

# The Earnest Christian

## AND GOLDEN RULE.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

### WAVERING DISCIPLES.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

God makes the largest promises to His children. They cover all their wants. Every child of God is encouraged to ask for all he needs to make him happy in this life and in the life to come. Ponder well the following language of our Saviour: *If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.*—JOHN XV: 7. Can anything be more positive than this? How long would you wait for money if you had the unlimited privilege to draw upon a never-failing Bank for just such sums as you pleased? Why is it, then, that so many who profess to be the children of God are living in such destitution, physical and spiritual? Why are they so devoid of comfort, so restless and unhappy? Why are so many prayers offered and so few prayers answered? The trouble is with us and not with God. We do not meet the conditions of successful prayer. *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith nothing wavering: for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.*—JAMES I: 5-7. Here is the difficulty. There is a good deal of asking and a good deal of wavering. God is insulted and prayer unanswered.

Are you a wavering disciple? Do not decide the question hastily in your favor, nor yet against yourself. Look the ground over carefully. Read with self-application.

I. THE MARKS OF A WAVERING DISCIPLE. Difficult as it is, we may know ourselves if we will honestly take the proper pains.

1. *The wavering disciple is inconstant in the use of the means of grace.* If he undertakes to read the Bible through, he gives it up before half the books are carefully perused. He attends upon the social means of grace only when such an uncommon interest is manifested that his help is not specially needed. When the attendance is small, prayers formal, when the appropriate song is

*"Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies."*

he is absent from his place in the house of worship, complaining of the deadness of the Church, but doing nothing to rouse it from its lethargy.

2. *He is unstable in his efforts at doing good.* He forms many good resolutions but fails to carry them into effect. Wisely he lays his plans, but to put them into execution, requires a real consecration of property to God, which he thinks he has made, but he always finds some plausible excuse for still retaining his money in his own possession. He is like a tree which blossoms profusely, but never brings forth fruit to perfection.

3. *He is easily unsettled in his doctrinal belief.* If his preacher advocates

full salvation he falls in with the doctrine. When another man fills the pulpit who brands, as fanaticism and enthusiasm, the life and power of godliness, he upholds his hands in doing the work of the devil. Should his talents fail of appreciation, he is ready to embrace any other creed that can make a show of Scripture for its support, and which can offer him a position of comparative honor and profit. He is *driven about by every wind of doctrine and cunning craftiness of men, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.*

4. *His faith is unsteady.* At times he professes to have confidence in God for soul and body. At other times he has recourse to the measures adopted by the unbelieving, to secure themselves against want. In the morning he prays to God for daily bread; and in the evening, for fear that God should fail him, he mingles with some secret society, composed mainly of irreligious men combined together to strengthen each other's hands. His faith varies with outward circumstances.

These are some of the marks of wavering disciples. Reader, do any of them apply to you? All may not be found in the same individual. It is not likely that they should be. But if one or more of them applies to you, then you are a wavering disciple.

II. THE CONSEQUENCES OF WAVERING. They are altogether bad. No good ever comes from a hesitating, half-hearted course in the service of God.

1. *The wavering disciple receives no real answers to prayer.* He may sometimes get the things he prays for, but he would have had them just as soon if he had not prayed. The good he derives comes in the order of God's Providence, but not in answer to his prayer. So he himself comes to think after a while. He keeps up the form of prayer because of its supposed beneficial effects indirectly upon himself and upon his family, but he does not look to have prayer answered. *Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.* As a natural result of his praying so much and to so little purpose, he loses confidence in God.

His piety is hereditary—his religion second-hand. He knows nothing about having the heart all melted down and filled with the love of God.

2. *He is a stranger to the joys of salvation.* He may sometimes profess to enjoy a large measure of saving grace. But he is doubtless mistaken. At best he is only a stony ground hearer, who receives the word with joy, but has no root in himself, but by and by when persecution ariseth because of the word he is offended. Salvation is of the Lord, and as he that wavereth receives nothing of the Lord, therefore he cannot enjoy salvation. And so Jesus declares that in the last day he will say to many that professed religion: *I never knew you—depart from me ye that work iniquity.*—MATT. vii: 23.

3. *He discourages others from becoming Christians.* They look at him and say, "If that is religion, I do not want any thing to do with it." If he made no pretensions to leading a religious life, his influence would not be near as bad. But now he will not be a Christian himself, and those that would be, he hinders. He does the cause of Christ more harm than he could do by open opposition. He is in the Church and is supposed by outsiders to know all about the religion of Jesus, and the testimony of his life is to the effect that it is all a delusion and a farce!

III. THE CURE FOR WAVERING.

This is found not in nature, nor in education, but in grace. Some are naturally more stable than others. But God proposes to supply all the deficiencies of nature which stand in the way of our salvation. However resolute one may be in other matters, he will be but a wavering disciple, unless he is established by the grace of God. In spite of all your resolutions you will be up and down in your experience and consequently wavering in your faith, unless you are upheld from above. The cure for wavering is found

1. *In a clear assurance of sins forgiven.* He who walks uncertainly walks in a halting, irresolute manner. He knows not whether he is going

right or wrong, and stops to inquire whenever there is a prospect of gaining any definite information. So he who is in doubt as to whether he is a child of God or not, will be vacillating in his Christian course. On every side he is troubled with doubts. If his prayers appear to be answered, he will be uncertain whether the same events might not have taken place if he had not prayed. His faith wavers. His life is inconsistent. The only remedy for this is to come to the Lord, and get the great question whether you are His child settled for time and eternity. Rest not until you know that your sins are forgiven. Pray and fast, and read God's word and give yourself to Him, and take up every cross that will crucify you to the world, and rely on the blood of the atonement until you know for yourself that you are a child of God. Then you can come to your Heavenly Father with confidence. You will then find rest for your soul.

2. *A thorough cure for wavering is found in the full enjoyment of the blessing of holiness.* This was the experience of the Psalmist when the Lord set his feet upon a rock and established his goings.—Ps. xl: 2. The Apostle Paul prays for the Thessalonian Church, "And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you; to the end he may stablish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ with all his Saints."—1 Thess. iii: 12, 13. Here, then, is an effectual remedy for wavering. And it is one that is free for every believer in Jesus. It is without money and without price. Why labor then any longer under the disadvantages that result from wavering? Why incur the peril that is involved in such a course? O, ye wavering ones, become rooted, grounded in Christ Jesus! Let the fibres of your soul entwine around him so firmly that the wind and the waves cannot move you. Too long have you lived in your exposed condition. Too long you have

been a stumbling block for the uncharitable. Let your unceasing prayer be

Come and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove,  
Settle and fix my wavering soul,  
With all thy weight of love,

This prayer, offered with the earnestness the case demands, will find an answer. You will have access to the throne. You can then ask for wisdom, or any other grace you need, and it will be given you.

## WHO WILL WORK?

BY LUCY P. PATTEN.

THE fields are white waiting for the laborers. Who is willing to go forth without the camp, bearing the reproach of Christ, and esteeming it greater riches than the treasures of Egypt? Who is willing to be counted as the filth and off-scouring of earth for the sake of Jesus? Who is willing to lose his life in this world, that he may save it unto life eternal? Who is willing to leave houses, lands, parents, wife and children for Jesus' sake and the gospel's, and go forth bearing precious seed, waiting for the promise that he shall doubtless return again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him? Who is willing to take God at his word, and obey him in all things, separating himself from the very appearance of evil? Who is willing to be led by the Spirit of God in all things? Who desires to be a joint heir with Jesus to a glorious inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, eternal and in the heavens? Who is willing to be a stranger and pilgrim in the earth, thereby declaring that he seeks a better country and an heavenly? If we attain to the first resurrection, we must obey God in all things. Never was there a time when the army of Jesus should stand more firm and undaunted than now. Clad in the armor of the Gospel, one can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. The tide of wickedness is bearingsway almost every where. Some people might think, as they see church mem-



bers joining in almost everything that comes along, that the commands of God had changed. But, my dear friends, God is the same—yesterday, to-day and forever. His laws are immutable. The power of God on the soul of man is the same to-day that it was when Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments, and ye shall abide in my love." Many of us excuse ourselves from duty, we bury our talent in the earth, and grope our way in darkness. Take Jesus at his word—get your soul baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Get to the blood that cleanses from all sin, and then keep under the fountain. Keep clean, pure, holy, and then God will use you to his glory.

### DARKNESS.

BY MISS R. A. HUMPHREY.

How shall the Lord wake this people out of their sleep? "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that is not good, after their own thoughts."

The teachings of Jesus are rendered of none effect, not by our traditions, but by our wonderful modern civilization.

Where are the fruits of the holy, beautiful, God-like teachings of the Christ who taught and died to save the world? In the churches? "He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. If ye abide in me and I in you, ye shall ask *what ye will and it shall be done unto you*. So shall ye be my disciples." How much of such fruit is there in the churches or the world?

"If a man love me he will keep my commandments." But these are they which say, "Stand thou here, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." And all their works they do to be seen of men. They make broad their pretensions and enlarge the borders of their possessions. "They love the uppermost rooms at the feast and the *chief seats* in the synagogues." Alas, how have we

forgotten the spirit and love of our Lord and Master. This is the true light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world. Alas, how great is our darkness.

### LUTHER IN HIS CLOSET.

I cannot (says Vitus Theodorus, one of the German reformers) enough admire the cheerfulness, constancy, faith, and hope of Luther, even in these trying times. He constantly feeds these good affections by a very diligent study of the word of God. Then not a day passes in which he does not employ in prayer at least three of his best hours. Once I happened to hear him at prayer. Oh what spirit, what faith was there in his expressions! He petitions God with as much reverence as if he were actually in the Divine presence, and yet with as firm a hope and confidence as he would address a friend. "I know" said he, "that thou art our Father and our God; therefore I am sure thou wilt bring to naught the persecution of thy children. For shouldst thou fail to do this, thine own cause being connected with ours, would be endangered. It is entirely thine own concern; we, by thy providence, have been compelled to take a part. Thou, therefore, wilt be our defence." Whilst I was listening to Luther praying in this manner at a distance, my soul seemed to be on fire within me, to hear a man address God so like a friend, and yet with so much gravity and reverence; and also to hear him, in the course of his prayer, insisting upon the promise contained in the Psalms, as if he was sure his petitions would be granted.

A LITTLE wrong done to another, is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury, is the conscience of having done it; and no man suffers more than he that is turned over to the pains of repentance.

MOST men are afraid of a bad name, but few fear their conscience.—*Pliny*



## JESUS.

As night winds move the summer heat,  
As clouds subdue the light,  
So Jesus makes my peace complete,  
My prospects ever bright.

His love—O sweet and gentle flame!  
How soothing to the heart,  
What bliss we find in Jesus' name,  
What joy it doth impart.

Were I translated to the sun,  
And form'd for its abode,  
My soul would still in rapture run  
To Jesus and His word.

Not all the glories of the earth,  
The sky, the stars, the moon;  
Are to a glimpse of Jesus worth;  
The sinner's precious boon.

O! that he would our hearts possess,  
Restore them all his own;  
Renew our faith, our love impress,  
A brotherhood in one.

Then with the just we shall ascend  
Above life's stormy sky;  
Praise Jesus, Saviour, ne'er to end,  
With God's elect on high.

Ky.

H.

## THE LUKEWARM.

BY A. V. LEONARDSON.

MANY have *lost* the life and power of Godliness, who were once on fire with the love of God. They are now cold, formal professors, hoping they are now on their way to heaven, and yet know that they do not enjoy what they once did. Still their professions are as high as ever. God frowns upon such and says, "*Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.*" God does as he says. He will have nothing to do with such souls but to cast them into outer darkness unless they *repent and do their first works*, then live up to the light that God gives them. Some claim that God has sanctified them, and they are now safe and have nothing to do. Such are drones in the hive—idlers in

the vineyard. May God help us to look around and see how many are going on the swift wings of time to *Eternal Damnation*. I ask in the name of my Master, brethren, what are we doing?

Awake, sluggard souls! put on your armor anew, and in the strength of the God of Hosts make the fearful onset against the powers of Hell which are combined against us. We need men that dare to put down sin in every form, wherever found. *Lord, give us such men as these.* Honest, hardy sons of God.

We are responsible to God not only for all we do, but for all we can do for him. He will hold us to this standard, when the great day of his wrath has come. It is glorious to be saved and dreadful to be lost!

If any are professing what they do not possess, *now* is the time to confess your backslidings and get back to God. *Be not deceived: God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.* What are confessions compared to the torments of an evil heart? It is *confession or damnation* with every such soul. Professions will do us no good of themselves. It is in proportion to the love of God that we possess in the heart, that we are saved and happy. Many are growing cold, sliding backward, and they know it. It takes much hard wrestling, earnest, agonizing prayer, to bring us nearer to God, but a little jesting or trifling will take away all that we have gained. It takes much toiling to ascend the steep mountain, but a false step will sometimes send us to the bottom. Many of us get very near to God while in meetings, or secret devotions, and when we come to mingle with others we say something or do something that causes us to lose all that we have gained. May the Lord help us to hold on to what we have, and by close living and watching and praying, may we grow stronger and stronger, and as time brings us nearer and nearer to eternity, may we be brought nearer and nearer to our God.

Moreville, Mich.

## RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

OF MARY E. WARNER.

For some time before my conversion, the Spirit of God worked powerfully on my heart. I felt I ought to pray. Sometimes I would repeat a prayer, but I would not consent to get into a real struggle. I knew that God heard and answered the earnest petitions offered him, and my proud heart would not be humbled, for fear conviction would get a firmer hold, and I should get saved in spite of myself. Even when my mother, with tears in her eyes, would entreat of me to go with her to camp meeting, nothing would induce me to go; I would a thousand times rather remain at home and attend to all of the work. I was afraid of the fire, and thought the safest way for me was to stay away. Yet the precious, Holy Spirit did not leave me. It strove in a different way somewhat. My hard, rebellious heart was brought to light. I had often been told "that I was in a very responsible position, being under the influence of those whose only aim was to serve God and get to heaven, and if I went to hell it would be with my eyes open—there would be no excuse for me." The thoughts of being lost when all the other members of the family would be in happiness, went like arrows to my heart. The best that I deserved was hell fire, yet I did not yield to be saved in God's way. A heavier stroke must follow. The Lord laid his afflicting hand on my body. Consumption had begun its work. I was seized with a bad cough and other symptoms of the disease. This was God's way to save my soul, and to get to his name honor and glory. After about four months of affliction my mother one day called me to her and said, "I have something to tell you and it is a serious matter." She felt the cross. "The hand of the Lord is now upon you, and unless you get to Him you will not live one year, for you now have all the symptoms of a person in the second stage of consumption." This reached my heart. Noth-

ing that she had ever said had the effect upon me that this did. If she had, as many mothers do, took the best of care of my body, and employed the best physicians in the land for me, and left undone that duty which she felt to be of God, I should to-day, no doubt, have been wailing in hell. Doing that duty saved my life, and more than that, it saved my soul when I was just on the brink of the lake of fire. This is plucking souls out of the fire with human instruments. Oh! praise the Lord forever. Conviction had now sunk deep into my heart. I did not yield to be saved until about four weeks after, when there was a camp-meeting in June at Parma. Then was God's opportunity. He struck with the hammer of his love, and gave me a strong desire to go. Father and I started. My mind was fully made up to let the world go and all its charms and have salvation, the pure kind, for there were so many hypocrites, and already I did not want to add to the number. I wanted religion that would do something for me. After being at the meeting two days, I went to the anxious seat as a seeker of religion. Christians prayed for me and asked me to pray. I could not. I wanted salvation. It seemed to me I would give anything to get it. I could give up all but I could not pray and did not try. It was a mystery to me why, when every thing was given up, that I did not get religion. But it never did and never will come until we ask for it. For two days this was my case. God was working all the time. When I told Sister N—— my feelings, she said, "Why, your voice is not given to Jesus." He will put a star in her crown for that. I went again when they were invited forward and told the Lord to take my voice. This was enough. The glory came right down from heaven and filled my soul so full, my voice was too weak to praise God for what he had done for my soul. I felt that I was in a new world. It was now my employment to shout Glory, Glory, Glory. Oh! how I felt it! It filled my soul. Wondrous change!

## A SHORT SERMON ON LONG ONES !

TEXT—"Be Short."—Cotton Mather.

My night was turned to day—my sorrow into rejoicing. Glory to God in the highest! I came home a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things had all passed away and I had a new heart—just such a salvation as Jesus proposed to give me, and a great deal better than I had any idea it could be. The consecration was now made, and I stripped for the race. As the light shone I obeyed. I so loved my Saviour it was my delight to obey him. I saw he wanted me to be plain, and I wanted to be right. The artificials were taken off, not only from my bonnet, but from my hair. Jesus showed me plainly that He did not want me to wear what was unnatural to the form, or what would make me appear like the world. All unnecessary articles were thrown aside, and a place made for Jesus to come in and rule. My affections were transferred. Persons and things that I once hated I now loved. I could treat Christians *now* as true friends. I now loved the voice of Jesus when it whispered, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Shortly after my sins were forgiven, I was convicted for a deeper work in my soul. I sought and found it one evening around the family altar. I testified to it when we arose, and the glory filled my soul. It seemed like a shower of rain on the dry earth, it was so refreshing.

My health was still very poor, but the fear was gone. A very dear friend was, by God's Spirit, led to pray for my body. She touched the hem of Jesus' garment by faith, and claimed virtue in the blood that heals both body and soul. Jesus applied the balm of Gilead, and I was perfectly cured of the disease after seven months' standing. "There is power in Jesus' blood."

Groveland, N. Y.

No eminent blessing attends such as do not labor to be blest; while a sound head, a warm heart, and a Bible creed carry all before them.—*Life of Rowland Hill.*

My friends, I have forty reasons against long sermons: but, for the sake of brevity, I shall omit all but two.

1st. Long sermons seldom effect the object of preaching—the design of the preacher is to *convince, instruct, and persuade.*

Now, to *CONVINCE*, it is not necessary to dig a channel to the understanding as long as the Erie Cannal—and, generally, two good reasons clearly presented, and powerfully urged, will produce more conviction than twenty. To *INSTRUCT*—neither a whole system of theology, nor a world of illustration, nor a vocabulary of words, are necessary. Such surfeiting, the mind rejects. To *IMPRESS*, it is not necessary to thunder long and loud—the oak is riven by a single stroke of lightning—and to *PERSUADE*, the man that cannot be moved in *half* an hour, will not be *teased* into submission in an hour and a half. So that all beyond a sermon is lost, and worse than lost: the lover of truth leaves the house of God with a weary body, a jaded mind, and a heavy heart, not because the preaching was not evangelical, or was inappropriate, but because of its *unreasonable length.*

2d. Long sermons drive not a few from the house of God. How often is the excuse made—"I would attend church, but—but—who can endure an endless sermon."

Such an apology may indeed arise from an aversion of the heart to truth, but let the cause be removed, and this excuse at least will die.

TWO REMARKS:—1st. We see one reason why some ministers are so unsuccessful in their preaching. Were they to condense their thoughts, and urge them home briefly, vividly, and fervently, with the blessing of God, glorious results would follow.

2d. Let not ministers complain that hearers sleep, nor of inattention, when they take the very way to produce it.—*Lutheran Observer.*



## ASSIMILATION AND REPULSION.

BY REV. L. N. STRATTON, A. M.

NATURE's laws are so arranged that certain elements spontaneously unite by reason of inherent affinities. Not only is this true of matter, but also of mind. Spiritual elements in this world are abundant and naturally attract their affinities.

Human hearts are, in pride, ambition, love of praise and wealth, quite similar, and tend toward each other on that common ground. The religion of Jesus is a contrary element, and is a natural repellant of whatsoever things are of evil, crime and sin. Heat repels cold, and light repels darkness, no more certainly, than the religion of Jesus repels and drives sin away. They can no more occupy the same heart at the same time, than a fluid and a solid, or fire and frost, or light and darkness, can occupy the same space at the same time.

Jesus was so named "because he came to save his people from their sins"; and clean hearts were contemplated by the grand plan of salvation which the holy Christ came down from heaven to establish. It was not contemplated to assimilate them to the world, but to separate them from its unsatisfying revelry. Wealth, honors and human happiness were to be sacrificed to it, and all things earthly which would interfere with its thorough working must be repelled.

But alas that there should remain in human hearts an unconquered, unsubdued element, which naturally assimilates to the fatal ambitions of this fallen race. It is seen in the leaning of Christians toward this ungodly world.

The Agricultural Fairs of counties and states are closed for this year. On many of the handbills and posters of these exhibitions, we have seen the proffers to try the speed of horses for a citizens' purse of from \$100 to \$1,000, and sometimes the "citizens' purse" is mentioned as a "*premium*."

Of course it is nothing less nor more than horse racing under the auspices of a County or State Fair.

In the first place, such rapid racing is not the normal condition of the horse. Horses are made for service and labor, and are seldom needed to travel at such a rapid rate. Therefore, the payment of such large premiums for what is not normal and necessary, and the payment of small ones for other qualifications of horse flesh, bears injustice on its face. Then, in the second place, on the ground that fairs are right, a man who invents some labor saving machine worth millions of money to the world, for his nightly study and daily toil, receives a picture, a book, or a few dollars, not to exceed ten, while a ruffian, whose only property is in a horse, and whose only business is to sit around a bar room, smoke, drink and swear, and train his horse, corrupt the morals of the youth, disturb religious meetings, and constantly act as one of the consumers instead of a producer for society, receives the honors and surplus proceeds of that institution into which so many "Christian people" (?) pay their funds.

Proceeding upon the assumption that the exhibition of agricultural implements and products under such restrictions as to benefit parties interested in such pursuits, are right, we have many years ago witnessed dark corruptions, and have spoken against them.

But, in the third place, these popular races under the sanction of Agricultural Fairs, are attended by hundreds of church members, male and female, who would be ashamed to attend a common horse race; and yet, in no essential, do the races under the patronage of the Fair differ from the races on any course on the Continent.

Christ could go as easily to one as the other, and so should his children feel. That under the patronage of the Fair is most pernicious, because its crime is covered by popular applause, and the enthusiasm of Christless blackguards, moralists and church members. There is no salvation there. Heaven and hell are not more opposite than pure Christianity and such a shameless and unholy practice. Hence, we can but conclude that there is an assimilation

between professed Christians and these popular evils. And Christ says, "Ye cannot serve two masters; ye will either love the one and hate the other, or hold to the one and despise the other."

Christian reader! Do you assimilate to these things, or do you repel them? Do you hold to the Fair and hate God? or do you look beyond these "Vanity Fairs," to brighter scenes in heaven?

There has got to be a cutting loose from these phantoms, if you ever expect to be justified in conduct before God, or enjoy the life to come. "Come out from among them and be separate." Light hath no fellowship with darkness.

At a County Fair out West, we noticed two base ball clubs were advertised to play against each other, on a premium or bet of fifty dollars. And all along the way the daily papers were full of the challenges or results of the strife of two champion companies, whose immortal intelligences had been bent upon this one unprofitable subject for days together.

And yet many professed Christian men, strong in physical life, and thus fitted for useful labor for Christ, lower the standard of their manhood, and yoke themselves with the companionship of the vile and profligate.

I know a minister of a popular church who goes on the green in the large village where he lives, and lays off his coat and vest, and seizes the bat or ball, and proceeds to the enchantment of the play; and no wonder is it, that this clergyman does not believe in pastoral visiting, supposing *that* to be the duty of the deacons.

But I am asked by these "church folks" if it is wrong to play ball. It depends altogether upon circumstances. So I am asked if it is wrong to play with bits of spotted paper called "cards," and if it is wrong to dance. I answer, in view of that eternal state into which we may enter before another day, in view of heaven and its joys, in view of hell, the result of needless neglect and criminal inconsideration,

do not trifle with your immortal soul, nor while away life's precious hours in company with the reckless and rude.

The great and notable day of the Lord is at hand, and we soon must meet our Judge. Shall mortal man then trifle with these precious, swift-winged moments, at the hazard of eternal gain?

## THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

BY MRS. JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

WHAT doctrine of Holy Writ affords more consolation to the believer than the sentiment, fully established by Christ and His Apostles, that the *dead* are to be raised to life by the Omnipotent voice of the Son of God? Behold yon mourner shrouded in sorrow, draped in sable weeds, pacing to and fro in her desolate home, as the fast-falling tears attest her heart-loneliness! Anon, she wends her way to the new made grave, as agonizing groans well up from the heart-depth. "Ah, me! will my dead never start to life again? Tell me, ye little mound heaped over my *heart treasure*, will my loved one for aye sleep on in eternal darkness, nor wake from the confines of the tomb?" The grass waves on and no response. She turns her eye heavenward, and asks the moon, shining in silvery brightness, "O moon! thou Queen of night, will my lost ones *never* come back?" The moon looks placidly down in that earnest face, and shines on! "O ye clouds, that flit across the moon's disk, will the night of death ne'er be chased away by the rising sun of a resurrection morn?" The clouds float on, in haste to bear in their bosoms treasures for the parched earth. "O! ye stars, that shine in solemn grandeur as suns to other spheres, tell me, will the grave *never* give up its dead?" Mute and voiceless, neither "Arcturus with his sons," nor Orion, nor Pleiades, hath a tongue to soothe the sorrows of the "stricken mourner," and sweet Lyra, with her golden harp, hath no "strains" to lull the aching heart to quiet. Back to her house she

hies, and finds a response—an antidote! Jesus says, "*I am the resurrection and the life.*" *Thy dead shall live again.* Hallelujah! That is just what I want—it is enough. I'll toil on, suffer on, till the "old tabernacle" is torn down, to be rebuilt again; no flaw, no blemish, no sickness or pain in the resurrection-body, but all-glorious forever! Just like Jesus' glorious body. My soul cries out in strong desire for a foretaste of that glorious state. Amen.

BALDWIN CITY, KANSAS.

### 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 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 have been prompted to yield, had not the Saviour set an example in point! David says, "Thy word is a lamp." It is the light that maketh manifest, and that light proceedeth from the word of God. But many seek after cunningly devised fables—novels. 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 banquetings and revelings for enjoyment. The testimony of their lives is to the effect that the promises fail, and the religion of Jesus is so un-

satisfactory 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 can not serve God and mammon." Let us imitate the lives of the Apostles. They speak to us from the stake, to which they were condemned for the love and testimony they bore to 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 the 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 "prophet of justice"—the herald of judgments. 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 exhorted, 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 fast 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."

*Clifton, Monroe Co., N. Y.*

### A DYING MOTHER'S LOVE.

The plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first; the parents watched over them, but only caught the disease which themselves could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way lived the family of a laborer, who was absent the whole week, only coming home on Saturday nights to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night; in the morning she was worse, and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors. She knew she must die, but as she looked upon her dear little boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She had before locked the little children in the room, and snatched her bed clothes, lest they should keep the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace. O, think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings, and all she loved, to die! Her eldest child saw her from the window. "Good bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother had left him so strangely. "Good-bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother paused, her heart was drawn toward her children, and she was on the point of turning back; she struggled hard, while the tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of her helpless babes—at length she turned from them. The children continued to cry, "Good-bye mother." The sound sent a thrill of anguish to her heart; but she pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days she died, recommending her husband and children to their care with her last breath.

Do nothing to-day that thou wilt repent of to-morrow.

### CHRIST THE WAY.

I WAS reading, the other day, of an ancient general, who showed great skill in conducting the retreat of his army. The enemy pressed him sore; and at a time when all was in jeopardy, he marched rapidly through a narrow pass, between mountains, and then filling it with branches of trees, set fire to them. The flames ascended like a wall of fire between him and his foes, and thus he secured his retreat. Throw halt-fire between you and your sins: "Escape for thy life," sinner; "tarry not in all the plain." Remember, every other avenue to God is closed, but one. The new and living way, opened by the death of Jesus Christ. There is no access but by this way. The law of God, "like a two-edged sword," turning every way, will smite you into hell, if you dare to force an approach. "Come unto God by him", and "enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus," receiving upon your entrance, "remission of sins through faith in his blood." Attend to it in time; perhaps when you would, it may be too late. Only a few days ago I was reading of a man who had neglected the house of God, his worship, and his word. Sitting by his own fire, one Sabbath, with his family, he said, "I shall read a chapter in the Bible, as I have not done so for a long time." It was too late; while in the act of reaching for the Bible, he sunk down, and immediately expired.—*Caughey.*

**BRAVERY.**—Singularity in embracing religion is heroic bravery, because it only leaves the species by soaring above it.—*Addison.*

IN visiting his people he balanced admirably between the *doing* and *overdoing* of this difficult part of a minister's work,—he always went as a *minister*.—*Life of Rowland Hill.*

WHAT a preacher Paul was! I never thought of getting *up* to his style, but of getting *down* to it. How different his style from that of the doctors of the sounding-brass tribe!—*Ibid.*

## A PLENTY IN JESUS.

BY MRS. JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

There's a plenty in Jesus to meet our "demands,"  
 Though our "wants" are so many, they're met by  
 His hands;  
 He came to redeem us from hell and the grave,  
 To pardon our sins and to the uttermost save.

Ho! ye wretched and weary, to Jesus draw nigh,  
 Why will you refuse Him, and languish and die?  
 His grace is sufficient to bear us safe thro'  
 All the trials of life, be they many or few.

His blood flows most freely, its virtue receive,  
 O come straight to Jesus, His promise believe,  
 It never can fail, but is steadfast and sure,  
 He'll cleanse thee from sin and make thy heart  
 pure.

O! haste to the fountain, 'tis open and full—  
 To Siloam's pool—O! wash and be whole;  
 Lo! the spear-mark and nail-prints, are still to be  
 seen—  
 He suffered for thee, in anguish most keen!  
 BALDWIN CITY, KANSAS.

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 TEMPERANCE.
 

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Intoxicating liquor has made, in the United States, in ten years, at least one hundred thousand maniacs.

THIS we believe is a low estimate. The statistics of lunatic asylums go to show that from twenty to thirty, and in some cases, even fifty per cent of all the cases recorded, are traceable to the use of alcoholic liquors. Dr. Howe, of Boston, in a report on idiocy, makes the astounding statement, that of 300 cases of idiocy in an asylum in Massachusetts, 145 were chargeable to parental drunkenness. The same is true of other countries. In Liverpool, out of 495 patients admitted in four years, the cases of drunkenness were 257; and Lord Shaftsbury has repeatedly affirmed his belief as a commissioner of lunacy, that six tenths of the insanity of the country would not have a being but for intoxicating liquors. As confirmation of these statements, we quote the testimony of Dr. John E. Tyler, Superintendent of the McLean Asylum, as given in his annual report, just published. In speaking of the alarming increase of cases of insanity caused by the use of intoxicating drinks, he says: "More persons, and chiefly young men, either positively insane or who have

been seriously damaged mentally and physically by this cause, have come under our professional observation, or have applied here for advice and relief during the last year, than we can remember before in the same length of time."

We adduce these facts that we may call the attention of our readers to a branch of the temperance subject that is too much overlooked by temperance advocates, namely, alcohol as a *brain* poison. This we look upon as a great fact, unassailed and unassailable, which forms a sufficient and impregnable ground for the whole temperance movement, abstinence and prohibitive.

Toxicologists tell us that the greater number of poisons do not kill, or sometimes even injure, by acting upon the whole body, but that each of them principally attacks some part or organ. Thus, for example, arsenical always attacks the living membrane of the stomach and alimentary passages; strychnine, the spinal cord; and alcohol and opium, the brain; so that, though alcohol is a blood and liver poison, and affects other parts of the human system, it is peculiarly a *brain-poison*.

The experiments of Dr. Percy, and many other eminent physiologists of Europe, are conclusive on this point. They have shown that it can actually be distilled from the substance of the brain of the man or animal who has swallowed it, and died or been killed soon after, when it could not be detected in any other part of the body. Not necessarily on the brain, or in the cavities of the brain, but united with the *substance* of the brain.

Now, the brain is the organ of the mind, and you cannot injure, alter, or poison the brain, without equally altering, injuring, and poisoning the mind. But alcohol does not diffuse itself uniformly through the brain; it affects particular portions of the brain, and hence particular faculties of the mind in different ways. Thus every one knows that it weakens and subverts the will, confuses and perverts the intellectual powers, diminishes and lowers conscientiousness, cautiousness, and other mor-

al sentiments, whilst it at the same time intensifies the imagination and other æsthetic faculties, and goads on the mere animal faculties and propensities to mastery and dominion over all.

Such being the case, surely no man has a moral right to wilfully take into his system a material poison which science, experience, and observation prove poisons the brain, and consequently perverts the mind, and debases that higher reason and those moral faculties which God has given us to distinguish us from the brute. And we speak not now of drunkenness, but of what is called moderation; for alcohol is a brain poison in *quality*—*quantity* being only the measure of its effects. Surely the only conclusion that we can logically and morally arrive at from these premises is total abstinence from *alcohol and other brain-poisons*, as an article of diet and refreshment, on the part of individuals; and entire prohibition of their manufacture and sale for *such purposes*, as the duty of the State.

So long as a man is only injuring his mere *bodily* health, we may try to reason with him and persuade him to act otherwise, and we may refuse personally to supply him with the means of doing so: but in this free country, government has no right to interfere, and say he shall not be allowed to continue his pernicious habits. Beyond general sanitary measures for the preservation of public health and protection from causes of contagion, the legislature has no right of interposition. If the use of alcohol only inflamed and ulcerated a man's stomach, produced the gout or diseased his liver, legislators would have no authority to interfere; that is a man's private matter. But the moment a man injures his brain and mind, the case is altered; the right of government to interfere becomes imperative.

Now for the proof. All governments and all societies are, and must be, founded upon a healthy state of the human mind and brain. Imbeciles, dotards, idiots and insane persons are incapacitated by law and reason from exercising civil rights; the law puts them entirely under the power and guidance of sane

persons. Further, the common law of the United States, and, indeed, of every civilized country, is as follows: "That no man shall have a right to injure another man's morals, or another man's life, nor to use *his own* property to the injury of *another man's* property, morals or life."

And what is the current history of our times as delineated in the daily press? What do the records of our criminal courts prove but that by far the greater portion of all the accidents, blasphemy, obscenity, and crime, whether against property, or the person, arise from the use of intoxicating drinks? Has not government then the right to interdict the sale of these drinks as a beverage, by the use of which men become brain-poisoned, and are thereby stimulated to injure the property, the morals, or life of its subjects? Yea, does not the right of self defense and self preservation make it the imperative duty of government to prohibit the manufacture and sale of these brain-poisons as a beverage?

Space will not permit us to enlarge on this; our object is to call the attention of temperance advocates to this branch of the temperance question. If alcohol is food, and intoxicating drinks are articles of "wholesome diet and refreshment," as the advocates for their use say they are, then it is a sumptuary law, a tyranny, and an impertinence for government to interdict or regulate their sale, any more than the sale of milk, bread, or beef. If, however, alcohol is a poison, and a *brain-poison*—if no man can continue to sell intoxicating drinks, without at the same time selling oaths, blasphemies, obscenities, quarrels, assaults, domestic misery, and death—without peopling the lunatic asylums with the insane, the alms-house with vagrants and paupers, filling the prisons with criminals, and causing the gallows to bend with its burden of malefactors—then the traffic in them ought to be totally prohibited. Friends of temperance, the signs are promising, and many of the State governments have asserted their rights and passed just and righteous laws. Others, such



as New York and Pennsylvania, have acknowledged the principle and applied it to the mass of the people one day of the week, and certain hours of the other days. Let us labor on, and falter not till the principle be applied to every day of the week, and the entire people.  
—*Temp. Advocate.*

### WICKED THOUGHTS;

#### HOW TO TREAT THEM.

A wicked thought! Call it a drop if you please, so minute a portion is it of a man's history. But it has the fearful power of attracting to itself other drops, till all admonitions, human and Divine, are swept away by the flood.

Call it a particle as of the small dust of the balance; yet it can attract other particles, till an overwhelming mass shall bury the soul in perdition.

An indulged wicked thought; how long before it excites other wicked thoughts, and they set on fire the hateful passions of the soul? Each one of these thoughts is fuel to the flame.

We would stop the thief in his assault on the happiness of the community; we would stay disease as we saw it widening the sphere of its ravages; we would stop the flames we saw kindling upon a neighbor's roof: but how many elements of evil are wrapped up in a wicked thought! What havoc, unrestrained, it will make among all the forms of human happiness! It is among its minor evils that it can waste property, and generate vices that will fiercely torment the human body. It looks for noble game, and never fails to find it. It strikes at the most magnificent of Jehovah's works, the immortal soul. It aims at laying it in utter and everlasting ruin. Therefore,

1. It is *wisdom* to stop that wicked thought. All true philosophy directs to the fountain for the power we would have over the stream. Take care of the spark, if you would not have the flame and the conflagration. When we stop the wicked thought we lay our hand on the starting-point of action. We stand by the fountain, and the pol-

luted stream shall not issue from it. Human wisdom lops off the branches when it assaults only outward evil habit. But Divine wisdom lays the axe to the root of the tree when it bids us stop the wicked thought.

2. And is there less of *kindness* than of wisdom when we cry to the sinning, "Stop that wicked thought?" Do we not kill in the bud the most terrible agent of mental suffering? Does not a spark die, when that wicked thought dies, that might have kindled the flames of everlasting remorse in that bosom?

Suppose that, with effectual power, the rebuke, "Stop that thought," had fallen on David's ear when the first impulse was given to that career of guilt that made him an adulterer and murderer; what shame and remorse, how many tears and agonies would have been prevented!

Had Judas stopped that thought which fired the train of covetous emotion in his heart, and which ended in the betrayal of his Lord, what a mercy he had done his soul!

Had the timid Peter repelled that unbelieving thought which laid open his heart to the tempter, and caused the countless tears of remorse, what suffering he had saved his soul!

Christian kindness never does a nobler office than when it seeks to wither in its bud an unholy thought. It gives a deathblow to the most terrific agent of evil.

That thought of *malice*—stop it; else it will gather other elements of flame, and burning more and more fiercely as kindred thoughts and emotions contribute to its power, and some dreadful deed of blood proclaims how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

That thought of *lust*—let it die as soon as born. It can live only to pollute. It can live only to gather other vile thoughts into its company, and to kindle, by accumulation, such a passion as shall clothe you with shame as with a mantle, and set the undying worm to work in your bosom.

That thought of *pride*—stop it. It has fired a train that has sent millions to perdition. Stop it now. To-mor-

row it may escape your grasp. To-day it is perishable; to-morrow it will defy you. Now it is weak, and a little strength will suffice for a death-blow; soon all your power will not master it.

That *covetous* thought, had Ahab stopped it, or Gehazi, or Judas, what a change might have been wrought in character and destiny! In your bosom it aims at power. It will have it. Nothing can prevent it but its expulsion. And the power which, indulged, it cannot but gain, in what fetters it will bind the soul, and what stripes it will lay upon it!

That thought, that wicked thought, say not, think not it is a trifle. No being in the universe can think so but a sinner in his dreadful blindness. What relations are borne by that wicked thought to the Divine law and to the moral government of God, to temporal welfare, to eternal destiny! With all solemnity and earnestness is the admonition now given, STOP THAT WICKED THOUGHT.—N. Y. O.

#### PENALTIES OF SABBATH LABOUR.

THE late Mr. Wilberforce ascribes his continuance for so long a time under such a pressure of cares and labors in no small degree to his conscientious and habitual observance of the sabbath. "O what a blessed day," he says, "is the sabbath, which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause, to come out from the thickets of worldly concerns, and give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects! *Observation and my own experience have convinced me that there is a special blessing on a right employment of these intervals.* One of their prime objects, in my judgment, is to strengthen our impressions of invisible things, and to induce a habit of living much under their influence." "O what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan." "Blessed be God, who hath appointed the sabbath, and interposed these seasons of recollection."

"It is a blessed thing to have the Sunday devoted to God." "There is nothing in which I would recommend you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the sabbath holy. By this I mean not only abstaining from all unbecoming sports and common business, but from consuming time in *frivolous conversation, paying or receiving visits*, which, among relations, often leads to a sad waste of this precious day. I can truly declare that to me the sabbath has been *invaluable.*"

In writing to a friend he says, "I am strongly impressed by the recollection of your endeavour to prevail upon the lawyers to give up Sunday consultations, in which poor Romilly would not concur." What became of this same poor Romilly, who would not consent, even at the solicitation of his friend, to give up Sunday consultations? He lost his reason, and terminated his own life. Four years afterwards Castlereagh came to the same untimely end. When Wilberforce heard of it he exclaimed, "Poor fellow! He was certainly deranged—the effect, probably, of continued wear of mind. The strong impression on my mind is, that it is the effect of the *non-observance* of the sabbath, both as to abstracting from politics, and from the constant recurring of the same reflections, and as correcting the false views of worldly things, and bringing them down to their true diminutiveness."

"Poor Castlereagh! He was the last man in the world who appeared to be likely to be carried away into the commission of such an act; so cool, so self-possessed!" "It is curious to hear the newspapers speaking of incessant application to business; forgetting that by the weekly admission of a day of rest, which our Maker has enjoined, our faculties would be preserved from the effect of this constant strain." Being reminded again, by the death of Castlereagh, of the case of Sir Samuel Romilly, he said, "If he had suffered his mind to enjoy such occasional remission, it is highly probable that the strings of life would never have snapped

from over tension. Alas! Alas! poor fellow!"

Well might Dr. Farre say, "The working of mind in one continued train of thought is destructive of life in the most distinguished class of society; and *senators themselves* need reform in that particular. I have observed many of them destroyed by neglecting this economy of life."

A distinguished merchant, who for the last twenty years has done a vast amount of business, remarked to the writer, "Had it not been for the sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This was mentioned in a company of merchants, when one remarked, "That is the case exactly with Mr.——. He was one of our greatest importers. He used to say that the sabbath was the best day in the week to plan successful voyages; showing that his mind had no sabbath. He has been in an insane hospital for years, and will probably die there." Many men are there, or in the maniac's grave, because they had no sabbath. They broke a law of nature and of nature's God, and found the "way of transgressors to be hard." Such cases are so numerous that a British writer remarks "We never knew a man work seven days in a week who did not kill himself or kill his mind."

Reuben D. Mussey, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the Ohio Medical College, remarks, "The sabbath should be regarded as a most *benevolent* institution, adapted alike to the physical, mental, and moral wants of man. The experiment has been made with animals, and the value of one day's rest in seven for those that labour, in recruiting their energies and prolonging their activity, has been established beyond a doubt. In addition to constant bodily labour, the corroding influence of incessant mental exertion and solicitude cannot fail to induce premature decay, and to shorten life. And there cannot be a reasonable doubt that, under the due observance of the sabbath, life would, on the average, be prolonged more than one-seventh of its whole period; that is, more than seven years in fifty.

## GOD'S ANVIL.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,

God's breath upon the flames doth blow,

And all my heart in anguish shivers,

And trembles at the fiery glow;

And yet I whisper—As God will,

And, in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,

On his hard anvil, minded so

Into his own fair shape to beat it

With his great hammer, blow on blow

And yet I whisper—As God will,

And at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,

And sparks fly off at every blow;

He turns it o'er and o'er and 'heats' it,

And lets it cool, and makes it glow;

And yet I whisper—As God will,

And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow

Thus only *longer* lived will be;

Its end *may* come and *will* to-morrow,

When God has done his work in me;

So I say, trusting—As God will,

And trusting *to the end*, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,

Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,

For all his heaviest blows are surely

Inflicted by a master hand;

So I say, praying—As God will,

And hope in him, and suffer still.

—Julius Sturm.

A DIAMOND is not cut but by the point of a diamond, nor the sunbeam discerned but by the light of the beam, nor the understanding faculty of the soul apprehended but by the faculty of the understanding, nor can the receiving of the Holy Ghost be conceived or delivered without receiving in some degree that holiest spirit.—*Memoir of Mrs. Cryer.*

A GENEROUS man will, in his treatment to an enemy, resemble the sun, which pours light all around it—even upon the clouds that try to dim its lustre.



## A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

Our individuality as moral beings centres in our consciences. If it were true that the Holy Ghost had been given to the Church to take the place of conscience, the Christian Church would be an aggregate of inspired automatons. But the work of the Spirit is nowhere thus represented in Scripture. It is not said that the Spirit bears witness *for*, or *in the place of*, our spirit, but that it bears witness *with* our spirit. (Rom. viii. 16.) Our spirit has a witness of its own—conscience. We know in whom we believe. We know that we have given ourselves up to Him; that we love Him. Our conscience tells us this. The Holy Spirit joins that witness. Not only does the Spirit not discard the testimony of conscience, but He makes his operations dependent upon it. Where the witness of a man's conscience as to the honesty and sincerity of his religion is lacking, the Spirit cannot fill that man's heart with peace and joy. A clear conscience is a constant companion of the Holy Spirit; Scripture never separates them. "My conscience," says Paul (Rom. ix. 1), also bears me witness *in* the Holy Ghost."

The high importance which Paul fixes upon a clear conscience is remarkable. Without it all other excellencies, privileges, talents, and accomplishments are of no value. Whether he is addressing unbelieving Jews or believing Christians, the testimony of a pure conscience is the first witness to which he invariably appeals. He perceives that, before the judgment of men, the value of Christianity can only be discussed on the platform of morality.—If the new doctrine is not compatible with a pure conscience before God, no man should receive it; even though it were proclaimed by angels from heaven and adorned with the splendour of the most astounding miracles. The Apostle first tells the Jewish council at Jerusalem that he is a moral man, before he tells them that he is a Christian. "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day," he said (Acts

xxiii. 1.) Before drawing the attention of the governor Felix to the doctrines which he proclaims, he tells him, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." (Acts xxiv. 16.) Whatever the governor may think of the new doctrine, this much at any rate the Apostle desires him to know, that that doctrine is not preached by an impostor or a scoundrel, but by a true and honest man, to whom a pure conscience is a matter of exceeding high value.

Nor does he base the work of his apostleship on any other ground when speaking to his disciples and fellow-Christians. That he is a chosen vessel of the Lord for the proclamation of His Word—that he has received a deeper insight into the counsels of God than any other Apostle—that through the grace of God he alone has labored more abundantly than all the other Apostles—that he may speak of visions and revelations such as perhaps, no other man may speak of—that he has greater spiritual gifts, and that he speaks with tongues more than all the other Christians:—all this certainly is worth mentioning, with thanks to God. But it would not have been of the slightest value whatever to him if he had not been able to say with truth, "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity . . . we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward." (2 Cor. i. 12.)

Thus he "commends himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." (2 Cor. iv. 2.) That is to say, he *proposes* (*synistania*) himself, with both his doctrine and his conduct, to the examination of every man, trusting that every one's conscience, when putting his word and conversation to the test of morality and true godliness, will bear him witness that he is an honest servant of God, who "has renounced the hidden things of dishonesty," and walks blameless in the sight of God.

No wonder then that he urgently

recommends the preservation of a pure conscience to his friends and disciples. Faith is the beginning of salvation.—Without it no man can please God.—Without it Christ is nothing to us. But if a man's conscience gets defiled, and he does not care for its speedy purification, neither will his faith, though ever so strong, continue. "Hold faith," he beseeches Timothy, "and a good conscience." Why the latter? Because "some having put it away, have made shipwreck concerning faith." (1 Tim. i. 19.)

And charity! What goes beyond charity? Faith abideth, and hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. It is the end of the commandment. But upon one condition—that it be "charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned." (1 Tim. i. 5.) Faith without charity is nothing; but charity is nothing without a pure conscience.—Though we bestow all our goods to feed the poor, and give our bodies to be burned, and though all the world resounds with the fame of our charitableness, liberality, and generosity, if the inward witness tells us that the principle from which it all proceeds is not pure, that it is charity only in appearance, not in truth and reality—we are but a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, and all our godliness is certain to disappear before the future Judge as stubble before the whirlwind.

Faith, hope, charity! Christ, the Gospel, the Holy Ghost! Baptism, the Lord's supper, the fellowship of the saints, the promises of a future heavenly glory! What unspeakable gifts! What invaluable treasures!—How happy is the man who possesses these!

Certainly, if he possesses them with a pure conscience. If not, call him the most miserable wretch among the children of men. He is a hypocrite. He is a cloud without water, a tree without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the root.

One day I saw a mob before a house on one of the canals of Amsterdam.—I remembered that the house for many

months before had been in course of building, and that it promised to be a splendid structure. Much to my astonishment, I saw that it had collapsed.

"Bad materials, I suppose?" I said to a man who looked like a carpenter.

"Not at all," was the answer, "the materials were of the very best."

"Or perhaps the foundation wasn't well laid?"

"On the contrary, the foundation was excellent. The builder is one of the most skilful."

"Then what is the cause?"

"Well, you see," he answered, shrugging his shoulders, "the soil is bad, sir. It is marshy, and gives way under any burden. When the foundation was laid, it seemed to be well supported upon piles, but it is clear now that that had not been the case."

In Amsterdam all the houses are built on the tops of piles driven into the soil, the nature of the ground being swampy, and too weak to hold a foundation.

"So, after all," I thought as I continued my walk, "all depends upon the nature of the soil. Though the materials of the building be ever so excellent, the foundation stones of the right sort, and the architect as skilful as could be desired, yet if the soil is unsound, the building will certainly collapse."

I then remembered that it is written, "But that on the good ground are they which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it." (Luke viii. 15.) The only true foundation is Christ, and certainly every man should "take heed how he buildeth thereupon." But while carefully examining that which we put upon the foundation, we should, above all, be careful about that which is *under* it. If it is not in an honest heart—if it is not in a pure conscience, that we have Christ dwelling, no orthodoxy, even the soundest, and no religiousness even the strictest, will be able to prevent our utter ruin.

But here the question rises in our mind—"What man is there whose conscience is perfectly pure?"

The answer may be twofold. With reference to the whole

life that is lying behind us, certainly no man's conscience is pure. "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, who shall stand?" But with reference to a certain special deed which we have committed or which we are going to commit, we may with all honesty be able to say: "My conscience bears me witness that I have done it, or am going to do it, in sincerity and in truth."

Thus, for instance, the conscience of the prodigal son was impure with reference to his past conduct. It could not fail to trouble his mind when, as he sat among the swine, he remembered how he had treated his loving father, and how he had spent the portion that fell to him. But when he rose with the intention to go to his father, to confess his shame, to submit to any punishment his father might inflict, and to begin quite a new life in his father's service, his conscience was pure with reference to that special deed. It bore him witness that his intention was an honest one. He could say, with his hand upon his heart, that he did not go to his father as a hypocrite, but in all truth and sincerity, having broken with his former sinful life, and honestly desiring to turn in the opposite direction.

In the same way a man, when he turns to Christ, though having an accusing and troubled conscience as a sinner, may yet have a pure conscience as a suppliant. There are a thousand questions which he cannot answer, but there is one question which he can.—It is the question concerning the honesty and sincerity of his resolution to abandon sin and the world, and to give himself up body and soul to the only true Saviour. It is, certainly, with reference to this true, honest consciousness of the inward witness, that baptism, which is the introduction of the converted one into the Church of Christ, is called "the answer of a good conscience toward God." (1 Peter iii. 21.)

It is purity of conscience, in this sense of the word, which we are expected to bring along with us, when we go to Christ for salvation. Christ is willing and mighty to purge our defiled consciences, but let us not sup-

pose that He will purge them if they are defiled by dishonesty as well as by transgressions. If a man's conscience, on his going to Christ, tells him that his sincere wish is not to give up the love of sin and of the world, let him not suppose that, with such a disposition of heart, a union between him and Jesus is possible. To go to Christ in such a state of mind is not to go to Him at all. It is hypocrisy; and all Christ has to say to such a hypocrite is, "Woe, woe unto you!"

But indispensable as this purity of conscience is for our union with Christ, it is not sufficient to tranquillize our conscience with reference to our sinfulness and guiltiness before God.—It is only an erring, an ill-instructed conscience which can suppose that our sincere resolutions to quit the service of sin is all that is required to make up for our past offences, and to justify us in the sight of God. In other words, it is a gross error to suppose that repentance can atone for sin. A conscience enlightened by God's word and the Holy Spirit knows better. It tells us that every transgression of ours is a stain, not only upon our own character, but an insult done to God in the sight of the whole universe. It tells us that neither our tears nor the blood of all the beasts on the earth can wash away these stains. It asks, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

To this question, nay, to this cry, of an alarmed conscience nothing gives a satisfactory answer save the blood of Christ's son, which speaketh better things than that of Abel. That blood is shed for the remission of sins. If you believe that truth, the Spirit whispers into your soul, "It is shed for the remission of *your* sins." This glad intelligence no sooner sounds through your soul than your conscience is gently quieted. The debt is paid! The penalty is suffered! The law is fulfilled! *Your* case with God is settled! Look at that cross! To it the hand-writing is nailed in which the debt was recorded against you. It is not a supposition, it is a fact. It took place on a



Friday between 9 A. M. and three P. M., in the shadow of Jerusalem, in the presence of thousands of witnesses, in the sight of heaven, earth, and hell!

This is a logic which nothing can resist. Our conscience is perfectly satisfied. "If God is with thee," it answers, who shall be against thee?" And we having peace with God through Jesus Christ, our Lord, bend our knees at the foot of his throne, and whisper, "God be praised for his unspeakable gift!"

It is not human philosophy which shows us this way towards obtaining a pure conscience, but Scripture. "Let us," it is said, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, ch. x. 22, "draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience." The first thing which Christ, on entering our heart, gives us, is—peace. Peace with God—peace that passeth all understanding,—the peace of a conscience which God himself hath put to rest.

It should be observed that those who in this way have got their consciences purged, are also the most anxious and active to keep their consciences pure. The peace which we have obtained through the blood of the cross is so sweet to us, that we dread its disturbance as a fearful calamity. Besides, that faith which drew us to the sin-atoning Saviour, also enriched us with the sin-combating and sin-conquering Spirit. We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, who rather chose to be imprisoned, to be tortured, to die at the stake or on the scaffold, than to defile their conscience. They loved Jesus because he gave his life to procure for them the peace of a pure conscience. No wonder, then, that they rather give up their own life than lose that precious treasure.

Blessed are we if we tread in their footprints! It is not an easy walk after the flesh. Cross and stake are unknown things in our time, but many a hard battle is still unavoidable, and many a heavy sacrifice is required to keep our conscience clear. It is in this warfare that the greatest exploits of

heroism are performed. The greatest men are to be found among those who will never become known to the world as great men, because they preferred the approval of their conscience to the applause of the multitude. But they are known to God. Their names are written in his book. They are those "faithful to death, to whom He will give a crown of life."—*John de Liefde.*

#### A SERMON FROM THE LORD.

"One Sunday," says Mr. Fletcher, "when I had done reading prayers at Madeley, I went up into the pulpit, intending to preach a sermon which I had prepared for the purpose. But my mind was so confused that I could not recollect either my text or any part of my sermon. I was afraid that I should be obliged to come down without saying anything. But having recollected myself a little, I thought I could say something on the first lesson, which was the third chapter of Daniel, containing the account of the three worthies cast into the fiery furnace. I found, in doing it, such extraordinary assistance from God, and such singular enlargement of heart, that I supposed there must be some peculiar cause for it.—I therefore requested, that if any of the congregation had met with anything particular, they would acquaint me with it in the ensuing week.

"In consequence of this, the Wednesday after, a person came, and gave me the following account: "Mrs. K. had been for some time much concerned about her soul. She attended the church at all opportunities, and spent much time in private prayer. At this, her husband (who was a butcher) was exceedingly enraged, and threatened severely what he would do, if she did not leave off going to John Fletcher's church; yea, if she dared to go to any religious meeting whatever. When she told him she could not in conscience refrain from going at least to the parish church, he grew quite outrageous, and swore dreadfully, that if she went any more, he would cut her throat as soon as she came home. This made her

cry mightily to God, that he would support her in the trying hour. And though she did not feel any great degree of comfort, yet, having a sure confidence in God, she determined to go on with her duty, and leave the event to him. Last Sunday, after many struggles with Satan and her own heart, she came down stairs ready for church. Her husband asked her, whether she was resolved to go thither. She told him she was. "Well, then," said he, "I shall not, as I intended, cut your throat; but I will heat the oven, and throw you into it the moment you come home." Notwithstanding this threatening, which he enforced with many bitter oaths, she went to church, praying all the way that God would strengthen her to suffer whatever might befall her.—While you were speaking of the three Hebrew children whom Nebuchadnezzar cast into the burning, fiery furnace, she found it all belonging to her, and God applied every word to her heart. And when the sermon was ended, she thought, if she had a thousand lives, she could lay them all down for God. She felt her whole soul so filled with his love, that she hastened home, fully determined to give herself to whatsoever God pleased; nothing doubting but that he would either save her eternally, if he suffered her to be burned to death, or that he would in some way deliver her, even as he did his three children that trusted in him. But when she opened the door, to her astonishment and comfort she found her husband's wrath abated, and soon had reason to believe that he was under a concern for his soul. The next Lord's day, contrary to his ungodly custom, he attended divine service at church.—Mr. Fletcher however, adds: "These good impressions, it is feared, have not produced any lasting change on his heart and life, but I now know why my sermon was taken from me."

## A CAUSE THAT NEEDS PRAYER.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

Good and thoughtful men begin to see that the liquor business must be overthrown, or it will ruin us as a people. I do not mean that all professed followers of Christ see this. There are plenty of men in the church who seem not to see any more harm to men in the liquor business than in the traffic in flour and feed. They have eyes, but see not. But better and more thoughtful men see that this business is fraught with more evil to men than any other. It is our Pandora's box. But how is it to be overthrown? *Prayer* must be one of the chief levers. Generally speaking, the courts are against us; the legislators are against us; public sentiment is against us; the churches are indifferent. Many, very many, good Christians are with us: but the churches, in their collective and official capacities, are against us. How then shall we destroy the accursed license system, and break down the drinking habits of the people? "Not by might, not by power," but by the aid of God. To secure this, we must pray. To encourage your faith, think of the slave in South Carolina. He desired to be *free*. But the law of his own State said "No." He looked into the Constitution of the United States, as much his country as yours. But it said "No; you are a slave." He appealed to the people that professed to believe that "all men are created free and equal;" but they said "No." Then he began to pray to God—softly, lest his master might hear; but he prayed on against the heavy odds against him, and his softest prayer was loud enough for God to hear. Soon the chains broke and fell; they were melted in the fires of the civil war his master had kindled: and he was *free*. Let every man and woman that has moral sense enough to perceive that intemperance is an evil, pray without ceasing, until the upas tree, that poisons all the air, is torn up by the roots, to grow no more.

Of all the marvellous works of the Deity, perhaps there is none which angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a *proud man*.—Colton.

Parents! will you, at the family altar, remember to pray to God to destroy this enemy that threatens the ruin of your children?

Ministers of the gospel! will you remember, in your pulpits, and in the prayer-meetings among your people, to pray God to put a speedy end to this business?

Christians, all! will you, in your closets, lift up your voice and heart to God for deliverance from this curse?

If we labor on like atheists, without asking God for his help, he may let us toil in vain. Temperance has, by too many, been regarded as a *moral* rather than a *religious* movement. Make it a religious movement, by making it a subject of daily prayer. Don't forget it.

### A YOUNG CONVERT.

BY FRANK AYRES.

WHILE perusing the *Earnest Christian*, this morning, I became greatly interested in the sketch of Mary Carpenter's conversion. How vividly my own experience, both in vice, and in doing good, flashed before me; and I thought, am I all I ought to be? Does my heart cheerfully and willingly give all to God. Do I, in the silent moments of my life, cling to the world which I renounced a short time ago? Do I endeavor, as far as I am capable, to live a godly, righteous, and sober life?—Alas! I fear there are moments when my thoughts glide back to midnight revels and scenes of dissipation—carnal enjoyment of every description—with a feeling akin to regret. But they are soon dispelled; for, I fly to the foot of the Cross, and lift up my voice in humble supplication for forgiveness and mercy. Then it is that I feel the true enjoyment of religion. Will you listen, for a short season, while I relate some of the most startling events that led to my conversion two weeks ago? They may be useful to the young, as the examples of others were to me.

In order to give a true account of my experience, it will be necessary for

me to go as far back as the latter part of 1865, or about the time the war closed, July, 1865. I was then, as I am at present, an officer in the navy of the United States. When I arrived home from the Gulf, I received a cordial invitation to visit some friends residing in Troy, N. Y. While there, indulging in every worldly pleasure money could procure, or friends could devise, I became so heedless, that I scarcely knew what I was doing, and plunged into the very depths of dissipation, scarcely realizing that I was alive, so much was I diverted by the spell of sin. Yet the time was to come when I was to pay for those weeks of giddy pleasure, and it did come with a vengeance. One morning, I went out to ride, and I was scarcely able to alight from my carriage when I got back. I managed, however, to crawl to my room, and that room I did not leave for eight long weeks. I cannot tell you what happened in that time, for to me it was all blank. But, I remember, one morning, just as the crisis of my fever was near, a lady—good, kind, Christian lady—came to my bedside, placed her hand upon my forehead, and asked me if I would give my heart to God, if he would spare me? I answered, yes; although at the time, I could not be held accountable for anything, and was quite as liable to insult the good lady as not; for I was *delirious*. From that moment, I began to mend; and, at last, having recovered my health, I was able to attend divine service. One evening, I went to prayer-meeting; and there, before the altar of God, I dedicated myself to Christ. Time passed on.—I was obliged to return to my duty. But, alas! with my return, came all the evil influences I was wont to yield to. I struggled hard. Hard, did I say? No, I could not have struggled *very* hard. But, be that as it may, I forgot God. I forgot my religious vows. I returned to my wild companions, and continued to break the laws of my Saviour. I disappointed the hopes of my Christian friends, who thought me *all* that a good Christian ought to be. But they were deceived. Yes, and I



had deceived them. What could I do or say? My thoughts disturbed me. I could not sleep. Even while engaged in my daily routine of duty, I was abstracted. What was the cause? We shall see. Not long after my day's duty was done, I was startled by the cry, "All hands on deck." I went, tearing up the companion ladder, to the deck.—When I arrived there, all was confusion. Nothing but the shrieking of the terrific gale could be heard, as it tore through the shrouds, and whistled through the rigging. O, it was awful, and my turbulent mind tallied well with the wild commotions of the battling elements. Not long was I allowed to stand; for, before I could form a word, much less speak it, down came the maintop gallant mast, striking, however, clear of the side; and then came the shrill whistle of the boatswain, piping, "All hands to shorten sail;" and all through that terrible night, I prayed—prayed as I never prayed before—for God to say unto the winds and the sea, as he did of old, "Peace, be still." Oh! who can picture the agony of that night, passed in weeping and prayer? I thought I was the "Jonah," and God was sending me a visitation of his wrath for forgetting him, for *trying to hide from him*. At last, just as the gray dawn was breaking, the storm ceased. Jesus had at last said, "Peace, be still." Once more on my knees, before God, in the secrecy of my state room, did I thank *him* for the merciful preservation of my unworthy life. And there, in the presence of God, I confessed my sins, and he bound up my wounds, and sent me on my way rejoicing. He said unto my troubled soul, as he did unto the dashing wave, "Peace, be still;" and now, thanks be to God, I am once more back in the fold of the good, with Christ for my shepherd. And now, as I am very happy, I will leave you, hoping you will put this before the eyes of the young.

Sir Isaac Newton said of infidels, that they despise Christianity because they have not studied it, and they will not study it because they despise it.

## THE COVERING OF BADGERS' SKINS.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

It was indeed a glorious promise that that father of lies made to Eve when he was trying to get her to disobey God by eating of the forbidden fruit. Ye shall be as gods." So for some considerations, the chief of which was to be as the gods, she disobeyed and lost all, and gained only a knowledge of sin and shame, and hopeless wretchedness. To be as God, Lucifer, son of the morning, fell so deep that the Almighty could find no way of salvation for him. To be as gods, man fell so hopelessly there could be found no redemption for him except in the death and sufferings of the blessed Son of God. And so he left his throne and came down to earth to bear the sin and guilt of man, and pay that awful debt.

And it is required of man in order that he may be saved through Jesus, that he become—a fool!

Down with your pride, down with all your high ambitions, down with your wisdom and lofty looks, your aristocratic notions, your aspirations to be as gods. We have had enough of it, ye blamers of Eve; we have seen enough of its workings to begin with in her ruinous down-fall, and we need not look farther for illustration.

O yes, "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, *let him become a fool*, that he may be wise.

1 Cor. 3; 18. You do not like that. Very well. We have eaten the poisonous, forbidden fruit, and now we must take the medicine—or die.

How the gospel plan of salvation strikes at the very root of our disease—Pride. How fair that fruit was! How pleasant to the eyes! How good for food! How much to be desired to make one wise! How is the remedy to counteract its deathly effects upon the soul? Carnality pushes back that cup. "I cannot take that. There is nothing here to be desired. Take it away, I tell you. *It is bitter!*" So self lives and flourishes, dresses for admiration, flits for pleasure, aspires

for honor, for reverence and power, and the disease works on, and the poor patient *dies forever*.

Or, he takes the cup, with head half averted. "*It is bitter*," he says, but I *must* drink it.

"Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known."

Go worldly good and pleasure. Go friends, and cherished, idols. Beautiful dream of my life, whose enchanting brightness has charmed me and lifted me over many rugged places, *end here!* I make a strike that dashes thy crystal palaces to pieces, and turn my face square about from thy fields, of rainbow brightness, to follow in a cheerless path the stable-born Babe of Bethlehem."

He drains the cup; wrings out the dregs and drinks them. Self dies, and Lo, he rises—a god! The way before him is narrow, to be sure, but it leads straight up to the open gates of the heavenly world, and is flooded with billows of glory. So he has "Heaven begun below." He has caught some strains that are sung in the city, and he sings them too. He reigns a king. Strange workings these in human souls. In trying to be gods, mankind fell to fools. In becoming fools for Jesus sake, they rise to be gods.

You do not believe that? Well, I can hardly expect to convince you, but I will direct your attention to the word of God which says, "Ye are gods, and every one of you are children of the most High." Also let me remind you that as Jesus was the Second person of the Trinity incarnate, so Christians are temples of the Third person of the Trinity. Christ's body was the temple of the Son; the Christian's body the temple of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. 6: 19. Where is the limit of their power? "The works that I do," says Jesus, "shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father."

You cannot see it? You can hardly expect to, standing as you do outside of the tabernacle. If you would see much of beauty or glory, you must come inside. You will see enough then to last you all your life-time, and to all

eternity. But out there you see indeed very little to attract you. You are rather repelled than attracted by that Covering that is without form, or beauty, or comeliness. (See Isa. 53. 2.) And as for those bloody sacrifices, you honestly believe God does not require them, and in your heart pity those poor half crazy creatures who are laboring under such delusion as leads them to offer themselves upon such an altar.

The tabernacle was a type of the church of God, as traveling through this wilderness world of fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought. The temple a shadow of the future glory of Christ's kingdom, and inheritance of the saints. The beauty and glory of the former were almost entirely concealed from the eyes of all save those whose priestly privilege it was to enter in. The glory of the latter shone forth as the glory of the sun, its gold covered sides and towering pinnacles throwing back bright beams to the eyes of every beholder. But the Jew forgot types and shadows, and the pride of his heart was fostered by that which should have led his thoughts from self to God, from earth to heaven. He gloried in his genealogy, he gloried in his nation, he gloried in the magnificence of his temple, and worship, and making still broader his broad phylactery, he folded his Pharisaical robe in dignity about him, and walked those courts, thanking God he was not as other men. The parade and pomp of ceremony, the melody of viols, the music of harps, and the answering voices of white-robed singers filled him with rapture, and he fancied himself a god for perfection, while his heart was steeped in pride and scorn.

Where is he that is born King of the Jews? They look for him to come with a glory and majesty befitting God; with pomp and princely power scattering their enemies, and leading forth triumphant armies, exalting them as his happy subjects to places of dominion and power.

But God does not pamper their pride, nor gratify their high ambitions. Even if he had come in regal splendor all men would have received him, and they

whose hearts were full of all uncleanness would have owned him Lord of all, and worshiped him. He comes from insignificant Nazareth. He is born in a stable. "*No room for them in the inn.*" His parents are so poor that when they come to present him to the Lord and offer the usual sacrifice, they cannot bring a lamb, and so they bring a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons. He treads the lowly walks of life. He works at the carpenter's bench. He eats with sinners. The tax-gatherer comes along and the Prince of the kings of the earth has to work a miracle in order to get a piece of silver to meet the demands. No wonder the pride-inflated Jew cries out, Away with him! We will not have this man to reign over us!

To make his sphere still lower and lower still—as it would seem, he is branded as an infamous blasphemer, and shamefully hung up in the light of the sun, by the common highway, between two thieves. Who will believe in Jesus now? Who recognizes him as King of kings and Lord of lords?—Who is ready to fall at his feet, and worship him who is looked down upon, and despised, by the chief ones of the church and the world, and call him, *My Lord, and my God*. It is only those who have renounced the vain pomp and glory of the world. It is only those who have turned their backs alike upon its praise and scorn, and seek the salvation of their souls, suffering, as it were, the loss of all things. *And they shall be saved.* No wonder the only requirement of salvation was, *Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ; for in believing in that despised, rejected one, they do in self-renunciation give all for God.

And the only requirement of salvation now is, *Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ. But do not think that the fashionable Jesus of to day is one and the same with the unpopular Jesus of Nazareth. Do not think the reproach and ignominy of being his follower was lost with the generation that crucified him. Then is the offence of the cross ceased. Now, as then, his words ring out, "Whosoever he be of you that

forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Now, as then, the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent are at enmity. As in the days of Abraham and Paul, he that was born after the flesh, persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now: and if the world loves you, and you love the world, be sure the love of the Father is not in you.

We have not yet come up to the heavenly Jerusalem. Still we pitch our tents in a wilderness of drought, and vipers, and fiery serpents; and when you see a tabernacle that is beautiful on the outside, and "takes well" with the world, you may be sure it is not made after the pattern that was shown in the mount. When a religion is offered you that it is fashionable to embrace, or a Jesus held up whom it is popular to worship, you have the word of God for it that that religion is not the religion of Jesus, nor that Jesus the Christ of Nazareth. And if you belong to a church to which it is popular to belong, you had better be on your guard, for fear they will not help you on to God.

The costliness and grandeur of your church edifices, the talent and eloquence of your minister, the fashionable music of your choirs, may "take well" with the world, and flatter the pride of the unregenerate heart, but they do not please God, nor lead the soul to communion with him; and those who kindle their devotional fires at such altars, are generally those who choose out the chief seats in the synagogue, and move in just as high and aristocratic a circle as their worldly tact and worldly possessions allow. Mark well those whose tide of devotion rises so high with the rapturous swell of music, who tremble in bliss as the rainbow light of stained glass falls around them, and see how low the ebbings are when their neighbor's hired girl is shown a seat with them, or a request made for them to associate themselves in some way with lowly men or lowly things. How all the wounded pride of their nature spits out its venom, and spitefully beats its serpent-tail till the going down of the sun



Still, as heretofore, the question is asked, "Have any of the *chief priests* and *rulers* believed on him?" and still we hear the added remark, "This ignorant set are cursed." Or, more scripturally, "This people who knoweth not the law are cursed." Where did *you* come from, Nicodemus? Search and look. No *prophet* comes from insignificant Galilee.

But Jesus rejoiced in spirit, as he said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for it seemed good in thy sight."

"For ye see, your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence. 1 Cor. i.: 26, 29.

UNSTABLE PROFESSORS.—A quaint writer compares a certain class of professors of religion to "sheet-iron stoves heated by shavings." When there is a little reviving in the Church, they all at once flame up and become exceedingly warm and zealous. They are ready to chide the pastor and elders for their coldness and want of activity. But, alas! the shavings are soon burned out, and then the heat goes down as rapidly as it went up. They are never seen in the prayer-room, or more spiritual meetings of the Church again, until there is another excitement. If such people had not souls of their own to be saved, they would not be worth taking into the Church. They encumber it, though they themselves may receive benefit from a connection with it.

If you would be safe and happy, act, when tempted, according to the resolutions you made when blessed.

## Editorial.

### SPLENDID CHURCHES.

A valued correspondent from a distant city says of the spiritual condition of the church there, "The cause of God languishes here; the new church enterprise absorbs much attention."

There is a great rage for fine church edifices among all the leading denominations of this country. Buildings that are large enough, and convenient enough for all the purposes for which a house of worship is intended, are sold for breweries, or livery stables, or some other base purpose, or torn down, and a new house, intended to surpass all others in the community, is erected. The arguments generally used to justify this course are such as these: "We should make the house of God attractive." "If we do not have as fine a church as others, the rich will leave us for other communions." "Splendid churches refine the public taste."

Did not Jesus say, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me?" Hold up Jesus in the power of the Holy Ghost, and you will not want for hearers. The church should be comfortable: any thing beyond that is sinful.

Suppose the rich do leave you. They left the Saviour when He was on earth.—The rich young man "went away sorrowful, for he had large possessions." No man who is in earnest to save his soul will leave a church because the edifice in which they worship is plain and unpretending.

Where in the Bible is it said that the object of the church is to refine the taste? Get the soul saved from sin—from the dominion of all base passions, and real refinement will follow as a matter of course.

Against this lavish expenditure of the Lord's money there are many serious and weighty objections.

1. *Costly churches render the assistance of the rich necessary.* Things must correspond. The more money there is laid out on a church, the more must there be expended to keep it up. The singing alone in some churches costs more than the entire expenses of other churches in the same

city. And where there is one soul saved in the costly church, there are ten in the plain one.

Where rich men are necessary to a church they will control it. Every thing must go according to their dictation. The sermons, the prayers, the singing, and the services generally, must be conducted according to their unsanctified tastes. Said a wealthy rumseller to the Presiding Elder, "If you do not send us, Dr. S., we will close the church." This is the spirit that always prevails where Mammon reigns. The old Methodist Discipline wisely said, "Let all our houses of worship be built plain and decent, with free seats, and not more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable, otherwise rich men will be necessary to us, and when rich men are necessary to us, farewell to Methodist Discipline, if not to Methodist doctrine also." This is true, but it is not all the truth.—The corrupting influence of wealth is not confined to the Methodist church, but extends to all denominations. When any church cannot get along without rich men, farewell to the Gospel in its purity. "I am so thankful," said a Presbyterian minister of the city of New York in our presence, "that I have the privilege of preaching to a congregation composed of the poor, for they will let me preach the truth."

2. *Costly churches exclude the poor.* They cannot dress in accordance with the surroundings. They feel sadly out of place if they ever get into a fine church. But generally, in this country, as soon as any Protestant denomination builds a fine church, it sells the seats, like stock in the market, to the highest bidder. The reign of Mammon is fully and formally inaugurated. The poor are effectually shut out. Seats may be reserved for them, but they are unwilling to proclaim their poverty from week to week by occupying them.—To expect it of them is an insult to their manhood. But Christ said "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." So it follows that whatever it is that is proclaimed in these costly churches from which the poor are excluded, it is *not* the Gospel, for **THE POOR HAVE THE GOSPEL PREACHED UNTO THEM.**

3. *Costly churches encourage extravagance and pride.* Why should not a man expend all the money he can upon his own house when the churches set him the example? Then there must be furniture, dress and a style of living to correspond. The money to keep up all this show must be had. If it cannot be obtained honestly, then too frequently resort is had to dishonest means. We once knew a man in an adjacent city who was specially active in the church of which he was a member. He was class-leader, trustee and Sabbath School Superintendent. He occupied a prominent position in society, and supported his family according to the extravagant pretensions of the age. His salary was insufficient to meet all these expenses, and to assist in erecting a new church edifice—an enterprise in which he was ardently enlisted. He embezzled funds from the establishment of which he was a cashier. His fine residence went to satisfy the demand, and he was saved from the shame of a public exposure. Removing to a distant city, his fine business talents and gentlemanly appearance secured for him public confidence, and in a few years he was elected Treasurer of the city. The same habits of extravagance were indulged in, public money to quite an amount was embezzled; and, dreading exposure, he took a weapon one fine Sabbath morning and put an end to his miserable existence. This is one instance that came under our own observation of the sad results of the extravagance of the age, to which our fine churches lend a great encouragement.—The money expended upon a steeple would build a comfortable house where hundreds might hear the Gospel preached who are now without the means of grace.

Are you convinced of the truth of these things? Then be a man—a Christian—and have the moral courage to stand by your convictions. Give no countenance whatever to the pride and extravagance which are exerting so baneful an influence upon the church of God, and the undying interests of humanity.

YOUR ATTENTION.—In writing us on business, never fail to give, in plain letters, your name and post office address.

## STUMBLING BLOCKS.

It is astonishing for what trifling causes men will pursue a course which brings wretchedness with it here, and which results in eternal ruin hereafter. Some go to hell to spite their friends. Some one, a parent or brother, or sister, or wife, has prayed and labored for his salvation. He has taken it into his head to feel insulted by the deep interest they have manifested in his welfare. It will please them too much for him to become a Christian. And so he plunges more deeply into sin, travels the hard road of the transgressor, only to prove at last that the wages of sin is death.

Many give up their religion because they are not properly treated by some of their brethren or sisters. They meet, or imagine they meet, with coldness where they expected to find the warmth of affection. How foolish! Perhaps they were so busy, or so burdened, that, without intending it, they failed to treat you with proper courtesy. Does that change God's truth, or render it any less incumbent on you to do your duty? Are you serving men, or the Lord Jesus Christ? If the latter, then never think of being any the less faithful because of the misconduct of your fellow servants.

Some stumble over the inconsistencies of professors. There can be no doubt that there are many who do not enjoy religion in their hearts or exemplify its precepts in their lives. They are either self-deceived, or are wilful hypocrites. But what of that? Will you find any shelter in the judgment day under their bad example?—*To his own master he standeth or falleth.* The counterfeit establishes the value of the genuine. Where do you ever meet any counterfeit Confederate money? But the greatest skill is displayed in producing imitations of United States bonds.

"Did you every enjoy religion?" we asked recently of a thoughtful, honest-looking man travelling with us on the cars.

"I never did."

"Do you not believe in the reality and necessity of a genuine religious experience?"

"I do not know as I doubt it; but somehow my association with professing Christians has been unfortunate. When I was

a boy I was thrown out into the world to care for myself as best I could. I worked hard and earned a little money. I bought an interest in a chair factory at Clyde, N. Y. I did well at the business, and after some years, sold out, taking in payment two houses and lots. One of these I traded with a Deacon of the church for some land. He said the land was sixteen miles south of Buffalo, of good quality, and worth twenty dollars an acre. There was no railroad then, and I traded, relying upon his representations. There was a mortgage on the house and lot, and one of the same amount on the land. Each of us agreed to assume the mortgage on the property we had traded for, and to run our own risk of paying it. When we exchanged papers, the Deacon called in two friends and said, 'We have traded—he giving me this house and lot, and I giving him that tract of land south of Buffalo. There is a mortgage of equal amount on each piece of property, which we each assume, and we each agree to run our own risk.'

"After awhile I went to see my land. I found it twenty-four miles from Buffalo, instead of sixteen, and the land was not worth one-half what he said it was—not worth more than the incumbrance. When I went back and charged the Deacon with misrepresentation, and sought redress, I was coolly told that I agreed to run my own risk, and the two witnesses testified to this fact. The only risk I was to run was that of paying the mortgage; but the Deacon had so artfully worded it as to make me run the risk of the truth of his representations. Thus I was coolly cheated out of about one thousand dollars. Several times since, I have been defrauded by those occupying a prominent position in the church, and it has, to some extent at least, set me against Christianity. My children go to Sabbath School, but I seldom go to church."

This may be the case with others. Such professors will have a fearful account to render at the day of Judgment. Many will be surprised then, to learn the influence they have exerted.

Be careful, then, how you lay a stumbling block in another's way. Remember that



Jesus says, *Whosoever shall offend, that is cause to stumble, one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.*—Mark ix: 42. This should put us on our guard. We should see to it that our words and our actions are such as to give none any real occasion to doubt the reality of the Christian religion.

Let all take heed how they stumble over the failings or wrong doings of any person, no matter what his standing may be in the visible church. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." You may receive treatment from ministers of the gospel, such as avowed infidels would blush to be guilty of. Bigotry is far more cruel and unfeeling than common human nature. But we know that, under such circumstances, the grace of God can keep you from falling. Persecutions, even from those who profess godliness, should bring us nearer the cross.

When you know that you are right, do not be turned aside by anything. To allow ourselves to be turned aside from the narrow way by the ill conduct of any one, shows a want of grace and a want of sense. He who walks in the light, sees obstructions that may lie in his path, and avoids them, and passes on his way. But he who goes over the dangerous way, in darkness, falls over every obstruction, becomes discouraged, and turns back. This stumbling so much, is a sure sign of a bad heart. **THE WAY OF THE WICKED IS AS DARKNESS.—THEY KNOW NOT AT WHAT THEY STUMBLE.**

#### "THE FREE METHODIST."

The specimen number of this paper is before us. As its name indicates, it is designed to be the organ of the new denomination, so strangely raised up, and already spreading through the land.

The specimen number is got up in good style, and shows the ability of the editor, Rev. Levi Wood, to make a good paper, if he is properly sustained. It is neat and attractive in appearance, and filled with interesting matter. If a sufficient number of subscribers are secured to warrant its publication, it will be issued regularly after about the first of January next. Address Rev. Levi Wood, North Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

One number more closes the present volume. We have endeavored to do our duty faithfully through these columns.—God has owned our feeble efforts to the promoting of His cause. Our subscribers, generally, as we have reason to believe, feel satisfied that they have received many times the worth of their money. You have stood by us nobly, and through your efforts our circulation has steadily increased. We hope that you will stand by us and be not weary in well-doing. Not only promptly renew for yourself, but get us, if possible, one or more new subscribers. But if any whose subscription expires with the December number wish to discontinue, we shall esteem it a special favor if you inform us at farthest by the 10th of December.

If any of the numbers of the present year have, from any cause, failed to reach you, or if any of you have not received the premiums to which you were entitled, if you will inform us, and give us the proper and full directions, we will see that they are forwarded at once. In all cases when writing us on business, give correctly the name of your Post Office and State.

#### SCHOOL AT CHILI.

The want of a school where the youth will not be exposed to the demoralizing influences of the day, has long been felt.—A sum, for this purpose, has been raised, sufficient to warrant the beginning of the enterprise. More is needed. It is in contemplation to erect suitable buildings another year. The hotel property at Chili, ten miles west of Rochester, N. Y., on the Central Railroad, has been purchased, to commence the school with, until the buildings are completed. The school is expected to commence the latter part of November.—The teachers will be competent to give instruction in the branches usually taught in our best academies. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates, and any wishing to board themselves, can hire rooms for the purpose. Any wishing more definite information on the subject, should address L. F. Halstead, North Chili, Monroe County, New York.

## TONAWANDA CAMP MEETING.

We wrote a full account of this meeting at the time, but for some unknown reason, it failed to appear in print. This has sometimes happened to articles from correspondents, which we fully intended to publish, but which by some accident were mislaid in the office.

This meeting was a complete success. A heavenly spirit prevailed in all the services, and a great amount of good was done.

The order throughout was all that could be desired. This speaks volumes of praise in favor of the young people of Tonawanda who were present in large numbers, and who listened with marked attention to the word of God as it was faithfully proclaimed. May God bless them and save them.

**DYING TESTIMONY.**—Lydia White, an Indian woman, on the Cattaraugus Reservation, wife of Rev. Peter White.

She experienced religion when twenty-eight years of age, in the Congregationalist Church, and then joined the M. E. Church. She lived in the enjoyment of justifying grace, for about six years. Nine years ago, under the preaching of Rev. C. D. Brooks, at the Mission Church, she experienced the blessing of entire holiness, and lived in its enjoyment until she laid her down for the summons of the resurrection.

During her sickness, her mind was on heavenly things. She was confined to her bed only four days. And at her last hour, she exhorted her brethren and sisters that stood around her dying bed, to be faithful in doing the Lord's will, to meet her in heaven. And then she told that she saw a glorious light, and the saints flying in it, and then she laid herself out, and folded her hands, and closed her eyes, and slept in Jesus, with a peaceful rest.

And then the brothers and sisters struck a tune, and sang and prayed. This she requested them to do some time ago.

**MINUTES OF THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH FOR 1867.**—These are now ready. Any wishing a copy will be accommodated by enclosing 15 cents in a letter, addressed to this office.

## A WORD FROM MEADVILLE.

The "Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" What a blessed thought to the child of God! Amid the buffetings of Satan, amid severe temptations, amid trials, in the deep waters of affliction, under each and every possible condition or circumstance it is blessed to realize that the song in Heaven and on earth is one: "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Let every child of God say, Amen!

My Father in Heaven is very kind to me. How gently He leads me, and how graciously He lends a listening ear to my prayer. What a debt I owe to God!—Jesus died and paid it all. I must work, watch, fight and pray; and then, after having done all, will be nothing more than a poor, miserable, bankrupt sinner, saved through Jesus' power.

The Lord blesses me in my body and soul as I travel over these hills, and endeavor to proclaim a free and full salvation. I am encouraged to press onward. I know that the word of God does not fail, nor return to him void of any effect. The word of the Lord is sweet to my soul; I love to read it; and on its sacred pages there is food to my hungry soul. What solid food I found lately in reading the five Books of Moses upon my knees before God. These may appear dry and uninteresting to many, but I found that I could "suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock"—the oil to keep my lamp burning, so I need not stumble, and the honey to keep all within sweet while eating the "bitter herbs" as I pass thro' life's journey.

The Brazen Serpent scene afforded me much comfort. Moses prayed to God for the people. They wanted the serpents removed. God answered his prayer, but in His own way. The serpents lived and bit on, but in mercy He provided a remedy.—The brazen serpent was uplifted. He who was bitten and believed God's word, looked and lived. God permits Satan to live, to tempt, to seduce, to destroy—yea, to work all manner of wickedness, even in "high places;" but He also sent Jesus into the world. "He was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." How.

ever severe may be the conflict, if we but look to Jesus and believe on Him whom the Father sent, we shall live. Our enemy is strong, and sometimes we are almost overcome; but in our last extremity, having struggled with all our power to resist, we see one coming from Edom with dyed garments of Bozrah, glorious in His apparel, speaking in righteousness mighty to save, Hallelujah to the Lamb! mighty to save. How the powers of Hell give way! Satan flies! the conquest is ended; we are victorious through Jesus' power.

I love the plain Gospel. Oh! for a living, burning ministry everywhere. We have enough of preaching that is "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly dull."—*Dead perfection*—no more. We want that preaching that makes one cry out, "I am the man he means." "Lord, save, or I perish."  
S. K. J. CHESBROUGH.

#### LETTER FROM SAMUEL IRWIN.

Brother Samuel Irwin, known to many of our readers, has gone to the Old World to proclaim the wonderful dealings of God with his soul. He is a brand plucked from the burning, and we trust his mission will result in great good. The following extract from a letter written by him to a friend in New-York will be read with interest:

MACCLESFIELD, Eng., Friday,  
September 30th, 1867. }

BRO. JOSEPH MACKEY—*Sir*: I arrived at Liverpool yesterday, took cars to Manchester, and still onward to Bro. Weaver's house. He was not at home; is in Ireland. I may leave here to-day to meet him there, if possible. He preached in Dublin last Lord's day. \* \* \* \*

I will now give you my experience since we parted. Thanks be to God! we both can talk to Jesus, because of his spirit bestowed upon us. The first Scripture which the Holy Ghost (I am glad I know there is a Holy Ghost) gave me was, "A man's heart deviseth his ways, but the Lord directeth his steps." It was enough. This was after we parted on the ship the last time. Light came. I saw God was in my going.

I had no special blessing until the fol-

lowing Tuesday night; then the heavens seemed to open and shower down blessings on me. It was my class night. I *know* they prayed in faith; glory to the Lamb! Oh! how nigh Jesus was on board that ship. In the arms of His love I was carried above. I could neither write nor tell how I felt. Now I can. It was Glory. The Holy Ghost can give, even me, proper language. Glory, glory, this is my song. It joins the redeemed in heaven with harmony, all through Jesus. What a privilege to be permitted to join with the angels, even while we tabernacle in the flesh. I felt Jesus even as a great rock, in the midst of the sea, whereon I could stand. I was safe and sure. O, what a foundation Jesus is! Bro. Mackey.

The stone laid at Northport, Aug. 5th, 1850, was cemented by blood. That blood cleanseth the vilest wherever it flows.—Best of all, it cleanseth me, and is my life now. It giveth life—everlasting life—and constraineth me to seek the souls of men. How blessed I feel to-day in having done my work while on board of ship! The only public duty was distributing cards in the cabin on Sabbath after a Bishop had read the Episcopal service. Many came to me afterward and asked for some of your cards. I told my experience at every opportunity; sometimes to only one; at other times to many. The Holy Spirit helped me every time, bless His name!

At landing, there was great excitement. When I came ashore, I asked God to comfort me by His word. Immediately this passage was given me by the Spirit: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about thee," &c. Look for it; it will do you good.

Love to all the saints. S. IRWIN.

MRS. BETSEY C. ORTON.—Glory to the Lamb for a present salvation! Present, free, and full. Upon my bed of suffering I rest in Jesus, and the rest is glorious—"Rest for the weary." "I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness," and join the "innumerable company." I am all ready to cross over, and am only waiting for the boatman. Angel bands are ready to convey me home. Glory to Jesus forever!

Pekin, N. Y.



## THE LOVE FEAST.

SARAH WADHAUS.—I am still striving to glorify my Heavenly Master by patiently bearing the chastening rod I feel from day to day. It is good to draw near to the hand that holds the rod. I have been a wayward child. My Heavenly Father in early youth called and bade me "go work in his vineyard;" but I replied, "I will not," doubting my ability and that "His grace would be sufficient for me." And now I feel that the chastisements that I am subjected to, the bitter scourgings that I receive are but too well deserved. But I trust that my afflictions may work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and though I may be persecuted and wrongfully accused here, that I may have grace given me to bear all meekly, even as my Master did, content in feeling that it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Lord. I covet a place at the right hand of Christ in his kingdom, though my poor human nature sometimes shrinks from drinking the cup that He drank of, and being baptized with the baptism He was baptized with. Oh! Lord, increase my faith.

Hartsville, N. Y.

CARRIE E. KIRKHAM.—I am saved by the power of Jesus' blood from all sin.—Through the truth I am free. Not a cord binds me to sin; not a band fastens me to Satan's kingdom. "Free as the air, I mount to the skies, and the world is under my feet." God has done wonders. He has given me a holy heart, without money or price. My soul is in harmony with God, and that which is God-like. I seem like one standing in a room, the length, breadth and height of which is infinitude, filled with the glory of the presence of God.—Out of the fullness of my soul I say, "Use me Lord to thy glory."

Benton Centre, N. Y.

R. R. PULLMAN.—I feel that the blood of Jesus saves me every moment. Hallelujah to His name! I will pay the price and go through to glory. I am seeking to know God's will all the while, and for the old path for glory I have taken the Bible route, and mean to keep it until I get through.

Fulton, N. Y.

THOMAS LUDLOW.—On the 1st of January last some unknown hand sent me a copy of your excellent Magazine. Since that time I have secured six numbers, which are in the hands of six different individuals, accomplishing its three-fold work of *doing good*. Now I would say to every one of your subscribers, go and do likewise. Yes, do something for our Lord and his Christ. May the solemn inquiry ever be ringing in our ears, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Go work, and whatsoever is right he will give us," is said by him who cannot lie, and who cannot look upon any sin with the least degree of allowance. Brethren, let us look about us and see that the blood of souls is not on our garments.

Decatur, Ills.

ORPHA PELTON.—I can endure affliction, I can endure bodily pain, I can be deprived of any earthly comfort or friend, but I cannot endure to have one blemish on my soul, one sin unforgiven. Nor can I be deprived of sweet communion with God, nor rest without feeling continually that I am in sympathy with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

La Grange, N. Y.

LOUISA A. KEECH.—I have wanted to testify in the *Earnest Christian* for some time to the power of Jesus to save and cleanse from all unrighteousness. I can praise God this morning for a present, free and full salvation. I love the cross bearing way. To obey is better than all the pleasures this world can give, for it brings the glory every time. I have found that Jesus can save amid care, toil, temptation and sickness. All the way it is glory. I have seen the time when I was afraid I should disturb some one if I let the Spirit have its way; but I was one of the fearful ones. I now can say that all the roots of bitterness may be taken away just as soon as we are willing to obey; but if we try to avoid the cross because it crucifies, we may pray forever, and it will be as a tinkling cymbal. For one, I am trying to live every day so that Jesus can be my guest from morning till night, and night till morning, and His grace is sufficient.

Elgin, Illinois.