

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

ALTARS AND OFFERINGS.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

THE sacrifice of Christ, as merely a human being, could have availed nothing for the redemption of the world—however much he might have suffered. But, being God and man, and offering himself upon the altar of his divinity, the sacrifice was infinitely meritorious, and satisfied every demand of justice.

He offered himself without spot to God, *through the eternal Spirit*.—Heb. ix. 14. He was quickened, or resurrected, by the Spirit.—1 Pet. iii. 18.

The Spirit is not unfrequently represented, in the Bible, by fire. On the day of Pentecost, the Spirit descended and sat upon each of the disciples in cloven tongues of fire, and they spake with new tongues, *as the Spirit* gave them utterance.

Applying the above truths to the altar, and the fire upon it, which at first *came forth from the Lord* (Lev. ix. 24), and was kept continually burning (Lev. vi. 13), we shall see how it is that when we *follow Christ* in offering ourselves to God, that we are made new creatures.

There may be many high places, and many altars; but there is only one al-

tar upon which we can offer ourselves with acceptance to God. So are there also many fires, for the ostensible purpose of renovating mankind, and making them what they ought to be; but there is only one fire which will consume the flesh with its affections and lusts, and cause a resurrection to a new life in Christ Jesus.

"Whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy," and whatsoever abides in that fire shall be purified, and his dross and tin wholly purged away.

To lay one's self upon the altar, implies a perfect giving up of self to God, and a resting upon Jesus. There can be no reservation. Do we hear some say, "I have given myself to God *so far as I know*"? Then you have yet to give yourself to God *so far as you do not know*. There is a considerable reservation in your consecration. You think of this, and that, that you are persuading yourself God will never call you to do, or to give up. Cease all this at once, and make up your mind to do just what God shall require of you, however improbable it may seem to you now that he will ever call you to it. As Bro. Pomeroy has said, "Give up your will to God, and take his will all in a bundle, without knowing what it contains." When you have done

this, you will not have to make any desperate effort to "believe," but it will be very easy for you to exercise faith, and you will "*know* of the things that are freely given to you of God." "The altar will sanctify the gift." Whatsoever toucheth it shall be holy. It is said of Christ, that as many as touched him were made *perfectly whole*.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren," says the apostle, "by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living (or continual) sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God which is your reasonable service. And be *not conformed to this world*, but be ye transformed by the *renewing* of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

Right here is the reason that so many fail of being made new creatures. They come up with high hopes to the altar, but upon finding out that they are not to be conformed to this world, they keep back their bodies, nor can they be induced to present them a living sacrifice. As they generally wish to get to heaven, they march off to some other altar, where they can offer themselves, and let "self" live and enjoy the world the same as heretofore. How rarely can it be said of those who are named Christians, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." They offer themselves upon an altar, to be sure, but it is not the right altar—it is not God's altar. And what do we see? O, *fornication with the world*, and eating behind the trees their abominable things! "They that *sanctify* themselves, and *purify* themselves in the gardens behind one tree in the midst, eating swine's flesh, and the abomination and the mouse, *shall be consumed together*, saith the Lord."

Strange and profitless sanctification this!

Mark how groves for sinful pleasure were planted around every altar but *the altar of God!*

"Thou shalt not plant thee a grove of any trees near unto the altar of the Lord thy God, which thou shalt make thee."—Deut. xvi. 21.

What is the doctrine of Baalim, against which we are so warned in the Bible? He could not curse Israel. God would not let him; but he could teach Balak how to cast a stumbling-block before them: that was, *to invite them to their sacrifices*. So they did; and what was the result? Read the xxvth of Numbers. There fell of Israel that day twenty and four thousand, and one of them that was taken in the snare was a *prince of a chief house*.

The sacrifice is to be a *continual* one. God abhors sacrilege. What would be thought of that Israelite who should bring his offering to the altar, and after giving it to the Lord, should take it back to himself? Would he not incur the wrath of God, and the indignation of man? Yet how many give themselves to God in an everlasting covenant, and then take back the offering!

The disposition to do this is strongest when the sacrifice is first brought to the altar. Bind the sacrifice with the strong cords of your will, even to the horns of the altar. Submit yourself to be slain by the word of God, which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword. How naked and open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do, will you feel that you are then, and nothing hid from his eyes! How the most secret thoughts and intents of the heart are discerned! How you will feel separation and division in

the tenderest parts, even of the soul and the spirit; of the joints and the marrow! The flesh cries, "Oh spare!" but the spirit is willing—yea, rejoices. And when you have experienced death to sin, and new creation in Christ, all the struggling will have ceased, and you shall say with Wesley,

"Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love."

So shall you sweetly rest upon Christ, your perfect Saviour; your all in all.

It may be interesting to notice here, that the brazen scaffold upon which Solomon knelt when he offered prayer at the dedication of the temple, was of just the same dimensions as the brazen altar; namely, five cubits long, five cubits broad, and three cubits high.—2 Chron. vi. 13. How fitting that in dedicating the temple, he should first dedicate himself, and together with his ten thousands of sacrifices, offer himself a sacrifice to God!

The altar of burnt-offering was just outside, by the door of the tabernacle. No deep-heaved groans and death-throes in the tabernacle! The only sacrifice offered there is a joyful one—pure praise and unceasing prayer, a "perpetual incense before the Lord," acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.

"By him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name." "And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord which he commanded them not. And there came out a fire from the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord."

We have seen the same. We have

met together in the prayer-room, when there seemed to be a dense and heavy cloud resting down on every soul, as if the hosts of hell had all combined to contend for, and possess the field. Now, what is to be done? The general feeling is, "*we must have a good meeting.*" Now do your best, all hands. Strike your hallelujah tunes—pray your loudest. Try again. Respond. Shout! Sing again. Can you not think of something now *real stirring and lively*? We will change the order of exercises. Come, brothers and sisters, let us lose no time. Then follows a flourishing of arms, and a noisy harangue of words. Oh! it makes you think of sham bombardments at panoramas; but there is no fort taken, and everybody feels it too, though they try to persuade themselves they are having a real good time. We must pull another string: try the *melting* process. Then—"Oh! mother; you remember that sweet little one that nestled in your bosom. How you loved it! how all your heart's affections twined around it! But it lies now away under the cold snow, and the rude blasts of winter sweep over it," etc., etc.; and—"Oh! child; that loving mother that watched over you so tenderly, whose prayers went up to heaven for you," etc., etc.

Yes, that is it! There is a general melting time *now*. White handkerchiefs are seen wiping tears away from many faces; for, to be sure, almost everybody has lost a friend, and wounds will bleed when they are torn open. The prayer-meeting breaks up with a feeling of general satisfaction. "What a *good* time we have had! What a *melting* season!"

Be that as it may, dear souls, you ought at least to thank God that you

do not live under the Mosaic dispensation. Your life may be spared long enough to find out the difference between the "strange fire" of physical excitement, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and you may see the unprofitableness—yea, the sin—of bodily exercise, except it is occasioned by the burning of the holy fire within.

"Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand: *ye shall lie down in sorrow.*"—Isa. l. 11.

Then again, we have met in the prayer-room under just such a heavy cloud, and those whose minds were exercised to discern spiritual things, felt the foe near at hand, and knew well there must be a battle fought, to end with defeat or victory. And so they held on to God in fervent supplication, and calm, patient waiting—holding with strong and steady faith upon his promises, until there came a *crash*. The hosts of hell quit the field—the cloud broke—the Holy Ghost came down—and there was *fire* in every golden censer, and the perfume of incense, like a breath of heaven, filled the room and rose to God.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—Isa. l. 10.

I WOULD wish you to have that religion which makes conscience of a word, a look, a *tone of voice*!

Oh, let not the ingratitude you meet with chill your love. *He hath not met with such abundant gratitude from you!*

PILGRIM-FARE AND EGYPT-LUXURIES.

BY ORPHA PELTON.

I ONCE wondered how it was the children of Israel could loathe the manna that was rained down to them from heaven; how they could say, "Our soul is dried away—there is nothing but this manna before our eyes;" how they could remember the fish which they did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks and the garlic, and weep in the ears of the Lord, saying, "Who shall give us flesh to eat? it was well with us in Egypt," when, slaves to Pharaoh, they were under the most cruel bondage, being beaten by taskmasters who insisted on their doing more work than they could perform;—how they could say all this, and that after the Lord had brought them out of the land of Egypt in such a wonderful manner, I could not understand. But I did not wonder long; for I found that the reason of all this was, that their hearts had departed from the Lord, and turned back to Egypt, and it is most natural that they should feel as if they must have something of Egypt to eat. They were very miserable in their present situation, and had no relish for the precious food before them. The Lord, as we read, in his anger granted them their request, but "sent leanness into their souls," and numbers of them died in consequence of it.

Oh! how many there are whom the Lord, in a wonderful manner, leads out of the city which spiritually is called Sodom, and Egypt, (Rev. xi. 8,) giving them a deep and marked experience—tenderly caring for them and sharing in all their afflictions—who, after all this, depart from the Lord in their hearts,

and commence to return to Egypt, the Holy Spirit following them and trying all the way to get them to come back, calling and saying,

"Come back! this is the way—
Come back, and walk therein."

But they have lost their relish for the things of God, and they want the things they have left and given up. So they persist in their own way—return and yield themselves slaves to Sin and Satan again; the Lord, it may be, giving them the desires of their hearts, but sending leanness into their souls, and they die spiritually in consequence of it.

What would you have thought in the time of slavery if that negro, who, with the help of others, had escaped from his master, and after passing through many trials and much suffering, had obtained his freedom, should he then turn right around and go back to his master, and yield himself again to toil, to be scourged; his reward—death; saying thus by his example, "This is better than freedom"?

How much anguish of soul have I suffered—how many bitter tears have I shed—because I ever did this spiritually! How I begged the Holy Spirit, as I went from clear light into darkness so dense it was *felt*, and Satan muttered, "*lost!*" not to take his everlasting flight—though I should have felt it was but just if it had done so. Oh! how these words will ring through the souls of the lost forever and ever, "*Ye knew your duty but ye did it not!*" May God show mercy to all such, even as he has to me.

How many of those say, who have suffered much escaping from slavery, "I would be willing to pass through it all again, rather than be under such cruel

bondage." So every child of God, who has, through suffering more or less, entered the land of rest from inbred sin—the land

"Of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest—"

feels that he would be willing to pass through it all again, rather than be a slave to Sin.

But what we wish to speak of more particularly, is that class of individuals who profess to be journeying to Canaan, when in reality they are in the very heart of Egypt.

Whoever you may be that do this thing, know this: that those who are journeying to the land of Canaan know the ones that are going with them; and though you may go to the class-meetings and love-feasts, and tell about the way growing brighter and brighter, and your loving it, and loving to be fed with the heavenly manna, be sure if you have been eating the onions, and leeks, and garlic of Egypt, your very breath will betray you—and Oh! how repelling it is to those who hate these things, and the very odor of them!

That soul that loves the Lord with all his heart, loves the manna. He does, praise the Lord! and when the Lord feeds him in the class or prayer-meeting, he feeds others too, and they all feel that it is good enough—yea, just as good as the angels have over in glory; for we eat the same food they do, and draw our bliss from the same fountain, and it satisfies the immortality of our souls.

You cannot talk religion unless you have it. You cannot talk holiness unless you have it. You may talk about it, but you cannot talk it. You cannot serve God and Mammon. You cannot

live on manna and the leeks and onions of Egypt too. You will either live on the manna that is sent *daily* to you, and love it; or you will loathe it, and turn to the things of the world for food and enjoyment.

The Scriptures, all the way through, come out plain and pointedly against the formal—clearly showing them that there is no hope for them in that state. How plainly did Christ talk to such in his day! We read in the xxiii chapter of Matthew, of those who appeared outwardly righteous, but within were full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Oh! it is an awful sin to profess to know God, and in works to deny him; and those who dare to do it, Jesus will turn away from the pearly gates where they expected and fondly hoped to enter, saying, I was an hungered for the truth and for the bread of life, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty for salvation and the water of life, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, without where to lay my head, and ye took me not in; naked, without the wedding-garment, and ye clothed me not; sick—sin-sick, and in prison, oppressed and bound, and ye visited me not to loose my bonds, and help me to get free. These, he says, shall go away into everlasting punishment.

"That soul that eats the fruit of Egypt, is, in his experience, where it grows. Pilgrims have, and desire only manna."

INSENSIBILITY TO DAILY MERCIES.—

As the Dead Sea drinks in the River Jordan, and is never the sweeter, and the ocean all other rivers, and is never the fresher, so we are apt to receive daily mercies from God, and still remain insensible of them, unthankful for them.—*Reynolds.*

NECESSITY OF PERSONAL LABOR FOR GOD.

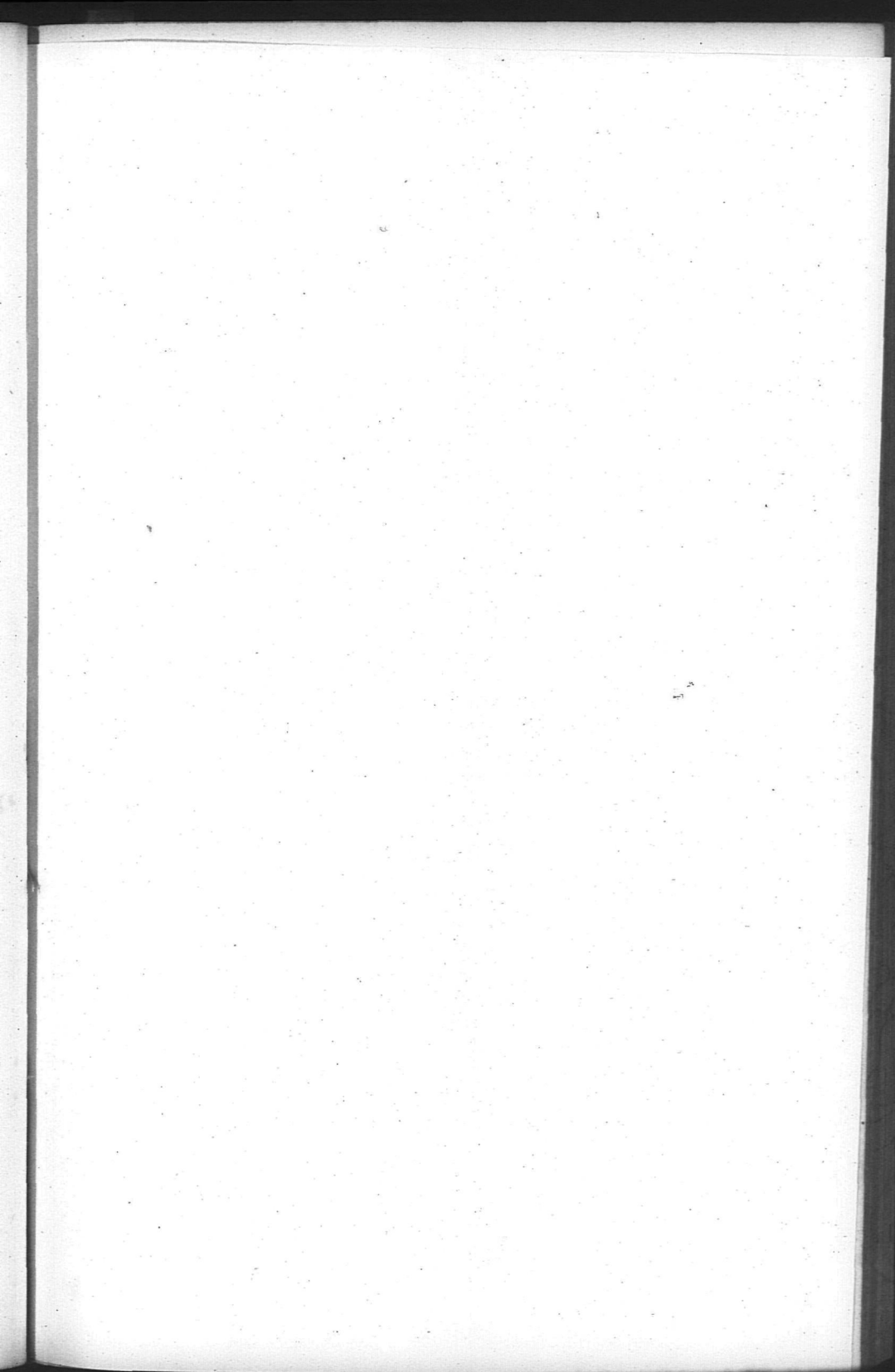
BY REV. T. S. LA DUE.

MEN are to be saved through the Truth; and this can be most effectually presented by the living witness. Very little saving truth is now pressed home upon the conscience. The radical truth, that salvation from sin may be actually and constantly realized in this life, is repudiated by the mass of ministers and professors. Shall we, who have experienced the power of this truth, be idle, while so many are perishing under the cry of "peace, peace, when there is no peace"? God forbid! Forbid it, our own untiring, loving zeal! Let us rather be "instant in season and out of season," to turn aside this tide of infidelity, and pass the full chalice of pure, life-giving truth, to the lips of the perishing millions.

Personal labor promotes the highest spiritual good of the laborer; and, more than this, without it his soul will grow weak and die.

A desire for the salvation of souls, and earnest effort put forth to secure the same, always accompanies scriptural conversion—so much so that it is proverbial of the convert. Cessation from this is a mark of backsliding. This desire and effort will cease, of course, unless exercised. So certain as one will sicken and die without physical exercise, so certainly will he die spiritually without spiritual exercise. One cause of so many staggering, ghastly, "crooked-path" professors, is a lack of exercise in the vineyard.

An indolent habit of body and mind, by impairing the general health, begets depression, gloom, and hypochondria. So does spiritual indolence. Some are





AN AGE OF LIARS.

"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie."

"WHEREFORE, put away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.—Eph. iv. 25.

Cheating and lying, lying and cheating. It is cheating here, cheating there; it is lying here, lying there.

"A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more."

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

Lies are of various kinds, of various degrees of aggravation. There are black lies and white lies, lies of vanity, pride, ambition, flattery, convenience, interest, fear, wantonness, cruelty; lies of first, second, and third rate malignity. There are also passive or practical lies—lies *acted out*. Point your finger in a wrong direction to an inquiring traveler—you give him the lie.

Again, some are habitual liars—lie at nearly every breath; like the common swearer, he swears, and knows it not.

"A righteous man hateth lying; but a wicked man is loathsome, and cometh to shame."—Prov. xiii. 15.

"Lying is my trade," said an auctioneer; "I live by falsehood and deception, it is my meat and drink; when I speak a lie, I speak of my own."

"What! an auctioneer or a lawyer speak the truth? When, where, how? Truth is not taken into account. Lawyers and auctioneers are privileged characters: an honest lawyer or auctioneer, these times, would starve to death! Who expects truth from us, excepting now and then, perchance? And if so be the truth does slip out oc-

casionally or unintentionally, who knows it? who can tell whether it be the truth or a lie?"

Privileged, indeed! when and where has God given license to lawyers, auctioneers, merchants, or any man, to lie, cheat, or steal? Lying is stealing, and stealing is lying. "By swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood."

A little African girl, who lived in the missionary house in Africa, was requested by a woman to steal some article, and bring it secretly to her. The child replied, "What shall I say when God speaks to me about stealing? and when I burn, what shall I do?"

"Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye."

The man who uses a short yard-stick, "false weights and measure," is a thief, a violator of the eighth commandment, and the Lord will not hold him guiltless.

"Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another."—Lev. xix. 11.

"And if thou sell aught unto thy neighbor, or buyest aught of thy neighbor's hand, ye shall not oppress one another." "Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small; but thou shalt have a just and perfect weight, and just measure shalt thou have." "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight."—Prov. xi. 1.

"Do justice. 'Tis thy God's command,
The mandate of thy king;
Be prompt in rendering dues to all,
And let no fraud-spot, great or small,
Unto thy conscience cling."

A beloved minister, standing at our right hand, informs us that several coal-

dealers, members of orthodox churches, unitedly combined to give a specified number of pounds less in every load of coal than the law demands. Let every one of these church-members take their pens forthwith, and write opposite each of their names, "THIEF!" Are they not thieves?

Again, is not every man a thief who adulterates any article of food, and sells it for genuine? Are there not those (not a few) who adulterate milk, sugar, tea, coffee, molasses, and other articles of domestic use, and sell them for genuine, perfect, unmixed? What is this but a species of theft, a violation of a positive precept? "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

Here is a man that sells an article of merchandise as sound and in good order, knowing, meanwhile, it is injured or defaced! Another influential member in an orthodox church, had goods on his shelves two, three, four, or six years, which he sells to his customers as fresh goods, newly purchased! Is not this merchant a liar—a thief?

"The love of money is the root of all evil: which, while some covet after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

Again, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

The covetousness of these last days is most marked. As a result, men are becoming very dishonest, and trying all possible ways to line their pockets with filthy lucre. He who is the most successful in deceiving his fellow-beings, is thought to be the smartest man. The following illustrates the manner of doing business at the present day:

"A London professor lectured recently on adulterations of food. He handed around coffee, which was pronounced excellent, then told the audience that they had been regaled with a mixture of bullock's blood, chicory, sheep's liver, dried, and old coffee grounds. He gave them capital porter, too, made of spirits of wine, gum-arabic, and burnt sugar."

The ingenuity of the age is taxed to its utmost capacity, to invent ways and means to cheat the people without being detected till after the purchase of the spurious articles. All such should remember that they can have no place in the coming kingdom. None but honest men can be there. All money obtained by dishonesty will only help sink the receiver into eternal perdition. The Scriptures inform us that no "covetous" man "shall inherit the kingdom of God."

We have become a nation of liars! Most people love to read and to hear lies, quite as well as other people like to write and to utter them. Indeed, the one is a pretty fair gauge of the other. The market and the supply of lies are economically adjusted.

The public will have lies, and the man who must get his bread and butter by writing, must have no scruples about lying. One of the most popular writers of a New York journal, said, pathetically, "I detest this coloring of the truth, this eternal exaggeration of lying; but the people will have it, and I must furnish it or starve." Another popular writer, on recovering from a dangerous illness, told his physician that he should not be able to pay him, until he had got his returns from furnishing the public another of his lucrative stories. That is, a pack of lies in the form of novels,

romances, silly love-tales, to curse the rising age, pushed into public favor by religious editors, and some professed Gospel ministers!

These dealers in intellectual poisons, that intoxicate the mind, corrupt the heart, pollute the soul, will sink lower than the grave! "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.—Hosea, viii. 7.

"Can we peruse a book like this,
And seek a Father's blessing here?
Foreake the path that leads to bliss,
To shed o'er fiction's page a tear?"

Such writers, in the pulpit or out of it, are considered smart. They wake up our imaginations, rouse our sympathies, play charmingly upon our passions, and we pay them well for it.

The public hankering for something extraordinary, startling, high-colored, and exaggerated, has crept into our churches, invaded the pews, and to some extent given laws to the pulpit. There is now a great demand for smart preachers. The question is not whether a preacher is pious, prayerful, faithful, sound in faith, and a winner of souls; one who rightly divides the Word of truth, and gives to every man his portion in due season—all this is behind the times, and old foggy. Is he smart? That's the question. Does he stretch the india-rubber to its utmost tension, and hammer out the precious grain of gold so thin, that it has but one side? Can he do a splendid business on a small capital? Does he sparkle well? Oh, then, he is an angel standing in the sun! We must have him at any price. What's the use of going to the theatre, when we can have what we want at church? But will he also, as occasion

may require, let off good round whoppers, thumping stories, and rouse us all up? Then he is the man for us. He will fill the house, sell the pews, youthfulize the congregation, and make us a good speculation.—*The Sword that Cuts.*

KEEPING TAVERN.

SOME twenty years ago, a carpenter, who was tired of making an honest living, came to a friend of mine with a petition for a tavern license, which he requested him to sign. My friend looked at him, and asked why he did not stick to his plane and bench! The answer was,

"Tavern business is a more lucrative trade; I want to get richer."

"Well, but do you not think you will be affording additional facilities to drunkards to destroy themselves?"

"Perhaps I shall."

"Do you not believe that at least five men every year will die drunkards if you succeed in getting a license?"

"Why, I never thought of that before; but I suppose it would be so."

"Then if you kept tavern ten years, fifty men will have died through your agency. Now what becomes of the drunkard? Does he go to heaven?"

"I suppose not."

"I am sure he does not, for no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven: what becomes of him, then?"

"Why, he must go to hell."

"Well, do you not think it will be just if the Lord, at the end of ten years, sends you down to hell too, to keep company with those fifty drunkards?"

The man threw down his petition, went back to his honest occupation, and was never tempted to desire a license again.

LAYING UP TREASURES.

BY GEORGE BARNER.

THE treasures of mankind are continually increasing. Every day keeps adding something to their store. The good are laying up their treasures above, "where moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal;" while the evil and impenitent are treasuring up "wrath against the day of wrath." What an idea this—*treasures of wrath!* Think of it, thou soul out of Christ. We read that, "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;" and "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." Unconverted man, you are richer in wrath to-day than you were yesterday. Whatever the soul out of Christ is doing, he is treasuring up wrath. He may be increasing in wealth; but he is treasuring up wrath. He may be forming pleasing connections; but he is treasuring up wrath. Yea, every day he continues in sin his store of wrath is increasing. Every profane word the swearer utters, there is something gone to the heap of wrath. Every lie the liar tells, there is something gone to swell the heap of wrath. Every licentious act the lewd man commits, continues to increase his store of wrath. For every violation of the divine law, there is something in the book of God's remembrance recorded against him.

The soul out of Christ has a weightier treasure of wrath to-day than yesterday; he will have a weightier to-morrow than to-day. When he lies down at night, he is richer in vengeance than when he arose in the morning. Oh! unconverted man or woman! thou art continually deepening and darkening thy eternal

portion. Every broken Sabbath increases thy store of wrath; every forgotten sermon adds something to the weight of your punishment.

All the checks of conscience—all the remonstrances of friends—all the prayers and entreaties of pious parents—will be taken into account, and will tend to increase thy treasures of wrath laid up against the day of wrath; and will tend to sink you lower and still lower in that lake of unfading fire. Awful thought! Sinner, turn ere you will be made to reap the harvest which your sins have sown. Eternity in the gulf of hell! where there are groans that never end, and sighs that always sigh; and tears that ever fall, but not in Mercy's sight; and where death and the undying worm forever reign! To your everlasting anguish still, the thunders from above will, responding, speak these dread words: "YE KNEW YOUR DUTY, BUT YE DID IT NOT!"

"Oh! sinner, turn;
Why will you still to ruin go,
To spend your days in endless woe?
Where vengeance reigns and devils roar,
Doomed to destruction evermore!"

Come to the Saviour, confessing and forsaking your sins, and he will receive you. Unconverted man or woman—whichever you may be—we shall meet in eternity. It we have received Christ as our all-sufficient Saviour, all will be well. If not, we shall have to exclaim, "Lost! lost! forever lost!" Money, position and friends, will then do us no good; they will be of no avail. Remember, I now warn you to flee from the wrath to come. Tarry not in all the plain, but escape for thy life. The avenger of blood is on thy track. Come to the blessed Saviour. Cease to do evil—learn to do well, and he will receive you. What will you do when

Death seizes on you, if not saved? It is better to stop laying up treasures of wrath, and make your peace with God. Money, honor, and such things—what are they? But the peace of God surpasseth all understanding. Make it with him, before your final doom is sealed.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

BY MISS R. A. HUMPHREY.

“THE harvest is white for the reaper.” The unique, lofty enthusiasm of Christ does not now greatly inspire the hearts of men. But few men look heavenward, up to the Father, with a complete consecration and oneness of soul. No man worships the Father and believes in Christ with that absolute purity of heart and purpose which characterized the disciples. Why not? Is the leaven exhausted? Is the tree dead? Is the vineyard waste and desolate? Have the words of Christ come to naught? Not so. We are not in these days too wise, or too great, or too exalted, to be Christ’s disciples. No human being has a right to say that the teachings of Christ are fit only for the ignorant.—Where is the human intellect so mighty, so powerful, so far-seeing, as to be able to compass the mystery of the life and death of Christ? Where is the reason so profound that it is able to sound the depths of this wondrous problem? The doctrines which Christ *taught* are safe and best for the children of this generation. We are not beyond them.

What, then, does practical common sense teach? Does it not teach *action*? What does the spirit of Christianity teach? Was Christ ever selfish? Did He not sacrifice His *life* to be a ransom for many? Did He not give up

His whole being “to save those which are lost”? His was indeed a complete self-sacrifice.

Let us, then, sacrifice all things, endure all things, and desire with a passion that will not be denied, that we may be filled with the burning, purifying, holy enthusiasm of Christianity, that others may take knowledge of us that we have been with Christ and learned of Him. Let us labor that the true spirit of Christ may be made manifest in the world.

FLATTERY.

BY EMMA WOODCOCK.

It requires more grace to withstand flattery than anything else. We should be very cautious how we throw such a powerful temptation as flattery in the way of others. Especially, have I noticed the evil effects of this practice at times when souls were being saved. I have seen a soul clearly converted, and afterwards backslide, through the unwise commendations of Christian friends, who wished to encourage the young soldier. I always shudder when I hear anything of the kind, for I see it is one of the devil’s favorite devices. Let us be plain, simple-hearted Christians—leaving all flattery and complimenting to the world. We are commanded not to seek the praises of men; how then can we give to others that which it is wrong for them to receive? We can encourage wavering souls without flattering them. And we shall always find, if we use such carnal weapons, that we ourselves will get wounded.

ESPECIALLY secret prayer—secret prayer especially; *next to praise*, this is the most spiritual employment.

BEAR MUCH FRUIT.

BY MRS. M. M. UMSTEAD.

"HEREIN is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."—John xv. 8.

What kind of fruit is this, by which we must glorify the Father? Is it working out our own salvation? There is one fact we must bear in mind: The fruit borne by the branches is not for the nourishment of the tree, but for the good of others. The leaves are necessary to the life of the tree; but the fruit is in no way necessary to its sustenance, but is always for the nourishment of others.

So, if we would bear fruit, we must do good to others. We must endeavor to seek and to save the lost, and build up the household of God in their most holy faith.

But is not that the work of the ministry? Not exclusively; others must do it. Another objects, "I have no talent—I can do nothing." "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." See if ever God converted a soul without giving him one talent. If God has given you one talent, beware you do not do like the man in the Gospel—dig in the earth and hide your Lord's money, lest you hear the sentence that unprofitable servant did.

Take up your cross, and Jesus will help you bear it. Scatter precious seed wherever you go. Forget not that Christ is the vine, and ye are the branches; and "every branch," he says, "that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Drop a few words of encouragement here, and a few words of warning there, in the spirit of meekness—

remembering that it is not the multiplicity of words, but the Spirit sealing them on the heart, that accomplishes the work: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.

OFTEN from my window on the seashore, I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, month after month, it is seen at the same spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and, catching the favoring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is, that when the tide rises, it rises; and when it ebbs again, it sinks; but advances not. Why is this? It is fastened to the earth by one slender rope. There is the secret. A cord, scarcely visible, enchains it, and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christians, see here your state—the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go; ministers come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not—yes, they move them; a slight elevation by a Sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward, heavenward movement. They are as remote as ever from the haven of rest; this Sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. If it be so, make one desperate effort in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ as your pilot, to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks, and pray for the Spirit of all grace to fill out every sail, and waft you onward over the ocean of life, to the haven of everlasting life.

THE PASSION OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY MRS. JULIA L. LOVEJOY.

"FATHER, the hour is come,"—that last, sad hour, so long foretold by ancient Seers—toward which the unerring finger of prophecy had pointed in its revolution, thro' cycle after cycle of the world's grand history, — that mournful ultimatum in the bloody drama, when the Son of God yielded Himself for the last conflict with the legions of Hell,—alone He entered the "winepress of the wrath of God;" alone He agonized in that "bloody sweat," beneath the trees of Olivet, and with garments dyed in blood, He cried for help, as for a brief moment, in the "smoke of the conflict," His Father's face was hidden. Satan was marshaling all his hosts from the "nether region," for the final attack on the "lonely Nazarene" in Gethsemane's garden, for he well remembered the scene in another garden, when, four thousand years years before, he, himself, was the chief actor, and through all those long years he had kept his demoniac gaze, riveted on those ominous words, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." "To the garden," shouted the Arch-fiend, and on they troop, embattled in the "blackness of darkness," and at the first shock of the "battery of Hell," Jesus cries out: "If it be possible, let this cup pass, O, my Father!" then adds, "Thy will be done, and for man's sake I drain the bitter dregs thereof!" The "offence" was committed in the "garden," and in *this* garden, sprinkled by blood Divine, is now a full "Atonement made." Three times, in quick succession, the "hosts of Hell" were rallied, and thrice repulsed, and stern

Justice is satisfied. An angel comes to strengthen humanity, faint with the "pressure of the load," our sins had heaped upon him! And now, Judas, do thy worst! Thou hast bartered thy soul for "paltry pelf," and it was meet that thou shouldst haste to execute thy "pledge"—to betray "innocent blood."

The first faint streaks of light scarce were seen along Judea's hill-tops, when lo! a hostile band, led by an apostate disciple, press forward until they reach the very spot where Judas had often been refreshed by the "Master;" there the "betrayal kiss" was given, and there Jesus was bound in the presence of His "chosen ones" and led off to execution. The deed is consummated, and to thy lost soul, O Judas, are secured the terrible consequences of one incipient thought, one avaricious desire, begotten by Satan, and cherished by thee until thy will was overpowered! Beware, O ye modern Judases, how ye tamper with temptations! The "mock trial," at Pilate's bar, the perjured ones, on whom the mark of infamy is affixed forever, the "condemnation," are all simply yet graphically given us, by the "Gospel" writers, and now the "victim Divine," the "spotless Lamb," is on the cross! His back, lacerated by "cruel scourging,"—on his head a "crown of thorns" piercing his temples until His brow was bathed in blood! His flesh bruised by "smitings" from the infuriated mob clamoring for His blood! It is no marvel that the sun grew dark at mid-day, that the earth quaked to its centre! the rending of the "temple's vail," the bursting rocks, the opening graves, all attested, in language unmistakable, that the Son of God was expiating for man's transgression, in His own body, on the cross.

"It is finished;" a free and full atonement made, and guilty man can be made as free from the guilt of sin, as was Adam prior to the fall. The vanquished foe again summons his subjects to "high carnival" for three days, when their jubilee, on that third remarkable morn, is suddenly checked! At early dawn, the Marys (who had, no doubt, kept "watch-night" in solemn vigils, and prayer,) were treading their way through the silent streets of Jerusalem to find the tomb of the Crucified. "He is not here," cried the Angel. "Behold the empty grave! He is risen, as He said." I do not wonder they run to tell the Disciples.

Jesus fearlessly faced the "King of Terrors" in his own dominions, and hurled him from his "throne of skulls," and cried with a voice that shook earth and Hell: "*I am He that was dead, and am alive, and have the keys of Hell and death!*" Amen. The first fruits of the resurrection! Glory to the Lamb! Now, the bolts are withdrawn, and "many saints" that had been asleep in the tomb awoke! Peradventure, Isaiah, Daniel, Job and a host of others, of whom "honorable mention" is made in the Book of God, who "came out of their graves, and went into the city," and many saw them; and I know not but that they were on the same footing with Enoch and Elijah, who were borne across the "dark waters," without feeling its "chilling waves." Moses, and "John, the beloved Disciple," we have always believed, went off in a "chariot of fire," though no human eye beheld them, the testimony of history to the contrary notwithstanding. Moses was on the "Mount of Transfiguration" in his glorified body, and I always wondered why Satan and Michael ever dis-

puted about "his body," unless the angel had told him that "Moses never saw corruption," and Satan affirmed that "*he* espied from afar his body buried in Mt. Nebo."

O ye fastidious "Church-members," who contemptuously sneer at the reformed Magdalens, and thrust them from your "holy gatherings," to whom did the Son of God, our "Great Exemplar," first appear after His resurrection? Be ashamed before high heaven, of your sin in this matter, and henceforth learn that the same blood that washeth thy sinful heart is able to cleanse others, though doubly dyed.

Would that we could have been present at some of those meetings for prayer and worship, where the timid disciples convened during those forty memorable days. We do not wonder "their hearts burned within them," when Jesus talked with them. And O, the last meeting, ere he went back to his Father. How we would have loved to have been even a doorkeeper with Rhoda, to have been within the circle of such holy influences! He breathes upon his beloved, sorrowing followers for the last time, and with out-spread hands, says: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost;" and we suspect that blessing remained in their souls until Pentecost, and made their hearts glad amid the persecutions of the relentless Jews.

The hour has come; and we will join the group as they wend their way toward Bethany. No doubt Lazarus and his two sisters were in the ranks, and those "resurrected dead" were at least interested spectators, for we never believed their bodies went back to their cold abode. And now, how every face is up-turned—every eye riveted—every

ear open to catch the last accents that fell from those beloved lips. He slowly rises, and lo! the heavenly choirs strike up such an anthem as was never heard "before the Throne" even on "Creation's early morn," when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted joy for joy." We'll catch the strains, as they fall from angelic lips: "Lift up your heads ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and let the King of Glory in." Then from one sentinel to another, on the out-posts of the City, rings out the inquiry, "Who is this King of Glory?" And every inhabitant of Heaven, from Abel down to the saved "thief on the cross," joins in the grand refrain, as it rolls up before the throne, like the sound of "many waters:" "The Lord, He is the King of Glory."

Inspiration draws aside the veil and permits us to behold the Elders as they bow before the rainbow-circled throne, —to listen to the chorus of angels and redeemed spirits, and this is the burden of their song: "The lamb that was slain." I see their crowns, their spotless robes, their harps of gold; I hear the music of heaven, and long to be there. I see four strangely beautiful beings amid the throng, that I recognize as those whose loss I have mourned for many long years, with all the depth of a mother's holy love—my own dear offspring—one, whose grave we dug amid the hills of distant Maine; another, on the shores of Champlain, and two others in Kansas, but they are all there—and I am on the way; Hallelujah! A little more persecution for Jesus' sake,—a few more fiery darts from the enemy,—a few more "skirmishes" and "pitched battles" and the warfare forever ends. All glory to the Lamb! Hence-

forth, I'll rush into the thickest of the fight,—I'll bare my head to the stroke; I have the helmet, the shield, the sword of the Spirit, and am, through grace, invincible and immortal, till my work is done. Then the gates of the Celestial City will open wide, and I shall see the King in His beauty; shall join in the chorus "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Thanksgiving, honor, majesty and power, forever and forever! Amen and Amen!

THE DOWNWARD COURSE OF SIN.

1. Men enter and initiate themselves in vicious practice by *smaller sins*. Heinous sins are too alarming for the conscience of a young sinner; and therefore he only ventures upon such as are smaller, at first. Every particular kind of vice creeps in, in this gradual way.

2. Having once begun in the way of sin, he *ventures upon something greater and more daring*. His courage grows with his experience. Now, sins of a deeper dye do not look so frightful as before. Custom makes everything familiar. No person who once breaks over the limits of a clear conscience, knows where he shall stop.

3. Open sins soon *throw a man into the hands of ungodly companions*. Open sins determine his character, and give him a place with the ungodly. He shuns the society of good men, because their presence is a restraint, and their example a reproof to him. There are none with whom he can associate but the ungodly.

4. In the next stage, the sinner *begins to feel the force of habit and inveterate custom*: he becomes rooted and settled in an evil way. Those who have been long habituated to any sin

how hopeless is their reform! One single act of sin seems nothing; but one after another imperceptibly strengthens the dispositions, and enslaves the unhappy criminal beyond the hope of recovery.

5. The next stage in a sinner's course is to *lose the sense of shame, and sin boldly and openly*. So long as shame remains, it is a great drawback. But it is an evidence of an uncommon height of impiety, when natural shame is gone.

6. Another stage in the sinner's progress is to harden himself so far as to *sin without remorse of conscience*. The frequent repetition of sins stupifies the conscience. They, as it were, weary it out, and drive it to despair. It ceases all its reproofs, and, like a frequently discouraged friend, suffers the infatuated sinner to take his course. And hence,

7. Hardened sinners often come to *boast and glory in their wickedness*. It is something to be beyond shame; but it is still more to glory in wickedness, and esteem it honorable. Glorious ambition, indeed!

8. Not content with being wicked themselves, they *use all their arts and influence to make others wicked also*. They are zealous in sinning, and industrious in the promotion of the infernal cause. They extinguish the fear of God in others, and laugh down their own conscientious scruples. And now,

9. To close the scene, those who have thus hardened themselves, are *given up of God to judicial blindness of mind, and hardness of heart*. They are marked out as vessels of wrath fitted to destruction. This is the consequence of their obstinacy. They are devoted to the judgment they deserve.

Reader! view it with terror.—*Dr. Witherspoon.*

GEMS.

FURNISHED BY A. A. PHELPS.

THE more faith, the more humility.

MEN become great in Churchianity, ar they become small in Christianity.

THE more we fear God, the less we shall fear men.

A DESIRE for happiness is *natural*; a desire for holiness is *super-natural*.

A MAN may be a worshiper of the true God, and yet not a true worshiper of God.

NOTHING is great enough for Him to admire, who is infinite *majesty*; nothing is mean enough for Him to despise, who is infinite *mercy*.

A FIRM faith is the best theology; a good life, the best philosophy; a clear conscience, the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physics.

THE man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own one moment of *to-morrow*! To-morrow is a mysterious possibility not yet born.

PRAYER and Praise are the lungs of a Christian; by the one he draws in a happy life from heaven, and by the other he breathes it back to Him who gave it.

FEAR God for His power; trust Him for His wisdom; love Him for His goodness; praise Him for His greatness; believe Him for His faithfulness; and adore Him for His holiness.

COLLINS, the infidel, thus accosted a plain countryman: "Pray, tell me, is your God a great or a little God?" Reply: "He is so great, Sir, that the Heavens cannot contain Him; and so little that He can dwell in my heart."

Stand by the Right.

BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

Stand by the right, tho' darkness hang o'er thee,
 Though doubts gather 'round, and dangers
 before thee, [guide,
 With scarce any sunlight thy footsteps to
 Let this be thy watchword whatever betide
 Stand by the right,
 Stand firmly by the right.

Stand by the right, tho' tempests assail thee,
 Though foes all unite, and friends should
 all fail thee, [strong,
 Yet look for assistance from Him who is
 And dare to do battle for right against
 wrong—
 Stand by the right,
 Stand bravely by the right.

Stand by the right when her colors are faded,
 When, weary with battling, she is drooping
 and jaded;
 And tho', in return for thy constancy then,
 Thy name may become a reproach among
 men,
 Stand by the right,
 Stand nobly by the right.

Stand by the right when her colors are fly-
 ing, [vieing;
 When honors and triumph in homage are
 When to the earth, dying, her enemy's hurl'd,
 And she stands out victorious before all the
 world,
 Stand by the right,
 Stand humbly by the right.

Stand by the right, let nothing affright thee,
 Tho' slanderous tongues by reviling requite
 thee; [the blow—
 Tho' smiters should strike, turn thy cheek to
 Forbearance, perhaps, may win over the foe.
 Stand by the right,
 Stand meekly by the right.

Stand by the right, stand firm and unquail-
 ing—
 Leaning on Him who's always unfailling;
 Let all the world's clamor, unheeded, pass by,
 Remember this only—thy record's on high.
 Stand by the right,
 Stand always by the right.

I am Waiting.

BY ADELAIDE VAN VOLKENBURG.

I am waiting for the Saviour—
 Weary, faint and sore;
 Waiting for his coming,
 For the opening of the door;
 Waiting, and yet working
 Till he bids me rise and come
 To the joys of yonder mansion,
 To my everlasting home.

A weary path I've trodden,
 'Mid toil and pain and strife—
 Waiting for my Saviour
 To call me into life.
 Ah! soon he'll bid me come—
 My trials will be o'er;
 Yes, I'm waiting and I'm watching
 For the opening of the door.

The Saviour too is waiting,
 The saints around him stand
 To call his children home,
 To that far-off, sinless land.
 The angel choirs are singing
 Amid that shining throng;
 Many more are passing onward
 To join them in their song.

Some friends that started with me
 Have entered long ago;
 I see them beckoning for me,
 While I'm struggling with the foe.
 But I'm waiting for my Saviour
 To call me into rest—
 Still, Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
 Thy time and ways are best.
 Wayne Centre, N. Y.

O! DID we but know ourselves, and
 our Saviour! We are poor, but he is
 rich; we are dead, but he is life; we
 are sin, but he is righteousness; we are
 misery, but he is mercy; we are lost,
 but he is salvation. If we are willing,
 he never was otherwise. He ever lives,
 ever loves, ever pities, ever pleads.
 He loves and saves to the uttermost, all
 that come unto him.

AVOID and abhor slothfulness.

Editorial.

Humble Yourselves.

It is hard for human nature to get down. Its tendency is to exalt self. It requires a great deal of determination, and all the grace we can obtain, to get down and keep down where God can use us. Good laborers are often spoiled by prosperity. Nothing short of positive sin so shuts out the Holy Spirit as a feeling of self-complacency. After twenty years' experience in revivals, it is our deliberate conviction that *in no place is it so difficult to promote the work of God as in a Church where the members are satisfied with themselves.* If they cannot be induced to break up the fallow ground, nothing real can be done. A revival, to be permanent in its effects, must go through the heart of the Church. If this can not be accomplished,—if you can not get the members to break down before God it is of no use to try to get sinners converted among them. You had better strike out anew. Go where there is no church—where Universalism, profanity and Sabbath-breaking prevail. There is more hope of laboring with success, with a church that is backslidden, and quarreling among themselves than with one that “is rich, and increased with goods and has need of nothing.”

The saints of whom honorable mention is made in the Bible, were remarkable for their humility. Daniel became eminent for holiness under circumstances most unfavorable to piety. But did Daniel feel afraid that he should “lose his influence” if he humbled himself before God in the presence of the people? Hear what he says of this matter: *And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes; and I prayed unto the Lord my God and made my confession.*—Dan. ix, 3-4. He proved the saying true, “He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.” God sent an arch-angel to converse with him, and show him things to come. Look at David. His Psalms are full of penitential confessions. Hear Job, of whom the Bible says: “He was perfect and upright, and

one that feared God and eschewed evil.” Yet Job says: “Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes” Did Job lose his influence in consequence? Paul classed himself among those that were “perfect” Christians. But did he live on old experience? His language is: *This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*

Ministers who have been successful, in a remarkable degree, and for any considerable length of time, in promoting revivals, have seen the necessity of those, through whose labors the work was carried on, frequently humbling themselves before the Lord and seeking new baptisms of the Holy Spirit upon their souls. John Wesley says: * “We met at Fetter Lane to humble ourselves before God, and own he had justly withdrawn his Spirit from us for our manifold unfaithfulness. We acknowledged our having grieved him by our divisions; ‘one saying, I am of Paul; another, I am of Apollos,’ by our leaning again to our own works, and trusting in them instead of Christ; by our resting in those little beginnings of sanctification which it had pleased him to work in our souls; and above all, by blaspheming his work among us,—imputing it either to nature, to the force of imagination and animal spirits, or even to the delusion of the devil. In that hour we found God with us as at the first. Some fell prostrate upon the ground. Others burst out, as with one consent, into loud praise and thanksgiving.” The best societies in the land might profit by this example.

Wesley has a sermon on “The repentance of Believers.” In this discourse he remarks: † “There is a repentance and a faith, which are, more especially, necessary at the beginning: a repentance which is a conviction of our utter sinfulness and guiltiness and helplessness! There is also a repentance and a faith, (taking the words in another sense, a sense not quite the same, nor yet entirely different,) which are re-

* Wesley's Works, vol. 3, page 140.

† Wesley's Works, vol. 1, page 116.

quisite after we have believed the Gospel." Yea, and in every subsequent stage of our Christian course, or we cannot "run the race which is set before us." And this repentance and faith are full as necessary, in order to our *continuance* and *growth* in grace, as the former faith and repentance were, in order to our *entering* into the Kingdom of God!

President Edwards was a man remarkable for talent, learning and piety. Under his labors a powerful revival of religion took place in New England. The whole country was awakened, many were prostrated under the power of God, and hundreds were converted. In "showing what ought to be done to promote this work," he says: "That which I think we ought to set ourselves about in the first place, is to remove stumbling blocks. And in order to do this there must be a great deal done at confessing of faults. There is hardly any duty more contrary to our corrupt dispositions, and mortifying to the pride of man, but it must be done. Repentance of faults is, in a peculiar manner, a proper duty when the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, or when we especially expect or desire that it should come. And if God does now loudly call upon us to repent, then he also calls upon us to make proper manifestations of our repentance. I am persuaded that those that have openly opposed this work, or have, from time to time, spoken lightly of it, cannot be excused in the sight of God, without openly confessing their fault therein; especially if they be ministers. If they have, any way, either directly or indirectly, opposed the work, or have so behaved, in their public performances or private conversation as has prejudiced the minds of their people against the work,—if hereafter they shall be convinced of the goodness and divinity of what they have opposed, they ought, by no means, to palliate the matter, and excuse themselves, and pretend that they always thought so and that it was only such and such imprudences that they objected against; but they ought properly to declare their conviction, and condemn themselves for what they have done; for it is Christ they have spoken against, in speak-

ing lightly of and prejudicing others against this work; yea, worse than that, it is the Holy Ghost. And though they have done it ignorantly, and in unbelieving, yet when they find out who it is that they have opposed, undoubtedly God will hold them bound publicly to confess it."

President Finney, who has been more successful than most men of modern times in promoting revivals, says:

"A revival of religion may be expected when Christians begin to confess their sins to one another. At other times, they confess in a general manner, as if they were only half in earnest. They may do it in eloquent language, but it does not mean anything. But when there is an ingenuous breaking down, and a pouring out of the heart in making confession of their sins, the flood-gates will soon burst open, and salvation will flow over the place. *

* * * A revival will decline and cease, unless *Christians are frequently reconverted*. By this I mean, that Christians, in order to keep in the spirit of a revival, commonly need to be frequently convicted, and humbled, and broken down before God, and re-converted. This is something which many do not understand, when we talk about a Christian being re-converted. But the fact is that in a revival, the Christian's heart is liable to get crusted over, and lose its exquisite relish for divine things: his unction and prevalence in prayer abates, and then he must be converted over again. It is impossible to keep him in such a state as not to do injury to the work, unless he pass through such a process every few days. I have never labored in revivals in company with any one who would keep in the work and be fit to manage a revival continually, who did not pass through this process of breaking down as often as once in two or three weeks. Revivals decline, commonly, because it is found impossible to make the church feel their guilt and their dependence, so as to break down before God. It is important that ministers should understand this, and learn how to break down the church, and break down themselves when they need it, or else Christians will soon become mechanical in their work, and lose their fervor

and their power of prevailing with God. This was the process through which Peter passed, when he had denied the Saviour, and by which breaking down, the Lord prepared him for the great work on the day of Pentecost. I was surprised, a few years since, to find that the phrase '*breaking down*' was a stumbling block to certain ministers and professors of religion. They laid themselves open to the rebuke administered to Nicodemus, 'Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things?' I am confident that until some of them know what it is to be 'broken down,' they will never do much more for the cause of revivals."

Other testimonies to the same effect might be given; but are not these sufficient? Then do not be afraid of humbling yourself before the Lord. Never mind what people say. It is better to be thought to be a backslider, than to be one in reality; better go forward for prayers every week, and every night in the week, than never to be blessed with the melting, hallowed influences of the Spirit of God. Prayers may be sound, orthodox, earnest and yet be formal. Testimonies, exhortations, and sermons may be faultless as far as the words are concerned, and yet be so utterly lacking in unction as to do no good. When oil is found in the earth it is found below the water. If you would have the unction that will clothe your words with power you must go down. We never yet saw a church, or any considerable portion of it do this, without its being followed by a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit of God.

The Earnest Christian.

We are receiving many testimonies from all parts of the land, that God is blessing *The Earnest Christian* to the good of many souls. Praise God; for the good that is done is by His Spirit, and the praise shall be given Him.

Will not our friends in all quarters make a special effort in our behalf? Our circulation should not only be kept up, but increased. Brother, Sister in the Lord—see if you cannot send the *E. C.* into some family who do not now take it. You may do an untold amount of good in this way. Go about it at once—in faith—and may God give you success.

Holiness without Power.

THERE is a religious state, quite popular, which consists in a profession of holiness, when the unction and power of the Spirit are wanting. This does injury in many ways. The persons making the profession are deceived. They take up with harmlessness in the place of holiness. Gentility, baptized in the name of Christianity, is made to take the place of the Holy Ghost. Self is not destroyed. Its reign is not terminated. Its potency is manifest in all they do and say. If they would only persevere in seeking until the Holy Ghost is given unto them, they would become instruments of great good, as far as their influence extends. As it is, whatever seeming success they may meet with, they accomplish but little real good. They lack the robustness, vigor, and spiritual discernment which are always apparent when self is dead and Christ reigns. They are altogether too timid and compromising to do the rough work which Christ has for his followers to do. Their affected manners, artificial tones, and honied phrases savor more of the school of Chesterfield than of the fellow-disciples of the fishermen of Galilee. In those who enjoy Scriptural holiness there is a simplicity and a power which are very difficult of imitation. You feel at once that they are sincere. Their words reach the heart. You love to hear them, though they may probe your conscience and make you feel almost inclined to be offended.

Dearly Beloved, do not take up with anything short of the reality. You had better seek longer and more earnestly and have clear, positive, Bible experience, than take up with an imaginary blessing, which can but delude you to your destruction. You may consecrate yourself to God, as you think, and try to believe that he accepts you, and then, without being conscious of any especial change, make a profession of holiness, but what does it amount to?

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS NOT IN WORD, BUT IN POWER.

LOVE-FAITH TESTIMONIES.—We have a number of excellent ones, which are laid over for want of room. Have patience with us.

Supporting the Gospel.

You cannot keep bees on corn, or horses on honey. Every thing must have food adapted to its nature. Temperance is not sustained by stills and groggeries, nor morality by splendid brothels and gilded gambling hells. Such a pretext is too preposterous to be made. But how is it with the sacred cause of religion? Is the Gospel of Jesus Christ—acknowledged even by infidels to be the purest system of religion ever taught among mankind—sustained by carnal pleasures and sensual enjoyments? by appeals to woman's vanity and man's vices? Is the religion which has God for its author, and Salvation for its object, supported by fairs and festivals, and feasts and lotteries—entertainments adapted to the tastes of the most abandoned? Does the body of Christ grow and flourish on such food as this? Not by any means! Whatever it is that thrives by such measures as these, it is not the Gospel of Christ. Money secured in this way is money obtained under false pretenses. The whole proceeding is a pious fraud. The English Parliament, in the days of Charles, levied troops in the name of the king, for the purpose of dethroning him. So these contrivances for raising money, by appeals to pride and the love of pleasure, under the pretense of supporting the Gospel, are, in reality, so many conspiracies against Christianity itself.

They are becoming so common that it is the duty of every friend of the Gospel to speak out in unmistakable tones against these sacrilegious abominations. Last summer, while attending camp-meetings in Illinois, we saw in the depot a flaming handbill, announcing that a so-called orthodox church in that place would give an excursion to Rock Island, where a fair was being held. As an inducement for everybody to go, it was stated that the excursion would be on the last day of the fair, when the celebrated horse, Dexter, would be made to exhibit his speed in trotting! Think of it! The saints of Jesus Christ getting up an excursion to a horse race!

A notice has just been sent us, of an entertainment adapted to the winter season, gotten up professedly for the benefit of the

church. The brother sending it, says, "This is the way we get money for preachers' out here." It reads as follows:

REV'D MR. —

Dear Sir: An Entertainment will be given in McLean, on Thursday evening, the 19th of December, 1867, for the benefit of the — Church.

Oysters, and everything eatable, will be served.

Good music will be discoursed, and speeches made by eminent men.

The speeches and music at the Church, and supper at the Kellogg Hall—for all of which one dollar will be charged for adult persons, and fifty cents for children under 12 years.

If good cheer, good music, eloquent speeches, and plenty to eat, served with smiling faces and delicate hands, can entertain you, come and bring all connected with you.

PUBLISHING COM.

McLean, Ill., Dec., 1867.

A highly respectable correspondent from Brighton, Ill., writes us: "The — Church are having a fair and festival here. The worst kind of gambling is going on. One doll, which cost them about five dollars, was run up to near fifty. One man put his daughter's name down seventy times at ten cents a time, but after all lost his money and the doll. Their preacher made a wooden elephant, which his members rode around the hall two at a time, at twenty cents a pair. After they got through with it, one of the stewards of the church bought it for ten dollars."

What would John Wesley and John Knox think of such proceedings in churches professing to believe the doctrines which they taught?

We know that there are many members of the Churches, who are opposed to such desecrations of the cause of God. We exhort all such to give them no countenance, even by silence, as you would retain His favor. **HE THAT HATH MY WORD LET HIM SPEAK MY WORD FAITHFULLY. WHAT IS THE CHAFF TO THE WHEAT, SAITH THE LORD?**

THE SCHOOL AT CHILI is doing well. We hope to see a Seminary built here that shall bless future generations. Our aim is to have a school where youth shall be trained up in the fear of the Lord, to habits of industry as well as study. But now means are needed. There are some who could not do better with the property God has entrusted them with than to give it for this purpose; or, if they need the use of it while alive, bequeath it to this school to bless the world when they are gone. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Taking up a Reproach.

DID you ever read, carefully, the fifteenth Psalm? It is one of the most important chapters in the Bible. It tells us how we may always live in the most delightful residence in which man ever dwelt, and how we may gain Heaven at last. There are in it only five short verses, and you cannot employ an hour better than to commit it to memory. One mark of the man who shall never backslide, is this: **HE DOES NOT TAKE UP A REPROACH AGAINST HIS NEIGHBOR.** He may find it in the public street, but he passes around it and will not pick it up. No matter who brings it to his house and lays it down; he lets it alone till it dies. It defiles whoever takes possession of it, and under no circumstances will he so much as touch it with the tips of his fingers.

Beloved, is this the course you take? Suppose a person does not think as you do on some points. He belongs to a different denomination, and is endeavoring to promote interests with which you are not specially identified. There may be, apparently, a clashing of interests; and yet both of you profess to be wholly devoted to Christ. You hear something to his disadvantage, on what you suppose to be good authority. Do you inquire into the truth of the matter, and see what explanations can be given? Or do you take up the reproach, and pass it on in its errand of mischief, *with your indorsement*? If the latter, beware! The indorser is as responsible as the original maker. *Thou slanderest thine own mother's son*, and God will not hold thee guiltless.

Die in the Wilderness.

Never think of it! Do not dwell there even a single day. It is full of gloom and horrors. Jesus is waiting to lead you over into

A land of corn and wine and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest.

Follow him implicitly. When he tells you to consecrate all to God, do not hesitate,—give yourself up fully to do his will, as far as you know and as far as you do not know.

He will make known to you presently what he will have you do. Let there be no reservation, in the slightest particular. Above all, consent to go down into the valley of humility. *Confession of your sins will bring you there.* Go into particulars. When you have sinned against others, or to their knowledge, confess to them. And go before God and break down thoroughly before him.

Believe in Jesus as *your Saviour*. He made atonement for your sins. *His blood cleanseth* from all sin. Rely upon that. Plead it until the Spirit is poured out upon you, and you feel all through your inner being the *renewing of the Holy Ghost*.

Statistics of the Bible.

The Scriptures have been translated into 148 languages and dialects, of which 121 had, prior to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, never appeared: and 25 of these languages existed without an alphabet, in an oral form. Upward of 43,000,000 of these copies of God's word are circulated among not less than 600,000 of people.

The first division of the divine oracles into chapters and verses is attributed to Stephen Langton, arch-bishop of Canterbury, in the reign of King John, in the latter part of the twelfth century or the beginning of the thirteenth. Cardinal Hugo, in the middle of the thirteenth century, divided the Old Testament into chapters, as they stand in our translation. In 1661, Athias, a Jew of Amsterdam, divided the sections of Hugo into verses—a French printer had previously (1561) divided the New Testament into verses, as they are at present.

The entire Bible contains 66 books, 1,188 chapters, 31,185 verses, 774,602 words, 3,566,480 letters. The name of Jehovah or Lord, occurs 6,555 times in the Old Testament. The shortest verse in the Bible is John xi, 35. The nineteenth chapter of the second Kings, and Isaiah thirty-six, are the same. There is a Bible in the library of the University of Gottingen written on 5,476 palm leaves.

A day's journey was 33 1-5 miles. A

Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet, nearly. A cubit is 22 inches, nearly. A hand's breadth is equal to 3.5-8 inches. A finger's breadth is equal to 1 inch. A shekel of gold was \$8.09. A talent of silver was \$516.32. A talent of gold was \$13,809.—A piece of silver or a penny was 13 cents. A farthing was 3 cents. A gerah was 1 cent. A mite was 1 1/2 cents. A homer contained 75 gallons and 5 pints. A hin was 1 gallon and 2 pints. A firkin was 7 pints. An omer was 6 pints. A cab was 3 pints.

The commemorative ordinances of the Jews were: Circumcision, the seal of the covenant with Abraham; the passover, to commemorate the protection of the Israelites, when all the first-born of the Egyptians were destroyed; the feast of the tabernacles, instituted to perpetuate the sojourning of the Israelites for forty years in the wilderness; the feast of pentecost, which was appointed to be held fifty days after the passover, to commemorate the delivery of the law from Mount Sinai; the feast of Purim, kept in memory of the deliverance of the Jews from the wicked machinations of Haman.

In 1272 it would have cost a laboring man years of labor to purchase a Bible, as his pay would be only 1 1/3 pence per day, while the price of a Bible was \$100.—*Etc.*

CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES.—From the report of Henry B. Smith, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary, we condense the annexed statistics. They will be found convenient for reference:

Churches. Communicants.		
Roman Catholic, -	3,800	4,000,000
Methodist, -	10,460	2,001,000
Baptist, -	11,220	1,690,000
Presbyterian, -	5,000	900,000
Lutheran, -	2,900	323,800
Congregationalist, -	2,780	257,400
Prot. Episcopalian, -	2,800	161,200
German Reformed, -	4,160	110,000
Dutch Reformed, -	440	60,000
United Brethren, about 3,000 societies.		
Moravians, about 12,000 communicants.		
Unitarians, about 300 churches.		
Universalists include about 600,000 of the population.		
Friends or Quakers, orthodox, about 54,000 members. Hicksites, about 40,000.		

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

OF MRS. M. A. SHINN.

At a very early age, I was convicted of sin, and sought and found pardon through the merits of Christ. For a time, I walked in the light of His countenance, but finally fell in with the customs of the day, and became lukewarm and formal. I tried to perform my religious duties, and hoped to reach Heaven at last. Thus I lived twenty-five years. Then the judgments of God came upon me. He took my eldest daughter—my idol. Then I was led to examine my heart. I found rebellion there. I could not pray the Lord's Prayer. How could I say, "Thy will be done," and not mean it? for I knew that God required truth in the inward parts. Oh! the anguish of my poor heart at that hour! My loved one gone, and my heart not right in the sight of God. I tried to pray, but the thought would arise, "Give up your will to Christ." This I could not do of myself, and I did not know how to go to Jesus. I knew there was a higher state of religion than I had attained—a place where I could say, "Thy will be done." Some said it was not an instantaneous work, but that I would reach it, by and by. This did not satisfy me. I felt that help must soon come, or I should die. Some friends advised me to take boarders, thinking to divert my mind in that way. I did so, but no relief came. I held on to God with a trembling hand, and would not let him go. At times I would pray all night, for the Lord to give me light. I did not consult my pastor, lest he should think I had no religion, and I did not wish to lessen his confidence in me. I read Mr. Wesley's sermon on Perfection, and the opinion of others on the subject.

It pleased the Lord, in His wise Providence, to send Dr. Redfield to this place. I went to hear him preach, and he made the doctrine of Christian perfection so clear and plain, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not have erred therein. I began to see that it meant something, to give up all for Christ's sake. Dr. R. gave an invitation to all who felt the need of this all-cleansing blood on their hearts, to kneel at the altar. I, with a number of others, went

forward. I tried to make the consecration, but, to my surprise, I found that I was not justified. I saw there were duties to perform, before I even *dare* deem myself justified. I left the altar with a sad heart, and went home to my closet, and there begged and plead with the Lord for the blessing. My prayer was, "Oh! give me a clean heart, and then I will do my duty." This answer was given me: "Go and be justified;" and then I began to yield, and cried from the depths of my soul, "Oh! Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Then came the struggle, and the answer, "Will you pray with your boarders?" for I had excluded my boarders from family worship, through a man-fearing spirit. I mentioned my trouble to my husband; but he thought it was not necessary to be so particular about so small a matter. But it was no small matter to me. My soul was at stake, and I knew that I must go through then, or lose all the religion I had. I felt that I must make a clean work of it. I had to make acknowledgments to my boarders for my omission of duty to them in regard to family prayers; and then, I solemnly promised God, that I would do my duty.

The next morning, the young men joined us in worship; and as I opened the Bible and read, the light of Heaven shone into my heart and on the Word, as it never had before. As I knelt in prayer, I received such a blessing, that I knew the Lord had lifted his reconciled countenance upon me, and I was fully justified in his sight. I then went to my room, expecting the blessing of perfect love; but as I knelt to pray, these words came to me: "Are you going to give Mary to the Lord?" For the Lord had laid his afflicting hand upon my second daughter, and I knew that she must die; and could I say that it was right? I knelt the second time in prayer, but I could not say, "Thy will be done." I arose from my knees and walked the floor, and as I looked at my darling child, I thought of Abraham when he offered up his *only* son; and I fell upon my face and cried, "Lord, here is Mary—and here is every child I have—and here is my husband—and here I am: and if I become a perfect beggar on the streets,

only give me salvation." Then the Power came down, and I was fully saved from everything on this earth. I have been walking in this glorious way for ten years, and to-day I feel this all-cleansing blood on my heart. Praise the Lord forever.

Quincy, Ill.

MISS RHODA CLAPSADDLE.

ALTHOUGH my parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, they believed that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" and as a general thing when deprived of their own meetings they went to the Methodist meetings, and always tried to encourage their children to go. I went with the determination that I would not seek the Lord; but as I crossed the threshold, where a few of God's children were met, an inner voice said, "Seek the Lord while he may be found; this may be your last opportunity." I thought, "must this be so?" The conviction was so great that I began to tremble. I tried to resist the Spirit, for I felt so unwilling to forsake all and follow Jesus, which I knew must be done if I was ever saved.

Bro. F. Downing got up and said, if there is a sinner here that will seek the Lord, let him manifest it by standing upon his feet. No one moved. I felt myself a sinner, lost forever, unless saved by grace; but it seemed impossible for me to move. They knelt down and began to pray. I fell upon my knees and began to cry for mercy. The veil was withdrawn that concealed my heart, and I saw myself as in the light of the judgment, sinking to the lowest regions of Hell, when the hand of Infinite Mercy was extended to me. After a severe struggle, the Lord spoke peace to my troubled soul.

Five months from that time I was called to stand by the death-bed of a kind and affectionate father! Oh, how I felt as he closed his eyes and calmly exclaimed: "I am almost home!"

I tried to live very near to God, and walked in all the light that shone upon my heart, and was convicted for holiness. I saw the way very narrow, but was not willing to walk in the light, and take the cross and all the reproach connected with

it. I shrank from duty; and Oh, what darkness followed. Then I knew that if "the light that is in us becomes darkness, how great is that darkness."

The next effort the enemy put forth was to get me to stay from meetings; but I dared not do it. God, unwilling to let me go and spend the remainder of my days in the service of the devil, let the light shine so clearly upon my heart that I felt it was, obey God and be saved, or choose my own way and be lost. I knew that it was life or death—Heaven or Hell. I made up my mind that I would have salvation at any cost. As I took the way of the cross, the power of God came down again, and I felt the cleansing blood applied. I thought then that I never would grieve the Spirit again in any way—either by shrinking from the cross or by neglecting any known duty. I can say, to the glory of God, that the Tonawanda camp-meeting was one of profit to my soul. Before I went there I thought I was perfectly willing to be led by the Spirit; but as God undertook to lead me I felt a shrinking in my heart. The last day of the meeting, while giving in my testimony at the love-feast, the power of God came upon me and I fell prostrate upon the ground. Being greatly blest in my soul, I felt like shouting and giving God the glory. The enemy suggested: "Now don't do that, for it will only attract the attention of the people;" and instead of obeying God, I began to reason with the devil. The Spirit was grieved; and in a very few moments I felt that the glory had departed. I tried to get up, but could not. I asked a sister that sat at my side if she would help me up. She replied, you cannot get up. Soon after that I was taken to the tent. Oh, what agony I was in! I made up my mind, then and there, that I would be blest differently from that or not at all. I felt some of the time as if I had rather lose my soul than follow Jesus in that way, and be led in so peculiar a manner. After trying several times to get up, sister Phelps said, "The Lord will have his own way, Rhoda, and your will must be given up." I felt that I had rather die than yield.

I verily believe had it been in my power to get up at that time I should have

backslidden from God as the result. Some raised me upon my feet; but to no purpose, I could not stand. My body had become just as cold and stiff as if touched with death, all except my hands. I could move them in any way.

As they laid me down, I felt that my will must be given up before the hand of the Lord would be removed from me. I thought upon what I had said and thought—must this be taken back and myself re-consecrated to God? The Spirit said it must. I gave up trying to get up, and went at the work of consecration in good earnest—gave all to God—myself, my reputation; and chose the lone way of the cross, and said the will of the Lord be done—repeated it again and again, and then felt all through my soul the will of the Lord be done. Oh, how crucifying to the flesh; but in less than ten minutes from that I was enabled to get up, feeling very weak in body. But blessed be God, who doeth all things well, the crucifixion was complete. I was dead to the world and the opinions of every body—lost to all but God. Never shall I forget the victory of that hour. From that time I have felt in my heart such a settling down into the will of God, and I can say:

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

Knowing that the offence of the cross has not ceased.

I find the way to Heaven a narrow way, but Jesus leads me and I follow on, seeking the honor that comes from God only. Ah, let me know that Jesus approves of me, and I'll gladly and willingly bear the scoffs and ridicule of this wicked world. From this time henceforth and forever the language of my willing heart shall be,

Lord, obediently I'll go.

While writing this article, it has been suggested, "do not send it;" for if you should ever lose the victory God has given you, this very thing will stand in array against you, and your words will condemn you. But making no provision for backsliding from God, I send it, trusting in the Lord to be kept steadfast and immovable to the end.

Youngstown, N.Y.

A WORD FROM MEADVILLE.

The Lord is good ; and with the prophet the language of my heart this moment is : " O, Lord, I will praise Thee, though Thou was't angry with me. Thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedest me."

Thine anger is turned away—present salvation—the comfort of the Holy Ghost,—yes, I am glad that I do believe in the Holy Ghost. Brethren, beloved,—yea all who read this precious Monthly,—God is mighty to save. Oh! the power of Jesus' blood! Some celebrated springs, while life to one are death to another. Some are good only for surface blemishes; but Jesus' blood "heals all my wounds"—heals every one that will apply it by faith. Praise God! Salvation's stream now freely flows to a lost and ruined world.

My mind this morning dwells upon these passages: "But the word of God grew and multiplied." "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed." Mark you, reader, it is the "word of God." Years ago, as a company was passing overland to California, a woman saw, lying in the road, a slip from a grape vine. She picked it up, carried it to her new home, planted it by the door, watered it. It sprouted,—it grew,—she continued to enrich the soil,—it grew,—she pruned it,—it grew upward, spread out,—kept growing. Fruit appeared; she kept on pruning and training it; it grew—on and on, until she gathered in one season nearly a ton of luscious fruit from its branches. It was a dry looking stick, but, said she, there may be life in it. There was.

The Word of God to the worldling, the formalist, the backslidden, is dry; but there is life in it. Just let God, by His spirit, plant one single truth in thy heart; let him water it,—it will grow. Faith will grasp hold, and like the "ivy creeping where no life is seen," will keep creeping up and spreading; and though the blinded may say, "what can you see in that?" yet it grows, it prevails, it multiplies,—there is life there now. Oh, how the Word, without any apologies mixed up with it, will prevail. What a commotion among the "dry bones." How it stirs. God Almighty grant us a shower of gospel truth!

Oh, the Word, "sweeter than honey or the honey-comb!" Oh, Lord, I will let thy word grow in my heart and life.

Beloved, I give thanks to God, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you; that the word of the truth of the gospel which is come unto you, may bring forth fruit.

Meadville sends greetings to all the saints in Jesus, everywhere.

S. K. J. CHESBROUGH.

Meadville, Pa.

The Work of the Lord.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—In the Free Methodist Church in this city the Rev. E. Owen is laboring with acceptability and success. A recent letter from one of the brethren says: "The Lord is coming to our deliverance and help. Five or six have been saved and five or six more are seeking the Lord. Our meetings are now like old times. *Praise the Lord for it!*"

AT NEW YORK.—The Free Church is prospering. Their hall is well filled with an attentive congregation. Some are getting saved. Bro. Irwin says: "They were not hoisted over the wall into the Kingdom, but fought their way to the door—Jesus. He took them in—bless his name. God is rolling on a burden for souls on all our membership. There is not one member of our church in a backslidden condition." They have no preacher from the Conference, but Rev. Bro. Wm. Belden, of the Presbyterian Church, and Bro. Jones preach for them with acceptability and success.

Dying Testimony.

BARZILLIAR G. UPDIKE was born July 28th, 1822, in Seneca Co., N. Y. He was born again in the month of January, 1865, in the village of Geneva, Kane Co., Ill.—His spirit returned to the God who gave it, Dec. 19th, 1867. He left a wife and four children, to miss him from his accustomed place and walks, but to rejoice in his eternal gain.

Through life he has been regarded as a man of sterling integrity; and by uniform justice in his dealings, mercy toward all

its objects, truthfulness and kindness, has never failed to secure the confidence and affection of the people among whom he mingled.

As a husband, he was kind, considerate and gentle; as a father, patient, tender and firm, loving and impartial; as a brother, trustful and affectionate. The ties by which a large circle of relatives were bound to him, were of the strongest and most sacred character.

He was sorely afflicted for many years; but He who knows how to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," accomplished for him a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

With the well formed and intelligent resolution of a deep, strong and honest soul, he gave himself to God; and with the firm grasp of an earnest and trustful heart, he laid hold of the promises of God, and rested in the merit of atoning blood. Though called to endure severe trials, his purposes were not known to waver for a moment, and his confidence in Jesus remained unshaken.

Christ was to him a *steady, satisfying* portion. His evidences were clear, from the beginning of his Christian career, to the end, and his peace unruffled. During his last painful illness, he was continually calm, serene, uncomplaining and heavenly—spoke of his approaching dissolution as though it was to be his coronation-day—and finally retired from the scene, not as a criminal, not as a vanquished warrior, not as one wearied with life and sick with pain; but with complete armor on, burnished and bright—in the full tide of spiritual strength—with the unspeakable glory of conscious triumph breaking over him, and lighting up all around him. So dies the saint of God. We may not mourn, for our immaculate Leader saith:

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name."

N. D. FANNING.

Marengo, Ill. Exchanges please copy.

L. J. SMITH.—Died, Oct. 4th, 1867, our beloved brother, Lucius J. Smith, in Ridott, Stephenson county, Ill.

He was one of the first students of the Manual Labor School, at Berea, Ohio. He helped to clear the land connected with that College. In 1843, he removed to Westfield, Ill. He was married to Miss Sarah E. Rose, Sept. 29, 1846. During the winter of 1845 he experienced religion, but gave it up again while laboring in the pines of Wisconsin. During the winter of 1851 he made another attempt to be a Christian, but did not enter into the liberty of the children of God. For ten years he struggled on, most of the time an official member in the M. E. Church, till, in January, 1862, a band of pilgrims came into the neighborhood to hold meetings. Bro. Smith was among the first to embrace the truth. He sought earnestly—renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil, and was gloriously saved. At a Barn Meeting held on his place the following May, he experienced "perfect love."

His standing as a man and a Christian in the community was above reproach. No one doubted his integrity or his piety. He was a tried man, and, like gold, shone the better for the trial. He was not a *brilliant* man, but he was *true*. At the time of his death, he was Supervisor, School Treasurer, Administrator, Class Leader, Recording Steward, Sunday School Superintendent, and a hard-working farmer; and his work was always well done. He was elected Supervisor for two terms in succession, without a dissenting vote, though a radical abolitionist and outspoken in his sentiments; and taking into consideration the political excitement of the last few years, and the strength of the opposition in the town, it speaks well of his character as a man and a Christian.

A short time before he died, he said: "I shall not get well. When my will is made, my work is done. I am ready to go. I am so glad that I had the thorough work done for me. Oh, how the cloaks will be torn off some of these days! Oh, Augusta, go straight, go through, this is the way."

The day he died, the doctor came, and feeling it his duty to tell him so, told him he could not live; when Bro. Smith shouted,

"Salvation! Glory to God!" And from that until the last it was constant triumph. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

CATHARINE TRYON died in Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., Sept. 14th, 1867, aged 52 years and 8 months.

Sister Tryon was converted in the 23d year of her age, under the ministerial labors of Rev. Mr. Starks, in the village of Esperence, Schoharie county, and united with the M. E. Church.

Sister Tryon was a woman of sound judgment and a pure heart; walking in the light of duty and living in the favor of God—a Bible Christian. Her piety was uniform and deep, her spirit devotional. Her life was one of prayer and communion with God. She was a laborer in the vineyard. She worked for God in the prayer meetings with efficiency. Always loved the Sunday School, and was a successful Bible-class teacher. She walked with God, and was not, for God took her. Her last illness was brief. She attended public worship both morning and evening the Sabbath preceeding her death. She suffered much, but with that lamblike patience that pervades the soul of the dying child of God. She was ready and willing to go, saying it is all right between my heart and Jesus, and went to sleep, "that blessed sleep, from which none ever wakes to weep." A great light has gone out in the Church, and an eminent Christian has reached the home of the holy. She leaves a companion and five children to mourn the loss of a truly Christian wife and mother. May they follow in her footsteps and meet er in heaven.

F. H. BECK.

THE LOVE FEAST.

MARGARET NUSBICKEL.

I am on the altar where the blood does strike my soul and body's powers, hallelujah! Jesus gives me a love that is unmixed, that purifies the soul and separates me from the world and causes me to rejoice evermore through the Redeemer's blood. I am growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. The watchword is, Onward march! Walk in all the light. The ho-

liness that is sanctification and power, is my motto. I can perfect the same in the fear of God, only by keeping hid behind the cross. I love the school of Christ; He does teach me such precious lessons, and gives me a faith that stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God,—that overcomes the world, the flesh and the devil. Oh, what a oneness I feel with Jesus! He is my all and in all.

I can tell but a little of what He is doing for my soul. I am having a feast of fat things, hallelujah! I do glory in tribulation, also knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto me. Jesus does help me dig deep and inquire after the old paths and know his perfect power to save to the utmost both soul and body, hallelujah! The best of all is, every one that names the name of Christ may have this experience, by surrendering all to him, and taking the cross and being nailed to it until carnal nature expires. It does pay gloriously.

MISS MATILDA H. FOX.

I love Jesus with all my heart; and I know that he loves me, and cleanses me from all sin. The narrow way grows better and brighter as I advance toward my heavenly home, and I am glad to count all things of this life as loss, so that I can win Christ. "For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, and the gospel's, the same shall save it." Glory to God for the precious promise. It lifts me above the trials of life and end enables me to rejoice in anticipation of an endless life with God. O, how my Father enables me to stand up straight for him. "His yoke is easy and his burden light." Sometimes Satan makes the cross appear heavy, but as I go forth bearing it cheerfully for Jesus' sake, there is such a glory in it that the cross is exchanged for a blessing. Glory to Jesus. I expect to go straight through with Jesus and give the devil no quarters. My watchword is "Onward and upward." You will find my armor down by the side of the river.