was always at work, and always looking out for some new field of effort. So the Christian is to be constantly

employed, but not "triflingly." "Neither spending any more time at any place;" nor with any thing, than is "strictly necessary." Reader, dost thou need to reform in this matter? begin the work now: you will find that self-will enters largely into the struggle; but self must be promptly met, and always denied. Give "all diligence," so you may "add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge," &c.

2 We are commanded to "speak evil of no man." This is as plain and positive as "Thou shalt not steal," or as "Thou shalt do no murder." "But who," says Wesley, "even among Christians, regards this commandment? Yea, how few there are, that so much as understand it?" In whatever else the people may differ, they seem to agree in this: the "high and low, rich and poor, the wise and foolish, learned and unlearned, run into it continually. Why is this so? Because self is not subdued; self delights to build itself up, even at the expense of others.—Every Christian is led by the Spirit of God. I ask, does the Spirit lead to the committing of sin? The answer is, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." For the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." The same Spirit is an Admonisher, Counselor, and Reprover; and, it is with us and in us (if the sons of God) before we "speak evil" or do any wrong thing, and at the same time, or even before the evil has reached our hearts by temptation or otherwise, the same Spirit cautions and warns us of coming danger; and also points out the proper course to be pursued.—Here we are to decide. Self says, yield this time, to the solicitation; it is but a slight digression; the Holy Spirit says, no. If the Spirit's voice is obeyed, then we can say, (and also realize of a truth), that "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." Therefore if self is denied, the Spirit remains

and we are Christians. But if self is indulged, we are therefore condemned. How many can testify before God and the world, and not feel self-condemned, and say "I am clean in this matter; I have always set a watch before my mouth, and kept the door of my lips."

3. Self can afford to be benevolent if it can show off to good advantage. But the great Teacher says, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them." But if I cannot reap a benefit of some kind by doing; self says do not act at all.—But Christ says, "when thou doest thine alms," which amounts to the same as a positive command for all to be benevolent. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

But some people claim that they are benevolent; they say they are giving. Admit that, but what are they giving? A little of the surplus. And what is more strange is, that these same individuals are looking for the blessing of God upon them. Certainly, says one, I expect to be rewarded. Yes, yes, God will take care to give you a blessing to correspond with your benefactions, "for we are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body."—Why is this? Because self has been the instructor so long and so faithfully, that the soul is all in a shiver at the mention of any benevolent object. The only remedy for self is, to be nailed to the cross, and there remain until the body of sin is as dead, as was the body of our Saviour while on the cross. Oh! for that happy experience to feel that "all the whisperings of self are hushed!" This can be realized only by denying self.

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He who does not correct things which ought to be done away, commits them; and he incurs the guilt of a perpetrator, who neglects to amend what he might correct.—*Gregory.*

## A NEW CREATURE.

BY MARY E. WARREN.

DEAR reader, are you in Christ Jesus? By this I would not be understood as asking if you are connected with some evangelical church, contribute largely for the support of the same, and faithfully observe its outward forms and ceremonies, and if you are benevolent to the poor; for, important as these interrogations may be, underneath lies one of greater magnitude, viz.: "Do you now enjoy the favor of God?" The question is an important one; and time should be allowed for a thorough investigation. The only mode by which you can arrive at a correct conclusion, is a close examination of your heart by the light of the inspired word. A partial examination will not be sufficient. The heart is always changing its appearances. A superficial glance is not enough for a thing so deep; an unsteady view will not suffice for a thing so wavering; nor a casual look for a thing so deceitful! We must examine our conduct, our opinions, our desires, our prejudices, and our propensities. Our actions will be sufficiently apparent. "It is our intentions, which require the scrutiny." These we should pursue to their remotest springs, scrutinize to their deepest recesses, and trace through their most perplexing windings. Unless we have the word and the Spirit to direct, we shall wander in uncertainty. But with them we shall be safely conducted "through the intricacies of this labyrinth." "What I know not, teach thou me"; should be our constant petition in all our researches." We may have professed religion for years, and thought ourselves Christians, but there is a possibility of our being deceived. But while there is a possibility, there is no necessity. "A wayfaring man though a fool, need not err therein." I praise God that we may and must know our spiritual latitude and longitude, and that they must be thoroughly understood. Do you know yours? If so, are you in Christ Jesus? If you are, you have, in the language of the

apostle, "become a new creature."—He says, "If any man," be he rich or poor, black, white, young or old, learned or unlearned "be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature," not physically but morally. If not, however high his profession may tower, he is not in Christ, but in his sins, let his confidence, reputation or abilities be what they may.

We believe in the Holy Ghost. If we believe in Christ, we are not only new creatures, but with us old things have passed away, and "behold all things are become new" i. e., new principles and consequently new desires are imparted to our souls in the work of regeneration. Is this your experience? You may soon be summoned to appear before that great tribunal where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and the acts of all be made known. If you are carrying the lamp of profession, see that it be filled with the oil of the Spirit and brightly burning, for you know not at what hour the Bridegroom will make his appearance. Be sure to have on the wedding garment, which is the robe of righteousness. Those who have not been born of the Spirit of God possess carnal minds, and the "carnal mind is enmity against God," hence does not love and obey him. Is it your pleasure to do the will of God uncompromisingly, notwithstanding the opprobrium it will bring upon you, not only from non-professors, but from those professing Christianity? To possess a carnal mind is to live in sin, and to live in sin is to be condemned by the law of God, but "there is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Hence if we are new creatures we are in Christ Jesus, and if we are in Christ Jesus we are free from condemnation we "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" "not as corrupt nature prompts, seeking earthly good and selfish gratification," but "as the Holy Spirit directs, regarding principally God, Christ, heaven, and spiritual, eternal things;" upon these our affections will be placed.—Col. iii:

1, 2. Do you find your affections placed upon earthly things? Are you grasping eagerly after the things of the world? Is the acquirement of wealth your greatest study? If so, deceive not yourself. This is not the characteristic of a new creature. Do you love to pray? Do you have communion with God? Have you an ardent desire for the salvation of souls, and can you with prayers and tears labor for their conversion, or do you prefer the card-table, the horse-race, and various places of amusement to any of these? Do you love the Bible better than the novel, and do you seek to honor God in all that you do? Does your dress, conversation and mode of living bespeak you a pilgrim to the skies? Is your course of life changed materially from what it was prior to your making a profession of religion? Do you hate and oppose sin? Do you love God and the doctrine of holiness? Have you lost the desire for the amusements and honors of the world? If to these interrogations you cannot reply affirmatively then you are out of Christ, and therefore are not a new creature.

"Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

*South Sodus. N. Y.*

Nothing can give us so just a notion of the depravity of mankind in general, as an exact knowledge of our own corruptions in particular.

THE want of justice is not only condemned, but the want of mercy. The rich man went to hell for not relieving Lazarus, though he wronged him not.

SPIRITUAL AND SPIRITUOUS.—Last year the people of England paid to religious institutions \$5,800,000, and the tax on spirits paid to the Government amounted to \$70,000,000.

HE hurts the good who spares the wicked.



## A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

MANY years ago, a circumstance occurred in the neighborhood where the writer then lived, which shows most clearly the dangerous consequences of deviating in the least from the known path of duty. But for the sake of those friends who still live, the names, dates, and particular localities will not be given.

At that time, itinerant ministers, or as they were familiarly termed, Circuit Preachers, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, had large circuits to travel, numerous preaching appointments at which to preach, and but few rest days.

Their semi-monthly or monthly appointments were then quite well attended whether on Sabbath or any other day in the week. Sabbath preaching was not considered of such vast importance as at present. People could, and would take time to attend church. Then, as now, the preachers had the privilege often of mingling among the best society.

Thus it was with the chief actor in this narrative. He came to our circuit in the early days of the nineteenth century. Settlements were sparse, houses but ordinary, improvements but limited, society in its rude uncultivated state, accommodations very common, but the hospitalities of the people quite proverbial, and all were anxious to have the preacher stop with them as often as opportunity offered.

Our preacher that year, was a young man, and one of more than ordinary promise. Easy in his address, humble in his manners, pointed in his appeals, eloquent when warmed in his subject, pathetic in his illustrations, he was a favorite both in and out of the Church.

Like many of his contemporaries, he was a very poor man, but by the dint of determination, his acquirements were above the ordinary in a literary point of view, and he became emphatically a popular man among the people. He evidenced to his enemies most forcibly that he was a workman, that needeth not

be ashamed, rightly dividing the word.

While upon our circuit he formed the acquaintance of Miss —, a young lady of many accomplishments, but not his equal either intellectually or morally. She was wealthy, but not very pious; a member of the church, but not very consistent in her conduct; and she loved the world much more than she loved her Saviour.

Reared by a retired and wealthy family, she had been exposed to but few of the hardships common to the life of a poor, traveling Methodist Preacher. But all is told in the brief remark, they became husband and wife; —and for a time their prospects were promising. Soon, however, she began to sigh for retirement, urging strongly the propriety, the usefulness and the happiness, the promise, and the pleasure of a Local Preacher's life. Publicly and privately, at home or abroad, among friends or strangers, the theme was, Locate.

A few years only had passed, when her father died, leaving as her portion, what was termed a fine fortune. That, together with her constant importunities, and the promise of an easy life and much pleasure induced her husband soon to consent to a location.

Then the prospects of a fine farm, a majestic mansion, and a pleasant future, all came before him, in their most brilliant aspects. For a time, fortune seemed to favor them in almost every department. And some were inclined to think—as is so commonly the case—that he was doing almost or quite as much good as if in the itinerancy.

Time rolled on! The extensive, well-tilled farm: the great, well-filled barn: the splendid, well-arranged brick mansion: and the signs of industry, economy and thrift all seemed to say in the clearest tones, "Happiness must abide here."

And to ease a constantly goading conscience he preached much on the Sabbath—married many of the young people, and went far and near to preach funeral sermons.

The writer has often heard him along the highway, in his private room, and

at his regular business, preaching with much zeal and apparent feeling even when he was entirely alone.

A lovely, interesting, beautiful, affectionate, and only daughter—an interesting child graces the household, and seemed to interest all around.

But as is too often the case, she was indulged to a proverb. She had but to ask, and at once her requests were granted. Well does the writer remember his peculiar astonishment when he first had this lovely girl as one of his pupils. Though at that time the writer was not a member of the church; to see her so much delighted in reading such books as *Charlotte Temple*; *Eliza Wharton*; and the *Arabian Nights*, the inquiry would press upon the mind "Where will these things end?"

Time enabled the father to count his thousands; the mother felt great contentment, and the daughter enjoyed more than ordinary privileges, both of a mental and moral character.

Poor human nature, however, is never satisfied; and the love of money is emphatically the root of all evil. And Satan, under the garb of piety and usefulness, is often presenting new schemes of promise and speculation.

In 18—, the spirit of speculation was running unusually high. Almost every one who had means was making ventures. And our once humble, good preacher was among the rest.

During the first year matters moved remarkably favorably. The common report was, that our preacher placed in his pocket more than fifty thousand dollars at one investment, above all his outlays, and aside from all his liabilities.

Then to any outside the whirlpool of strong speculation, the common conclusion would be to stop, do good, be useful, and enjoy the privileges and pleasures that such a sum ought to bring. However, the temptation was still stronger, the inducements more numerous, and the future much more promising. And the following season greater investments were made, more powerful efforts put forth, and much larger schemes were devised.

A sudden pressure in money matters, a tremendous stagnation of business, many banks failing, and a general crash in all business departments, rendered the position of speculators almost anything but pleasant.

Our friend's connection with other men, who were unable to meet their liabilities, only served to increase his trouble, augment his misery, and render his condition more hopeless.

—"When sorrows come,

They come not single spies, but in battalions."

The fine farm is forfeited, the splendid brick mansion is knocked off under the Sheriff's hammer; every thing that the law could claim was sold; and they who had once lived in luxury, waded in wealth, and moved in the highest circles of society, were compelled to leave forever, all those pleasant surroundings, and again grapple with poverty in its most severe and trying form.

The stately mansion is exchanged for a very common, low, dark, dismal, double cabin, in a lonely, obscure, and secluded spot—and that, too, through the lenity and clemency of an old friend.

If truth would now permit us to leave him and his retirement, to end his days in peace, lie down in quiet, and die contented, it would wonderfully mitigate some of the facts in the case.

But there waits for that mother and the recreant father more poignant grief, yet; a more dreadful dagger for their already lacerated hearts. Only a few weeks, or at most months have passed while the father is drinking this terribly bitter cup, and the mother in mournful solitude is meditating upon the past, and weeping over the surroundings she witnesses daily—feeling as if their burdens were greater than they could possibly bear!

The sad, the terrible, overwhelming intelligence reaches their ears that their charming girl, that lovely daughter; and that affectionate child is ruined for life! A base, miserable, dangerous and designing wretch has stained her character with infamy, and left with her a stigma this world can never efface.

Thus were these unhappy parents left

in loneliness, melancholy and mourning to drag out a few miserable years in solitude.

Then our Preacher leaves for the world of spirits, there to meet more fully, realize more clearly, and suffer more severely the sad, the severe, and the ruinous consequences of neglected duty.

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### THE HARVEST AND THE LABORERS.

BY MRS. T. M.

It were a little matter to lose a harvest of golden grain. Soon, the time for sowing again, would roll around, and another harvest would replace the loss. Yet, we could not look upon such waste with indifference. But, there is another harvest—a harvest of souls, and for this, all nature moves in its onward growth of maturity and development. It is to gather this “wheat into the garner” of the skies, that “all nature stands, and stars their courses move.”

Jesus calls laborers into the vineyard, and the transaction is as real, as that of a husbandman hiring laborers to reap his fields. To each one, he says, “Occupy till I come.” And then, the reckoning will be as real. The husbandman comes to reckon. With what sadness he looks upon his wasted harvest! Here and there a laborer has entered into the harvest field; but many have busied themselves with other matters. The time is past, and the grain lost, when enough were sent forth to save it. This is the time of harvest. Souls are ripe for the sickle of truth. And, if not gathered, the destroyer will take them away.

Jesus said to his disciples, “Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth more laborers into his harvest.” They were not only themselves to work, but they were to look upon the fields and call upon God for laborers. They were charged with the gathering of this harvest of souls.—What they could not do themselves they must call upon God to send others to accomplish. O for laborers! My

soul goes out in fervent prayer that he would send out laborers into the harvest of souls.

It is not enough that they are called of God. The disciples were called, and sent forth with power to cast out devils, and heal all manner of diseases. Yet we hear Jesus say to them, “Tarry at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power.” If ever men could do without the Divine Spirit, the disciples, one would think, might have done so. But these same men, who had gone forth rejoicing that even the devils are subject unto us in thy name,” must now wait for the coming of the Holy Ghost. Here at Jerusalem was the opening of the dispensation of the Spirit. The Holy Spirit came vested with the power of Christ, to carry forward the purposes of the Saviour’s mission. By the presence of the Holy Spirit Jesus fulfils his promise, “Lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world.” O that the body of Christ were baptized into one spirit so as to become workers together with God in saving the world. Who can look at the condition of the world now, and not feel that the laborers have failed to arm themselves with the might of the Spirit? Let us pray the Lord, for men clothed with divine power to go everywhere and sow the seed of the kingdom.

Wesely said, “The world is my parish.” Why should we not embrace the world in our prayers? O, I have felt there was enough power at the command of the church of Christ, to lay hold upon our entire race, and lift them up to God. Why not? Jesus came to save the world. He wills, that all men should be saved.

*Petaluma, Cal.*

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Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

Be always at leisure to do good: never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.



## SOMETHING TO DO.

BY REV. JOHN COLLIER.

Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?—Acts ix: 6.

This is the inquiry of every child of God. This is the spirit of a Christian. It commences in his unreserved submission and consecration to Christ. It marks his career of self-denying effort through life. There is, especially, one branch of Christian duty, which in this state of spiritual action, and conflict, must ever excite a deep and absorbing interest; it is one for which this same converted Saul was greatly distinguished, consecration to Christ in labors for the salvation of a lost world. Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. That it needs converting will not be denied. Its vast population are by nature children of wrath. To save men from this state, and raise them to heaven, is the grand object of the gospel. What a work lies before us, and how few to engage heartily in it! Do we ask for heart-stirring motives to enlist us in this work?

Let us get nearer to God, live nearer to the gate of heaven, and we shall have burden enough for souls. Then we have only to open the Bible, and almost every page flashes in sunbeams upon us. Considerations are presented to us there which have already moved two worlds; and why should they not move us? We look around us and see our fellow townsmen thronging the downward road to perdition, yea, even our nearest neighbors and acquaintances: still we may come closer: how many in our own families, our children, brothers, sisters, in one great mass, are hanging over the great pit of fire, ready to drop at any moment into its everlasting burnings! Do we believe they are in such danger? do we really believe the truths of the Bible? do we believe God really means what he says? The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God. May the inquiry of a Saul be the inquiry of every child of God, with a firm, fixed principle and resolution to do it, "Lord, what wilt

thou have me to do?" God will let us know our duty, and his will concerning us, the mode in which this work is to be accomplished, the agency of the Church, the instrumentality of truth, and the efficacy of the Holy Spirit.—The persons who are engaged in this work are redeemed men, who, having been converted and saved themselves, embark their living energies as "workers together with God" for the salvation of a lost race. God has consigned this work, so far as labor or effort is concerned, to human agents—to Christians. Oh may the heralds of the cross feelingly say,

'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry behold the Lamb.

*Belvidere, Ills.*

## THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

If you be of the right spirit, all things will right themselves in the eyesight of your mind. Hence the *Holy Spirit* is called also. the spirit of *truth*. We do not get right by conning our opinions back over again, but we change our opinions, as we do our dress, from a change in our spirit. Therefore these are not often hypocrites, but rash men, who are seen so suddenly to change their sides. And true conversion is properly defined as a change of spirit. How often do people say, It was all true he said, but spoken in a bad spirit. Now if you wish to be right, seek communion with the Holy Spirit; and if you wish to know whom ye ought to listen to, by what manner of spirit he is of, try the spirits whether they be of God. As no one can know the Father, but he to whom the Son revealeth Him, so no one knoweth the Son, but he to whom the Spirit revealeth Him. And what is meant by having right opinions, or being wise, but to know the Son who is truth?—*Irving*.

NEITHER all the devils in hell, nor all the temptations of the world, can hurt that man, that keeps himself humble and depending on Christ.

### PERSECUTION.

WE quite mistake the nature both of Christianity and of man, if we suppose that opposition to religion can be limited to any age or country. Persecution, in its most terrible forms, is only the development of a principle which must unavoidably exist until either Christianity or human nature be altered. There is a necessary repugnance between Christianity and human nature. The two cannot be amalgamated: one must be changed before it will combine with the other. And we fear that this, in a degree, is an overlooked truth, and that men are disposed to assign persecution to local or temporary causes. But we wish you to be clear on the fact, that "the offence of the cross has not ceased, and cannot cease."—Gal. v: 11. We readily allow that the form, under which hatred manifests itself, will be sensibly affected by the civilization and intelligence of the age. In days of an imperfect refinement, and a scanty literature, you will find this hatred unsheathing the sword, and lighting the pile, but when human society is at a high point of polish and knowledge, and the principles of religious toleration are well understood, there is, perhaps comparatively, small likelihood that savage violence will be the engine employed against godliness. Yet there are a hundred batteries which may and will be opened upon the righteous. The follower of Christ must calculate on many sneers, and much reviling. He must look to meet often with coldness and contempt, harder of endurance than many forms of martyrdom; for the courage which could march to the stake may be daunted by a laugh. And, frequently, the opposition assumes a more decided shape. The parent will act harshly towards the child; the superior will draw his countenance from the dependent; and all because of giving heed to the directions of Scripture. Religion, as though it were rebellion, alienates the affections, and alters the wills, of fathers and guardians. So that we tell an individual that he blinds himself to plain matters

of fact, if he espouse the opinion that the apostle's words applied only to the first ages of christianity, "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." 2 Tim. iii: 12. To live godly in Christ Jesus "is to have enmity put between yourselves and the seed of the serpent; and you may be assured, that unless this enmity be merely nominal on your side, it will manifest itself by acts on the other.

REFUSING TO BE BENEVOLENT.—A female, the head of a family in comfortable circumstances, her husband doing well in business, and all of them attending an evangelical ministry, was waited upon for a subscription for a Missionary Association. Before the subject of the call was named, she occupied the friend with detailing how good God had been to them, in giving them health, prosperity, and other mercies. After some time spent in conversation in this train, the friend named her errand, suggesting that as so much kindness had been experienced, a trifle might be devoted as an acknowledgement to Him from whom all came. At once the countenance fell, and the tone changed. She began an enumeration of the calls made upon them; she dwelt upon the number and the wants of her family; she could spare nothing for such a purpose. Within a day or two afterwards, she was herself seized with an alarming illness. Where not a few pence could be found for the service of God in the Gospel, pounds, not a few, had to be paid for the attendance of physicians. Troubles of various kinds thickened round the family. The husband became unfortunate, as we say; no business prospered with him; and at length he found himself in jail; and ere long, they who once had plenty, found it hard to live.

I do not positively pronounce that the refusal of the subscription was the cause of their calamities; but it was at least singular, that, up to that time according to their own showing, all went well with them, and by my own knowledge, from that time all went ill with them.—*Pittsburgh Ch. Advocate.*

## THE INFIDEL SON.

"I will never be guilty of founding my hopes of the future upon such a compiled mess of trash as is contained in that book (the Bible,) mother. *Talk of that's being the production of an Infinite Mind*; a boy ten years of age, if he was half witted, could have told a straighter story, and made a better book. I believe it to be the most—mess of lies ever imposed upon the public. I would rather go to hell, (if there is such a place,) than have the name of bowing to that impostor, (Jesus Christ,) and be dependent on his merits for salvation." "Beware! beware my son, 'for God is not mocked,' although, 'He beareth with the wicked long, yet he will not keep his anger for ever.' And 'all manner of sin shall be forgiven men, except the sin against the Holy Ghost: which has no forgiveness.'" And many are the examples, both in sacred and profane history, of men who have been smitten down in the midst of their sinning against that blessed Spirit."

"Very well, father, I'll risk all the cutting down that I shall get for cursing that book, and all the agonies connected therewith. Let it come, I'm not at all scared." "Oh! Father lay not this sin to his charge, for he knows not what he does." "Yes, I do know what I am about, and what I say—and mean it." "John, do you mean to drive your mother raving distracted?—O my God! what have I done that this dreadful trial should come upon me in my old age?"—"Mother, if you do not want to hear me speak my sentiments, why do you always begin the subject? If you do not want to hear it, don't ever broach the subject again, for I never shall talk of *that book* in any other way."

The above conversation took place between two fond parents and their only son, who was at home on a visit from college, and now was about to return. And the cause of this outburst was, the kind hearted and Christian parents had essayed to give him a few words of kind admonition, which, alas! proved to be the last. And the above were his last

words which he spoke to them as he left the house.

How anxiously those fond parents looked after him as though something told them that something dreadful would happen. What scalding tears were that coursed their way down those furrowed cheeks! Oh! that they might have been put in the bottle of mercy! Poor wretched young man, it had been better for him had the avalanche from the mountain crushed him beneath its deadly weight ere those words escaped his lips. Little did he think that He who said "Honor thy father and mother," and, "He that hardeneth, his heart, and stiffeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," was so soon going to call him to give an account for those words, so heart-rending to his aged parents, and so dreadful in the sight of a holy God. He had imbibed those dreadful principles from an infidel room-mate at college. Beware, young men, with whom you associate, least you fall as did this unfortunate young man. John B.—left his home and hastened to the depot where he took the cars which were to bear him to M——, where he was in a few months to finish his studies. The whistle blew, and away swept the cars "across the trembling plain."—But alas! they had gone but a few miles, when the cars coming round a curve in a deep cut, came suddenly upon an obstruction on the track, which threw the engine and two of the cars at once from the rails. As fate would seem to have it, the wicked son, (John B—) was that moment passing between them. He was thrown in an instant from the platform, his left arm being broken and his skull fractured by the fall; and in an instant one of the wheels passed directly over both his legs near the body, breaking and mangling them in the most dreadful manner. Strange as it may seem, no one else was injured. The dreadful news soon reached his already grief stricken parents; and ere long that beloved, yet ungrateful son, was borne back to them; not as he left, but lying



upon a litter a poor, mangled, raving maniac. Why these pious parents were called to pass through this dreadful trial, He "whose ways are in the deep, and past finding out," only knows; except that by this sad example of His wrath many might be saved. Many skilful physicians were called, but the fiat of the Almighty had gone forth, and man could not recall it. When the news reached the college, his classmates hastened to see him. When they came, nature was fast sinking, but the immortal part was becoming dreadfully alive. Oh! that heart-rending scene. His reason returning brought with it a dreadful sense of his situation. His first words were, and O, may never mortal hear such a cry as that again, upon the shores of time. "Mother! I'm lost! lost! lost! damned! damned! damned! forever!" and as his class-mates drew near to the bed, among whom was the one who had poisoned his mind with infidelity, with a dreadful effort he rose in the bed and cried, as he fixed his glaring eyes upon him; "J—, you have brought me to this, you have damned my soul! May the curses of the Almighty and the Lamb rest upon your soul forever." Then, like a hellish fiend, he gnashed his teeth, and tried to get hold of him that he might tear him to pieces. Then followed a scene from which the strongest fled with horror. But those poor parents had to hear, and see it all, for he would not suffer them to be away a moment. He fell back upon his bed exhausted, crying, "O mother! mother, get some water to quench this fire that is burning me to death;" then he tore his hair and rent his breast; the fire had already begun to burn, the smoke of which shall ascend up for ever and ever. And then again he cried, "Oh mother, save me, the devils have come after me. Oh! mother, take me in your arms, and don't let them have me." And, as his mother drew near to him, he buried his face in that fond bosom which had nourished and cherished him; but alas! could not now protect, or shield from the storm of the Almighty's wrath; for he turned from her, and

with an unearthly voice he shrieked, "*father! mother! father save me; they come to drag my soul—my soul to hell—*" And with his eyes starting from their sockets, he fell back upon his bed a corpse. The spirit had fled, but not like that of Lazarus, borne on the wings of a convoy of angels, but dragged by fiends to meet a fearful doom. May his dreadful fall prove a warning to those who would unwittingly walk in the same path.

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WISE WORDS FROM JOHN WESLEY.

—We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and be carried to Abraham's bosom; but if we do without love, what will knowledge avail us? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels. I will not quarrel with you about any opinion; only see that your hearts be right towards God—that you love the Lord Jesus Christ—that you love your neighbor—walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of *opinions*; I am weary to hear them—my soul loathes their frothy food. Give me a humble lover of God and man—a man full of mercy and good fruits—a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with such Christians, wheresoever they are; and whatsoever opinions they may hold. "He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother."

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NO CROSS, NO CROWN.—Coleridge remarked that the temper of the present age inclines to every kind of enervating indulgence. Men appear to think the Christian armor an unnecessary encumbrance; they have no desire to engage in any combat, to undergo any trial; if religion is to be cultivated, it must be one of the fine arts, as an element of Belles Lettres; they forget or despise the saying of Bishop Patrick, that there is no passage to celestial glory but by some *cross*; that we must suffer with Christ as well as confess him, if we would be with him in paradise.

## ROMANS VIII: 19-23.

BY REV. S. R. SNYDER.

"FOR the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit: the redemption of our body."

Verse 19th refers to the universal longing of man for endless, happy existence. Verse 20, 21, show that the race, as fallen, was perpetuated by divine prerogative, but in view of the remedy and hopes of the gospel.—Verse 22 next speaks of the magnitude of the evils which sin brought upon man. Verse 23 points to the remedy as applied partly here, fully hereafter. Two of the words here used are a key to the whole passage. "Creature" is used in the same sense as the great commission. There "every creature" means every human being, considered as a distinct, responsible individual. It is the same here. "Vanity" is a name for the whole effect of sin upon man in all respects.

1. The penalty for sin is death.—"Thou shalt surely die." The margin, "dying thou shalt die." This penalty was stayed on Adam and Eve would have been sent to hell, and no race propagated. A remedy was found, probation allowed, children born, and the present order of things established. Though the penalty is stayed and will never be executed upon those who avail themselves of the gospel remedy, yet the evil effects of sin are, at least, temporarily, permitted. One of these

is mortality including all the physical ills to which flesh is heir, ending in the certain dissolution of the body. Another is that mental disability which leads the mass of mankind to reason falsely, and reach unsafe conclusions, even on subjects of the highest moment, not excepting the interests of immortality. But mainly moral depravity, or the loss of the moral image of God in which man was created, and the consequent wrong heart of his whole moral nature, resulting in eternal and terrible punishment to those who simply persist in following natural inclinations. And is not this depravity fearfully deep and obstinate? Look at the extent and moral degradation of heathenism, the facility with which false religions gain votaries, the fact that a vast majority even in christendom are not Christians, that in every large city there are vast masses of humanity festering and rotting within the very sound of the church bell, that vast thousands who believe every cardinal tenet of the gospel, and that if they die as they live they will be damned, yet prefer to take the risk rather than give up their sins; and that comparatively few professing Christians lead a really devout, consistent life.—Surely human nature is deeply diseased.

2. To this vanity,—to all that this term here includes, each descendant of Adam has been made subject. Adam and Eve acted voluntarily, against warning, took the responsibility and risked the consequence. But no one since has consented or had any voice in the matter. God, in view of all the circumstances exercised the prerogative of continuing the race, with all these evils and liabilities. But it was in view of the hopes of the gospel, "The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in the hope." That is, each individual, though he has being without his consent, and is exposed to all the evils and dangers, which appertain to the present order of things, has yet a fair probation for the provisions, agencies and hopes of the gospel are brought in as an offset to

and compensation for these evils and liabilities.

3. This hope as here summed up.

(1.) A universal longing for immortality which can be satisfied by becoming children of God. Believers, infants, idiots, the excusably ignorant, all who are in Christ, will be saved. (2.) This will include all who do not reject mercy or whom the Judge cannot fault, for hope is placed before the creature, each severally as an individual. "As many as have sinned without the law (the word) shall also perish without law." "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." Each will be judged according to the light of his dispensation, and only those who sin against that light will be lost. This must be so if hope is placed before each, and if a just God cannot damn such as had no chance to be saved. But the creature was subjected in hope. Mercy is provided for each. The gospel makes a full offer. No one need live in sin. If he does, like Adam, he takes the responsibility, and risks the consequences, and does it too in the face of the full and fearful warnings of the Book, and in spite of the impress which God makes on every responsible person. Who does not know he is a sinner, and needs a Saviour? Who does not know enough to lead him to Christ if he will use the best helps in his reach? (3.) But what is the compensating return to the children of God for being made subject as above?

I can best answer by considering my own relations to the subject. True, I have a mortal body, and am liable to the ills of life. I have a corrupt heart, and am exposed to an alluring world, a tempting devil, and to the fearful possibility of making my bed in hell. And I was placed in this situation without my consent. But I have been led to feel my guilt, and see my danger, and to flee to Christ for refuge. I have confessed my sins, and find that "He is faithful and just to forgive and to cleanse from all unrighteousness." I have free access to him with the privilege to make known all my weaknesses, wants, and sorrows, to trust in and stay my

mind upon him while tossed upon the surging billows of life. I have an accompanying divine presence, inexpressible consolations, and a hope which is an anchor to my soul. Yet how little I know of what the gospel provides for me, and how little can I tell of what I do know! These are only "the first fruits of the Spirit."

The released spirit goes at once to God. The proof of this is so direct, abundant, and familiar that it need not be cited. But how precious to the bereaved is this blessed truth, our loved ones gone, are not hid away in the grave; we do not think of them as sleeping unconsciously in the earth, but can see them in thought, mingling with the happy throng, and hear their joyful strains of heavenly music. Their places are vacant in our own little circle, and though the pang of bereavement was very heavy, yet even that was and is abundantly offset by the sanctified affliction and the assurance of their blessedness and safety.

But "the redemption of the body" will crown the climax. I have no space either to prove or amplify the doctrine of the resurrection. Nor is it necessary. Enough has been said to make it clear that the prerogative which God exercised when he subjected the creature to vanity, in view of the hope of the gospel, was a dictate of infinite mercy. If any lose heaven, it will be by their own fault. If the sorrows of earth are heavy, and unrelieved, it is for the same reason. Those who secure the proffered help are richly, infinitely compensated for all the hazard of a life in this world.

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"Would to God that all the *party names and unscriptural phrases and forms which have divided* the Christian world *were* forgotten; and that we might *all agree to sit down together as humble, loving disciples at the feet of our common Master, to hear His word, imbibe His Spirit, and to transcribe His life in our own.*"—John Wesley.

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It is a folly to be wise in wickedness.



## MARGARET WILSON.

It was during the bitter persecution of the Scotch Covenanters, in the year 1653 and 1685, when Baxter, Flavel, and about two thousand other clergymen, were shut out from their pulpits by the Act of Uniformity, under Charles II., that Margaret and Agnes Wilson, the daughters of a wealthy farmer in Wigtonshire, were obliged to leave their father's house, and secretly wander from one poverty-stricken hovel to another, to avoid the fury of the watchful soldiery. They had early received a religious education, and as they grew toward womanhood they became ardently attached to the faith of the Dissenters, and could not be induced to attend the Established Church.

Though still so young—for Margaret was not eighteen, and Agnes scarcely twelve—they had attracted the attention of the Conformists by their firm adherence to the cause of the Covenanters. For many weeks they were concealed in the caves and ravines of the mountains, spending long days and nights exposed to the piercing cold of a severe winter; while the ensuing summer found them suffering as intensely beneath the scorching heat, as they wandered homeless in the swamps and marshes, from which the fear of deadly sickness kept their persecutors. Yet amid all trials they did not waver. "Out of weakness" they "were made strong" by faith, which "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

At length came a brief respite; the profligate and reckless Charles II. was called to his account, and for a short space the troubled land had rest. Taking advantage of this pause in the persecution, the trembling girls came forth from their hiding-places, to stay for a time with those who sympathized with them in their religious belief. And again, widow McLauchlan, a long-tried friend, who had herself been an outcast for conscience sake, received them to her home, and, by her pious counsels and motherly care, greatly en-

couraged the weary and almost heart-sick wanderers.

While enjoying this season of peace, the sisters were discovered and betrayed by a base fellow named Patrick Stuart, and without the shadow of a trial, were thrown into a loathsome prison. Here they were soon joined by their friend, Mrs. McLauchlan, who was arrested about the same time. They were treated with the utmost rigor, not allowed sufficient food, deprived of fire, though the weather was severely cold, and at night they stretched their aching limbs on the bare stone floor.

A document, denying the peculiar doctrines of their faith, was presented to them. Apostasy or death was the only alternative. Their father saved the life of Agnes, his youngest daughter, by the payment of one hundred pounds, her youth rendering her persecutors indifferent to her fate; but all the agonizing intercessions and brilliant offers of the afflicted parents could effect nothing for Margaret's release. The eleventh of May was appointed for her execution, and that of the aged Mrs. McLauchlan. Two heavy stakes were driven into the sand on the Wigton beach, half way between high and low water mark. The shores, the rocks, and the country around, for a great distance, were thronged by the clamorous multitude, eager to witness the terrific scene. A band of soldiers surrounded the defenceless women on their way to execution. The aged matron was bound to the post nearest the advancing tide, while the young maiden was fastened to that nearest the shore, in such a position that she could not avoid seeing the death of her friend. Slowly, yet surely, the surging billows approached; each successive wave rose higher and higher, and soon all that was mortal of Margaret McLauchlan was buried beneath the water.

The shout of the rabble had died away, and now they gazed in mute horror on the raging flood.

Undismayed, the young girl watched her fate; her persecutors brought her

once more to the shore and offered her the "oath of abjuration," but she was strong even to the end. Again her slight form was bound to the stake, and in the hush on the beach, her clear firm voice was heard distinctly above the roar of the sea, saying, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Jesus Christ, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" and still her tones grew stronger and more triumphant, until she reached the close of the glorious chapter: "Nay, in all things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

While the spell-bound multitude gazed, the water closed the fearful struggle. A small monument has been erected to the memory of these martyrs, in the church-yard of Wigton. They have long since joined that goodly company, "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

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CHARLES V., emperor of Germany, king of Spain, and lord of the Netherlands, after having alarmed and agitated all Europe for near 50 years, retired from the world, and enjoyed more complete contentment in this situation than all his grandeur had ever yielded him. "I have tasted," said he, "more satisfaction in my solitude, in one day, than in all the triumphs of my former reign; and I find that the sincere study, profession and practice of the Christian religion, hath in it such joys and sweetness as courts are strangers to."

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Seek not out the things that are too hard for thee. Strive not in a matter that concerneth thee not.

## HINTS TO AN APOSTATE.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"He who sins, like him who slides on ice,  
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice;  
Though conscience check him, yet these rubs gone,  
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more."

Sir, we dropped you a hasty line, a few days since, in love; intimating gently, the heartsickness of your best friends on account of your downward course. Not one of them knowing you departures from the simplicity and purity of the gospel, but what are, not only indignant and disgusted at your taking sides with the enemy of all righteousness,—but are also pained and grieved. No one esteems more highly God's true and faithful servants who minister in holy things, than the writer of this article. The pulpit—

"And I name it filled with solemn awe,—  
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall  
The most important and effectual guard, [stand,  
Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause."

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things." Rom. 10: 15. But when they bow to popular, conservative views; hew out to themselves broken cisterns that hold no water; attempt to carry the world in one hand and religion in the other; serve the Lord a *little* and the old serpent, the devil, a *great deal*! What now? respect them? God forbid. "Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies." Psa. 40: 4. Respect you, sir! how can we? "A wonderful and terrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?" Jer. 5: 30, 31. What fearful curses are denounced against apostates, false teachers, and hypocrites, wolves in sheep's clothing! "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go

in." Matt. 23: 13. See also Luke 11 : 52 ; 2 Peter 2: 3. You have friends not a few, who flatter you and bolster you up in this wickedness : so had the false prophets of old, and those that sat at Jezebel's table ; and what became of them ? and what will become of you, without speedy, heart-felt repentance ? "Woe to you when the world speaketh well of you ; for so did the fathers to the false prophets." You cause Satan to rejoice, and all hell to be in jubilee. Every true servant of the Lord knows full well, that the light popular reading—the mixed publications that are flooding the land—made up chiefly of silly tales, novel stories, romances,—foolish and nonsensical, are the devil's agents, the curse of the land, the killing out process of true godliness, and you, forsooth, take a firm stand in favor of this work of death and damnation, push these cars of Satan, for filthy Lucre "sake." "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey ; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness ? Rom. 6 : 16. "He that is not with me scattereth abroad." Matt. 12 : 30. If Satan is your master, go on, serve him with all your heart, soul, mind and strength. You profess to be God's minister, a watchman on the walls of Zion, and yet what multitudes of the rising age will form their reading taste from these polluting streams, silly love tales, novels and romances, which you are sending forth, instead of the Bible,—the holy Scriptures ? and these souls without a miracle of grace, in all probability, will go down to hell. And in whose skirts will their blood be found, if not in yours ? O that the shrieks of these lost ones might reach your ears e'er you meet them with the wailings of the damned—e'er the flames of hell gather around you, the hell of hells—the lowest ; fiercest of all hells ! This sin of which you are guilty will come down on your own pate as certain as there is a God in heaven of truth and justice !

"There is a line by us unseen  
That crosses every path ;

The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath."

Deem this uncharitable ? Not a word of it. We weep o'er you—shedding tears of pity, and of tender compassion, while we abhor with perfect loathing "your garments spotted with the flesh." The Lord have mercy on you, if any there is for one who has crucified the Lord of glory afresh, and done despite to the word of grace.

"Wilt thou despise the wrath of God,  
Led on by sin's delusive charms ?  
Madly despise the Saviour's blood,  
And force thy passage to the flames ?"

Satan transforms himself into an angel of light. The man that writes novels, publishes novels, sells novels, and puffs novels, may look for novel-readers in his own family. And that same novel-writer, publisher, seller and puffer, may meet the curses of his children as eternity rolls on, and on, "Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Friends ? you that traffic in these "literary serpents," the popular, fascinating weeklies and monthlies that are flooding and cursing our land, mark well the words of Christ : "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Rumsellers find this passage literally true,—the curses they impart often return tenfold upon their own pates,—into their own bosoms. Very many children of those who traffic in "liquid death and distilled damnation" become inebriates—bloated sots, and find a drunkard's grave. Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, will find a common hell of "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth." So may it be with these dealers in intellectual poisons, that intoxicate the mind, corrupt the heart, pollute the soul, and sink it lower than the grave. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." "They have sown to the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." Hos. 8 : 7.

Avoid all sourness and austerity of manners. Virtue is a pleasant and agreeable quality, and gay and civil wisdom is always engaging.



## NOT NOW.

Not now, my child—a little more rough  
tossing,

A little longer on the billows' foam;  
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,  
And then the sunshine of thy Father's  
home!

Not now, for I have wanderers in the distance,  
And thou must call them in with patient  
love;

Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,  
And thou must follow them where'er  
they rove.

Not now, for I have loved ones sad and weary;  
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly  
smile?

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely  
sorrow;  
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little  
while?

Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely  
bleeding,

And thou must teach those widowed  
hearts to sing;

Not now, for orphan tears are thickly falling;  
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not now, for every hungry one is pining;  
Thy willing hand must be outstretched  
and free;

Thy Father hears thy mighty cry of anguish,  
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not now, for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,  
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on  
the breeze—

Man's prisoners, but the Saviour's noble  
freemen—  
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not now, for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,  
And souls are perishing in helpless sin.

Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open—  
Go to the banished ones and fetch them in!

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,  
And speak that Name in all its living  
power;

Why should thy faltering heart grow chill  
and weary?

Canst thou not watch with me one little  
hour?

One little hour! and then the glorious  
crowning;

The golden harp-strings and the victor's  
palm;

One little hour! and then the Hallelujah!  
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm!

—*Dublin Tract Repository.*

## ON STRAIGHTNESS.

BY BURTON R. JONES.

How frequently do we hear it remarked, by old and young, "I am going straight for Jesus." But it is to be feared, few of these understand what they say. Few realize what that expression means. Most that use it have only crude notions concerning Scriptural straightness. They do not consider the expense of being Scripturally straight; but make a few hasty vows, and pass along. The Apostle says, "Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds." In order to escape fainting we must be filled with holy zeal. We may possess a correct theory, advocate Scriptural religion, be present and take an active part in every prayer and class-meeting; yet, if we have not the mind which was in Christ—are not steadfastly walking as Christ also walked, we cannot with propriety, be termed Scripturally straight. Our daily life has something to do with this matter. We must associate our profession with our life; otherwise our endeavors to instruct others will prove fatal. Our example speaks in thunder tones. We must not live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, and rose again. We should live so

that the people may know where to find us at all times. Be steadfast in the faith and practice of the gospel—"unmovable"—not discouraged by opposition or difficulties,—“always abounding in the works of the Lord,”—doing something that will honor God and promote His cause.

Some run well for a season. When circumstances are favorable, and they meet with no opposition; when the church is in a flourishing condition, and the tares do not spring up, then they seem to prosper. By and by tribulation comes. Some one has circulated a false report—they give way to an evil spirit—impertinence creeps in—Satan rejoices—Christ is cast out—there is anger that flies at a word. What follows? Still they profess to be straight—claim to have more power than ever before; while their prayers and exhortations are as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. This is not Scriptural straightness. The Spirit of Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Ever humble—ever loving—ever patient. If we are His children we will possess His spirit. “For if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His.” Satan often comes as an angel of light; and through his influence some become censorious, mistaking this spirit for the spirit of straightness. It is a mistaken zeal that has no love connected with it. The child of God has a zeal—an energy inspired by the Holy Ghost, and a love accompanying it, which reaches the hearts of men. Let us remember, that, while we are to be true, faithful, and searching, we are to be humble, loving and patient, having a spirit that harmonizes with the spirit of Christ.

There is a class of individuals who style themselves *preachers*—professedly straight,—who make the chief excellence of their preaching to consist in the eloquence of language. They deliver their sermons, eloquently written, systematically arranged, and containing words of truth. “What is lacking”? you ask. We answer, They lack the vital, the essential element—the power of God. Also

they are not imitating the example of Paul. He says, “My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.” Why did he thus preach? “That your faith,” he says, “should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.”—The Apostle sought, not to become popular—not to rank among the great and the noble, but to save souls. It was more than his meat and drink to do his Master’s will. But, alas! how many professed preachers are seeking the applause of men, rather than the approval of their Maker. And the consequences are, the faith of the great mass is founded in human wisdom.—Written essays may please the ear, but they will not satisfy the longing desires of an awakened heart, nor arouse the slumbering energies of the church and the world. May the Lord hasten the time when we shall have less man, and more God-made preachers. Men who are independent thinkers—valiant hearted—not afraid to die—who will not confer with flesh and blood. Men who are so filled with Divinity, as to have the human utterly annihilated. If the ministry is lifeless, the people are apt to partake of their spirit, and be lifeless also. Like priests, like people. There are those who profess to be worshipping God, while no preparation whatever is made for Him. Churches are erected in the most magnificent style—provision is made for the organ and its manager—the preacher, the aristocratic and the noble, but no fore-thought about Christ. Alas! with what eagerness is the present generation grasping after that soul-destroying sin—popularity. This only proves the truthfulness of the inspired words: “The ungodly shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived.” Beloveds, beware! lest of us, as of the church in Sardis, it be said, “I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead.”

Greigsville, N Y.

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Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

## IDLE WORDS.

BY MRS. M. C. FROST.

"But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment; for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." An idle word is a word that does nothing, that neither ministers grace nor instruction to them who hear it. "By thy words thou shalt be justified." That is, the whole tenor of thy conversation will be an evidence for or against thee in the great day. How many are there who count words for nothing, and yet eternity often depends on them. "Lord, put a watch before the door of my lips, is a prayer proper for all men."—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

Solemn words, and yet how little thought of by many who profess to be followers of Christ! A great influence is exerted by idle words, especially on the young whose minds are naturally vain, and yet susceptible of serious impressions. Many who profess religion, will join in vain and idle conversation, and if one were to reprove them they would say there was no harm in it; as if words were of no account! Will any be excused at the judgment day when the books are opened, and we are judged by our words, by saying, "Lord, I did not mean any harm"? Some will say, "joking is natural." What if it is? If men are born again their hearts are changed; they have seen the folly of their former life, and the things they once loved they now hate, and that which they once took no delight in is now their greatest satisfaction. Then the natural propensities of the mind are changed. By the grace of God they are striving to do his will, and to influence others to come to the Saviour.—"In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin, but he that refraineth his lips is wise. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee." "I said I will take heed that I sin not with my tongue. I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." "If any man

among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

## EXAMPLES OF DYING CHRISTIANS.

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq., was a very able and elegant advocate for the Bible, in life and death. Just before his departure, having sent for a young nobleman nearly related to him who requested to know his dying commands—his answer was—"See in what peace a Christian can die."

DR. JOHN LELAND, after spending a long and exemplary life in the service of the gospel, closed it with the following words: "I give my dying testimony to the truth of Christianity. The promises of the gospel are my support and consolation—They alone yield me satisfaction in a dying hour. I am not afraid to die. The gospel of Christ has raised me above the fear of death, for I know that my Redeemer liveth."

MONSIEUR PASCAL was a great man in every way, and one of the most humble and devout believers in Jesus that ever lived. The celebrated Bayle saith of his life, that "a hundred volumes of sermons are not worth so much as this single life, and are far less capable of disarming men of impiety. The extraordinary humility and devotion of Monsieur Pascal gives a more sensible mortification to the libertines of the age, than if one was to let loose upon them a dozen of missionaries. They can now no longer attack us with their favorite and darling objection, that there are none but little narrow spirits, who profess themselves the votaries of piety and religion: for we can now boldly tell them, that both the maxims and practice thereof have been pushed on to the strongest degree, and carried to the greatest height, by one of the profoundest geometricians, by one of the most subtle metaphysicians, and by one of the most solid and penetrating genii that ever yet existed on this earth."



### THE PRAYING PREACHER.

THE godly Welsh preacher, Mr. Williams of Wern, said, "the old ministers were not much better preachers than we are; and in many respects they were inferior; but there was unction about their ministry, and success attendant upon it, now but seldom seen. And what is the cause of the difference? They PRAYED more than we do. If we would prevail and have power with men, we must first prevail and have "power with God." It was on his knees that Jacob became a prince; and if we would become princes, we must be oftener and more importunate upon our knees.

He loved to tell an anecdote of Rev. Mr. Griffith of Caernarvon, who was to preach one night in a farm-house, and some time before the service began, wished to retire to a private room. He remained there some time after the congregation assembled. As there was no sign of the preacher making his appearance, the good man of the house sent the servant to request him to come, as the people had been some time waiting. On approaching the door she heard what she supposed to be a conversation carried on between two persons in rather a subdued tone of voice. She stood listening at the door, and heard one say to the other. "I will not go, unless thou come with me." The girl returned to her master, and said, "there is some one with Mr. Griffith, and he tells him that he will not come unless the other accompany him. I did not hear the other make a reply, so I conclude he will not come from there to-night." "Yes, yes, he will," said the good man; "and the other will come with him, if matters are as you represent them. We shall begin the service by singing and reading till the two come." At length Mr. Griffith came and they had an extraordinary meeting that night. It proved the commencement of a powerful revival in the neighborhood, and many were converted to God. "Nothing brethren," Mr. Williams would say, "is necessary to render our ministry as efficient and successful

as that of our fathers, but that we should be brought to the same spirit and mind."

### A CHRISTIAN HERO.

A poor but pious miner in Cornwall (a member of the Wesleyan Society,) was down deep in the earth with another miner sinking a shaft. They were blasting rocks, and their custom was, after the rock was charged, for one first to ascend in the bucket, and the other to wait till the bucket came down again, then ignite the fuse, get into the bucket, give the signal to the man above, and be drawn to the top before the explosion. In the present case, the train unexpectedly took fire. The fuse was hissing, both men rushed to the bucket, got in and gave the signal to hoist; but the man above could not draw them both. They at once saw their danger; both could not escape, and delay was death. One of the miners was pious. Looking for a moment at his companion, and stepping from the bucket, he said. "Escape for thy life; in a few moments I shall be in heaven." The bucket was drawn up, and the man was safe. Eager to know the fate of his magnanimous companion, he bent over the mouth of the shaft. Just then the explosion rumbled below, and a splinter struck him on the brow, leaving a mark he will carry to the grave. They soon commenced labouring among the fallen rocks to extricate the corpse. At last they heard a voice. Their friend was yet alive. They reached him, and found him without injury or scratch. All he could tell of the fearful scene was, that the moment his friend was gone, he sat down and took up a stone, and held it before his face. When asked what induced him to let his companion escape, he replied. "I believe my soul was safe; I was not sure of his."

Now look at him who, to build a city called by his own name, sacrificed a hundred thousand men, and at this poor miner, who, to save the soul of his unconverted comrade, sat down there to be blasted to pieces; and say which is the true hero.

## WAS IT CHANCE?

I was in the habit of visiting a decent widow, as paralysis made it impossible for her to attend church. She was tended by a very dutiful daughter, who, working at a flax-mill in the neighborhood, toiled hard, and contented herself with simple fare, that she might help to maintain her mother. Before leaving the cottage for her work, she was in the habit of heaping up the refuse of the mill in the grate and kindling it. She placed her helpless mother in a chair right before the fire, and as this fuel burned slowly away, the old woman was kept comfortable till her return. It happened one day, that I left my manse, and skirting the walls of the old church-yard, and passing the corn-mill, with its busy sound and flashing wheel, I took my way, down the winding dell, to the cottage of the old woman, which stood in its garden, embowered among trees. But, having met a parishioner, with whom I had some subject of interest to talk about, I called a halt; and sitting down on a bank of thyme, we entered into conversation. Ere the subject was half exhausted, the widow rose to my recollection. I felt, somehow, that I must cut it short and hasten away on my visit. But the idea was dismissed, and the conversation went on. However, it occurred again and again, till with a feeling I was neglecting a call of duty, as by an uncontrollable impulse I rose to my feet, and made haste to the cottage. Opening the door, a sight met my eye, that for a moment nailed me to the spot.

The erection of the mill-refuse which had been built from the hearth some feet up the open, wide chimney, having its foundations eaten away, had fallen; and precipitating itself forward, surrounded the helpless paralytic within a circle of fire. The accident took place some minutes before I entered. She had cried out: but no ear was there to hear, nor hand to help. Catching the loose refuse about her, on and on, nearer and nearer, the flames crept. It was a terrible sight for the two Wig-

town women—martyrs, staked far out on the sands of Solway Frith, to mark the sea-foam crawl nearer and nearer them: it was more terrible still for this lone woman, in her lone cottage, without any great cause to die for, to sit there and see the fire, creeping closer, drawing nearer and nearer to her feet. By the time I had entered, it had almost reached her, where she sat motionless, speechless, pale as death, looking down on the fire as it was about to seize her clothes and burn her to a cinder. Ere it caught, I had time, and no more, to make one bound from the door to the hearthstone, and seizing her, chair and all, in my arms, to pluck her from the jaws of a cruel fiery death.

By what law of nature, when I lingered on the roads, was I moved, without the remotest idea of danger, to cut short, against all my inclinations, an interesting conversation, and hurry on to the house, which I reached just in the nick of time? One or two minutes later, the flames had caught her clothes, and I had found her in a blaze of fire. Be it mine to live and die in the belief of a present and presiding, as well as a personal God; in the faith which inspired my aged friend to thank him for her wonderful deliverance, and the boy to explain his calm courage on the roaring deep, in these simple but grand words: "My Father is at the helm."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A PRESENTIMENT.—On Thursday evening a lady of Troy, sitting in her room, was instantaneously oppressed with the conviction that her little son had fallen from the window in his sleeping apartment to the ground below. She repelled the thought as an impossibility. In a few moments more it flashed upon her mind with such force that she could not resist it. She hurried to the bedside of her son, and there, to her intense horror, she discovered the lad sleeping upon the window sill, the window open, his head projecting outside, and he was on the very point of falling to the pavement below! Who can explain this phenomena, which is unquestionably true?

## GOD EVERYWHERE.

BY S. F. FERGUSON.

Few truths of Scripture are more readily admitted than the ubiquity of God. That God is everywhere at the same time, looks reasonable and is believed by the masses of Christendom. On this point the learned, and the unlearned, the saint and the sinner agree. But how surprisingly few of any class sufficiently realize what they believe and acknowledge? Every one who acknowledges this omnipresence, acknowledges that he is continually in the presence of his Maker; and that Maker, God. Not in the presence of a certain etherial, or electric substance, in which he lives and moves and has his being, but in the presence of the intelligent, eternal, invisible, self-existent Jehovah, who is always "a God at hand and not afar off."

Do I say too much, if I say that few sufficiently realize this—realize it as David did, when he said to God, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whether shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there." Showing that no place is destitute of the Spirit of the Almighty. If men did sufficiently realize this, would sinners be so bold, or would Christians feel so weak? Yet it is for this very purpose that men should be conscious of Divine omnipresence, that God has written his ubiquity in Scripture, and stamped it upon creation.

This is a matter of plain revelation, and should be a source of perpetual comfort and relief to the Christian, and of continual fear and restraints to the wicked.

A general may feel secure when his enemies are defeated, and he rests in his strength surrounded by his army; but his security and the strength, however great it may be that surrounds him, is not to be compared with the power of that Being who surrounds every individual person, either to uphold and bless him in righteousness, or else to frown

upon or condemn him in his wickedness..

Every person should have a clear sense of this Divine presence, and especially every one who is trying to do the will of his heavenly Master. Every Christian should not only believe but should *feel* that the God whom he serves is *present with him*, and that, at all times, in all places, and in *all* power, truly, literally, and personally.

No doctrine short of this has been revealed by God to man, and certainly no other is worthy to be attributed to Omnipotence. Jesus meant to teach this doctrine when he said to his Disciples, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." "And where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." Moses knew this truth when he forsook Egypt not fearing the wrath of the King, "for he endured as seeing him who is invisible."

Knowing then this attribute of Deity, what manner of men ought we to be as Christians in "all holy conversation and godliness." How little foolish talking and speaking should be heard from us who know and acknowledge that we are in the immediate presence of the eternal Jehovah? How few worldly and sinful amusements should stain our lives who believe that the recording Angel is continually before us, from whose record judgment will be given at the last day! How little too ought we to care if the world forsake us, and cast out our names as evil, "for the Son of man's sake," when God himself is really with us and *in* us? And how bold also ought we to be in opposing sin and Satan in *every way*, when thus so blessedly supported?

Then let every Christian say with one of old, "I have set the Lord always before me." Let this be his strength. And let every sinner feel that God fills "heaven and earth" with His presence, and that "all things are naked and open before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

Potter, N. Y.



## Editorial.

### GETTING THE HEART RIGHT.

Appearances are deceitful. The mild countenance of the tiger gives no indication of the ferocious disposition that makes him an object of terror. In man there is frequently an outside show of goodness when the heart is corrupt. We often deceive ourselves, and think we are doing meritorious acts, when selfish motives vitiate the whole, and show to the All-Seeing Eye that our supposed virtues are but vices in disguise. *The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.* There is no deceiving him. It is, then, of the first consequence to get the heart right. This will regulate the actions and govern the words. Not that we ever can be in a state of grace that will relieve us of the necessity of watching and praying, that we enter not into temptation. But our hearts may be so completely under the dominion of grace that we can always do our duty and act up to our convictions. *But how shall we get the heart right?* This is an important question. It can be correctly answered only from the Holy Scriptures. It is safe to follow the directions which God has given us for the cure of souls.

1. *We must heartily repent of all our sins.* However little may be said in modern pulpits about it, the Bible lays great stress upon repentance. It is the first step to be taken in order to obtain a genuine work of grace in the soul. Jesus says: *Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*—Luke xiii: 5. These words were first spoken to those who belonged to the church of God. They apply to-day, with undiminished force, to every one who neglects his duty, whether he makes a profession of religion or not. To repent of his sins one must see them in all their enormity. But the nature of sin is to blind its victim to its true character. Hence men need to be told of their sins—to see them painted in their true colors, and to be warned faithfully of their fatal consequences. The more popular a sin is,—the more it is sanctioned by illustrious ex-

amples, the greater need there is that it should be dwelt upon, and the people warned against it. The idea that we must not speak against popular sins, but “only aim to get the heart right” is a ruinous delusion, a damnable heresy. Suppose I were to go among a people who make and drink intoxicating liquors, and yet belong to the church, and some of them profess holiness. They even attempt to defend their course from the Bible. They know that I am acquainted with all the facts. I preach the doctrine of holiness among them, but am very careful not to allude to their besetting sin. All that I say is true, but I avoid uttering the truth that they specially need—the one that would stir up the devil in them. Every thing goes along lovingly and harmoniously. They profess holiness, but hold on to their sins. *Have they not a right to look upon me as indorsing their course?* It is true I do not tell them in words that they are right, but I ought to tell them plainly and firmly that they are wrong. He who does not do it, *handles the word of God deceitfully.* Souls are deceived, the standard of religion lowered, and the real work of God hindered. We often see persons professing holiness who are living in open violation of the plain commands of God.—Some are *unequally yoked together with unbelievers*, in Secret Societies. Others are conformed to the world. They adorn themselves with “gold or pearls or costly array.” Remind them of their inconsistency, and they will tell you that the “Lord does not show them that it is wrong”; although the Bible speaks as plainly as it can do; and the founder of the church declares that; “Whoever says there is no harm in these things may as well say there is no harm in murder or adultery.” This avoiding all mention of popular sins proceeds from a cowardly fear of man, and not from a love of souls. The command of God is, *“Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.”* Do you obey this command? You neglect it at your peril.

2. *To get the heart right we must believe in Jesus as our Redeemer and Saviour.* It will not do to rely upon our repentance however

deep and genuine. Excuses will be worse than useless. If the heart is made right it will be by an application of the blood of Jesus, by a firm and unwavering reliance upon his atonement. *If we walk in the light as he is the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son cleanseth us from all sin.* There is no middle course. We are saved by Christ, or we are not saved at all. And it is a firm confidence that he died for our sins, and now liveth to make intercession for us alone that will answer. *With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.*

If the heart is right the life will be right. Sin of every kind will be avoided, and every duty to God and man will be faithfully performed. *A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Do not waste your time by writing articles and sending to us for publication without your names. What would you think of a preacher who insisted upon remaining unknown, even by name, to his congregation? You would say there must be something wrong. If you write for the religious instruction of others you must not be afraid to take the responsibility of what you write. It is cowardly. We cannot be a party to any such unchristian conduct. If you write according to the words of Christ why should you be ashamed of what He gives you to say? If you do not write in accordance with his teachings, you need not expect us to publish your productions. You must go elsewhere.

Take pains with what you write. Get a good pen, good ink, and make the composition and the penmanship as perfect as you can. Above all, WRITE IN THE SPIRIT.—When he does not help, stop.

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—If you pretend to quote Scripture at all, quote it accurately. Take no liberties with the word of God.—A quotation from Scripture, when correctly given and properly applied, carries great force with it. But a mis-quotation is worse

than none at all. When, in writing, you give a passage of Scripture, turn to it in your Bible and give it *just as it is*, spelling, punctuation and all. Your articles will stand a much better chance of insertion than they will if carelessly written and needing many corrections.

DEDICATION.—True to his antecedents Bro. Olney is bearing the tidings of salvation into "the regions beyond."

He has gathered an interesting class in Ontario, where a neat and substantial church has been erected by the enterprising people served by him.

The services connected with the dedication were unusually interesting. The altar was crowded every evening with seekers of salvation. Numbers of them were saved. Last Saturday, Bro. Olney, in the presence of thousands, administered the ordinance of baptism to more than thirty candidates. Among these were his two daughters who have recently been converted. Some were immersed, others sprinkled, others still were baptized by effusion. All these modes appeared to be endorsed by the Spirit, for on all the candidates His glorious power manifestly rested.

Bushnell's Basin charge has more than doubled its membership this year by God's blessing.

D. W. THURSTON.

#### "EARNEST CHRISTIAN BAND."

Why is it that I see no more gems in the precious pages of this "Heavenly-winged messenger," welling up from the warm hearts the "Earnest Christian Band?" all filled with holy emulation, and burning with heavenly zeal for the salvation of the perishing thousands around us?

Brethren, come, this pamphlet is our name sake, let's patronize it both with our pens and our professions, and by obtaining subscribers.

Hark! The *Earnest Christian* was the means of first awakening in my heart a desire for "*Holiness of heart and life.*" Can I ever forget those first impressions? Nay. They are as visibly passing in review before my mind now while I write as though it

had been but yesterday, and the *Earnest Christian* used to have frequent "Hallelujahs" from our pens; yes, the Love Feast corner of almost every number testified from us that "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,*" but now I see none. Why this silence? Is each waiting for some other to break the stillness? If so it shall be so no longer, but our beloved Editor may send it broad-cast, that there is at least one of the old contributors to, and subscribers for, the *Earnest Christian*, who by the ever-sustaining grace of God can, and desires to testify that my march is onward and upward. Never can I, neither do I ever expect to contend for any thing less than a *free, a full, and a present* salvation from *all sin*. This is my duty, yea, glory to Jesus; it is my *privilege* too.

Come, brethren, the candle which is under the bushel gives no light. "Let your light shine."

Rev. B. F. SMITH.

Troy Circuit, Ind. Conf., July 19, 1867.

The Free Methodists at Galva are a living band. The Society is young, but, in spite of opposition, it has steadily advanced until it is "master of the situation." It was the writer's privilege to dedicate to the worship of God their neat and commodious church, a few Sabbaths since. At the conclusion of the service a call for pecuniary aid was liberally responded to, the first response covering the whole arrearage, and more too. Better than all else, the afternoon service was owned of God by the conversion of souls.

N. D. FANNING.

#### DYING TESTIMONY.

FRANCIS PIPHER departed this life May 5, 1867, in the 26th year of his age.

Bro. Pipher was born at Hinsdale, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and there received his second birth at the early age of seventeen. As a man and a Christian Bro. P. was guileless. He was true to his country in her trial, and offered up his life upon her altar to help put down the rebellion. He was also true to the cause of Christ. He was even in his temper, amiable in his disposition, an affectionate husband, and kind to all. A man of but few words, but true.

He was much esteemed by his brethren in the church. He honored God in his life, and God honored him in his death. He suffered much in the time of his sickness, but bore it all with patience and resignation, and his death was a triumph. The day previous to his death he said to the writer, "I am ready. I am not afraid to die." And in the morning of the day he died, he said, "I shall not stay here long, for I hear the angels sing."

WM. MANNING.

Gowanda, N. Y.

SILAS WOOD died at his residence at Ridgeway, Orleans county, N. Y., June 19, 1867, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Yes, my old pilgrim father has gone home to heaven. I believe he is among the blessed spirits around the throne. He had lived in the world seventy-seven years, seven months, and ten days. At the age of twenty-three he was married to Miss Martha Blanchard, with whom he lived in holy wedlock just fifty-two years, four months, and four days. She preceded him to the spirit-world by just two years, two months, and nineteen days. When but a mere youth, he was powerfully converted to God, and was an honored member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for a full half century, holding an exhorter's license most of the time, and filling at times other offices in the Church. The last few years of his life he was a devoted member of the Free Methodist Church. A petulant nature which troubled him in his earlier and middle years, and over which he sorrowed many times, was overcome in his riper years, "through the blood of the Lamb," and his "white hairs were a crown of glory to him, for they were formed in the way of righteousness." During the whole of his Christian life he was always at the services of the sanctuary. He dearly loved the house of the Lord, and all of its hallowed services. He was the father of ten children, seven of whom are now living. Some of them are preaching the gospel, and are successful in winning souls to Christ. His life, though long, passed as a shadow quickly by, and "was gone as a dream when one awaketh." Father and mother gone to rest! Hallowed in the memory of their children,



and of many others; sleeping side by side in the "place of the dead."

We shall see them yet again among the "spirits of the just made perfect," and behold them in glorious and immortal youth and beauty "at the resurrection of the just." God help all the children so to live on earth as to meet them then and there.

"The memory of the just is blessed!"

L. WOOD.

## THE LOVE FEAST.

ELLA S. GRISWOLD.—I have the witness of the Spirit this morning that Jesus saves me from all sin. The purifying fire of my Saviour runs all through my soul. Glory to God! I am my Father's, and He is mine. I truly feel that God is my portion, and I love Him with all my might, mind, soul and strength. The 2d day of March, 1867, God for Christ's sake gave me a clean heart, purified, sanctified, and made ready for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. My will is in unison with the Father's, and my determination is through the grace of God to obey the Spirit in all things. When, through faith, I lay on the altar a living sacrifice my good name, parents and loved ones were all included. Oh! how my heart burns to proclaim the great truths of salvation free and full to a dying world. I would like to be in a revival all the while.

I try to point my neighbors and friends to Jesus. The Spirit I believe is striving with some of them now. Hallelujah! He fills me. I feel I have victory over the world, the flesh, and the Devil. I am hid in Christ Jesus. He is my high defense, my front and rear guard. Praise the Lord. I expect to meet you, beloved Disciple, over the river side, "Where the arms of my Father encircle his child."

*Naples, N. Y.*

REBECCA CHERLTON.—Christ is become my salvation. His blood cleanses me from all unrighteousness. Praise His name.—He keeps me all the while. I am on my way to glory, and the way grows narrower but brighter. I can say the world is given and Christ received.

*Chicago, Ill.*

WILLIAM ALDRICH.—When I was a little boy of only eight summers, I went to meeting with my dear parents in the back woods of Canada. When the sermon was over the minister requested the members to tarry for class-meeting. This was the first meeting of the kind that I ever attended. Almost every one said many good words. Some fell prostrate on the floor, and lay apparently without breath. When recovering they would say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and praise his holy name."

Directly the preacher came to me, and laid his hand on my head, and said, "Little boy, you must love the Saviour and become a good man." He only laid his hand on my head, but it touched my heart. I wept bitterly. That touch I was not able to get rid of until the Saviour pardoned all my sins. My soul bounded like a wave of the sea. My tongue could say nothing but glory, glory, glory.

Let us take our children more to class-meetings, for their is nothing that affects their hearts more than to see father and mother under the influence of God's precious Spirit. Let us then take them also to revivals, to love-feasts, to camp-meetings, for not many of them would escape conversion. I do believe in the powerful means of grace. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever!

*Forest City, Iowa.*

B. F. CHARLTON.—I have proved the power of Jesus' blood to keep me unspotted from the world. Glory be to God. I am in the highway of holiness. The Lord has greatly blessed my soul of late. O, praise His name forever for what he is doing for me and my house. My prayer is continually going up to God that he may deluge the churches with his power, and a people may be raised up who will uncompromisingly stand up for Jesus.

*Chicago, Ill.*

CHARLES W. HENDERSON.—I bless God to-day for the religion of Jesus. There is union between my heart and the will of God. I am living day by day a redeemed sinner through the blood of Jesus. I love the narrow way that leads to life eternal better than all the pleasures earth can afford. To God be all the glory for ever and ever.