

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

OCTOBER, 1867.

AN ERRING CONSCIENCE.

HISTORY presents us with many examples of the destructive and inhuman consequences which an erring conscience may bring about when it is lodged in the bosom of an energetic, spirited man. It is probable that by far the greater portion of the cruel and horrible scenes with which the history of persecution abounds, must be ascribed to this cause. Men, for instance, like the Duke of Alva, who boasted of having caused eighteen thousand heretics to be beheaded, hanged, burned, or buried alive, and others, whose deeds make us think of them as devils in human form, were mostly people of this stamp. They erred, not in principle, but in conscience. Usually they were not the originators of the persecution, but the tools of the originators. Caiaphas was a bad man; but Saul, his honest servant, was only wrong in the choice of his master.—Philip of Spain was a miscreant, and his counsellor Gravella, was a scoundrel; but Alva, their tool, was a character worthy of a better cause than that he served so well. He was acting under the same delusion that blinded the mind of the mother of one of his victims. This poor woman, who loved her son tenderly, and had tried with tears and entreaties to get him to retract his "heresies," was found on the eve of his execution carrying faggot after faggot to the stake, and each time she passed by her son's cell, she called out, "Oh, John, my son, here is another faggot to

burn you with to-morrow." But perhaps this case ought rather to be classed with the instance of an ignorant conscience, which John Huss, when in the midst of the flames, so touchingly called, *sancta simplicitas*.

But an erring conscience does not always produce such inhuman results.—Very much depends upon the natural disposition and character of the man in whom it dwells. If his mind be of a meek and gentle character, his erring conscience will often rather turn the weapons of persecution against himself than against others. History, perhaps, never produced a more striking illustration of this than in the case of Fenelon, the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray, in the seventeenth century, whom everybody still knows as the author of "Telemaque." If there ever was a truly Christian man in the Church of Rome, that man was Fenelon. Nor can that Church point to many of its members who combined such various and eminent talents.

Fenelon was thoroughly accomplished; he was a scientific man, and appreciated scientific accomplishments in others. But he did not place the well-being of the Church in its scientific acquirements, but in the living piety of the heart; and he particularly loathed the hollow pedantry of the learned class. He was a pattern of child like simplicity of heart, and especially that sort of humility which says with Paul: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," etc. As the godly

Spener, who was his contemporary in Germany, requested his church members to tell him his faults frankly, so also Fenelon told his friends not to spare him, but to communicate to him their remarks, even when they might possibly be doing him an injustice.—But, as he himself tried to please God rather than men, he spoke to others about their faults with frankness; and even when he expressed his disapprobation, it was in the spirit of love.—Among the numerous instances illustrative of this sincere and mild spirit, his excellent letter to the Archbishop of Rouen may be mentioned. This prelate showed a strong inclination towards pomp and luxury. To build splendid palaces, and other magnificent buildings was his hobby. Fenelon frankly and seriously warned him against such extravagance. "What," he wrote to him, "must become of the poverty of Jesus Christ, if those whose duty it is to represent it in their own person love opulence? Such a spirit can only tend to lower the clerical office instead of elevating it; it deprives the pastors of souls of their authority; the gospel may be in their mouth, but worldly vain-glory is in their works. Christ had not where to lay his head; we are his servants and disciples, and yet we deem even the greatest palaces not magnificent enough for us!" How little the man who spoke such language, himself cared about his palace we may indicate by stating that, when the king, after having presented him with the Abbey of St. Valery, raised him to the bishopric of Cambray, Fenelon, much to his majesty's astonishment, gave back the abbey.

Now, when we consider that a man who exhibited such a noble Christian spirit not only continued a Roman Catholic, but died one of the staunchest and most devoted children of that Church, we are inclined to suppose that only ignorance of the Bible, and of the truths of Protestantism, could be the cause of such strange inconsistency; and we should expect that if a mind thus disposed had been brought into contact with Scripture and Protestant-

ism, it would at once have stepped out from the darkness of Popery into the light of the Reformation. But never was an expectation more directly contradicted by the result. If there was a man in those days who knew the Scriptures, it was Fenelon; and if there was a divine who was acquainted with Protestantism, it was the Bishop of Cambray. Indeed the Bible was his *vade mecum*. He used constantly to quote its words to prove a truth, to inculcate a virtue, to rebuke a vice, or to console the afflicted. Indeed, the Pope never used a more successful instrument for bringing back "heretics" than Fenelon. No sooner had he left college than the Archbishop of Paris appointed him a superintendent of the *Nouvelles Catholiques*,—a voluntary society of young ladies of high standing for training young Protestant girls in the Catholic religion.—Without so much as one exception he succeeded in bringing his pupils back to his church. And yet it may be said that he was never guilty of using compulsory, or even unfair, means.—His extraordinary success during a residence of ten years in this establishment, drew the attention of Louis XIV., who resolved to use him in carrying on his plan of uniting the whole of France under one creed. A mission to that effect was going on in the south of the kingdom, which was strongly backed by military force. The king honored Fenelon with the charge of heading that mission in the district of Poitou, where the Protestants were most numerous. Fenelon accepted the call, but under one condition, which he boldly and openly put forward at an audience with the king. It was that the king should send no troops to accompany and protect him. "Your dragons, sire," he said, "are of no use in the cause of Christ; by them your majesty might as easily make Mahomedans of the Huguenots as Catholics. I will go, but in no other way than the Apostles went; using no other sword than that of the Spirit—God's word, and no other power save that of grace." His request was granted, and with only four

friends, among whom was the talented and noble Abbe Fleury, he journeyed to the place appointed for him. His life here among the Protestants was a pattern of moderation, tender-hearted love, patience, and self-denial. He brought many of them back to the bosom of his Church. The great bulk of the people, however, resented his efforts; but though he could not convert them to his opinions, he gained their deepest love and respect. Nor was this truly noble and Christian behaviour like the throwing of a sheep-skin over the wolf's body. Fenelon was no Jesuit. When about the year 1700, a Mr. Brunier, a Protestant preacher of Holland, came to Mons, in Hainault, to make Fenelon's acquaintance, the Bishop kindly invited him to dinner, and requested him whenever he should be in town, to visit him "as a brother." He even offered to provide him with passports for people who were wavering between Romanism and Protestantism, that they might emigrate to countries where they could set up a Church after their own desire. We cannot be surprised to find that such a man at one time fell under the suspicion of being a secret Protestant. After his return from Poitou, those at Paris being rather disappointed by the result of his mission, looked askance at him, as though he had no more of the sheep than merely the skin. He fully cleared himself of this suspicion by his famous book, "*Sur le Ministère des Pasteurs*," in which he avails himself of all the weapons Popery has at its disposal, within the limits of dialectics, to attack Protestantism.

Indeed, that same man, whose spirit and conduct were such that he was even suspected of Protestantism, expressed himself so decidedly against what Protestants acknowledge as the palladium of their faith, that no Jesuit, even the most bigoted, could have surpassed him in that matter. In the above-mentioned book he flatly denies the divine right of the ministerial office among Protestants. With considerable dialectic power he discusses the great questions of Apostolic succession, tradition, and the Divine authority of the

Pope; and he expounds the Roman Catholic view about these doctrines with such clearness and eloquence, that his authority was acknowledged to be as sound as that of the Pope himself.

And that his belief in the divine authority of the Pope was as sincere as it was eloquently professed was shown by his conduct in the famous controversy between him and the great orator, Bossuet, about Madame Guyon. The history and writings of this remarkable woman are too well-known to require a lengthened account. Suffice it to say that she set the religious and literary world of France in those days astir with her views about the true peace of God. She had first derived these views from the writings of Michael Molinos, a Spanish priest, the founder of the doctrine of *mystical quietism*; but she worked them out with such clearness and effect as to make them the topics of conversation, and even of animated controversy, amongst all classes of society, even in the Court itself. As in Germany, Spener's pietism was a reaction against the dead orthodoxy and mechanical lip-devotion of the Church, so was Madame Guyon's quietism in France. It started from the fundamental truth that the essence of religion and true happiness consists in perfect love towards God. But Madame Guyon understood this love in the sense of a mystical marriage of the soul with God, owing to which the soul is so entirely absorbed in the contemplation and enjoyment of the Divine Being, that, as it were, it loses itself in affection towards God, not for the benefits which He bestows, nay, not even for the sake of salvation or of happiness—for even *that* would be only self-love—but solely for his own sake. This morbid, overstrained conception of love to God had of course the effect of drawing her soul from its relations with the outer world, and of rendering her unfit for the duties of daily life. She was fiercely opposed by Bossuet, whose influence at Court caused many persecutions against her. Now Fenelon, though he disapproved of Madame Guyon's eccentricities, both in her writings and

in her life, yet found that a great truth lay at the bottom of her opinions, which Bossuet altogether overlooked. He therefore wrote a book, entitled "Explications des Maximes des Saints," in which he eloquently defended Madame Guyon's views about the "pure love" principle, and showed that they had also been advocated by the greatest fathers of the Church, inasmuch as they, too, had placed the centre of the living religion of the heart in a mystical union of the soul with God through Jesus Christ. A terrible strife now arose between the two prelates, who hitherto had been friends. France was divided, as it were, into two spiritual armies, each led by an able and energetic general, the one advocating religion as a matter of intellect, the other as a matter of sense. It must be admitted, however, that Bossuet did not always avail himself of the noblest weapons. While Fenelon refuted him on all points in a mild, gentle and courteous spirit, Bossuet was bitter, sarcastic, and vehement, and, worst of all, put false constructions upon Fenelon's sayings, so as to make him an object of suspicion to the people. He at length carried the matter to such a height, that it was brought before the Pope for decision, while at the same time Fenelon was banished from the Court, and dismissed from his office of teacher of the royal princes. He bore this public disgrace with great meekness and patience. The people loved him the more for it; indeed under all these bitter controversies the public respect for his person had increased rather than diminished.

The question was a great puzzle to the Pope. To tell the truth, there was nothing to be found in Fenelon's book which had not been said by the most eminent of the fathers. But the book *must* fall, for the king sided with Bossuet. Besides, it could not be denied that Fenelon's maxim of "pure love" contained principles which, if consistently developed, would prove more favorable to the Protestant form of worship than to Roman Catholic ritualism. So, in the year 1699, after much waver-

ing and doubting, during a period of not less than eighteen months, the Pope promulgated his famous *breve*, in which thirty-five propositions in Fenelon's book were condemned, not as *heretical*, but as *erroneous*.

The sensation which this papal verdict produced in France was not to be described. Everybody stood, as it were, in breathless expectation, anxious to know how the noble Archbishop would now behave. As a true child of the Roman Catholic church, or I should rather say, though I say it with grief, as a true slave of the Pope, he submitted without one moment's hesitation.—It is true he said that he received the verdict as a deep humiliation, but that, at the same time, he deemed his conscience quite free if *now* he condemned views which hitherto he could not but have defended even to his last breath. He could not see that those views were erroneous; but he now believed it, because the Pope said they were.—It was inconceivable to him, he said, how a Christian man could, in a case like this, take a different course. So he immediately drew up an episcopal proclamation, in which he condemned his own book, especially the thirty-five propositions which were taken from it, in much the same terms as had been used in the papal letter. He himself read this proclamation from his pulpit, and at the same time ordered all the copies of his book to be brought to the yard of his palace, where he set fire to them with his own hand. The Pope was so touched by this evidence of the bishop's submissiveness, that he sent him a pastoral letter, in which he assured him of his satisfaction and favor.

So far as the mere outward form of action is regarded, there was undoubtedly a great difference between Saul of Tarsus and the Archbishop of Cambray; but that difference only proceeded from their difference of character. In reality they were one. Both of them were persecutors of Christ, only Saul persecuted Him in his disciples, while Fenelon persecuted Him in his own person. And this oneness in spirit proceeded from their being one in principle.

Like Saul, Fenelon placed tradition above revelation, and like Saul he obeyed the authority of the high priest as though it had been the authority of God. Only there was this great difference between them—Saul's conscience erred *with* his understanding, whereas Fenelon's conscience erred *against* his understanding. The latter sort of error of conscience is only possible where not only tradition is recognised as divinely inspired, but also the chief office-bearer of the traditional religion is acknowledged as infallible. The history of Jesuitism shows the power which that error is able to exercise upon the conscience even of the noblest men. It goes so far even as to take a man's conscience out of his bosom and to put some one else's conscience in the place of it.

And where is the cure for such a fearful disease to be sought?

The history of Paul furnishes the answer to that question. Not until he came to see that Jesus is above all tradition, above either priest or prelate, did he come to count as loss the things which had formerly been gain to him. As long as a man, however pious and devoted a worshipper of God, does not through faith take Jesus alone, and nothing but Jesus, his conscience should not merely ask: Am I doing my *duty*? for duty is only a thing, and things have no life unless we impart it to them through our own imagination. Our conscience should constantly ask: Am I in Jesus? Am I a free-saved soul? Is it Jesus whom I am obeying, or is it another being that stands between Him and me?—*John De Liefde*.

WERE I resident of Leeds, desirous of a close walk with Christ and lessons on the deep things of God, though I were worth my thousands, I would choose for my place of worship H. Pooter's Wesley chapel. I would sit at the feet of these poor saints, and learn how to watch and pray, live by faith, despise the world, conquer hell, and take the kingdom of heaven by violence.—*Caughy*.

A SKETCH OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MARY CARPENTER.

One year ago the latter part of the month of April, my soul was made to rejoice in a Saviour's love. "All things became new to me." The things I once respected I then rejected, and the people I had scoffed at, I then looked upon as my brothers and sisters in the Lord. The Lord was very merciful to us. A little class, although poor, and rejected by some, yet our Heavenly Father revealed unto us His divine favor, in pardoning our sins, in putting it into our hearts in living characters, to do His will. All glory to his Holy name forever and forever! About two months after my conversion, darkness came over my soul. No tongue can tell the agonies I underwent. I was almost made to believe that my former experience was a blank, and inbred sins threatened to find lodgement within my heart, more formidable than ever before. While in this state of doubt and fears, my attention was directed to the perusal of Wood's "Perfect Love," which proved to be the means of leading me, as never before, to make a full surrender of myself, and all my worldly goods, to the Lord. I felt within my inmost soul to say,

"Perish every fond ambition,
All I've hoped, or sought, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are all my own."

Oh, the holy radiance that shone in to my soul! attracting me away from earthly and transitory things, and centering my little all upon God and heavenly things. It was a heavenly prospect to my view and I cared not to stay here below, but longed to go,

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Would that I could stop here in my experience. But no, I must be faithful to my trust. From the time I experienced the blessing of holiness, I knew that my former justified state was so deficient and wanting in what constitutes real Christian character, that I watched myself very carefully,

lest I should enter into temptation.

But still the tempter did creep in so slyly, that I was not aware of real neglect of duty until much of my former zeal and warmth was gone. Then this truth came forcibly to my mind, that "almost saved is altogether lost." Could I walk almost up to the light and feel justified even? No, no. I had to do work over again, and it was effected by simple faith, believing that "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Praise be to God the healing, saving power again swept through my soul, and to day I can say, with all those whose faces are Zionward,

"We are marching by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come and bear us o'er."

CLOSET WORK THE WORK.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"Sweet closet I love thee, 'tis good to be here.
'Mid glories resplendent, and Jesus so near;
In business most noble at heaven's high court,
Where daily the saints of all nations resort."

FLEE to the closet. Are you tempted? haste to the closet. Are you in trouble or trial, in affliction of any kind? speed you to the closet. Go from the closet to the prayer-meeting; from the prayer-meeting to the closet. Go from the closet to the sanctuary duties; from the sanctuary duties to the closet. No one can pray well in public who does not pray much in the closet. Commence the day in your closet. Take the Bible, the word of life; meditate therein, get your soul on fire, the fire of God's love. Go from your closet to the family altar, to your daily toil. No one is duly prepared for family, social, or public duties, save from the closet. Make the closet your home, your resort, your hiding-place, your delight, your joy. Young convert, visit your closet, visit it often. It is your safeguard, your hope. The first step to a downward course is the neglect of the closet.

"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessing God designs to give;
Long as they live, should Christians pray—
For only while they pray they live."

To the closet. This closet work is the work; nothing like it. No man or woman is safe, omitting these regular, stated visitations. Here is the secret of true, firm, substantial, holy living. No one is secure, or duly prepared to exhibit clearly and fully, Christian stability and firmness, without secret retirement for devout meditation, reading God's word, self-examination, and prayer. St. Xavier, that wonderful man of God, spent hours on his knees, in secret devotion, often with the word of God before him. When he came forth, his face shone like an angel's.—Every thought, word, and action, bore the impress Divine. His soul was in a flame! He spoke with great power, "as one having authority, not as the scribes." Sinners by thousands fell prostrate with earnest cries to God for mercy, "Lord save, we perish."

Xavier, on some occasions, while in the closet, was *lost* in God, carried to the third heavens. His servant was compelled to shake him, use physical force, to arouse him from these holy visions and meditations. This closet business, moreover, was the secret of Tennant's wonderful success. God, on one occasion, poured out his Spirit so powerfully on William Tennant, in his secret retirement, he had not strength to rise. His parishioners, finding him thus helpless, carried him to the pulpit; when he arrived he crawled up with his hands and knees, and when God gave him strength to stand, O! what holy unction, what power, what words of salvation flowed from his lips. His lips were touched with fire from God!

Flee to the closet as your life, your safeguard, your hope, your joy. God is there, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, salvation. No one can discharge family duties acceptably,—no one can resist the wiles of the devil manfully, without gaining wisdom and strength in the closet. Wives, do you believe this? Mothers, do you? Mark well, behold,

that mother, that daughter, coming from the closet, with face shining with holiness, as did that of Moses, when descending the Mount of God. What now? Panoplied? armed with helmet, sword, and shield? her feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace? Satan is bruised under her feet, and all his fiery darts are hurled in vain.—She is clothed with humility. The graces of the Spirit shine forth radiantly; love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith. She goes forth from the closet armed. Closet prayer is especially enjoined by Christ. "When thou prayest enter into thy closet," etc. See Matt. vi. 5. Our Saviour himself retired frequently to the mountain-top, spent whole nights in secret devotion. The most devoted men and women on earth, in all ages, the most active, useful, consistently holy ones, have made the closet a *special* resort, the stronghold of faith. We beseech you not to neglect your closet; better neglect your breakfast, your dinner, your supper. Repair to your closet, bow the knee, read, meditate, pray, seek God, examine yourself.—Pour out your whole soul to God, tell him all your heart, lay hold on the cross, cling to it, exercise renewed faith, all conquering; "lift up holy hands."

Go from this Bethesda in the strength and wisdom of the Most High as the light of the morning. Closet duty prepares for family duties, social duties, public duties. Closet duties, more than all else, prepare us to think as we ought, speak as we ought, to write as we ought, to do everything as we ought.

To the closet, to the closet.—Allow no earthly business engagements or pleasure to rob you of this sacred, solemn, all-important duty of secret communion with God. The more frequently you visit the closet with full purpose of heart to live to God's glory, the better you will like it—soon, *very* soon, it will be delightful, joyful, your meat and your drink, heaven's gate to glory.

Men never take so firm a hold of God as in secret. Remember Jacob. Thou shouldst pray alone, for thou hast

sinned alone, and thou art to die alone, and to be judged alone. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment seat. Why not go alone to the mercy-seat? In the great transaction between thee and God, thou canst have no human helper. You are not going to tell him any secret. You may be sure he will not betray your confidence. Whatever reasons there may be for any species of devotion, there are more and stronger reasons for secret devotion.—"Enter into thy closet," says Christ. He says not *a* closet, nor *the* closet, but *thy* closet. The habit of secret communion is supposed to be formed. The man is supposed to have a closet—some place in which he is supposed to retire for prayer—some spot consecrated by many a meeting there with God—some place that has often been to him a Bethel. The Saviour uses the word to mean any place where, with no embarrassment either from fear or the pride of observation, we can freely pour out our hearts in prayer to God. No matter what are the dimensions of the place, what its flooring or canopy. Christ's closet was a mountain, Isaac's a field, Peter's the house-top.

Friendly reader, have you a closet? do you visit it? make conscience of it? When? how often? It's your *life*, your spiritual *life*! neglect it at your *peril*! Neglect the closet, next the family altar, then the circle of social prayer, then the Bible, and then, perhaps, the sanctuary, and all the means of grace. Neglect the closet, and you know not where or how far you may wander; you know not when, if ever, you will return. Neglect the closet, and soon you will abandon it, and be left of God to dark, if not to damning sin—perhaps to endless ruin.

To pray in secret is a solemn duty, a blessed and glorious privilege, thus to hold converse with the Most High, as a child with a father, as a friend with friend; thus to commune with him, breathe his Spirit, and receive his impress upon your heart.

REFLECTION.

BY W. N. HIBBARD.

IN reflecting upon my past life, I cannot but wonder at the goodness of God. I have stood upon the very brink of death, when my eyes were closed to all things earthly, and weeping friends stood around my bed, and all hope was past, my tongue speechless, and, as it seemed, my soul was ready to take its flight, and stand before the throne of God. My dear reader, have you ever been there? Did you feel *safe*? What were your thoughts, *then*? Have you kept that vow you made to God, that, if he would spare your life, you would serve him?—Remember, that vow was recorded in heaven. And yet God saw fit to spare my unprofitable life. After having spent a long life of sin, he arrested my course, and awakened within me conscience in all its terrors, telling me to prepare to meet an offended God. How long I strove against him, grieved my dear Saviour, time after time, probed his wounds afresh! But, his “pardoning voice I hear.” He speaks so kindly. “Come to me, and I will give you rest.” Oh the joys of salvation, so unspeakable, and full of glory! Since that time I have been feeding on heavenly manna. Though trials and temptations are many, yet through them all he leads me by the hand. I enjoy so many privileges—that of testifying, before a dying people, of his boundless love. “Truly his ways are pleasantness, and all his paths are peace.” I drink of the waters of life freely.—How shall I return thanks to Him for his mercy towards me? Let us buckle on the whole armor, go forth, and fight against the powers of hell. Praise God forever! I feel the fire burning now, glory to his name!

As the result of four weeks' labor in Oxford Place chapel three hundred persons were enabled to declare that the blood of Jesus had cleansed them from all sin; and an equal number professed justification.—*Caughey.*

[HOLINESS.]

NEVER before have I seen or heard so many witnesses for entire sanctification. The deep and rich experience of the Fathers and mothers in Israel, who had long enjoyed this blessing, mingled with the ardent and decided testimonies of those who had been lately purified, more than eighty of whom, during the last two weeks, had experienced the blessedness of those who are pure in heart. Towards the close of the meeting, Mr. Harris observing the intense feelings of those who were seeking purity, requested such to retire into the adjoining class-room, and that a few leaders would assist them in prayer. Many did so; and between twenty and thirty obtained the blessing of a clear heart, while we continued the services in the chapel. This is truly a great and glorious revival of holiness. If proper care be taken of these precious believers, and the blessing kept fully before the people from the pulpit, the entire church may soon be a leavened and holy people unto the Lord. Were the preachers, after these special services shall have ceased in the town, to appropriate one night in the week to preach expressly on entire sanctification, it would greatly tend to this desirable result, and those who have been made clean would then, it is most likely, be preserved.

God sanctifies the people by belief of the truth, (John 17: 19)—truth clearly, pointedly, and frequently preached. When the pulpit is silent, or indistinct, or has long intervals upon the doctrine of entire holiness, it is seldom that you will find many clear on these “deep things of God,” and few profess their reception. My soul has often paused, in holy awe and adoring wonder, in marking how clearly the Holy Ghost attends with his blessing the frequent exhibition from the pulpit, of this glorious privilege of all believers. I have observed, during this revival, that when justification has been the theme of discourse, few have professed sanctification; but invariably when holiness has been the theme, many have

been the witnesses of purity of heart. Whatever class of truth, it would appear, is brought to bear upon a congregation, the Holy Spirit condescends to make the medium of an according blessing. Perhaps it is on the same principle we can account for the fact, that in those congregations where justification by faith and the witness of the Spirit are not preached, few, if any, are raised up to testify that Jesus Christ hath power upon earth to forgive sins, whereas, just the contrary takes place where these are clearly and fully preached.—*Caughey.*

THE DYING CHILD.

I was greatly pleased, says Dr. Thomson, with a little incident that a mother gave me the other day. A child lay dying. Feeling unusual sensations, she said, "mamma, what is the matter with me?"

Mother.—"My child, you are dying."

Child.—"Well, mamma, what is dying?"

Mother.—"To you, dear child, it is going to heaven."

Child. "Where is heaven?"

Mother.—"It is where God is, and the Holy Ghost, and the angels, and the good men made perfect."

Child.—"But, mamma, I am not acquainted with any of those, and I do not like to go alone; won't you go with me?"

Mother.—"O, Mary, I cannot. God has called you only, not me, now."

Turning to the father she asked the same question. Then piteously appealing to each of her brothers and sisters, she repeated the same interrogatory, and received the same response. She then fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke in a transport of joy, saying, "You need not go to heaven with me, I can go alone. I have been there, and grand-mamma is there, and grand-papa is there, and aunt Martha;" and with a sweet smile, and a countenance bright as with the glory of opening heaven, looking upward and whispering, "Yes, I am coming," she passed away.

A PART OF THE STORY.

BY ORPHA PELTON.

I HAVE for a long time felt led to write of the dealings of the Lord with me. Every redeemed soul has its wondrous story to tell, and I am led to tell mine in writing, more than in any other way, but whether spoken or written, I think we all feel that our story is but poorly told.

It is a little past a year since he washed this tablet white; since he changed my hell to heaven; and a wonderful change it is too. For months before it took place I was angry because I had an existence, but afterwards, I rejoiced and was glad I lived; rejoiced at the prospect of being one of the redeemed ones in glory, and O how that word "redeemed" then rung through my soul and ever does, for I realize something of what I am redeemed from.

How often I have felt, that, could I but meet with those angels that never sinned, I would sing them a song of dying love, a song they can never learn.

Before the change I speak of, there was no love or gratitude in my heart for anything, I was not capable of loving my friends, much less God, and I could not bear to meet, or see a Christian. O how dreadful it did seem to me! I thought I would give anything if I could feel affection for things I used to, but when God spoke all things new, my heart was so overflowing with love to God and man, and every thing he had made, I found it difficult to obtain any sleep. The words of the Psalmist continually ran through my mind, "O Praise the Lord, for he is good, for his *mercy endureth forever.*" Before, my mind was often mixed with insanity, and when dwelling upon my sad condition, and the duration of eternity, I would throw myself upon the cold, wet earth to cool the burning I felt within: my will meanwhile rising in strong rebellion to the will of my Creator. That individual suffers untold misery whose will conflicts with the

will of its Maker. What! I live such a life as that? (the one spread out before me, and I plainly saw that there was no alternative.) I be so humbled? I have to stay like a bird with its wings clipped, in the nest, while all the others learn to fly, and do as they please? I stand like a leafless tree in the midst of a beautiful grove? Ha! No, indeed! I would not. None but an unjust, cruel Being would require it of one he had created proud and ambitious. Death would be far sweeter, and I would have it. But then I shrank from taking the awful step, and God would not give it me. Next, I thought I would rove far away from every one I knew. I had a deep laid plan, I would do thus, and so, and a wild flash of joy ran through my soul at the prospect, and then I thought I could live out my days. But all my plans failed; my way was hedged up. Then the fountain of my tears was opened. For many weeks before, I could not shed a tear, but now I wept in the bitterness of my soul. Thank God for those tears!

I saw my heart, and it was an awful sight, and I wept over it. It seemed as if I saw all the sins I had ever committed and I wept over them. I wept over what I could not bear to have so. O how hard I found it to suffer the horrors of despair, and die to self at the same time: though I did not then know that I was doing the latter. I read my Bible to see what I had lost. I read a book entitled "Scripture views of heaven," just to see what I had lost. I read sermons on the Judgment to see how ill it would go with the wicked at that day, and all this time the Lord was chastening me, and trying to get me to consent to what I thought I could not. After some weary months passed, and I became so weak in body and mind I could scarce do any thing, I yielded every contested point, and that without any expectation of ever being happy, and without any thought of ever enjoying religion. It took all there was of me to do it. At that moment, Satan with all his hosts of hell, who had been surrounding and tormenting me retreated, and angels rejoiced. I felt

that they did. My soul bathed in a sea of glory. I felt such a deep sense of *purity*! Happy moments never to be forgotten in time or in eternity! I was so surprised! So passive and *subdued*. "Clothed" as I said "and in my right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus." Why, it seemed as if I had never thought before; as if I had just commenced to *live*, and I had. Nature, which before had looked so bewilderingly to me, was changed. Never had she looked so beautiful as now, never did the birds sing so sweetly as now. "The mountains and the hills broke forth before me into singing, and all the trees of the fields clapped their hands for joy." O how impossible for man to enjoy anything which God has given him to enjoy, out of God. The Lord does not break the bruised reed. I feel that it is far better to enter into life halt, than to go down to eternal death whole. Satan has made many fierce onsets on me since then, a few times I have come very near surrendering my confidence, but praise God, he has not not succeeded in obtaining it, and I never felt so much like "contending for my native heaven" as now. I have found it hard sometimes to keep the consecration I then made, but it is so no longer, for I have obtained the victory, again and again, over the temptation to commit sacrilege, till I have a perfect victory. I used to pray, that, when I got to glory,

"This note might above all others swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

I thought I never could see it so in this world, but I am beginning to see it, and to swell that note, and O how I praise the Lord for all his dealings with me. Let me tell you, unconverted reader, as one who has had a taste of death eternal, that it has never entered into your heart to conceive the misery in store for you, if you neglect to seek an interest in that Saviour who *died for you*. By so doing you will, in torment, send up wail after wail, pausing to fancy, it may be, that if you could only once more be placed upon the shores of time, you would do differently, you would go to Jesus: then this truth, that even though you

could have the privilege, you would live just as you did, and do just as you did, will pierce you through, and cause you to send up a deeper lamentation. The lost will feel that it is *just* and *right* that they are where they are, and suffer what they do, and they will blame no one but themselves for it. O how it will torment those spirits to think that the Lord did all he could to save them. How it will torment them to know that there is a bright world of glory where they might have been singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. O Sinner, you do not realize the shame, disgrace and confusion that will cover you if you stand unforgiven at the judgment bar. To God you stand or fall. None go to heaven untested. If we cannot bear the *test* we fall and come short. I am, of late, beginning to see, and believe, that one is tested just as much as another, in one way or another. I do believe it costs just as much for Christians to be true, and live to God in these days, as it did in the days of the three Hebrew children. If we stand in the day of trial, when God tries us to see if we love him more than any friend or the world, whether we will follow him regardless of circumstances or results, we shall pass through that which is just as trying to flesh and blood, as it was for those children to pass through the burning fiery furnace which was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. Praise God for it! O how his true children do glory in the trying hour! He knoweth them that are his, and he will spare them when he comes to make up his jewels. Praise his name! Nor will he be ashamed of them when they stand in white robes, without fault, before his throne, and it is said of them "These are they who have come up through great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

I have a word to say to the unsanctified. You say you are happy. Well you are if you have passed from death unto life, but you may be much happier. The little bird in its cage is happy. It warbles and sings, and makes a great

deal of music. But you look once in a while, and you will see it trying its best to liberate itself, and be as free as other birds, who splash in clear streams, and plume themselves upon high tree-tops making the air ring with the melody of their song. O they love their freedom. Now it is your privilege to be just so free in Christ Jesus, that you will soar above the world, free from all the evil passions of the heart that every little while trouble you so much. Free from all unholy ambition, free from cankering care, from all sin, and from every bar that cages the soul. Thus free indeed, your soul will bask and soar in light ineffable. You see others enjoying this, and you want it, but you think it is not for you. O how mistaken you are. The Lord, and the Lord alone can open the door to perfect liberty from inbred sin, and let you out free, and he will do it just as soon as you will believe he can and will: just as soon as you are willing to leave what you have perhaps thought the necessary prison of the soul, and *trust God*. But remember when God opens the door, you must *put forth an effort and go*. If you seek to save your life by staying, you will lose it; but if you lose your life for Christ's sake, leave all, go out alone with nothing and trust God for everything, you will save it: and God will do for you more than you can ask or think.

But you say, many who have been thus free have fallen and got into bondage again. We answer, the serpent cannot harm the innocent bird that wings its way above it, if the bird keeps "looking up," and does not suffer itself to be charmed by those hateful eyes. I have found that the secret of getting along well lies in looking up. It is by reasoning with the enemy that we get into trouble. We hardly believe what he says at first, but by listening to him we soon consent to what he says, for it really seems like truth, distrust God and fall. No bird can be safe that even looks at the serpent's eyes. Eve never had fallen, if she had gone right away from Satan, instead of staying, and talking with him.

Wenever shall get, in this wicked world,
where we shall not be liable to fall.
But praise God, for his keeping power,
praise him that there is a way provid-
ed, whereby we may escape eternal
death, and reign with him in glory.

LUTHER AS A PREACHER.

THERE are many ministers who seem to preach as though their object was to turn off a finished piece of workmanship, rather than minister to the real edification of the people. The following anecdote of Martin Luther will do to read in this connection:

When the theologians from Suabia and Strasburg assembled, in the year 1537, at Wittenberg, to converse with Dr. Luther, on the article of the most Holy communion, Bucer, at the request of several learned men, preached a sermon in the parish church of Wittenberg, and was invited by Luther to supper. Whilst at the table, several began to speak about the sermon, and Luther said to Bucer, "I was very much pleased with your sermon; but I am a much better preacher than you." "Yes," said Bucer, "all who have heard you, give you this testimony, and every body must praise your sermons."—"Not so," Luther replied. "You must not understand this as vainglory. I know my weakness, and cannot preach such ingenious and learned sermons as you. But when I ascend the pulpit, I see what kind of hearers I have; to those I preach what they can understand. Most of them are poor laymen and plain people. But you make your sermons too high, and in air; thus your sermons are only for the learned, and my countrymen here cannot understand them. Therefore I do as a faithful mother does, who gives to her crying baby her breast, and gives it milk to drink, by which it is better nourished than by giving it sugar and other delicious sirups from an apothecary shop. Thus every minister ought to act, and should see what kind of hearers he has, and whether they understand his preaching, and he should not show his great learning."

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

BY MRS. L. T. MC. KUNE.

IN every human being dwells an inner, hidden life, unknown by others, and indescribable by themselves. They know they have certain thoughts, feelings and motives, but cannot tell why. They have hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, for which they cannot account and which others do not discern. Even parents and children, husband and wife, brothers and sisters, never know each other. They spend their lives together, and yet, to a certain degree, are strangers. There are misconstructions put upon words and actions; misrepresentations of feelings and motives, and misunderstandings that go unexplained. Many times when one seeks to please another, he may be sending arrows through and through the breast he would make happy.

Great trials and sorrows, joys and pleasures, do not ordinarily make up the sum of human happiness and misery. Not the convulsive throes of anguish, nor paraded blessings, not great griefs that call forth the sympathy of the multitude, but the secret stings of hidden foes, the bitter, biting injustice and cruelty, dealt out with haste by hands that should be the first to protect—the base treachery of friends that must not be exposed, the little indescribable words and acts of sympathy and kindness,—the tender solicitude which is felt, but cannot be told,—the smile of approbation, and secret influences that cannot be accounted for, all combined to greater or less extent, control the outward life and character, and a result ensues, which eternity alone will reveal.

A hidden life of sunshine we will not touch upon, but from observation will speak of those whose hearts lacerated by what some would term a "cruel fate," whose silent grief, bitter mockings and scourging, cause them to seek rest somewhere. Right here where good and evil are striving for the mastery, is the turning point in life. Some vainly, oh how vainly, seek relief in

the things of this world, and enter the arena of wealth and fashion, mingling with the gay in various rounds of earthly pleasure. Others again seek refuge for a restless soul in the great maelstrom of dissipation and vice, in unholy alliances, in midnight revelry, in the intoxicating cup with lewd companions, and in debauchery of every kind. But oh, such sources only add bitter pangs and remorse of conscience, driving to a phrenzy the already maddened brain, and sinking the immortal, blood-bought soul beneath the brute, and into everlasting destruction, unless kind Providence succeeds in arresting their downward progress.

Oh, to grief stricken ones how gladly would I herald it, trumpet-tongued, there is a true source of relief: praise God, for every wounded, weary wanderer in this wide world of woe there is a sovereign balm. It is the only infallible remedy—the all atoning blood of Christ.

Those who seek this relief begin a hidden life which, it would seem, an angel's pen would fail to portray. Yet as God gives us utterance we will endeavor to give some shadowy outlines which we have been enabled to observe. Those who have found this relief instinctively turn away from self and the world, and live alone for God and the salvation of souls. They are then prepared to sympathize with every human woe, always ready to go where Jesus leads, even to the lowest sinks of iniquity, or the most miserable abode of human wretchedness, where a soul can be benefited and saved from earthly suffering, or snatched from eternal death. They are ready to forego all earthly ease, wealth, pleasure, or honor, give up their friends, take their lives in their hands, and go forth to battle for the truth and the right.

Who would not praise God for the hidden life of seeming ill, for perhaps our Father has permitted it because he saw that it is the only means by which we could be brought to seek and obtain that which is of infinite value and eternal benefit—a "life hid with Christ in God." Oh, that the world might

understand its wealth and beauty, its everlasting glory, around God's dazzling throne.

NUTS FOR THE NEEDY.

BY F. ABEL.

A prayerless church member is like a pump in a dry well—of no spiritual use, and an eye sore to both God and the church.

As well talk of sensual angels as to talk of worldly-minded Christians,—a misnomer.

Hypocrites are as invulnerable as Leviathans, and more to be dreaded than sharks.

An unbridled, rattled headed, jesting, blackguarding, professor of religion, is an abscess in the body of Christ,—the Church,—filled with pus.

Fashionable saints, and fashionable sinners are convertible terms—synonymous.

To see Christians, (so called) join hands with worldlings, in vain, sensual, amusements, reminds, one of the "true proverb, the dog has returned to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

Lukewarm Christians are nauseating to the Almighty.

Doctors of Divinity without the special anointing of the Holy Ghost, are as lifeless, spiritless, and powerless as a marble statue, and as repulsive to a live church as a corpse to a living man. They can no more feed Christ's sheep with the true nutriment of the Word, than a mule can nurse a lamb.

An austere sanctimoniousness in a minister or layman of the church, is as repulsive to people as a ghost is frightful.

Is it supposable, when ministers and members of the church, distrusting God's word and oath, go down to Egypt for safety, and unite with Freemasons and Oddfellows, that they do not hear Balaam's Ass reproving them for their madness, for though he be dead he yet speaketh?

A formal, faithless church member, is like a collapsed balloon.

EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY O. H. BAGLEY.

THE religion of Christ is a religion of love; its law is the religion of kindness, and its exercises are the exercises of benevolence. It shuts out the parade of grandeur, and the circle of worldly pleasures. It delights to visit the abodes of misery and the retreats of sorrow. It whispers its consolations to the dejected mind, and administers relief to the wants of the sufferer. Religion is a love that comforts the poor widow, and the orphan, and brings relief to weary souls. It brings glad tidings to the captive soul and sets at liberty them that are bound. It has comforted many a poor soldier while in the prison cell. When every hope was gone, Jesus condescended to bless him with the hope of heaven. This hope is for all of us to enjoy. "Seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Paganism could glory in her heroes, her lawgivers; her philosophers, her orators, and her poets; but Christianity exhibits a founder who went about doing good, and his disciples in every age have devoted their time, their talents, their property and their influence to instruct and bless mankind.

Spring Valley, Iowa.

A TREACHEROUS HIGHWAY.

ONCE let the people get poisoned with the wretched falsehood, that in order to carry on the work of the church, and meet its costs, they must contrive some roundabout device of sale, or fair, or picnic, a mixture of merchandise, cajolery, and merrymaking; by which the few shall be deluded into parting with more than they want to give, and the many shall be educated into the worse delusion of supposing they are not to surrender anything to the Christ who died for them, without an ostensible equivalent taken back, and you strike at the root of all Christian charity, while the name is on your

lips. You cast up a treacherous highway for the Lord's feet. You hide out of sight the central reality of sacrifice, which is the giving up to God of that which costs the selfish heart something. You eat out the heart of the church to extend its outward prosperity. No scheme to endeavor to carry up missionary zeal will bear inspection, which interposes a worldly, or self-seeking, or ambitious motive, between the soul and the Saviour.

THE COVERING OF RAMS' SKINS.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

Ex. 26. 14, "And thou shalt make a covering for the tent, of rams' skins dyed red." I have spoken before of rams, sheep and lambs, as being a class of animals used in sacrifice to represent Jesus as the Lamb of God. The third covering of the tabernacle was of rams' skins. John saw Jesus coming unto him and said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" At another time he stood, and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Thousands of sacrifices have pointed to him; a weary world has been waiting for him; prophets and poets have sung of him; and now he has come: but how few who know him! He comes in tenderest love to his own, but his own receive him not. They are looking for a warrior, a prince, a conqueror; one who shall deliver them from their enemies; but his voice is not heard in their streets. Humbly, quietly, he moves among the children of men doing good. With a heart full of love and sympathy to all mankind, he blesses, he feeds, he weeps, he ministers; but he is reviled and rejected. He warns, he entreats, he prays, he yearns over men; but he is despised and set at naught. Yes, he is led as a lamb to the slaughter. As a lamb without blemish and without spot he is offered for the redemption of man. Thus he opens up the way to God. Now all mankind may wash their robes and make them white in his blood, and

enter in ; "And the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Sinner, behold the lamb of God ! He has died for you. What unutterable anguish has he endured that there might be a way opened for your escape ; that you might be saved from endless death ! He holds out his hands beseechingly, for he sees your danger as you cannot see it. He says, "Come." He pleads with you. He is holding a controversy with you by his Spirit, for he wants to save you from eternal burnings. He pleads with the Father for you ; "Spare him yet another year."

Will you hold a controversy with God ? Will you contend with your Maker ? Will you despise so great deliverance which has been wrought out for you at such a price ? Then *how shall you escape ?*

"And thou shalt make a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red."

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah ? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength ? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat ? I have trodden the wine press alone ; and of the people there was none with me : for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury ; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment."

Oh, the wrath of the Lamb ! Who shall be able to bear the wrath of the Lamb ? Once he spake in tones of tenderest love and mercy, wooing a rebellious world. Now he comes to render recompense to his enemies, and vengeance to his adversaries. No wonder they call for the rocks and the mountains to fall on them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb !

Jesus opened the book of God, and stood up in the synagogue to read.—And the words he read were, "The

Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor ; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—And he closed the book and sat down. He did not read the whole of that last sentence. *Mark that.* He broke off at a comma. He could not have said, "This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears," if he had read the whole of the sentence ; "for the day of vengeance of our God" is yet to come.—Prepare—ye inhabitants of the earth, prepare to meet it. *Now* is the day of mercy and love ; this is a day of invitation and entreaty. Soon the wrath of God will be revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness, and ungodliness of men who obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The mountains shall be melted with the blood of the slain, and the dust of the earth shall be soaked with it, and made fat with their fatness. Then will be fulfilled that word, "The day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come. See Isaiah 34th and 35th chapters."

Those who upon earth followed the Lowly One, despised and scorned by man, will be spared then, *as a father spareth his own son* that serveth him. "Forever with the Lord shut in." That covering which is their shelter, and refuge, and hiding place,

"The wounds of Jesus for their sin,
Before the world's foundation slain,"

will be a swift and constant witness against all outsiders, proclaiming their damnation just. That day which will be one of terror and blackness of darkness to the deceived professors, and sinner, will be one of exaltation and triumph to all the holy ones of God who here upon earth were partakers of Christ's sufferings.

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly : Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Tarr Farm, Pa.

WORD OF THEIR TESTIMONY.

BY JANE E. CONEY.

WE are admonished not to believe every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God. By what standard are we to try them? "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them."

The arch deceiver is represented in the Scriptures as capable of transforming himself into an angel of light. He often brings detached portions from the blessed word, as he did to our Saviour, and says, "It is written." How easily we might be prompted to yield, had not the Saviour set an example.

David says, "Thy word is a lamp." It is the light that maketh manifest, and that proceedeth from the word of God. But many seek after cunningly devised fables—novels, etc.,—but they despise the word of God. Let us hold fast the form of sound words which we have heard, bearing witness with simplicity and gentleness to all the truths contained in the Bible. Let us imitate the Christians of Berea. St. Luke says, "They of Berea were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so." The cause of God is most terribly disgraced by the resort of his professed children to banqueting and revelings for enjoyment. The testimony of their lives is to the effect that the promises fail, and the religion of Jesus is so unsatisfactory in the enjoyment which it affords that they are obliged to seek for happiness in worldly pleasures. We must either reject the views which the Scriptures give us of this subject, or conclude that by far the greater majority of professing Christians are destitute of vital godliness. "Prove any pursuit contrary to the requirements of God as revealed in his word, and we must instantly renounce it. 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.'"

Let us imitate the lives of the Apostles. They speak to us from the stake,

and from the cross, to which they were condemned, for the love and testimony they bore for Jesus. They speak to us from the height of heaven where they are reigning in glory now with their Redeemer. "They fought a good fight." It was not only through the "blood of the Lamb," but by the "word of their testimony" that they overcame. It is meet that heaven be filled with joy at their salvation.

The Bible says of those who put their trust in God, that they shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of God's house, and he shall make them drink of the rivers of his pleasure." Satan is displaying in these latter times the whole of his imposing army. He aims at full victory over the high places of earth. Who shall withstand him but you, scattered children of God, who have this promise from the Captain of your salvation, "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." Noah was the "prophesier of justice," the herald of judgements. He built the ark, and by this ark which he built by faith, he condemned the world.—The world then perished in the flood—not one escaped. He had warned them, he had cried to them, he had published, threatened and preached, during the space of a hundred and twenty years all in vain. So will it be in the end of this world as it was in the days of Noah.

However much our testimony on earth may be despised by fashionable followers of mammon, a day is approaching when our Lord will come with all his holy angels, and then will he say, "Fear not, thou hast confessed me before men, now will I confess thee before my Father which is in heaven."

It melts the heart to think that God is as full of mercy, as I am of sin; he, as free to forgive as I am to offend; he hath daily mercies for daily sins.

God tells you, if you repent, you shall find mercy: and will you not believe him? Because thou hast been a sinner, wilt thou make God a liar!

REPENTANCE.

BY REV. GEORGE W. COLEMAN.

REPENTANCE lies at the foundation of all genuine Christian experience. The conditions of salvation are well defined in the Scriptures, and grow out of man's relation to his God; therefore they cannot be abrogated or changed, but are an absolute necessity. Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, are the terms in which these conditions are expressed. They are just as necessary to prepare the way for the work of regeneration, as the power of God is necessary to accomplish it. From the nature of the case, it is impossible to exercise saving faith without first having genuine repentance. Both are in a sense the gift of God, and yet, they are each, the act of the creature. The air we breathe is the gift of God, but the act of respiration is our own.

Our present purpose is to notice the things embraced in that repentance which needeth not to be repented of.—The Scriptures teach us that godly sorrow worketh repentance—that is, precedes, and leads on to repentance.—Godly sorrow supposes a perception of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and a consequent abhorrence thereof. This sense of sin,—its damning nature, of righteousness, the infinite purity and holiness of God, and of a judgment to come,—the certain ultimate infliction of the penalty for sin, and the reward of virtue, is the result of the influence of the Holy Spirit on the heart. It brings a deep, heart felt regret, that we have ever broken God's holy law, and offended a being of such infinite love. We are ready to make any, and all amends for the past, in our power.

1. Repentance embraces a turning from sin to God,—a total and eternal abandonment of sin in all its forms. The individual who will still consent to perform one act of disobedience, betrays a lack of genuine repentance. "He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." "The truly penitent soul, is ready to forsake every evil

way, and cleave to that which is good. "I hate the sins which made me mourn," is the language of his heart. Nothing now is more abhorrent in his sight, than the very sins he once rolled as a sweet morsel under his tongue. He would fain flee from them, as from contact with a deadly viper." Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

2. A hearty confession of sin is included in repentance. We are willing, nay, even anxious, when fully subdued, to repair the injury we have done, as far as lies in our power. A confession of our sin, in many instances, is all that we can do. When one of our fellows sins against us, we cannot regard him guiltless until he makes confession of his wrong. This is a law of our being. Neither can God hold him guiltless, who has lived in rebellion against his authority, until he has made a proper confession. Our secret sins are to be confessed to God. Sins against society, or of which they are aware, demand public confession; while special sins against our fellows, require that we make special confession to the injured party. Such a confession reveals, as perhaps nothing else can, the deep sincerity of our hearts, and the abhorrence with which God views sin, showing it to be no trifle. It has also a powerful tendency to humble our hearts before him, a very important work to be done. The true spirit of confession is seen in the case of the returning prodigal. "Father I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants." "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

3. It includes *restitution*. If we have injured the character of our fellow, by slander, justice demands that we should make as public and extensive an avowal of his innocence as we have done in defaming him; but if we have defrauded

him of his goods, we must restore in kind. That repentance surely is not genuine which permits its subject to hold his ill gotten gain. Can a just and holy God, under any circumstances, set his seal of approbation on such an one? Never! No matter how far back in the history of the individual the transaction lies, or whether the subject of the fraud be an individual, association, or government, all must be done that can possibly be, to rectify the fraud. The frequent reception of "conscience money," by the public treasury, indicates the uneasiness in the minds of men on this subject. "Provide things honest, not only in the sight of the Lord, but of all men."

4. Entire consecration is embraced in repentance. "This is our *reasonable service*, as well as our bounden duty. We must not stop to dispute claims with God, to see if we cannot keep back part of the price. He must have *all*, or he will accept of none. We must take an inventory, of all we have, and as *really* pass over into the hands of God, according to the best light we have, all we see, and all we do not see, for time, and for eternity, as we would pass a piece of titled property into the hands of another. Many are willing to surrender in part, perhaps mainly; but generally each individual has some object to which he clings. One holds on to his voice, another to his reputation, another to his riches, another to his associates, another to the vanities of the world; and thus they vitiate what they would do, by what they will not do. "Whosoever he be of you, that forsaketh not *all* that he hath, *he cannot be my disciple*," is the unchangeable covenant of God with men. When this is done, the reply of the Apostle to the jailor is in place: "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.*"

5. There is, what Mr. Wesley calls, "Repentance in believers," which consists in a discovery, or realization, of our inbred corruptions,—a loathing of the same, and a turning to God for deliverance. This conviction does not bring a sense of *guilt*, but, rather, a sense of *want*. In a justified state the

sense of guilt is gone, and in a state of entire holiness the sense of want is gone, and in addition, in both these states, the positive testimony of the Holy Ghost is given to the fact. "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

WHO ARE CHRIST'S DISCIPLES?

BY MISS R. A. HUMPHREY.

LET us look at this question fairly. Let us not quibble or evade. Let us have our conclusions transparent as truth itself, and abide by them.

The Evangelical churches of to-day boast many members. Their members increase. Are these all Christ's disciples? Are one half of these "Christians," Christ's true and faithful followers? Are one-third? Let us see. As professed followers of Jesus let us test ourselves. If we are Christ's disciples we believe in Him, and act according to this belief. What did He teach? Do we know? Have we not perverted the spirit and meaning of His sayings? Take for example the saying—Take no thought for the morrow, etc. What is the modern translation of this saying? Do not take a great deal of thought. Try to stop taking thought on Sunday, and while praying, do not think quite *all* the time about money-making."

But Christ said: Take *no* thought; do as your Heavenly Father directs day by day, and hour by hour, and leave the rest with Him. Shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Tried by this test, how many disciples has Jesus on the earth to-day?—How many who have such perfect, entire faith in God? Let us not deceive ourselves:—God is not mocked. Not all that say unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom: but they who do the *will* of my Father in Heaven.

Sell not virtue to purchase wealth.

MAN HIS OWN PHILANTHROPIST.

ON the 2nd of August, 1865, I visited my birth-place for the first time since I was removed from it in infancy. My sister, who was of age at the time of my birth, accompanied me in this pilgrimage as guide and interpreter. The spot possessed for me a double interest; there I entered life; there and then my mother departed.

A new farm-house has lately been built: but the old house in which my father dwelt is left standing, and employed for certain subordinate purposes of the farm. When we reached the door and were in the act of entering, my sister stopped short, arrested by the sudden uprising of an old memory, and said, pointing to the narrow lobby, "That is the spot where Jennie B — fell, on the morning of my mother's death."

Jennie B — was the daughter of a neighboring farmer. She had fallen into sin and sorrow; her parents, by way of showing their own virtue, treated their erring child with great cruelty. The details may remain unveiled. Having heard at night of my mother's serious illness, this desolate, broken-hearted young woman walked across the country early next morning to inquire after her health. As soon as she entered within the outer door she saw into the interior through a small window in the partition. Observing the bed, the clock, and all the principal articles of furniture draped in white, according to the custom of the country when a death occurs in the house, she sank on the ground in a swoon. When her spirit came again, and her pale lips were able to articulate, she said to those who hastened to her assistance, "I have lost the only friend I had in the world." I love that word: it is my mother's epitaph: the blessing of one that was ready to perish came upon her, after she had rested from her labors.

The fainting of that poor outcast when she saw that her friend was dead, and the spontaneous testimony that came from her breaking heart, I count a greater honor to my mother, than a

monument in Westminster Abbey. Here I gathered, more than fifty years after it fell, a fruit of true philanthropy. I shall fondly cherish it till I go to join her company.

This is the kind of philanthropy that is needed,—that already exists in considerable quantity in the world, and that will, when there is enough of it, make the world new. It is a love of our kind, dwelling deep in the heart, and flowing out like a well-spring, whenever it meets with a fellow-creature in need. It is a philanthropy not abstract, theoretic, and general, but concrete, personal, effective.

We must not think of philanthropists as a few eminent and peculiar personages, standing out in high relief on the page of history,—men born, like poets, to their destiny, whose office is to cure human ills on the stage of a continent, and having for audience an admiring world. As long as we think of philanthropists, that the men are all Howards, and the women all Nightingales, we shall not ourselves work any deliverance in our own corner of the earth. Most precious are those loftiest eminences of practical love, pointing heaven-ward in sight of the nations: but alone they would not very widely leave their mark on the misery of mankind. The bulk of the work, after all, is ever done by the thousands, and ten thousands of smaller philanthropists, who are never heard of half a mile from home.

Active philanthropy must be a law operating from within, and not a system adopted from without. Whenever anything comes to be valued and honored in a community, it is sure to be counterfeited. There is a certain spurious, put-on or got-up philanthropy which presides over ragged-school committees in the city, and snarls at a servant at home who may be doing her best to please. The law of gravitation is never found acting on a steeple, but forgetting itself in the shaft of a coal-pit where it is out of sight.—This is a law of God; and it never puts on appearances. God is true; but, alas, every man is, more or less, a

liar. The business of a Christian is to get the truth within himself every day strengthened and the lie weakened, as the house of David waxed and the house of Saul waned, until the rightful authority became the sole power. Let the lie be pressed and persecuted until it be driven forth. Give it no quarter within your borders. When love to our kind becomes a law in our hearts, it will come easy and come always like a stream from its fountain. It will never be caught napping. It will do good as it has opportunity, alike to the wretch who can make no return, and the personage who could herald your praise through the nation.

I should value very lightly the philanthropy of the man who has devised ten thousand to an hospital by a will duly signed and locked in the safe, if I caught him harshly inflicting pain on a poor man, or a defenceless woman, while his breath was still in his body. The *post mortem* philanthropy is not genuine: love should circulate through a man's life like the blood in his veins, and not be relegated to the future with a provision to make it spring from a dead man's grave. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, I suppose, more than a great testator. Besides, the giver obtains for himself all the blessedness of his gifts; a blessedness lost to those who give after they are dead.

Commend me to the manufacturer who makes the web to stand alone by firmness of texture and quantity of material: I shall have nothing to do with him who makes the cloth stand perhaps stiffer up by supplementing with starch the deficiency of work and wool. The ills of life are real; we must have a real love to cope with them. The sufferings of humanity are not ghosts; you cannot conjure them away with a name. Philanthropy must be made to wear, not to sell.

Howard, the greatest name in this department,—the Homer of this grand, enacted epic,—was not a great man, though he was a great philanthropist. He possessed no towering genius, and as to acquirements, although his information was respectable in amount, he

could not write and spell his own tongue correctly. Perhaps it was specially of the Lord to use such an instrument in so great a work, that none might be able to say, I would also be a good philanthropist if I were a greater man. But Howard was true, though he was not great; or, rather, his greatness sprang from his truth. Inconsistency, if he had been guilty of it, would have unerved his arm and undermined his influence. If his private life had not sustained his public efforts, his public efforts, wanting a foundation, would have fallen flat on the ground. If the unheathful cottages on his own property at Cardington had been left wet above and wet below, while he screwed the rents out of the squalid inhabitants, he would not have been able to pour the balm of humanity on the barbarism of British and continental prisons.—Neglect of smaller oppressions near him would have shorn the locks of his strength, and the mighty Philistines against whom he went out, instead of falling before him, would have put out his eyes and made sport of his blindness. It was love that led him forth, and truth that made him strong.

I have said that philanthropy, in order that it may be effectual, must be the efflux of a law working from within. I now observe, farther, that this force when it has been generated, must be wisely, patiently regulated. There must be an impulse in order to effective action; but we must not act by impulses. The men of our day, more than those of any previous age, can appreciate the evil of a waste of power. The power necessary to drive the machinery which shall renew the world, is such as steam cannot supply; and it is a pity to throw any of the rare commodity away. A valiant foreigner, bent on getting home to enrol himself in the patriot army, with a seedy coat and a blue eye, succeeded one day in eluding the vigilance of the servant, and presented himself in my study.—As evidence of his piety, and to enforce his request for a shilling, he took a Bible from his pocket, and called it his companion, and kissed it fervently.—

I kept my shilling, and showed him to the door. In that particular case I think I did not contravene the laws of philanthropy; I only did the nearest public-house out of the benefit of a dram. In the present advanced stage of our knowledge any one can, and many do lecture us on the evil results of indiscriminate charity. The terrible text is always at hand,—little children sent to enact misery in order to draw from the benevolent what shall feed the guilty passions of their parents. The witness that warns us against giving money in obedience to sudden impulses, stirred by simulated suffering is a true witness; but one side of truth may lead to a false course of conduct, if the other side be not simultaneously exhibited. I greatly fear that the very strength of the reason on one side will throw us too far over on the other. When I was a boy I wanted one day to mount a naked horse in a field, and was not able; another boy at my request came to my aid, and helped me on so vigorously that I toppled over, and fell among the animal's feet on the other side. I bought some wit that day at the price of some bruises, and it has been useful to me ever since. I own that we need help to harden ourselves against impulsive, indiscriminate giving; but I am jealous for myself and others, lest we get too violent a pitch in that direction, and fall on the other side into calous indifference to human suffering.

We must not smother love's impulses in our bosoms; we must cherish them. It is not necessary to seal the fountain, if we would only be at pains to direct the stream. Where no water is, no ships with their precious burdens navigate the interior of a country; and even where there is a stream constant and strong, it does not follow that you can have safe and profitable inland navigation. If the water turn sharply round a corner here, and leap white and frothy over a rock there, on its way to the sea, men trust no ships to its impetuous and eccentric movements. What then? Then, neither entrust your treasure to that wayward

stream, nor let the country lie lean for want of commerce. Unitedly, practically, laboriously, skillfully, excavate a canal. Your canal will do nothing for you dry; and your river will do nothing for you flowing to its brim; but let the stream into the canal, and forthwith ply your traffic; the whole neighborhood will be enriched. Let us neither check nor waste the impulses of humanity; we need them all, and more. Direct the stream wisely; but for your own sake and the world's sake, let it flow.

The great point is to get the units which when, joined together, will constitute the power. A drop of water cannot drive a mill; but many drops united can. A great mass, however, cannot constitute the power unless every atom be of the proper kind. A huge heap of dust could not be used in propelling the machinery. The mass must be composed of atoms which have, every one, the combined gravity and fluidity necessary to the generation of mechanical power. It is thus that a vast multitude of selfish men formed into a benevolent society will prove an abortion. The constituent elements must possess the true characteristics. Get many loving hearts, then let them join heads and hands together for effectual work on the world.

The reader has not the power for practical philanthropy, which Buxton wielded in parliament and Chalmers in the pulpit, within the memory of this generation; but every one has the power that God has given him, and he who uses one talent well, is soon rewarded with another.—It is not by standing and looking wistfully to the great opportunities of great men, that we shall do good to our age and country; adopt rather Wellington's famous word at the crisis of Waterloo—if it be apocryphal it is so good that it ought to have been genuine—"Up, guards, and at them." This is the way to win a battle. There lie the black dense imposing masses of the foe,—the sins and sufferings of humanity. They are legion.—Plunge into the nearest flank of

the cloud-like host, and lay about you heartily—*every man his own philanthropist*; it is probable that your stroke will smite down some enemies, and set some wretched captives free; but at the lowest and the worst, the effort will be healthful exercise for your own spiritual life.

Take the advantage of plans, and the support of large combinations, as one drop joins with others, when there is a mill-wheel to be driven; but have always in heart and in hand a private personal philanthropy, as every drop of the stream is always obedient to its organic laws. Opportunities, alas! abound; the raw material of philanthropy is plentiful. Within your reach there is some person or some family, drawn by vice or poverty, or both, down towards the gulf, like a boat on the rapids above Niagara. Rush in; lay hold. Wrap the line of human love around those that are ready to perish. Hang upon them, and haunt them, and refuse to let them go.—Speak to men for God, and to God for men; and if you are tempted to despond, remember the word—"Love one another, as I have loved you."—*William Arnot.*

THE SNARE BROKEN.

BY MRS R. A. R. GRIFFIN.

IN very early childhood I sought and found the pearl of price, the new birth, but being so very young was cruelly ridiculed by an old Methodist man, who did not think me capable of understanding what I said. My mother, a deeply pious woman, was of the same opinion and therefore said nothing to encourage me. But I know I did for a long time, receive the thing I asked for, without knowing it. In other words I did truly enjoy the light and joy of the Spirit without calling myself a Christian. So, in after years, when I did earnestly seek sanctification I did receive great blessing, and rapturous nearness with my Saviour. I did not understand it as sanctification, for soon after came temptation, which I understood as

the remains of self, for if any one did teach me I could not understand the word sanctification to mean anything short of absolute perfection, and determined to rest in nothing short of this.

The consequence was, God in the infinitude of His mercy winked at my ignorance and consequent unbelief and did not leave me to condemnation. At the same time I resolved to hold fast *that* whereunto I had attained and continued earnest in prayer.

I know that I received answers to prayer in temporal things.

Fool that I was, to suppose that while He attended to all my minor wants He desired to give me, more than all other things together.

Thus years passed on, and I was sometimes tempted to think because I had ceased to feel condemnation and could discover none of those evil passions in my heart, that I was given over to hardness of heart. I was not left however to linger here, for God proved His presence every day and I knew He was true to His promises and would never cast off one that came to Him. I therefore hoped on, till at length The Lord sent one of his servants to me, a sister in Christ. She told me what a conflict she had recently endured; how she had been tempted to hate one who had rendered wrong and misrepresentation when gratitude alone was due.

Now I asked, What do you mean by temptation? I always thought such feelings the result of the remaining carnal mind. She was thoughtful awhile, and then said, I know that I love God and want to do His will. Now he has said, *Love your enemies*. Well, when I knew I was so deeply wronged I felt vexed, but knew that to do the will of God I must love my enemy. So I went away alone and struggled with God in prayer that He would enable me to do His will—to love my enemy—until I did love her. I felt that I could take her in my arms and kiss her, and plead with God to forgive her. Now, if I had hated her and cherished *ill will* towards her, I should know that it was the fruit of the carnal mind;

but as I had the love of God so fixed in my mind that I was led to repel the enmity, and enabled to love her, I conclude it was only the work of the tempter. The Spirit applied her illustration to my heart and I was enabled to rejoice in the faith of the gospel, and now while I do sometimes suffer, being tempted, I have the sure promise, my grace is sufficient for you, and I pray and trust, and rejoice.

THE TWO MASTERS.

BY MRS. MARY A. MORSE.

How simple it sounds to hear one employed in the service of the Devil say, "It is the only way he has to get a living." O vain and foolish man! Is the Devil better able to give you a living than God, the great Creator? I say no! Well, then, throw away your fiddle, cease to be a musician for his Satanic majesty, and away to the Saviour who is acquainted with all your wants, and He will give you good employment and good wages in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life. Satan can deal only with the present. Christ is the great presiding Judge to reward every one according to his works. If we give the Devil our labor we shall have our portion with him, which will be banishment forever from the presence of the Lord, in everlasting torment. But, on the other hand, if we labor for the Lord, we shall become thriving and fruitful branches of the living vine, and he who knows all our wants will abundantly supply them.—Rich or poor, we are always happy, and our reward will be the reward of the righteous, which is a crown of never-fading glory—a home of love and joy. Who then would not labor for such a reward, and do it faithfully and cheerfully? Well might the gospel say, "The sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Choose between life and death. Let each one be sure he makes a wise choice. The wages of sin is death—eternal death. But the reward of the

righteous is life—eternal life. Sin is of the Devil, but righteousness is of Christ. Now which character will you choose? Consider between the two, and make your own choice. As for me let me live the life of the righteous, and let my last end be like theirs.

PROCASTINATION.

THE late Dr. Clark, of Philadelphia, in one of his sermons, illustrates the absurdity of deferring the work of salvation, by the following striking fact. He was present on an occasion when a most solemn appeal was made to the young, to seek God without delay; the preacher, urging as a motive, that, should they live to be old, difficulties would multiply, and their reluctance to the subject would increase with their years. As the preacher descended from the pulpit at the close of the service, an aged man came forward, and extending his hand to him, with much emotion, remarked, "Sir, what you said just now is unquestionably true.—I know from my experience. When I was young, I said to myself, I cannot give up the world now, but I will by and by when I have passed the meridian of life, and begun to sink into the vale of years; then I will become a Christian; then I shall be ready to attend to the concerns of my soul. But here I am, an old man, and I am not a Christian. I feel no readiness nor disposition to enter upon the work of my salvation. In looking back, I oftentimes feel as though I would give worlds if I could be placed where I was when I was twenty years old.—There were not then half as many difficulties in my path as there are now." But though the big tears coursed down his cheek as he gave utterance to these truths, the emotions that were then stirred within him, like the early dew, soon passed away. He did not turn to God.

HEAR not ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy. Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

THE FOUNDATION.

Faith, though rational, is founded
 Not on man, but God alone;
 On the great Jehovah grounded,
 Persons Three in essence One.
 Who aright his Lord confesses,
 Unremovable he stands,
 Fixt on an eternal basis,
 Stablished with almighty hands.

Not on vain imaginations
 Do we, Lord, for proof depend;
 Not on fancied inspirations,
 When Thou dost Thy Spirit send.
 Unenlightened reason leaves us
 Nought to build our faith upon:
 Evidence Thy Spirit gives us
 Brighter than the mid-day sun.

Slighting nature's every feeling,
 We on grace alone rely:
 God in us His Son revealing
 Makes us *Abba*, *Father* cry.
 When we find the hidden Treasure,
 Christ, discovered from above,
 Then our souls perceive the pleasure,
 Impulse sweet of Jesus' love.

O that all our blind gainsayers
 Might the loving impulse feel!
 Triune God, regard our prayers;
 Thou in them Thyself reveal.
 By the Spirit's demonstration
 Teach their hearts the mystery;
 Show to each the great salvation;
 Tell him, *I have pardoned thee*.

—Charles Wesley.

THE LORD OUR KEEPER.

BY E. A. BROWN.

MANY Christians fail in properly committing the keeping of the soul to God. Hence, they are overcome, and brought into bondage. They have depended upon Christ for pardon, but do not depend on him for sanctification. There is a special call for holiness. Let every child of God commit the keeping of his soul unto Him as unto a faithful Creator. We dishonor God when we do not look to him for the keeping of the soul as well as for its conversion.

I thank God he ever did enable me to make a full consecration without any reserve whatever. He enables me to look for the keeping of my soul and body every moment. I would rather die and go home to heaven than remove anything from the consecrated altar one moment. My motto is victory or death. I can safely say the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all inbred sin—from all roots of anger, malice, hatred, envy, strife, love of the world, pride of the heart, and every thing that is contrary to the will of God.

I do not think we shall get to heaven for over joyful feelings, but in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. We must believe that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, and cleanses now. I do pray God to put this cleansing working, moving power in the hearts of his people, more and more.

VOLTAIRE'S SNEER AT SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON wrote a work upon the prophet Daniel, and another upon the book of Revelation, in one of which he said that in order to fulfill certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, 1260 years, there would be a mode of traveling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of mankind would be so increased that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, got hold of this and said: "Now, look at that mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems, that in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!" exclaimed the philosophic infidel, Voltaire, in the self-complacency of his philosophy.—But who is the dotard now?

Editorial.

SANCTIFICATION.

There is a strong tendency to substitute, in religion, man's work for God's work. The result is superficial piety. There is a wonderful power in human will, but it can never make a depraved heart pure. Science has accomplished wonders, but it has never made a saint. This is the work of God alone. He only can create; and holiness is a new creation.

If you have consecrated yourself to the Lord, feel encouraged that his grace has enabled you to take this necessary step. As long as you held on to anything, it was impossible to make much proficiency in the Divine life. If all has been given to God, a great and mighty obstacle in the way of your salvation has been removed. But all has not been done that requires to be done. You need *God's work in the heart*. You must have the baptism of the Holy Ghost to **REFINE AND PURIFY YOUR SOUL**. This is the great want. In the lack of this, is found the deficiency in much of the so called holiness of modern times. This so called holiness is a product of an intellectual assent to the truth, and a forced consent of the will. It is altogether a human affair. It does not come up to the requirements of our natures, or the description given in the Bible of those in whom grace reigns. The work is of earthly origin, and bears the impress of earth. Self is altogether too prominent in the subjects of this work. If they are plain, outspoken persons, and apt to disregard other's feelings, they denominate their want of sensibility, moral honesty. They pride themselves upon being "straight." Were they wholly sanctified, no matter how blunt they are by nature, they would become kind and considerate. "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Others take the opposite bent. They try to be so very polite and kind that they overdo the matter entirely. There is more of softness than of grace apparent in all they do and say. A sickly sentimentalism they denominate charity. There is the same trouble with them as with the others.

They have mistaken nature—polished, refined, it may be—but nature still, for grace. They stopped praying too soon. They did not believe right. They believed they had the blessing, instead of believing *for* the blessing. This is a sad mistake, and many make it.

Beloveds, insist on having a thorough work. Plead with God until He does for you all that you feel you need to have done. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promises." It will not take him long to save you fully if you meet his conditions. But you had better patiently wait on the Lord, a week or a month, or even a year, than take up with something short of a real work of grace in your soul.

If you are saved fully you will know it. Years will not elapse before you find out that God has sanctified you wholly. If you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God, you will be aware of the fact. The change will be too great, too radical, for you not to have as distinct a consciousness of it as you have of your own being. If you are really "crucified with Christ," and "die daily" to worldly associations and motives, the experience will take too deep a hold upon you to escape your observation.

Those acquainted with you will be made aware of the mighty change that has been wrought in you. Your inflexible adherence to the right, your patience amid trials and temptations, your faithful, conscientious discharge of every duty both to God and man, your happiness in the Lord under all circumstances, will impress your acquaintances with the fact that a great and wonderful change has passed over you. Do not, then, rest with simply consecrating all to God. Wait patiently upon him until the hallowed fire descends and rests upon you.

DEFYING THE ALMIGHTY.

The following facts we give upon the most reliable authority. Near Marengo, Ills., lives a man by the name of S—. He is a farmer in good circumstances, one of the old settlers of that region. He has been a very wicked man, bringing up his family in sin, and corrupting others by his

example. The past summer he built a new and substantial barn. To make it doubly secure, he had iron bolts made to fasten it together. As he took the bolts from the blacksmith, he said: "There, I have got something now that God Almighty himself can't break in pieces." He went home and finished the barn. In a short time after it was completed, a storm arose, of thunder and lightning, with wind. The barn was torn all to pieces, though the other buildings around it were uninjured. About the same time his wife died, his son ran away, and he who so boldly defied the Almighty, became a raving maniac. He challenged God, and God accepted the challenge. The poor man was too weak for Omnipotence. The destruction which he brought upon himself was so terrible and so marked, that his former associates were struck with horror and dismay.

Sinner, because there is wrath, beware! God's long-suffering is great; but it will not last forever. His patience is marvelous; but it may come to an end. Presume not upon his mercy, defy not his power. Submit to his authority, seek his pardoning favor, and be saved by his grace.

WANT OF PREACHERS.

In the early days of Methodism the dependence was upon God for the preachers. Men moved by the Holy Ghost, went from their farms and shops, and proclaimed, with warmth and fervor, the power of Christ to save. The people flocked to their ministry, and many were converted to God. Now, they have in New England a Theological Seminary, to train up "preachers for the times." But it seems they cannot meet the demand. The want of preachers is such as to embarrass the work. We believe it is so to a greater or less extent in all the churches which have undertaken to supply themselves, by educating young men for the ministry as a profession.

A writer in *Zion's Herald* makes the following sensible remarks upon the lack of preachers in the Methodist churches in New England:

"Dr. Coggeshall is not the only one who is burdened and alarmed at the scarcity of ministers, and the paucity of supply for

the future. In the Providence Conference only three, in the New England Conference, four were received on trial last year, and not much better for the other New England Conferences. These are alarming contrasts to the ten, twenty and thirty probationers, of earlier years, and there must be a cause for this amazing decline. Will you allow a plain dealer to offer a solution of this humiliating fact? Several have lately presented their explanations, but they failed to reach the true cause, as my analysis runs, and take symptoms for disease, and attribute the trouble to the effect, not to the cause. One judges it to be the result of poor pay. Doubtless! or else denominations which pay well, as some do, would be well supplied. But those which pay best, are oftenest on the hunt for divinity students; and many of our conferences which afford the poorest support have full lists of probationers.

Another alleges *the injustice of the appointments*, and the *capricious standard of worth* by which the churches select ministers. There is something in the charge.—He who is unlucky enough to be modest and diffident, or a plain, honest, outspoken preacher, or a little awkward or independent in his manner, or with a homely face, is set aside for a pretty-faced, dapper little fellow, who deals in pomatum, prettiness and proprieties. But these inequalities occur in all localities, and cannot therefore solve the mystery. What then prevents our young men from obeying the call to a divine vocation? There are *two reasons* in my mind, lying back of those usually alleged as the cause of this anomaly and sin.

The first is, *the low state of religion in New England*. It needs a warm and free spiritual state to bring a man to act up to his convictions. To be a minister of Christ, and deal with human souls and everlasting destinies, to preach God's truth, as "it is, unvarnished, uncompromising and entire, and assume the imposing obligations and awful responsibilities of God's ambassador, is second to no trust ever vested in mortals. And only a soul on fire with living experiences, and burdened with intense yearnings, will usually

respond to the challenge, who will go?—Here am I! send me! There are hundreds of young men who hear the call, see the imperative need, and wish they could answer it, but never do. An honest Christian cannot look on the ministry as it is considered half the world over, as an easy chance for a living, or a berth for indolent or imbecile sons, or a scientific profession. It is a high and holy office; requiring at once self-sacrifice, zeal and ability immeasurably beyond any other pursuit, and involving perils and trusts in which an angel might well be embarrassed. No mercenary or sinister motive will bring an honest man there. Only the clearest indications of duty, to a mind already imbued with instincts and experiences akin to the life and love of Jesus, can bring a man to a position where he willingly enters the sacred desk.

But the *spiritual life of New England is low and dull*. We have everything else for the grandest prosperity, but religion. All the *machinery* of evangelization abounds, and many hands wait to work it, but the souls, all alive and aglow with the aspirations of heavenly charity are wanting, and so it stands still in its ruts, or moves slowly and inefficiently on. The cold, aristocratic atmosphere around us so chills the life-blood of Methodism that she can scarcely keep her children alive, much less breathe into them the ardent and robust life which used to fill her pulpits with men of plenary joy and power.

Aristocracy builds its lofty and luxurious churches to exclude God's poor, tunes all exercises to a soft, genteel, and simpering air, disclaims all intention of ever preaching the gospel so as to hurt anybody's feelings, or interfere with rich sinner's sins, and of course if we are to keep any of the people of rank and consideration, we must follow the same fashion. So, between Delilah and the Philistines, our young Samson is robbed of his strength and sight, and goes stumbling along, too often the sport of his foes, when, if true to himself, he might have been master of the field.

Where are the warm, earnest, melting prayer meetings of days of yore, and the crowded class meetings which seemed so

much like heaven in their simple, cordial, soul-inspiring exercises? And the quarterly meetings and revivals which were like the baptism of Pentecost? There our early ministers were made. There our brethren prayed the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his harvest; he called them, and *they went*. But now the spirit, of the church is so feeble and formal, that her sons who hear the summons, go preach the gospel, look at the difficulties and responsibilities, doubt, debate, and then secure a passage for Tarshish. Aye, many a Jonah has hid in the hold of the church, who would be an apostle to men, but for her apathy, pride and worldliness."

IMMORTALITY.

Immortality in the creature is predicated only of righteousness. The term, "immortal," with its derivative, "immortality," occurs only five times in the Bible, namely in the following passages: "The king eternal, immortal, invisible."—1 Tim. 1:17. "The King of kings, and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality,"—1 Tim. 6:15, 16. "God will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life,"—Rom. 2:5-7. "This mortal must put on immortality; * * * so when this mortal shall have put on immortality."—1 Cor. 15:53, 54.

The Scripture meaning of any term must be determined from the use that is made of it in the Scriptures themselves. We cannot go to the writings of men to find out the import of Scripture terms and phrases. If we do, we are very liable to imbibe erroneous sentiments. "Comparing Scripture with Scripture," is the rule. Now when we compare these passages together, and note the relation of this term in each text to the context, we find nothing contrary to the position that immortality is predicated only of righteousness, but, on the contrary, enough to amply confirm that position. This fact constitutes one of the strong (if not indeed the strongest) holds of the theory of the annihilationists. It is no doubt a fact as stated at the head of this article,

that immortality is predicated only of righteousness. So those who live and die unrighteous shall not inherit or possess immortality. But does it, therefore, follow that they shall be blotted out of existence? No, by no means. *They shall not cease to exist.* The Holy Scriptures *very clearly* teach the undying, the eternal nature of man. The point of difficulty is a wrong definition of the terms "immortal" and "immortality." They are generally considered in the theological world, to mean *eternal conscious being*; whereas, the Scriptural import of these terms, is *eternal happiness*, being synonymous with the phrase, "eternal life," which always in the Scriptures means moral purity coupled with that eternal blessedness which results therefrom. Let us briefly examine the texts above cited. "The king eternal, immortal, invisible." Now, if the term "immortal" in this text means eternal conscious being simply, how apparent the tautology! for precisely the same signification belongs to the preceding word "eternal." But if it be understood to mean moral purity and blessedness as belonging to Jesus Christ, and, therefore, to last forever, how strikingly beautiful is this passage! Eternal! That is, always existing. Immortal! That is, always pure and blessed. Invisible! That is, invisible to mortal eyes.

"The king of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality." Here it is said of our Lord Jesus Christ that he only hath immortality. Now if immortality in this text means simply eternal consciousness, then it follows that Christ alone possesses this! Hence all others will, sooner or later, suffer an extinction of conscious being. What then does this text mean? Let us see. The apostle had just said to Timothy, (verse 12), "Lay hold on eternal life," i. e., that life of blessedness for both soul and body in the resurrection state, which results from a life of faith, in the mortal state. Then he charges him, with very great solemnity and force of expression, (see verses 13, 14), to keep this command [Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life!] without spot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ: which in his times he shall show

or give, eternal life to his followers) who is the BLESSED and *only* Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light no (mortal) man can approach unto," etc. "He shall show" "in his times" "eternal life," or "immortality," which means the same thing, to all believers. And he only hath it to show. He, and He *only*, dispenses this blessedness to the saints. "Who *only* hath immortality!" He only hath eternal blessedness in and of himself—all others derive it from him. His alone is underived: hence the phrase, "Who only hath immortality." The man Christ Jesus is the only man who has not been affected by the fall, and who, consequently, did not suffer the loss of immortality by it. He came to redeem man from the ruins of the fall: hence the necessity that eternal life, or immortality, should be inherent in Him. He is the only human being who *ever possessed*, i. e., always possessed a pure and blessed nature; hence the expression in verse 15, "Who is the *blessed* and *only* Potentate." We believe we have given the true signification of this text, and how completely does this interpretation wrest from the hands of annihilationists the argument on which they *so much* depend.

All men by nature are dead in sin and subjected to misery. Of Christ alone can it be said, "In him is life." "He *ever* liveth." "The Son hath life in *himself*." "The only begotten of the Father." "Who *only* hath immortality," and many other such like expressions, all pointing to the great fundamental characteristics of his being.

Again, "God will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, and honor and immortality; eternal life." Here immortality is put for an object to be sought after, which could not be if it means simple existence continued forever. That is everywhere in the Bible predicated of human nature, and is not therefore an object to be sought. But when we understand it to mean eternal bliss in heaven, with what grace, beauty and force, does the apostle's language come home to the heart!

"This mortal must put on immortality."

* * * So when this mortal shall have put on immortality," &c. This is evidently spoken, as the context very plainly shows, of the resurrection state of the bodies of the righteous dead.

We see, therefore, that immortality, or eternal conscious, blissful existence, is predicated only of righteousness; whereas eternal conscious being simply is predicated only of man everywhere in the Holy Scriptures, and is therefore the *sure* portion of all.

The phrases, "eternal damnation," "everlasting punishment," "their worm dieth not," "the fire is not quenched," "the blackness of darkness forever," "the vengeance of eternal fire," "everlasting fire," "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever," "shall be tormented forever and ever," "everlasting burnings," "the second death," "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment," (and many others) do sufficiently prove the eternal suffering of the wicked. How foolish to deny what is so plainly taught! O that the writer and reader may escape the awful fate of the wicked! L. W.

LETTER FROM PRES. BLANCHARD:

WHEATON COLLEGE, Ills.)
August 24th., 1867. }

REV. B. T. ROBERTS—*Dear Brother:* Reading an excellent number of the *Earnest Christian*" reminds me of a promise to our mutual friend and brother, Rawson, that I would write you a word on Secret Societies.

The general revival and almost universal popularity of the Secret Orders in this country, is undoubtedly one of the worst features and most dangerous symptoms of this age. You and I can remember the time when by the mere force of popular discussion, the lodge had become so unpopular, that a man who values his credit among his neighbors would as soon have been caught with a stolen sheep on his shoulder, as with a masonic apron on his person. And we know, also, for we have stood by as witnesses, that this state of the popular mind has been reversed, and the dark orders rise everywhere.

"Hang out these banners on the outer

wall," by no one right motive, truth, or reason addressed to the popular mind! No mass meetings have been called to reconsider the claims and do justice to the merits of the suppressed Lodges. No popular appeal, no public debates, such as everywhere attended and caused the revolution of the popular mind against Slavery, as also against Popery in Luther's days, and indeed every good cause which has prevailed since man was placed on earth! nothing of all these.

But the Lodges have crept back into our towns and villages like the brothels which are the Scriptural symbols of all spurious rites and worships; by night, by silence, by secrecy, by hints, by innuendoes, by lures addressed to lusts, and not by arguments addressed to the understanding.

The only semblance of argument I have heard, and which has ventured to stand out and challenge our scrutiny, has been that "our poor soldiers were safer, and surer of favors, if taken prisoners in our late war, for being Masons."

And yet with harlot facility of affirming and denying the same thing in the same breath, the same persons who justify our soldiers in lodge-joining, with the hope of favors from traitors and rebels, will spurn the idea that loyal Masons would show favor to rebel Masons to the injury of the country! Whereas, as a rule, the rebels were far more in earnest in their treason than our men were in their loyalty. So, either the lure of hopes for protection and favor from rebel lodge-men was a swindling falsehood used to fill the lodges with our troops, or the same powerful cause which could change traitors into friends to loyal soldiers must have made loyal men friends to traitors and so protected Lee's house; guarded rebel property; turned our troops into rebel sentinels over houses whose inmates shot them like dogs while they were doing dog-service for them; nay, the same secret power has been, and, as Thaddeus Stevens intimated, is still mighty enough to shield Andrew Johnson from impeachment and Jefferson Davis from the gallows!

As a christian, I have little to do with these things but to mourn over the crime,

treason and danger which they imply. Still, as Christians, we shut not our eyes to what is going on in the world around us.

My dear Brother, surely these are the last days, and

"When God resolves to scourge a nation's sins
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins."

Be it ours to follow Christ in his cleansing of his temple. The mightiest power on earth to manage mind is to day, and ever has been, sham solemn rites, debauching conscience with spurious, solemn obligations, which, excluding Christ, really belong to the god of this world who is Satan!

My dear brother, some earnest Christians in these parts are moving for a convention to call our nation to prayer that this dark incubus may be shaken off from the churches of Christ. Cannot such a national Convention be held?

Yours very respectfully, in Christ, and for a pure Christianity.

J. BLANCHARD.

CAMP MEETINGS.

COLDWATER, MICH.—The meeting held here, commencing Aug. 21st, was, in every respect, a complete success. The attendance was large, the order all that could be desired, and the manifestations of God's saving power were glorious. The Lord has raised up some most efficient laborers there among the brethren and sisters, and they co-operate heartily with the preachers in their self-denying efforts to promote the cause of God. Many interesting young people have consecrated themselves fully to the service of the Redeemer, and have entered upon a career of usefulness which is already telling for good upon the destiny of others.

The Conference was held in connection with the Camp Meeting. The session was satisfactory and harmonious. The work is in a prosperous condition in Michigan, and the preachers feel that they are well able to go up and possess the land.

SHEFFIELD, ILLS.—Three years ago, application was made to the Illinois Conference to send a preacher to Bureau Co.,

some sixty miles away from any appointment in the Conference. Rev. J. W. Dake was appointed to labor in that region.—He went with the apostolic spirit, and with apostolic fire, "without purse or scrip,"—without a single member or any appropriation of money for support. The people flocked out to hear him, and many were saved. The work has spread in all directions. Good circuits have been formed.—The Camp Meeting held in this region, commencing the 28th of August, was a season of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The conversions were numerous and clear, and many were sanctified fully, and the saints generally were greatly quickened. A great work has already been done in this region, and is going on in power, and bids fair to leaven this entire region of country with the truths of the Gospel.

WHITEWATER, WIS.—There was a small number of tents, but the attendance was good, and the meetings were marked by the Divine presence and power. Souls were converted, and sanctified, and conviction rested upon the minds of the people generally.

The pastor of the M. E. Church on the adjacent circuit, and the Baptist preacher from Whitewater, labored zealously and harmoniously with us, and contributed to the interest and success of the meeting.—Real holiness is a bond of union among God's people everywhere. Those who have it cannot well be kept apart.

This meeting gave a new impetus to the cause of God in that region, and we trust that the final result will be the salvation of many souls.

NEAR FREEPORT, ILLS.—This was the most satisfactory meeting we ever attended. It was marvellous to behold the wonderful displays of the saving power of God.

Mrs. Martha La Due, wife of Rev. T. S. La Due, has written a fuller and better account of the meeting than we can give, which we here subjoin.

"This Camp Meeting was marked by the free and untrammelled workings of the Spirit of God to save souls. Whatever fear there was of extravagancies, was swallowed up in the desire to see souls saved; and

the united cry went up, about the third day, "Lord, take the work into thine own hands, and send us salvation." That evening, God began to awaken souls in such power that their cries for mercy rose above the prayers of the saints, and they refused all comfort till Jesus spoke the word himself. Every one at the altar was clearly saved in a short time. The next evening it went deeper, and one sister, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, came running to the altar, in earnest to be saved. Her friends came about as if to help her, but God took the lead, and in a few moments she sprang to her feet with a shout of triumph, and went flying through the altar, praising God till every saint caught the fire, and formal professors sat silent and confounded, although they tried to join in the general shout.

Brother Roberts, our beloved Superintendent, preached Sabbath morning after the love-feast, to a very large congregation, who kept perfectly quiet, although numbers had to stand. His sermon was on holiness.—He was helped of God to show the difference between bible holiness and "that baptized gentility," as he called it, which passes for holiness now in all the popular churches which recognize the doctrine. He clearly proved that the standard of holiness which prevails in these churches falls far below the marks of true gospel *awakening*. As an illustration, he read to us that portion of the general rules in the Methodist discipline relating to dress, and the sentence which follows, "And all these things we know his Spirit writes on truly awakened hearts"; calling on Bro. Ely, formerly of the Genesee conference, to correct him if he should misinterpret or pervert the language. He closed with a searching appeal to those who held up this false standard, to come back to the word of God, as they desired to flee from the wrath to come. Sister Roberts followed, by relating some parts of her experience, and the Spirit helped to rivet the truth. Many were pricked to the heart, and formal professors, who loved their idols, revealed the state of their hearts by breathing out bitter denunciations of the truth of God. Never have I witnessed such universal conviction on a

camp-ground, and such profound respect for the worship of God from first to last, even during the most remarkable demonstrations of the Spirit of God. No disturbance was made by the crowd at any time, and not one rebuke was necessary from the stand, to maintain the most perfect order. Many families, formerly from Pennsylvania, who spoke the German language, were present, and formed a most respectable part of the congregation. One of their ministers preached in their own language, Sabbath afternoon, to a large audience.—They shared largely in the fruits of the work, and one of their preachers, who had opposed the work, was saved, after being made a spectacle to all. Their way of getting to Jesus was so simple and earnest, that all who looked on, seemed with one accord to pronounce it all of the Lord. I did not hear one word of derision, or see a smile of scorn, during the wildest bursts of enthusiasm. Sabbath evening the altar was crowded. Many fell prostrate in agony, and writhed for hours under the load of sin, before deliverance came. Some were overwhelmed with gloom when the burden rolled off, and others leaped for joy, and danced before the Lord with all their might.—Bro. Ely said it was the same power he had seen in other days, and bid us God speed.

The case of a young lady excited much interest. She was deeply convicted, but did not yield till the last night. She started for the altar understandingly. Her curls were combed back. Her gold watch and chain, pin and rings, were all laid aside before she started, and then came the inward agony of giving up friends, amusements, the store of gay clothing, and self, to live for Jesus. The struggle was long, and marked only by deep sighs and groans, that came from the inmost soul. When sin and self were subdued and cast out, she sank down powerless, and her face revealed the mighty change, till she was able to tell the story. That was a night never to be forgotten. Scores thronged the altar, and as they found pardon, they gave place to others, who kept coming, invited and uninvited, till after midnight. An effort was made to form the usual procession for marching around, but nothing could divert those in

the altar. Some lay prostrate, and some were pleading for mercy as though they had but an hour to live. One sister, a member of the M. E. church, had for four years, she said, been seeking for a witness that she was a child of God, and at last had got to the point where she felt she must have it now, or die. She resisted all entreaties to leave the spot, and at last, while a burst of glory came down on some saved souls around, she was enabled to believe for a moment. The enemy that had held her so long, rallied and a fearful struggle ensued. She was frantic for a little time, and the expiring throes of self were terrible, and in her terror she cried, "I am crazy—I have disgraced the Free Church—I am dying"—but praying souls held on to God in firm faith, and in a few moments she sank down into Jesus and the rest of faith. With a heavenly smile, she looked up and around, as if in a new world, and lifting up both arms exclaimed, as she walked around, "*Now I believe in a living God, and I understand his power.*" * * "I never thought God would come in this way. God's people *are* peculiar, and I am one of them now. Their God is my God." Father Benjamin, of old Genesee conference, said he was set back twenty years in his life, as he witnessed these scenes.

It was a meeting where all the children of God felt at home. Father Benjamin preached and exhorted, as in the days of his youth. Bro. Ely said he felt the same fire that he used to feel when laboring with Bro. Roberts in Genesee conference.

Bro. Johnson, a Congregationalist minister, preached in power, on the prevailing sins of the age—formalism, fashion, secret societies, &c., and said he felt we were brethren, laboring together to pull down Satan's kingdom, and set up our Jesus as king on the earth.

This meeting has never had its parallel in the west. No doubt hundreds were converted and reclaimed. Many were sanctified wholly, and the saints generally were built up and established in grace. To God be all the glory for all that was done.—Blessed be his name.

Marengo, Ills.

THE LOVE FEAST.

HATTIE EDMONDS.—Jesus saves me this morning soul and body. It is enough for me to know that my Redeemer liveth, and because he lives I shall live also. My heart is fixed, trusting in God. Though I pass through the furnace of affliction, I know it is the lot my Father hath given. My all is on the altar, and though the most unworthy of Jesus' little ones he blesses me every day, and his precious blood cleanses my poor heart from all sin. Our camp-meeting at Geneva was a precious season to my soul. I am resolved, through grace, to conquer though I die.

"Through floods and flame, If Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes,
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

Benton Harbor, Mich.

MARY JANE ALLEN.—I have not the language to express the deep emotions of soul that I experienced this morning while at family worship. Such a realizing sense of the Divine majesty pervaded my entire being, lighting up every corner of my soul; diffusing new views of His power and willingness to save all that come unto Him through Jesus Christ. I do now experience the meaning and the fulfillment of the Apostle's prayer for the church of Thessalonica. "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." I am redeemed, washed in His blood, saved from iniquity, a stranger, pilgrim, fellow-citizen with the household of God. The daughter of a King. "Poor, yet rich." Feeble, yet strong. Praise His name.

He that "believeth hath the witness in himself," not in imagination, nor an unfounded persuasion, but a deep and unmistakable evidence produced by the Spirit of God. No wonder angels rejoice.

Meadville, Pa.

MRS. MARY MORSE.—How precious is the Saviour. He is love—perfect love.—From his holy side, the healing fountain flows. O how it cleanses me, just now, from sin and all uncleanness. O how sweetly Jesus embraces in his loving arms all such as will accept him.]

Stanton, Mich.