

# The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

MARCH, 1868.

## SACRIFICES.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

THE religion of the day and the religion of the Bible are, in many particulars, entirely unlike. They may have points of resemblance, but their spirit is totally dissimilar. The one is adapted to the wants of the poor, and seeks its votaries among the lowly; the other accommodates itself to the tastes of the rich, and makes all its arrangements with a view to the bringing of the favored ones of fortune within its fold. The one is of God; the other is largely of man. The religion of the Bible is promoted by the supernatural influences of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of man; the religion of the day, by means the same in principle as those by which organizations of earthly origin are carried forward. In the one, food for pride and self-complacency is freely furnished; in the other, the human is subjected to the Divine, and self is annihilated.

SELF-DENIAL IS A FUNDAMENTAL ELEMENT IN THE CHARACTER OF ALL WHO ENJOY THE RELIGION OF THE BIBLE.—Without this, there can be no true piety. There may be the semblance, but the reality is wanting. To be a child of God, self, in all its moods and tenses,

must be utterly and forever renounced. All self-righteousness must be abandoned. No dependence—not the slightest—can be placed upon our good nature or our good conduct. Jesus must become to us THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. Through the merits of our Great Intercessor alone, are we accounted righteous before God. Selfish aims, and selfish motives, must be given up. If we would live for God, we cannot live for ourselves. The interests of Christ's Kingdom must be our interests. Our very natures must be so blended with that of our Divine Master, that, without his approbation, nothing shall afford us satisfaction or delight. A selfish person can no more be a Christian, than can an adulterer or idolator.

The doctrine we here advance is taught in the Bible, by precept and example, in language the most plain and unequivocal.

1. Let us examine some of its precepts. And Jesus said to them all, *If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.*—Luke ix, 23; see also Mat. x. 37, 38, xvi. 24; Mark viii. 34, and Luke xiv. 27. Read carefully these important passages. They teach plainly the absolute necessity of self-denial on the part of all who would be the disci-

ples of Christ. This is the test of the sincerity of one's profession. He must *take up his cross daily*. "That is," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "he who is not ready, after my example, to suffer death in the cause of my religion, *is not worthy of me*—does not deserve to be called my disciple. This alludes to the custom of causing the criminal to bear his own cross to the place of execution."

Says Henry, "In the Christian profession, they are reckoned unworthy the dignity and felicity of it, that put not such a value upon their interest in Christ, as to prefer that before any other interest. They cannot expect the gains of a bargain who will not come up to the terms of it. Now, thus the terms are settled: if religion be worth *anything*, it is worth *everything*; and therefore, all who believe the truth of it, will soon come up to the price of it; and they who make it their business and bliss, will make everything else yield to it. They who like not Christ on these terms, may lease him at their peril. It is very encouraging to think, that whatever we bear, or lose, or suffer for Christ, we do not make a hard bargain for ourselves. Whatever we part with for this pearl of price, we may comfort ourselves with this persuasion, that it is well worth what we give for it. The terms are, that we must prefer Christ: First, Before our nearest and dearest relations—*father or mother, son or daughter*. Between these relations, because there is little room left for envy, there is commonly more room for love; and therefore, these are instanced in, as relations which are most likely to affect. Children must love their parents, and parents must love their children; but if they love them *better than Christ, they are unworthy*

of him. As we must not be *deterred* from Christ by the hatred of our relations, so we must not be drawn from him by their *love*. Christians must be as Levi, *who said to his father, I have not seen him*.—Deut. xxxiii. 9.

Secondly, Before our ease and safety. We must *take up our cross* and *follow him*, or we are not worthy of him. Here observe: 1. They who would *follow Christ*, must expect *their cross* and *take it up*. In *taking up the cross*, we must *follow Christ's example*, and bear it as he did. 2. It is a great encouragement to us, when we meet with crosses, that in bearing them, we *follow Christ*, who has showed us the way; and that if we follow him faithfully, he will lead us through sufferings like him, to glory with him.

Thirdly, Before life itself. *He that findeth his life shall lose it*; he that thinks he has found it, when he has saved it, and kept it, by denying Christ, *shall lose it* in an eternal death; but *he that loseth his life for Christ's sake*—that will part with it rather than deny Christ—*shall find it*, to his unspeakable advantage, in an eternal life. They are best prepared for the life to come, that sit most loose to this present life."

It must be our daily practice to deny ourselves, and take up our cross.—"Great is the emphasis of this word," says Beza, "which indeed implies that as day succeeds day, so would one cross follow another." Professors say, sometimes that, on certain occasions, "they went around the cross." This is a great mistake. The cross so completely fills the narrow way, that there is no possibility of going around it. They went back from it, but they did not go around it. There are no unborne crosses behind us.

The instructions of the Apostles accord fully with these directions of Christ. Says Paul, *I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.*—Rom. xiii. 1. Whatever was offered in sacrifice, was as fully given up as if it had been parted with for its full value. These bodies were to be offered up a *living sacrifice*,—a perpetual one, renewed every day and every hour. The symbolical representation of a Christian, is an ox standing between a plough and an altar, with this device, *Ready for Either*. So a true disciple of Jesus is ready for toils or for martyrdom.

St. Peter says, *For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings: that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.*—1 Pet. ii. 21; iv. 14. But there is no need of multiplying quotations. You can hardly open your Bible amiss, if you would find passages that enjoin upon us the necessity of making sacrifices in the cause of God.

The lives of holy men, of whom we have a record in the Bible, show us that the sacrifices to be made for our religion, are real and not imaginary. Abraham was called the friend of God. But was he a mere recipient of Divine favors—doing nothing himself to manifest his love for God? At the very commencement of life, he forsook all for his religion. He left friends, and worldly prospects, and native land, and dwelt in tents—a wanderer upon the earth—at the command of God, ready to go wherever the Divine presence should

lead him. In later life, he withheld not his beloved son—the child of promise, in whom all his hopes centered—but was ready to offer him up, a living sacrifice, upon the altar of God.

Moses had as tempting prospects as ambition could covet. The adopted son of the mightiest monarch of the age—carefully educated by the best teachers the world could furnish—instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians—“mighty in word and in deed” among his fellows,—there was hardly a worldly honor to which he might not aspire. But in the maturity of early manhood, when the tempting promises of ambition appear in their most dazzling colors, he voluntarily relinquished all—“choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” Did Daniel's religion cost him nothing, when he went into the den of lions, rather than compromise in the slightest particular?

Of the early disciples of our Lord, it is said, *And they left all and followed him.* These words are to be taken literally, and in all their length and breadth of meaning. As Kitto remarks, it was a forsaking of the place—the homes around which, for them all, the charities of life were gathered—of their friends and neighbors, with whom they had been accustomed to associate, and of the relations in whom their hearts were delighted. It was an abandonment of the habits of life to which they had been used, and of the occupations in which alone they were skilled, and which furnished their subsistence. And this, not to attach themselves to one who was rich or great, or who could or did hold out to them any worldly advantages; but to one who was as poor as them-

selves, and one with whom they were often to suffer perils, hunger, and thirst, and who could not assure them of a place where to lay their heads.

Paul did not look for ease in the cause of Christ. He abandoned worldly prospects when he believed in the Saviour. From that hour, he counted not his life dear unto him, so he might finish his course with joy. See him as his friends stand around him, and with tears endeavor to dissuade him from going to a city where they knew that evil awaited him. "What mean ye," he says, "to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus." This was the spirit of the primitive disciples. Of his brethren he writes: "Ye endured a great fight of afflictions, partly whilst ye were made a gazing-stock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly whilst ye became companions of them that were so used. For ye had compassion of me in my bonds, and took joyfully the spoiling of your goods—knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance."

In the first centuries of Christianity, while it retained its purity, this self-sacrificing spirit prevailed. Of one man it is said, that he "sold himself as a slave to a heathen family, to get access to them for their conversion; and for years he cheerfully endured the labor and condition of a slave, till he succeeded with the whole family, and obtained his liberty from the gratitude of the converts. On a visit to Sparta, he again entered himself as a slave, in the family of the Governor of Sparta, and served two years, and again succeeded in his design." Such men could not be

deterred by any difficulties. To their enemies they said, "We say we are Christians, and we say it to the whole world, under the hand of the executioner. In the midst of all the tortures you can heap upon us to make us recant; torn and mangled, and covered with our own blood, we still cry out as loud as we are able, We are Christians! Call us what names you please with fagots to set us on fire, yet let me tell you, that when we are thus begirt and dressed about with fire, we are in our most illustrious apparel. These are our victorious palms and robes of glory; and, mounted on our funeral piles, we feel ourselves as in a triumphant chariot. We conquer when we die, and the spoils of that victory is eternal life. What you reprove us with as stubbornness, is the best means of proselyting the world. For who has not been struck with the sight of such fortitude, and from thence been led on to look into the reason of it? And who ever looked well into our religion, but embraced it? *And who ever embraced it, but was willing to die for it?*

"The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise; the Christian blood you spill is like the seed you sow—it springs from the earth and fructifies the more. Therefore, all the refinements of your cruelty can effect nothing, or rather they have brought over persons to this sect: our numbers augment the more you persecute us. The blood of Christians is the seed they sow."

Such is the self-sacrificing spirit required by the religion of the Bible. When one of the ecclesiastics of Luther's day, opened a New Testament for the first time, and read a few verses from our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, he laid it down in disgust, exclaiming,

"Either this is not the Gospel, or we are not Christians." Perhaps you have a similar feeling, as you read these lines. No one can deny that the religion of the day is easy and self-indulgent. Ministers tell us that, with all the wealth of the Church, it cannot be sustained without having, in their religious assemblies, "respect of persons"—and worst of all, a respect based upon the possession of wealth. *No organized bodies of the day, appeal so often, and so earnestly for their support, to the love of pleasure, as do the professed Churches of Jesus Christ.* The people are taught, with more or less directness, that they need not sacrifice position, or wealth, or ease, in favor of Christianity. Said a celebrated minister, in a church of which we were pastor at the time, when he was making an urgent appeal in behalf of the sacred cause of missions, "We do not wish you to give up any of the comforts or even the elegancies of life."

The prevalence of this self-indulgent spirit is having its influence upon those who think they are honestly striving to live wholly for God. Suggestions like these recur to their minds: "Are not the members of the evangelical Churches generally Christians? And do they not indulge in luxury to the extent of their means? Is the way any more narrow for me than for them?" Still, conscience is not satisfied, and the Spirit of God is not silenced. They endeavor to live up to their convictions. Means of an opposite character, but aiming at the same results, are employed to bring them into the popular channel. On the one hand, they are persecuted in many petty, but annoying ways, for their singularity. On the other hand, they are flattered and caressed, and told how very useful they might be if they

would lay aside a few of their peculiarities. In a majority of instances, it is to be feared, they give way after a little, and are swept along by the tide of worldliness, that is hastening so many on to eternal ruin.

Beloveds, will you not examine yourselves carefully in the light of these truths? Have you the self-sacrificing spirit which the Bible requires? Do you, in reality, and not in word merely, "count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord"? You make sacrifices for your children, but what do you deny yourself of for the sake of Jesus? In deciding upon questions of duty, do you consult your own ease, or honor, or profit, and give them the preference to the claims of Christ? If so, we tell you plainly, that no matter how high may be the character of the Church to which you belong, or your own standing in it, you are not Christians. You have not yet learned the alphabet of the Gospel.—Do not quiet your apprehensions by the reflection that you are as good as others. Suppose you are! Will damnation be any the less terrible because you share it with others? Will it mitigate the pains of the second death to see others, whom you influenced, and whose example influenced you, writhing with you in the pit of woe? The rich man in hell did not wish his brothers to come with him to the place of torment. O! be not deceived. Does not the Saviour tell you plainly, that many will be deceived to the very last? Look at the vastness of the interests at stake, and hesitate no longer. Give yourself fully to God, to do and suffer all His will.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS LIKE UNTO A MERCHANTMAN SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS; WHO, WHEN HE HAD FOUND ONE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE, WENT AND SOLD ALL THAT HE HAD AND BOUGHT IT.

## FOUND WANTING.

BY REV. JAMES MATHEWS.

In what? Experimental religion. Who are found wanting? Thousands of professed Christians. What is the cause? Ignorance, with a few; with a majority, self-deception. Is there any remedy? There is a sovereign remedy. Name it. Thorough self-examination, earnest prayer, and a new and entire consecration of all to God. How may we know that we are wanting in the essential elements of the true Christian character? By finding out what is wanted of us; if we have it not, then we belong to this class. What is wanted? Your heart—your all. Can we know when all is given? We can; if we could not, there would be no responsibility. But many say that they do not know of anything wrong in them; though they acknowledge that their tempers are not heavenly, and their conduct far from exemplary. How is this to be accounted for? They are self-deceived. "Self-deception is deception concerning one's self, arising from one's own mistake." The mistake these people make, arises from false conceptions of the character of God, and of their relation to him. God has given positive tests of character and conduct, in his word. These persons, instead of trying themselves by the Divine balances, take counsel with their own evil hearts of unbelief, and so come to think that they "are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing; when they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

But what is the true standard? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Mere good feeling is not religion; neither, if we add to this, correct views of the nature and obligation of God's law, have we arrived at the experience of real religion. There must be added to this the positive gift of the Holy Ghost. Let us examine

the word of the Lord in Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, for light on this subject.

"A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."

We have here, given the fundamental principles of Christianity: 1. A radical change of the nature—purifying and refining the appetites and passions. 2. An enlightening of the understanding and renewing of the mind. 3. The gift of the Holy Ghost, "the great principle of light, life and love.

This is the work of God, says one. Yes, verily, we answer, and that proves it to be real religion. But many do not believe this. Thousands live as though it were a matter of very little importance "whether there be any Holy Ghost or not." These will all find, sooner or later, that it is a matter of the utmost importance, not only that there is a Holy Ghost somewhere, but that He dwells in their hearts. The absence of this Divine Spirit argues a terrible condition of heart and mind. This is the sign and seal of true discipleship—of fitness for heaven. This is the promise of the Father, shed abundantly on all them that believe. Dear reader, have you this seal? Does the Spirit answer to the blood, and tell you, you are born of God? O, let me beg of you, be not deceived; do not deceive yourselves with your old manna, and your faultless formalism. *Wake up!* You want *fire* in your heart. You must have it, or be fuel for the fire that shall never be quenched. *Fire* always burns on God's own altars. Is your heart cold? Do not think you need a "little more religion." You want a new heart, and a right spirit, and then the Holy Ghost will *fire* what He has *fitted*, and *fill* what He has *cleansed*.

Hear the great and good Mr. Wesley on this subject: "A reason why many deceive themselves, is because they do not consider how far a man may go, and yet be in a natural, or at best a

legal state. He may be meek, patient, feel many desires of shaking off vice, do much good, attend public worship, read devotional books; nay, he may have deep conviction of sin, desire to fulfil all righteousness, have frequent rejoicing—but these do not prove a man *under grace*, unless the Spirit of Adoption abide in his heart."

Hear this, ye who bear the name of Christian. Read it carefully, and seriously consider the matter. When tried by the standard of the Spirit, do you bear the test?

With many, to be blessed occasionally is evidence enough that they are in the enjoyment of religion, and that, too, without reference to the nature of the blessing. Any joyous emotion of the mind is to them the "witness of the Spirit." O, dear friend, the joy of the Holy Ghost is something widely different from mental, joyous emotion. Mere natural joy comes when we are gratified in our natural desires; when things go well with us, and with our friends; when we are in health, and we have good prospects. But let the chilling frosts of adversity come, and our joys are nipped. Not so with spiritual joy; it is not dependent on earthly circumstances for its life and vigor. It is God-given, and sustained by inspiration. O, the breath of God cheers the lone traveler over the desert waste of this unfriendly world. The blessed Holy Ghost gives constant refreshment to the real Christian.

We are wanting in experimental religion, when we cannot bear reproof. It is almost certain evidence that some darling sin lurks within the heart, that we are afraid will be discovered. It may be that the reproof is administered in public, and not directed to us personally; but the conscience winces, and we are offended. One Sabbath, having preached plainly as I could on the danger of associating with vicious companions, I was accosted at the door of the Church by a young man, evidently much excited. "Sir," said he, "did you mean me, in your sermon to-night?" I answered him, that I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, and was not

aware that I had ever seen him before. "Well," he answered, "you looked me straight in the face; and I want you to understand that I am a respectable man, and a member of the — Church." The next Sabbath, I saw this same young man in very questionable company, on a pleasure jaunt. So, many cannot go to church, without being hurt. Alas! they are full of sores, and the truth finds them.

Again, many flatter themselves that they are better off than they are, because they live abroad so much, that at home they are perfect strangers. They delight to speak and hear of everything that concerns others, but they never look within, or attempt to descend into their own hearts. O, that they understood that no science is so valuable as self-knowledge; for "he that is a stranger to himself is a stranger to God."

Now, dear reader, let nothing hinder you from the work of self-examination. Do not permit the deceitfulness of your own heart, or the wiles of the devil, to turn aside the edge of truth from yourselves. If you cannot pray and work for God as you used to, ought to, or want to, begin to search your heart—drag it into the light. Do not spare your corruptions, for they will not spare you, if they once get control over you. Nothing can help you but determined and constant co-operation with God's Spirit. You need not grovel here below. You need not go with bowed head and troubled heart. God, even our Father, will help you if you come to Him. His love is boundless; his compassion infinite. He will arise to your help, if you will arise from indolence and unconcern.

He who has redeemed by price, is ready to redeem by power. He who gave His own Son to die for us, will give His own Spirit to live in us. Go to Him now—just as you are. Tell Him you are wanting in grace; and He will not only give grace, but glory, and everything necessary for life and godliness.

---

Our enjoyments are greater than our afflictions, less than our sins.

## DEDICATION OF THE ALTAR.

Numbers viith.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

THE altar outside of the tabernacle was a brazen altar; and we shall find this metal, brass, sometimes used in those emblems which typified Christ in his humiliation—as in the brazen serpent, that was lifted up in the wilderness. He did humiliate himself, that we, through him, might be exalted.

Christ is evidently the Christian's altar, upon which he offers sacrifices to God. To what has already been said upon this subject, it might be added that sacrifices were sometimes offered upon a rock, (see Jud. vi, 20; also 13-19,) and there is no need to remind even the most casual reader of the Bible, that the Rock typified, is Christ.

"We have an altar," says Paul, "whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle." Christians have their life from eating of Christ, (John vi, 53,) and what is indicated here is, that those who are wholly taken up in serving Churches, and Church-isms, and whose life consists in the law and its ordinances, have no right to eat of our altar—Christ.

"Are not they who eat of the sacrifices, partakers of the altar?"—1 Cor. x, 18. And are not they which eat of Christ, the great Sacrifice, partakers of Christ?

"O God, what offering shall I give  
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?  
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,  
A holy, living sacrifice:  
Small as it is, 'tis all my store—  
More shouldst thou have, if I had more."

The tabernacle had been fully set up, anointed, and sanctified: the altar, and all its vessels. Now came the time for the offerings to be brought, which was done by the princes of the tribes in behalf of all the children of Israel.

What did they bring?

They offered an offering, each prince on his day, of "One silver charger, the weight whereof was a hundred and thirty shekels; one silver bowl of seventy shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary—both of them full of fine

flour mingled with oil, for a meat offering; one golden spoon of ten shekels, full of incense; one young bullock, one ram, one lamb of the first year, for a burnt offering; one kid of the goats, for a sin offering; and for a sacrifice of peace offerings, two oxen, five rams, five goats, five he-goats, five lambs of the first year."

This was the offering brought by each of the twelve princes in behalf of his tribe.

I understand silver to represent a union of the Divine and human; or, humanity wrought upon by Divinity.

Fine flour—the chief good of life; that upon which we subsist. It seems most fitting that this should be selected as representative of worldly good and treasure. Our food, in a sense, is our life; and we prize it, I may say, above any or every thing of earth that we could name.

Oil is often spoken of in the Bible; sometimes as figurative of the general gifts and graces of the Spirit; sometimes directly of joy and gladness.

"Thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."—Psa. xlv. 7.

"To give to them that mourn in Zion, beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning," etc.—Isa. lxi. 3.

There are two kinds of olive-oil. That which is by far the best, drops easily from the broken boughs, like honey from the broken honey-comb; or is easily expressed. That is called pure beaten olive-oil. The other is obtained by a more laborious process of pressing. The Lord commanded them in their meat-offerings to bring pure beaten olive-oil, (see Nu. xxviii, 5,) and the flour and oil that was brought at this time was for *meat-offering*; so we conclude—though it is not expressly stated here—that their vessels were filled with fine flour mingled with pure beaten olive-oil.

Very often in Scripture, persons are likened to vessels. The Psalmist said at one time, when he was in great trouble, "I am like a broken vessel." God

told Ananias that Paul was a chosen vessel unto him. In 2d Tim. ii, 20, 21, we read, "But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth, and some to honor and some to dishonor. If a man therefore purge himself from these, (vain babblings, iniquity, etc.,) he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

There is a trinity of being in man. He has a physical, mental, and moral being—in other words, a body, mind, and soul; and he is commanded to present his whole being a living sacrifice to God.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Notice that each tribe presented to the Lord three things: a silver charger, a silver bowl, and a golden censer, (here translated spoon)—the charger and bowl full of fine flour mingled with oil; the censer full of incense.

Notice again, that, trusting not in their own name, nor in the merit of their gifts, they presented sacrificial animals that pointed to Christ, the great Burnt-offering, Sin-offering, Peace-offering of the world. Nor can we think their gifts would have been accepted, any more than Cain's\* was, if they had not in their offerings remembered Christ, the great Atonement.

So we draw near in Jesus' name, presenting him as our only ground of hope and merit, with our silver chargers stored with the finest treasures of mind,—all intellectual good, all intellectual joy—and set them down at Jesus' feet.

And then, with all our hearts we say,

"Thou hast my spirit, there display  
Thy glory, till the perfect day."

We come with our silver bowls laden with wealth, and all the good that

\* Cain brought of the fruit of the ground, for his offering. (Corn was sometimes offered as meat-offering.—See Lev. ii, 14.) Abel brought a meat-offering, and more—a lamb—as is indicated by the word "also." It would be, it is said, more plainly translated, if it were to read, "And Abel brought it also; and besides this, he brought of the first-born of his flock."

springs from it, and all the pleasure and joy it is possible for us to enjoy physically upon the earth, and set them down at Jesus' feet.

And then, with all our hearts we say,

"Thou hast my flesh—thy hallowed shrine,  
Devoted solely to thy will.  
Here let thy light forever shine;  
This house, still let thy presence fill.  
O, Source of Life! live, dwell, and move  
In me, till all my life be love."

We come with our golden censers, which have been transmuted from stone by a touch of Christ—made thus like unto himself; yes, we bring them with sweet incense, (prayer and praise,) and set them down at Jesus' feet.

"Now then, my God, thou hast my soul—  
No longer mine, but thine I am:  
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole—  
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame;  
Thy love attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be thy praise."

"But I offer all this," says one; "yet I have no assurance that it is accepted." Look to what you have brought, beloved. Perchance it may be second-grade flour, and that miserable kind of oil that is yielded so grudgingly. Or, if this is not the case—if your offering is in every respect as good as you can make it, beware lest you consider your gift a very costly one, and think, therefore, that it should be accepted. No, there is no ground of acceptance for you, except through Christ. You may have such views of the glory and perfection of God, that you can hardly believe he will deign even to look at your offering. Present Jesus as your only ground of merit. The dying thief had no good works in his past to rest upon,—a thief, a malefactor. He had no future of usefulness and self-sacrifice to look forward to, and calculate a present blessing to be given for future deeds of good. No. And we must come just like a dying thief—Jesus our only ground of hope and merit.

Thus bringing what was typified in the offerings of the tribes by the sacrificial animals, we need not fear that our meat-offering will be rejected. He who has commanded that we bring it, will surely receive it at our hands, and show us favor.

We are not to suppose that anything sinful is to be offered to God in our

meat-offering. Far from it. All that was considered unclean was burned with natural fire, outside of the camp. Would to God we understood this more generally. We would not see, so often, persons "giving up" what they cannot keep and use themselves, *to brothers and sisters*. Said a young lady, in class, "I had a beautiful gold pin; but I found it was dragging my soul right down to hell—so I gave it to my sister!" Come, let us build a fire of our idols, and then they will never again trouble us, or our friends. "The graven images of their gods shall ye burn with fire. Thou shalt not desire the silver or the gold that is on them, nor take it unto thee, lest thou be snared therein: for it is an abomination to the Lord thy God. Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into thy house, lest thou be a cursed thing like it; but thou shalt utterly detest it; and thou shalt utterly abhor it; for it is a cursed thing."—Deut. vii, 25.

And the unprofitable literature, that weighs down the shelves of so many Christian families: if it were to be gathered together, and burnt, would make a larger fire than that in Ephesus, where the converts brought forward their books, and burned them. ("So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.")—See Acts xix, 19, 20.

The offerings were brought in behalf of all Israel. But how many of Israel, of the present day, imagine that it is a matter optional with themselves whether they thus consecrate themselves or not; and assure themselves that in either case they are good Christians, and have fair prospect of heaven. And if there were anything between the covers of the Bible to uphold them in this belief, they might be secure; but the coming storm shall sweep away their refuge of lies, and the waters shall cover their hiding place, except they repent.

One charger was worth just as much as another, and contained just as good an offering. One bowl was worth just as much as another, and contained just as good an offering. One censer was just as pure, and weighed just as many shekels, as another, and was just as full of incense.

So to the eyes of God—though not, indeed, to the eyes of the world—the converted Ashantee is just as precious as the converted king; and the widow's two mites is just as costly an offering as the millionaire's omer. And the broken accents of praise, from the censer of the wayfaring fool, are just as precious to God as the sweet breath that rises from the censer of the philosopher or statesman. Bless God!

Some people are not very well pleased with this class of truth; but it pleases God—and, we may add, *it pleases His children*.

DEBT.—Debt is ruin. It is, I had like to have said, worse than death. Really I believe it is, for it is, in its tendency, demoralizing. I want all our institutions, and all our preachers, to shun debt as they would shun dishonor. For it is dishonor to make a debt knowingly that you cannot pay. And after a debt is made, it is dishonor not to use every exertion to pay it.

Many sanguine men contract debt with a sort of insane expectation that something will turn up to enable them to pay, when the facts warrant no such hope. In such cases, I fear there is a want of a high sense of the sacred obligation of payment. This is a sort of depravity that taints the character of somemen. It is sinful. It is wicked. Energetic business men may go in debt with a view of paying by means of their business, but a Methodist preacher is in danger whenever he makes a debt, with the hope that the church will be more generous to him after a while, and enable him to pay. If his support is meager, let him organize expenses on the lowest scale, and it is marvellous how little a man can live on if he puts pride away.

Really this homily on debt was unpremeditated. But the solemn importance of it with itinerant preachers, must justify the earnestness with which I write. When a man begins to be afraid to meet his creditors, what a temptation there is to twist and turn and—prevaricate. Then he is already demoralized. His power for good is gone.—*Bis. Marvin*.

## DUTY DELAYED.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

DELAYS are said to be dangerous; and no man can feel the force of that fact more than the minister of the Gospel; called as he is, to go into all societies, all associations, and to mingle with all classes of character.

The truth of moral obligation but few will now gainsay, or very publicly oppose; but in a milder, smoother, easier way, will promise to do better in the future. They will promise their conscience, their friends and their God, that they will do better at some future time, naming some distant period in their life, when they will assume moral obligation, repent of all their sins, change the course of their conduct, and become the disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ.

O, how many who have thus planned, and fixed, and arranged, and calculated, have been suddenly cut down, rapidly hurried into eternity, and, unprepared, summoned to the terrible scenes of another world! And when one is thus cut down, how many there are under the influences of the occasion, who resolve, and re-resolve, but still live the same, on and on.

An alarming case of this character came under the observation of the writer, many years ago, in one of those beautiful cities, on one of the greatest and most beautiful rivers not only in the west, but in the world.

The person referred to, came west when quite a youth, and, like many others, came in poverty. But, being a young man of business capacity, he soon found employment as a clerk—then became a partner in a large business establishment; and, when the writer knew him, he was the proprietor of the whole concern, and free from debt.

He was affable in his manners, graceful in his conduct, and easy in his address. At a judicious age, he married an intelligent lady, fully or more than his equal in almost every department of life.

She was a member of the — Church,

but his predilections were toward the M. E. Church. He was rather regular in attendance upon that Church. He prospered in business very much. He started to be wealthy. He finally built a most magnificent mansion. After it was finished and about ready for occupancy, he invited the writer to accompany him through the different parts of his new house. It was emphatically splendid.

After he had shown and explained the design of the different apartments, as we passed from the building, "Now," said he, "if I enjoyed religion, I could be happy. I have a good business, a good house, and a good wife; and all I need to be happy is to have religion." He was very kindly reminded that now was the time; but informed of a protracted effort to commence in the M. E. Church in a few days.

The meeting commenced, continued, and closed—and he unsaved. He attended some days regularly, and seemed much interested. The tears would often course their way down his face. In a word, he was almost persuaded. But, as he had done for years, he thought he would wait until the next time, and until the excitement subsided; then he would deliberately come into the Church—but it was his last time! The meeting was good. Saints rejoiced; sinners were convicted and converted, and the community felt much. One evening, he arose and started to unite with the Church; but a very singular, little, trifling circumstance stopped him, and he never moved again in that way. His stopping there was the fatal act of his life.

Immediately following the revival, we were visited with a scourge of affliction. Many died—our friend among others. As soon as I learned he was sick, I visited him, and found him much excited. Ere I had said a word on the subject of religion, or spoken a word relative to his condition or surroundings, he begged me not to talk to him on that subject now. I soon informed him that I seldom talked to wicked, sick men on that subject, as I had but little confidence in sick-bed repentance. That

remark aroused him. Said he, "Do you not think a man may get religion on a sick bed?" I replied, "It may be possible, but I think not very probable." I remarked farther, that "it looked to me like an insult to God, to sin just as long as we can; then, when we could sin no more, nor live any longer, then ask the Lord to have mercy on us, forgive us, and take us up to heaven." I further remarked, "Looking at it in that light, I only visited the wicked when sick as a friend, not as a pastor, or minister." Then, changing the tone of his remarks, he made very nearly the following inquiries: "Won't you pray for a wicked man when he is sick?" I replied, "I always try to pray for anybody and everybody, if they request me; but, as I told you, I have little faith in such repentance."

He then fixed an hour, in the future, for me to come and talk and pray with him. Mark that accursed feeling of delay, which was still hanging about him! He fixed his time; the hour came, and I was there at the appointed time. But the golden moment with him was gone. The presence of a good man was too intolerable for him. He seemed afraid to have me near him; and, from my inmost soul do I pray that I may never witness another scene of that character—giving exhibitions so fully, strongly and clearly, that with him all hope had fled. Before another offer of salvation, he was gone! In the hands of his God, we leave him, until the scenes in the coming world call forth all the facts in the case.

From this, we see how near a man may be to everlasting life, and yet miss it. Again, we see how a trivial circumstance will cause a man to defer these eternal matters. This man started—Satan started another character. He delayed—disease came. He then wishes to be let alone. Again delays; the opportunity passes, and he awakes in the world to come!

May neither the writer nor reader delay till to-morrow anything that should be done to-day—but especially no matters pertaining to our eternal interests.

### BE PATIENT.

THERE are but few virtues a mother needs so much to cultivate as patience. She needs it for her own peace of mind, quietness and comfort, amidst the unnumbered trials and vexations of life. Without this, the mind loses its composure and elasticity, and the health becomes a prey to the constant pressure of anxiety and care. Nor less does she need patience for the sake of those for whom she lives and labors. The vexations which the care of children occasion, draws, perhaps, the most heavily on a mother's patience. And just there is where the most untiring exercise of that virtue is required. The mother who loses patience with her child, loses at the same time her influence over him. If she cannot control herself, she cannot control him. He understands this, and feels the influence of it. Her example, at the same time, nourishes in him the same disposition to impatience and fretfulness. No other virtue is, perhaps, so constantly tried as a mother's patience. Now, what shall—what can the mother do? Subjected to all the annoyances, trials, and disappointments, that daily beset her path, it appears to her, at times, that an angel could hardly preserve a calmness and equanimity of mind. At times she feels as if she must sit down, disheartened and despairing, and abandon every hope of ever rightly filling her sphere, and discharging her most responsible duties. Two things alone can be done. First, pray! The mother that does not pray for patience, with every other strength and grace, can never properly discharge all her duties to her household. Pray for patience, and it shall be given. Pray earnestly and constantly. Second, endeavor to cultivate and strengthen that for which prayer is offered. We must not expect prayer will bring us blessings unless we strive to obtain them to the strength of our ability. But, mothers, pray, and strive to be patient.—*Mother's Journal.*

FILL up the void spaces of your time with meditation and prayer.

## ALL TALK, AND NO JESUS.

"A child of words, and not of deeds,  
Is like a garden full of weeds."

TALK and laugh, laugh and talk? Yes, you do; we see it, hear it, and are sick of it. When a friend calls, you talk and laugh, laugh and talk. Why not read the Bible a little, pray a little, talk about Jesus a little, things spiritual, heavenly, divine? You meet a friend in the street, by the wayside, at school, the social party. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk, and not a word about Jesus, salvation, light, hope, joy unspeakable, glory, glory! It is all "small talk"—no Jesus in it.

You meet around the table, the fire-side, in the sitting-room, the parlor. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk, and it is all "small-talk"—no Jesus in it. You talk and talk, laugh and laugh, giggle and giggle; but what about Jesus, life, soul-life, life that *is* life, life now, life everlasting? Where, oh where?

You travel in the stage-coach, the steamboat, the rail-car. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk—anything about Jesus, heaven, heaven's glories, glory on glory? Not a word. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk, day in and day out, week in and week out; but where is Jesus, the light, the life, the hope of glory? It is all "small-talk," and no Jesus in it.

Church folks? Certainly. You attend the house of God, meetings for prayer and praise. On the way, going and coming, you talk and laugh, laugh and talk; but where is Jesus, the Lamb slain, the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely?

"Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms."

The moment the Gospel sound from the sacred desk is hushed, the closing prayer offered—what now? Jesus? Nay; a gleeful time, the merry confab, a lively chit-chat. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk; but no Jesus in it. It's all "small-talk"—*very* small.

Disciples? Oh yes, you call yourselves disciples, church-members, men and women. Some of you are ministers, ministers' wives, sons and daugh-

ters, who talk and laugh, laugh and talk; but where is Jesus? Is Jesus dead, heaven closed, the day of grace, salvation, light and glory—and the watchword now, "eat, drink, be merry, for to-morrow we die"? If Jesus was alive in the soul—soul-kindling, the holy emotion, life-giving, the baptismal power, the tongue of fire—would not these blessed things come out in spite of you?

As the heart, so the tongue. If Jesus was in you the hope of glory, would not your lips be opened wide for Him involuntarily?—would you not be *constrained* to speak of Jesus, know nothing save Jesus and Him crucified? Would you not say, like Elihu, "I am full of matter; the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent; it is ready to burst, like new bottles. I will speak, that I may be refreshed"?—Job xxxii, 18-20. Exclaim with the poet, outburstingly—

"Jesus, all the day long,  
Is my joy and my song!"

How could you help it—how can you now?

"No mortal can with Him compare  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is He than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train."

"If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness." "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"—2 Cor. xiii, 5. "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life; but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit."—Prov. xv, 4. "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. xii, 36.

All talk that is vain, empty, or unprofitable, or which does not tend to instruct or edify, is idle. "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."—James i, 26.—*The Sword that Cuts.*

## FREE FROM BONDAGE.

BY URIAH C. WHIPPLE.

It is not only the privilege, but the sacred duty of a Christian, to be free from all filthiness of the flesh, and to present his body, a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto God. Now, as touching this subject, can we, as followers and imitators of Christ, feel that we are acceptable unto the Lord, while we defile our flesh by the use of tobacco in any form? As regards my experience, I can only say, in truth and soberness, that I could not worship my God, and be a slave to the weed, at the same time; for the burden of this habit pressed heavily on my soul, so that I was constrained to cry to the Lord for deliverance; and deliverance came. The cruel force of habit was broken. The tobacco chains fell off—my soul went free. Glory be to God! who giveth us the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

During about fifteen long years, I served this seductive tyrant more faithfully than I served my God—found more pleasure in the enjoyment of this habit than in the exercise of devotion; until at last the Spirit whispered to my heart, "Shame! shame!" I had been deeply impressed that it was not the will of God for me to continue this vile practice; and matters were brought to a crisis in an unexpected manner. It was in this wise: I had been much cast down for some time, and was realizing how fearfully the powers of darkness were gaining possession of my soul; how little resistance I had made when temptations assailed, and many other infallible signs that I was fast losing my hold on God, when Bro. Selby happened to call, during a round of ministerial visits. His presence is very acceptable, when I have the life and power of religion; but on this occasion I was very much disturbed and uneasy—and why? Because I felt guilt and condemnation in my heart, for I was more anxious for his departure, in order to give me an opportunity to indulge in smoking, than I was to en-

gage in prayer and praise. After resolving the few present into a class-meeting, and singing some of the songs of Zion, Bro. Selby prayed, but could not prevail; for the Spirit of God was grieved in that little company. I essayed to petition the Throne; my lips moved in audible prayer. But a struggle was going on in my heart. The spirit of evil said, "Stop praying!" God's holy messenger of peace urged me to lay all on the altar—make a full consecration, tobacco and all. On the one hand, carnal indulgence—gratification of the flesh; on the other, a crown of glory, a spotless robe, and "life"—eternal life. "I will! I will give up all for thee!" broke forth from my struggling heart; and instantly the glory of God filled my soul, bringing forth the shouts of victory and joy.

Who, that has been addicted to the use of this narcotic, does not know the powerful and relentless grasp in which this habit holds its victim? Yet, notwithstanding this besetment, God, in his infinite mercy, not only forgave and blessed me, but he took away even the desire, as though it had never been. And I can stand forth, a free man in Christ Jesus—free from the yoke of bondage in any form—a slave to no habit—cleansed from all sin—free to serve God, and Him only.

Some of the rays of light which illuminated my mind on this point, leading me to abandon the practice, are these: 1st. Abstinence from smoking, with me, was a condition of salvation. 2d. We are commanded to live with an eye single to the glory of God. No one uses tobacco for that purpose. 3d. A desire to set a good example before my fellow-men, by not encouraging the practice, in view of the evil it produces, its alarming extent, and the enormous waste of the property and substance which God has given us for a far different and wiser purpose.

And now, in conclusion, I would exhort all the brethren who feel they are in this bond of iniquity, to make the subject a matter of prayerful consideration, in the fear of God, in view of the Judgment. Hoping that they will not only

be determined to have their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life, but to have it there free from the stains or unclouded by the smoke of tobacco.

♦♦♦  
**SCRIPTURAL STRAIGHTNESS.**

BY M. H. BOYD.

THE possession of a correct theory is not sufficient to meet the demands of the Gospel. It is shocking to behold the vast multitude of professed Christians, who are hoping to gain heaven, while they are floating on in the popular current that leads to death and ruin. If God has any claims on us, they are universal. Many, at the present day, are striving to carry God in one hand, and the world in the other. This is among the impossibilities. Those who undertake it will make a perfect failure. He demands our undivided attention. Ask that young lady if she loves God with all her heart. She will answer, "I do;" while on her person may be seen those things that indicate worldly-mindedness. The outward adorning is far from being that which becometh the children of God. In searching for those who absent themselves from worldly amusements, we find them scarce. The common plea is, "We believe God has made us to enjoy ourselves." Surely; but where-in does true happiness consist? "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."—Prov. iii, 13. One asks, "What is wisdom?" "The fear of the Lord this is wisdom."

A complete separation from the world is demanded. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord; and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and be a Father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is an enemy of God."

Scriptural straightness implies a separation from evil habits. Many profess

to be completely consecrated to God, while they are indulging in many filthy habits, such as chewing and smoking tobacco. Many are indulging a spirit of levity. Foolish words are continually escaping from their lips. Their conversation is far from being with grace, seasoned with salt. Let us avoid these things, and separate ourselves from evil habits, worldly amusements, worldly fashion, secret societies, etc., and be open-handed and open-hearted for God. If we believe in God, let us manifest it in our daily life. Let us strive to let our light shine, that men, seeing our good works, may be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven. If we have injured the property or reputation of any man, let us restore it so far as in us lies. Many practice reading secular newspapers, and yellow-covered literature, which do not tend to feed the soul.

Parents profess to be anxious for the welfare of their children; and still they allow them to attend places of worldly amusement, which tend to divert their attention from the salvation of their souls.

While we are straight in profession, let us see to it that our lives correspond.  
*Greigsville, N. Y.*

♦♦♦  
**FAITH**, in its reproductive power and progress of growth, may be compared to the great Oriental banyan-tree. It springs up in God, rooted in God's Word, and soon there are the great waving branches of experience. Then from these very branches the runners go down again into God's word, and thence spring up again new products of faith, and new trees of experience; till one and the same tree becomes in itself a grove, with pillared shades, and echoing walks between. So experience first grows out of faith, and then a greater faith grows out of experience, the Word of God being all the while the region of its roots; and again a still vaster, richer experience grows out of that faith, till every branch becomes not only a product, but a parent stock set in the same Word, and all expanding into a various magnificent, and enlarging forest.

## A REMINISCENCE.

BY CAPT. H. MATHEWS.

While in the U. S. Army, I became so familiar with death, that in times of suffering of body or mind, it seemed as though I could have welcomed death, unprepared as I was. And this was the experience of thousands of the soldiers who fought and suffered in the last war to preserve this Government.

But amid these terrible scenes of suffering and death, there were sights that pierced the hardest hearts, and caused them to pray to God for protection. Among my acquaintances, was the Colonel of the — Reg't, a fine, handsome man, who had won his position on the battle-field. In a score of fights, he had faced the foe, and cheered the men by his courage. He appeared to know no fear. He laughed and cheered when death seemed near, and appeared to dare him to strike. But one day he had a presentiment that the next fight would be fatal to him; yet instead of preparing for the solemn event, he laughed and joked about it. At last, orders came to charge on Petersburg; and though he seemed as gay as ever, the presentiment had made such a deep impression on his mind, that he made all preparation for the disposal of his body. He left his money and watch with the Surgeon, and told him, if he fell, to send them with his body to his wife.

The charge was made; the Colonel led the way. He jumped upon the enemy's works, swung his sword and shouted, "Come on, my brave boys!" At that moment a ball went crashing through his breast. He shrieked out, "Carry me off!" I, being wounded at the same time, went on to the hospital, and when they brought him in, I went to see him. His once handsome face was the picture of despair. Large drops of sweat rolled from his brow. He said nothing till the Surgeon came, and had examined his wound; then, with a look of agony, he inquired, "Is there any hope?" The doctor shook his head. He could endure the agony no longer.

His courage failed, and shriek after shriek rent the air. "Great God! I can't—I won't die!" But death, with his relentless claim, seemed impatiently waiting for his victim. O! how he struggled for life, and prayed for help; but it was too late. He went into eternity, swearing he would not die. How I wished I could pray for him, and point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world! for I felt troubled in my own soul.

I had boasted of not fearing death; but when I looked on this once brave man—now cowering and trembling before the King of Terrors, then I felt that something more than natural courage was needed to sustain the soul in that awful hour.

I promised God I would do better; but when I got among my companions, my vows were all forgotten, and I was wicked as ever. But the blessed Holy Spirit followed me, and one year from that time I gave my poor, wicked heart to Jesus, who washed it and made it clean in His own precious blood; and to-day I am a soldier of the Cross, and a follower of the Lamb.

♦♦♦♦♦  
SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied: "It consists in a single thing; and that is—making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain the meaning. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed—where all my cares must end—and how little reason I ever had to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit, is to be always happy."

## ARE WE GUILTY?

I MEAN simply to reveal some of the considerations upon which I condemn a great and growing vice among the young married people of this country—a vice which involves essential murder in many cases, and swells the profits of a thousand nostrum venders. In thousands of American homes, children have come to be regarded either as nuisances or luxuries. To have children, is too often deemed a misfortune. They are the bugbear that threatens people away from the marriage relation, and frightens them when in it. Men and women more and more in this country, hug to themselves their selfish delights, cherish their selfish ease, and consult their selfish convenience, without a consideration of their duties as men and women, and without a comprehension of the fact, that they can only find their highest enjoyment by obedience to the laws of God, natural or revealed. There are multitudes who envy those unblest with children, and congratulate them upon their poverty. There are husbands who grudge every charm lost by their wives in the duties and sacrifices of maternity; and there are wives who are made spiteful and angry by the interference of children with their indolent habits, their love of freedom and self-indulgence, and their vain pursuits. The number is increasing of those who receive the choicest earthly blessings God can confer, with ingratitude and wilful complainings. This is precisely what I mean, and I do not hesitate to say that it is all a very shabby and sinful thing—and that it is high time that those who are guilty were ashamed of it.

A woman who, by cool and calculating choice, is no mother, and who congratulates herself that she has no "young ones" tied to her apron-strings, is either very unfortunately organized, or she is essentially immoral. A man who can tip up his feet over against his lonely wife, and thank his stars that he has no "squalling" children around to bother him, is a brute. It is time some one protest, and I hereby do protest, against

one of the great sins and shames of the age—a sin which deadens the conscience, bestializes the affections, and ruins the health of the mistaken creatures who practice it—which cuts the channel from one end of the land to the other, of a broader Ganges than that which bubbles along its heathenish bank, with the expiring breath of infancy.

There is growing up a cowardly disposition to shirk trouble and responsibility in this matter. "I don't feel competent to bring up a family of children." Who does? it is a part of your education to acquire competence for this work. "But I don't feel like assuming such a responsibility." That responsibility is precisely what you need, to help you in the path you ought to walk in. "But I can't afford it." Are there not two pairs of hands between you, and not sufficient patience, courage and enterprise to do the duties of life? "But I am afraid that I shall lose my children. They are liable to so many accidents, that it would be very strange if I should be able to raise a family without losing one or two." The sweetest and truest couplet that the Queen's laureate ever wrote, tells the story upon this point.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

Ask the father and mother, weeping over the coffin of their first and only child, whether they regret that the child was born. Ask them the same question in after years, when a little life has come to be a thread of gold running through all their experiences. If they give an affirmative answer, I will be silent. No, my married friends, you who shrink from accepting the choicest privilege bestowed upon you, you are all wrong; and if you live, you will arrive at a period where you will see that there are rewards and punishments attached to this thing. What is to sustain you when, in old age—the charms of youth all past, desire extinguished, and the grass-hopper a burden—you sit at your lonely board, and think of the strangers who are to enjoy the fruit of your most fruitless life? Who are to feed the deadening affections of your

heart, and keep life bright and desirable to its close, but the little ones whom you rear to manhood and womanhood? What is to reward you for the toils of life, if you do not feel that you—your thoughts, your blood, your influence—are to be continued into the future? Do you like the idea of hirelings, or those who are anxious to get rid of you, about your dying bed? Is it not worth something to have a family of children whom you have reared, lingering about your grave with tears on their cheeks, and blessings on their lips—tears for a great loss, and blessings on the hallowed influence which has trained them in the path of duty, and directed them to life's noblest ends?

This is a subject which has not been talked about much publicly; but it is a very serious thing with me, and it ought to be with you. I love the family life. I esteem a Christian family—the more numerous the better—one of the most beautiful subjects of contemplation the earth affords. A father thoroughly chastened and warmed in all his affections, and a mother overflowing with love for the dear children God has given her—devoted to their welfare, and guiding them by her tender counsels—sitting at their board with the sprightly forms and bright eyes of childhood around the table, or all kneeling at the family altar—form a scene more nearly allied to heaven than any other which the world presents. Do you suppose such a father would be what he is but for his children? Do you believe such a mother would be the blessed being she is, but for the development which she receives in her maternal office? No; you know that both have been chastened, elevated, made strong, and essentially glorified by a relation as sanctifying as it is sacred.—*Friend of Virtue.*

ALAS! great light, great parts, great works, and great confidence of heaven, may be where there is no faith of God's elect, no love of the Spirit, no repentance unto salvation, no sanctification of the Spirit, and so, consequently, no saving grace.—*Bunyan.*

## TOBACCO.

DR. WARREN, in his work on the "Preservation of Health," has the following, relating to the use of tobacco:

"The habit of smoking impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the powers of the stomach. Tobacco, being drawn in with vital breath, conveys its poisonous influence into every part of the lungs. The blood, having imbibed the narcotic principle, circulates it through the whole system. Eruptions on the skin, weakness of the stomach, heart, and lungs, dizziness, headache, confusion of thoughts, and a low, febrile action must be the consequence. Where there is any headway to diseases of the lungs the debility of these organs consequent on the smoking of tobacco must favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption.

"Snuff, received into the nostrils, enters the cavities opening from them, and makes a snuff box of the olfactory apparatus. The voice is consequently impaired, sometimes to a remarkable degree. I knew a gentleman of the legal profession, who, from the use of snuff occasionally, lost the power of speaking audibly in court. Moreover, portions of this powder are conveyed into the lungs and stomach, and exert on those organs their deleterious effects.

"The worst form in which tobacco is employed is in chewing. This vegetable is one of the most powerful of narcotics. A very small portion of it—say a couple of drachms, and perhaps even less—received into the stomach, might prove fatal. When it is taken into the mouth in smaller portions, and there retained some time, an absorption of part of it into the system takes place, which has a most debilitating effect. If we wished to reduce our physical powers in a slow, yet certain way, we could not adopt a more convenient process. The more limited and local effects are indigestion, fixed pains about the region of the stomach, debility of the back, affections of the brain, producing vertigo, and also affections of the mouth generating cancer."—*Hygiene Column.*

## ALARMING FACTS.

WE heard lately that at a wedding in the family of a prominent Church member, there were music, wine, and dancing in abundance. We are also assured that these things are becoming quite common in many so called Christian households, not at weddings only, but at ordinary parties and social gatherings. We also learn that it is no uncommon thing for operatic singers to be engaged to do the singing for fashionable Christian Churches. The voices which sing in the service of the devil on week days, are hired on Sundays to utter the praises of Him who came to overthrow their week-day master.

These facts are alarming, and the more so because they are only a part of the abounding indications of the growth of worldliness in the Church of Christ. We do not croak when we affirm these things. We simply state facts which are patent to all who have opportunity to observe what is going on in the religious world.

The alarming feature of these facts is, that they indicate a *decay of spiritual religion* in the Church. If the religious life of the Church were healthy, they could not exist. What sympathy has the spirit of Christ with dancing, with wine drinking, with operatic performances, with theatrical men and women? Is it not a fact that men relish or eschew these things just in proportion to the rise or fall of their spirituality? Did any man or woman, when filled with the love of Christ, ever find in himself the least relish for dancing, wine drinking, or operatic singing? Nay, do not spiritual affections turn away with disgust from all such follies? Is not the fact, that a man can enjoy them a demonstration that he has already lost his spirituality?

So we believe. So have the lights of the Church always taught. So does every truly converted man really feel. What then? Why, just this. Every man who wishes to see the Church of Christ saved from formalism, from a sensuous materialized nominalism, should guard his heart against this growing spirit of

worldliness. He should cultivate a higher spirituality in himself, and in all with whom he has to do. Such a spiritual life is the best protest against formalism which can be made. Properly manifest, it is potential in communicating itself to others, and in contributing to bring up the general life of a Church to such a standard of external purity as will slough off these worldly practices, and excommunicate their advocates. Bespiritual, then, O Christian man, and thereby save thyself and others from the tendency of these degenerate times.

To dancing, opera-going professors, we have only to say, "Friends, you have lost your first love! You are doing yourselves great hurt. You are also doing much toward undoing the work of the holy men who have toiled for two centuries to build up a truly spiritual Church in this land. Remember, if you are wrong, you are terribly wrong; and that you are wrong the expiring instincts of your old spiritual life still assure you. Beware, hearken, repent, lest He who was your Saviour should become your destroyer."—*Good News.*

**SELFISHNESS UNCHRISTIAN.**—Live for some purpose in the world. Act your part well. Fill up the measure of your duty to others. Conduct yourself so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had never been. They are, while they live, like one pebble lying unobserved among a million on the shore; and when they die, they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surface, sinks, and is forgotten, without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been the better of their life? Who has been the worse of their death? Whose tears have they dried up, whose

wants supplied, whose miseries have they healed? Who would unbar the gate of life, to re-admit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse—it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.—*James.*

A PLEASANT THOUGHT.—Often, says Mr. Burder, have we seen a bird perched on the bough of a tree; when disturbed or alarmed by some approaching danger, he would change his position, and flit from bough to bough, till at length, to get beyond the reach of harm, he spreads his wings and soars to safer regions. And thus the ancient saints took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance; they looked for a city which hath foundations, whose Builder is God.

### “Earnest Christian.”

BY MRS. E. GREENE.

“EARNEST CHRISTIAN”—onward flying—  
Bear good news to fallen men;  
Cheer the fainting, drooping, dying,  
Bring the wandering back again.

To the fireside, cold and cheerless,  
Breathe of Jesus’ wond’rous love;  
How He died to save and bless them—  
Waits to crown them from above.

Go, enlighten the benighted,  
Where no saint hath ever trod;  
Go where sin hath sadly blighted  
And deformed the work of God.

Go, ’mid storm or gloom, with gladness,  
When the sky is bright or lower:  
Lift the heart that’s bowed in sadness—  
Teach to trust in Jesus’ power.

Help to gird the Christian armor  
Firm and firmer ’round the soul,  
Stirring up to love and ardor,  
Till it reach the heavenly goal.

### To Whom shall we Go?

SAVIOUR, needs the world no longer  
To rejoice beneath Thy light?  
Have we lovers sweeter, stronger?  
Beams for us a sun more bright?

Are we weary  
Of Thy mercy and Thy might?

Mighty Lord, so high above us,  
Loving Brother, all our own,  
Who will help us, who will love us,  
Like to Thee who all hast known—  
Who hast proved  
Darksome grave and heavenly throne?

Who so gentle to the sinners  
As the soul that never fell?  
Who so strong to make us winners  
Of the height He won so well?

Always victor!  
Make Thine own invincible.

From the Cross hath gone the glory!  
Seems it less divinely borne?  
Sweetest day of man’s sad story  
Shimeth not that rising morn’?

Heavenly Dweller!  
Leave, O leave not earth forlorn!

Unarrayed in Thy divineness,  
Souls and worlds are incomplete;  
Spirits bright put on their fineness  
Sitting lowly at Thy feet:

O our Glory!  
Groweth not Thy smile more sweet?

Yesterday doth tribute render  
To the brightness of Thy sway;  
O the holy, happy splendor  
That Thou pourest on To-day!

Must it vanish?  
Hast Thou given Thine all away?

Endless Lover! never, never  
Wilt Thou cease to save and shine!

Yesterday, To-day, Forever,  
All the Ages, Lord, are Thine!

Come and bless them,  
Come and make them more divine!

—*Hours at Home.*

WITHOUT God’s providence, nothing falls out in the world; without his permission, nothing stirs; without his blessing, nothing prospers.

## "THE WAGES OF SIN."

A minister not long since, while preaching on the nature and deceptive influence of sin, made use of the following illustration: "Suppose," said the preacher, "an individual should go to a blacksmith and say to him, 'Sir, I wish you to make me a very long and heavy chain; here are the dimensions; have it done at such a time, and I will pay you the cash for it.' The blacksmith is pressed with other and more important work, but for the sake of the money he commences the chain, and after toiling many days, finishes it. The individual calls: 'Have you made that chain?' 'Yes, sir, here it is.' 'That is very well done. A good chain; but it is not long enough.' 'Not long enough. Why, it is just the length you told me to make it.' 'O yes, yes; but I have concluded to have it much longer than at first; work on it another week; I will then call and pay you for it.' And thus flattered with praise, and encouraged with the promise of a full reward for his labor, he toils on, adding link to link till the appointed time, when his employer calls again, and as before, praises his work; but still he insists that 'the chain is too short.' 'But,' says the blacksmith, 'I can do no more. My iron is expended, and so is my strength. I need the pay for what I have done, and can do no more till I have it!' 'Oh, never mind; I think you have the means of adding a few links more: the chain will then answer the purpose for which it is intended, and you shall be fully rewarded for all your labour.' With his remaining strength and a few scraps of iron, he adds the last link of which he is capable; then says the man to him, 'The chain is a good one; you have toiled long and hard to make it. I see you can do no more, and now you shall have your reward.' But instead of paying the money, he takes the chain, binds the laborer hand and foot, and casts him into a furnace of fire! Such," said the preacher, "is a course of sin! It promises much, but its reward is death! and each sin is an additional link to

that chain which will confine the transgressor in the prison-house of hell! 'Now, therefore, be ye not mockers, lest your hands be made strong.'" Providentially, there was in the congregation that day a blacksmith, who had lived a [very] wicked life. He was much excited, and at the close of the meeting declared that the whole discourse had been directed to him; and he wished to know "who had been telling the preacher all about him." The preacher had never even heard that there was such a man: but in the course of the week he had the pleasure of knowing him as a brother in Christ.

## CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

"I CONFORM myself in some points," says a professing Christian, "to the customs of the world, that it may not regard religion as a gloomy and repulsive subject, and that I may have an opportunity of doing good to my irreligious friends." If this popular plea be analyzed, it amounts to this: I lower the character of religion that men may think better of it. I disguise its strictness for the purpose of deceiving men. I become in some respects a man of the world, for the purpose of winning men over to a religion whose demand is—conform not to the world! I conceal those peculiarities which constitute Christianity, in expectation of making men admire and love that which I plainly show I have no regard for myself! A wise soldier truly, that casts away his armor and then rushes into the midst of the battle! Such schemes, we need scarcely say, receive no countenance from Scripture, and when resorted to, the result almost uniformly is, that instead of the world being benefited, the Christian is injured. He gave to the world a much more impressive example, who, when charged with being too precise in his religious conduct, replied, "I serve a precise God."

PRAYER does not consist in the elegance of the phrase, but in the strength of the affection.

## Editorial.

### Sudden Death.

READER, did you ever consider the probability of your being struck down suddenly, by the relentless hand of death? Is it not possible that he may call for you without a moment's warning? May he not confront you face to face unexpectedly, when you have not the slightest intimation of his approach? Many, while intent on business or pleasure, are stopped suddenly in their career, and called at once from time to eternity.

See that rail-road train. It has made many a successful trip, and why should it not now? The cars, the engine, and the men are the same. But suddenly a jar is heard; in a moment more, two cars, filled with human beings, are plunging down a steep precipice! Cries and shrieks rend the air—the cars are almost instantly wrapped in flames, and the blackened, charred remains of the victims are left to tell the sad tale of the uncertainty of life. "But I am more cautious. I never take the last car in the train." On another road, recently, a car, bounded from the middle of the train, clear from the track, as it was going down an inclined plane; the following cars closed up the vacancy, and it was some time before the accident was discovered. On going back, they found the car on fire, one person killed, and another so badly burned that life is despaired of. Who of these were prepared for death, is known only to Him in whose presence they were thus suddenly summoned.

"But, may we not count upon safety at home?" There is safety only in being prepared for any contingency. We were recently in the village of Norwich, N. Y., where we learned the following particulars. Two young ladies attended a protracted meeting, and were deeply convicted of sin. Both determined to seek the Lord; but, like too many, they formed the fatal resolution to put it off till another opportunity. One of them went to visit a friend in a neighboring village. Being thirsty in the night, she went to the pantry to get a drink. Seeing a tumbler stand upon the shelf, filled with a pure-looking liquid, she took

it for granted that it was water, and unhesitatingly drank it. Alas for her! Her friend was an artist, and this was a deadly poisonous fluid, with which he was trying an experiment. In a few moments, the poor girl sank to the floor, a lifeless corpse. The other of the young ladies referred to, was walking across the room with a kerosene lamp in her hand. The lamp fell and broke; the fluid took fire; she was enveloped in flames, and before assistance could be rendered her, the fire had done its terrible work, and her probation was thus suddenly closed. Dear friend, were this to be your fate, are you prepared for it?

In passing through the village of Oxford, we found there was quite an excitement, over the sudden death of a prominent young physician of the place. His wife was taken suddenly ill. He mounted his horse, and rode to the druggist's to procure medicine. On his return, his horse suddenly shied, threw the doctor, and, his head hitting against a post, he was instantly killed, and was carried home a lifeless corpse. In a few hours, his wife, too, was locked in the cold embrace of death. Dear friend, are you prepared for a call, thus sudden and imperative?

As we were going to church, in the village of Waterloo, in company with the family of a friend, a young lady said, as we crossed the bridge and stepped upon the side-walk, "On this stone, my brother received his death-blow." As he was walking along, as secure, apparently, as you are this moment, he slipped and fell, and was fatally injured. He lingered a short time in pain, and then passed away. Similar facts have come to your notice. How forcibly they illustrate the saying, *In the midst of life we are in death!*

Dear reader, I ask you again, *Are you prepared for death?* Come it will; it may come suddenly. The most robust constitution—the healthiest, safest employment—the keenest relish of the blessings of life—offer not the slightest immunity from the shafts of death. He laughs at fancied security.

"Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set;—but all

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O, Death!"

Why should you defer preparation for this important event, that is so certain to come, and may come so suddenly? Put off this necessary work no longer. Repent, before God, of all thy sins. Confess your sinfulness in His sight. Come out from the world, and be separate, and take a decided stand for God and His truth. Pray earnestly for pardon. Rely on Jesus as your Saviour. Plead His death as your ransom. Call earnestly upon God, until He gives you a new heart, and sends His Spirit to bear witness with yours that you are His child. Make no delay. IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT, THE SON OF MAN COMETH.

### Husband and Wife.

Of all human institutions, marriage is the oldest and most important. It dates back beyond the fall, to the days of the Garden of Eden. It was instituted by God himself, in the time of man's innocency, before sin had entered our world. Marriage, then, is consistent not only with Christian, but with Adamic perfection.—Our Saviour recognized it, and honored it with the first miracle he worked among men. Saint Paul declares it to be honorable.

The duty of the husband and wife to each other, is clearly laid down in the Bible. And first of all, it is their duty to love each other. This is indispensable. For the want of this, there can be no compensation. A husband may provide for his wife a costly mansion, fine furniture, gorgeous apparel, and every delicacy that money can purchase; but if he fails to love her, he totally fails in the most important duty he owes to any of his fellow-beings. The wife may see that her house is well kept, and her husband cared for; but if she does not love him, she wrongs him, and sins against God and her own soul. A man and woman married to each other, have no right to live together merely as provider and housekeeper. They are to be more to each other than their nearest and dearest natural relations. *Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.* Saint Paul gives the love

which Christ had for the Church, as the measure of the love which the husband should have for his wife. His language is, *Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it.*—Eph. v. 25.

This, of course, is the greatest degree of human love of which one is capable. God must be loved supremely, and neither husband nor wife must be allowed to come in between the soul and God. But God never contradicts himself. *He never, by His Spirit, requires a person to act contrary to the plain teachings of His Word.* Says Dr. Adam Clarke, "What miserable work has been made in the peace of families, by a wife or a husband pretending to be wiser than the Apostle, and too holy and spiritual to keep the commandments of God!"

—Com. on 1 Cor. vii. 3. We have met with a number of cases, where the husband or wife got too spiritual for conjugal affection. If they did not get cured of what Dr. Clarke calls "a fancied sanctity, unsupported by Scripture or common sense," they almost invariably turned out badly. We are getting to distrust, very strongly, the professions, no matter how high, of that husband or wife who is plainly wanting in affection for his or her wedded companion. There is generally unsoundness, either of the head or of the heart, or of both. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" But he is to love his wife much more than his brother; therefore, if he does not love her, it is folly to pretend that he loves God, and especially that he loves God so much that he cannot love his wife as God so plainly commands. This is equally true of the wife. It is perfect folly for her to imagine, that she has attained to such a degree of sanctity that she cannot keep one of the plainest commands of God. Enoch was one of the purest characters of whom mention is made in the Bible. *He walked with God;* and God took him up bodily in a chariot of fire to Heaven. But, that he might stand as a constant reproof to transcendental pietists of all ages, it is recorded of him, that he lived in holy wedlock, and "begat sons and daughters."

The difficulty, with some, is in the domestic circle. They do not grow in grace,

nor retain the blessings they get, because they do not have the affection which they should for those whom they are solemnly bound to love and cherish. A strict observance of their marriage vows, would help them more than a protracted meeting. Yet no one has a right to violate plain commands of the Bible, to please a companion. But let the general course of conduct be such, that it may be evident that the refusal is for Christ's sake, and does not proceed from a lack of affection.

*Let every one in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.*

### A Revival Sketch.

HOWEVER much there may be for a minister to do, who preaches to a congregation which pays \$50,000 per year for pew rent, as does Mr. Beecher's, in Brooklyn, there is certainly much to be done by those who would bear the glad tidings of salvation to the humble, and the light of truth to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

Feeling the force of the commands of God, to go out into the high ways, and insist upon the acceptance of salvation by the wanderers there, I resolved to do what I could in that direction.

Since April, 1867, I have gone each Sabbath afternoon, (except during an absence from the State of eight weeks,) to the little village of Texas, five or six miles from my regular parish. No denomination occupied the ground; no meeting had been held regularly for years; and no Christian life disturbed that little lake-shore village from its even tenor of sin.

Jesus said, "As ye go preach," "Lo, I am with you." David said as God's mouth, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "He that *winneeth* souls is wise." An apostle says, "We *persuade* men." And the Great Teacher said, "When ye enter a house, first salute it and say, *Peace to this house.*" "Be ye therefore *wise* as serpents and *harmless* as doves."

I spoke to every one—shook hands—dropped cheerful wishes and kind expressions everywhere—afforded help to those

who needed it—"ate with publicans and sinners," and soon found this "HARD PLACE" had many warm and welcome firesides for a way-worn soldier of the cross. To attend three services on the Sabbath; superintend, and render interesting a Sabbath School; a Bible class, and ride ten or twelve miles per Sabbath in all weathers, is not a work of small import. But so cheerfully have I borne this burden, that I have grown as happy as wearied by it.

About Nov. 25th, I went down and preached on Sabbath afternoon, with the intention of holding a series of evening meetings. But I did not startle the villagers by so stating. I preached in the evening to those who ought to take hold, in the work of soul-saving. At the close of the meeting, I was surprised when an intelligent young lady came to me, with tears in her eyes, and asked me to pray for her. I had not addressed sinners particularly. On Monday afternoon, I called a meeting for those who had professed religion—so that we might know who to rely upon in the campaign. Four or five met, made solemn covenants, and we began to clear the decks for action. Two intelligent young ladies, in the meeting that evening, manifested a desire for salvation; and the next day, in the afternoon meeting, they found peace in believing—thus fulfilling to God's people the promise, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." In the same meeting, a young married woman made a resolve to become a Christian. At the close of the meeting, I met her husband; spoke to him cheerfully of the step his wife had taken, and commended the wisdom of her course to his candid consideration. He did not repulse me as I expected, and agreed to think of it. The good work went on, and I called a few days later at his house, as he had invited me. After tea, I remarked that it was usually my practice to have a season of prayer where I called. He assented, and we bowed. After I prayed, the young lady first alluded to in this article, led in prayer. The young woman of the house followed; after which her husband, in broken accents, began to call on God. He was converted.

Every evening brought on new cases. A

young man, of fine promise, bowed at the anxious-seat, called mightily in firmness on God, and He heard for Jesus' sake. A lady of influence and force of character, whom all thought to be a Universalist, confessed herself a woeful backslider; fell on her knees, and asked for mercy; was forgiven and made happy, and immediately became one of the most cheerful and earnest workers for Christ I ever knew—sometimes not tasting food from breakfast until after the evening meeting. A gentleman of influence, and his wife, who had lived in town but a year, had superintended the Sabbath School during the summer—struggled hard between duty and disobedience. They came; and when once started, the steps seemed easy. He spoke twice the first evening, but was not fully blessed, until after they had built up their family altar. A lady, under conviction a year, came forward the first opportunity; but, *looking for some great thing*, instead of *giving all for Christ*, the blessing was for a few days withheld, and until a pastoral visit. A lady, who had attended many dancing parties with her husband, who was usually chief violinist, and his daughter accompanied the music with a "seraphim," (*i. e.*, a musical instrument, not an angel,) was a peculiar case. This lady had for years argued Universalism; and in a personal interview, seemed deeply anxious to have her case understood, and well defended. I did not argue with her; laid down a few propositions for her future thought, and departed. Two nights later, she was a humble, heart-broken suppliant at the Throne of Mercy; and when she arose to speak, said, "I have served the devil faithfully forty years, and never received a cent of pay—and now I shall go into the service of the Lord." I think her very faithful.

Her daughter, above alluded to, attended meeting. Being persuaded by a friend, she came forward and knelt, to see if that would make her a Christian. Of course, the "experiment" was a failure. Being talented, petted, and very worldly, she could not easily give all for Christ. Went home angry; sat, like Peter, before the fire in moody meditation; removed her shoes and threw them across the room, and said,

"Well, I have made a fool of myself, and I wish they would never speak to me again!" We saw her no more for a week; and meantime the work went bravely on. She then came and occupied a back seat. When mourners were invited forward, she came most penitently, fell down and called on God to help her; and arose, rejoicing in Christ. Her exhortations are always well timed and forcible, and her prayers over penitents are simple and earnest. She says, she once thought she would like to go to heaven if she could dance all the way; now, she says, "I think it most silly and foolish."

A young man, who felt much during the early part of the meeting—and giving no signs of it—was omitted in the canvass. His feelings soon fled. The resisted Spirit withdrew. Labors by those converted were bestowed, and he was persuaded to start, though without feeling—"because it was duty to Christ, feeling or no feeling." He came to the anxious-seat; timidly spoke, after much urging; gained nothing. Came the following evening; prayed, and spoke, and resolved, and feelings soon came, and he rejoiced in God. He said, "I thought I would not come forward, because I wanted to go to parties and have a good time. But now I think, if anybody wants to have a good time, let them give all for Christ and they can have it."

Several intelligent little children made a start to be Christians. One little girl showed very deep repentance, and ever since has worn a smiling face. One boy, about twelve years old, spoke several times. One evening he said, "Some wonder why I, so young, should prepare to live and be good here. It is because the Bible says, that 'all, both great and small, shall stand before God.'" It was thrilling. Other children seemed as clear in conviction and conversion as he.

One business man went, under a gloomy cloud of conviction, about the streets, talking with every one about the need he felt of salvation, until he lost his interest, and then was shown that his soul was nearly frozen to death—that his last hope nearly fled, while he was fast falling asleep amid the Alpine snows, and if saved at all, must

up and at work at once. He went to work; gained nothing, until he read his Bible and prayed at home. This practice he expects to continue daily, to the end.

One prominent citizen, did not attend any meeting until visited. Many things were done to bring him to terms. He went to meeting, there felt the searching power of God, and, though he kept still, that night at the family altar, after my wife led in prayer, he prayed long and earnestly, followed by his wife. So he did the next morning—keeps it up, and is rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God.

Our meetings were usually quiet for such large crowds—no whispering, nor other annoyance. But one led in prayer at a time, and these were, in most cases, young converts. The bad weather seemed to have no influence over the people, to keep them at home; but every night the large school-house was packed, and some nights, many had to leave without admittance.

The results may be summed up as follows: About one hundred were converted, most of them peculiar cases—few alike; about twenty family altars built; the fiddler's wife and daughter converted; a chief musician, with many dancers, brought over on the Lord's side; the Christmas ball almost a failure; the dancing hall for sale; the village bar poorly patronized; money enough subscribed to build a house of worship; the building committee authorized to begin the work at the opening of spring; and the revival army is still at work in the adjoining neighborhoods, where the holy war still goes on every night. Two hundred and twenty dollars have been given the preacher, to feed and warm his body; while he, in humility, seeks to warm and feed the souls of his new-found flock.

L. N. STRATTON.

Mexico, N. Y.

### THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

TO EVERY READER.—Twelve months ago, a kind brother presented me with a year's subscription to the *Earnest Christian*, which has proved a great blessing to me. After reading each number carefully and prayerfully, I sent them

to twelve different persons—which I think is far better than to hoard them up, or let them be destroyed. For God has said, that "My Word shall not return to me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto I sent it." Kind reader, what are you doing with your back numbers?

Six months ago, I made a present to one of a year's subscription to the *Earnest Christian*. Now, I would exhort every one who takes it to go and do likewise, for I do not think you could spend your money in a better way.

Doubtless you think a great deal of it, or you *would not take it*. Now, while you are warm, don't think that every one is so; but remember that he that watereth shall himself be watered, and that the Saviour has said, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

"Nay, thank me not," the kind one said,  
 " 'Tis to myself I've given:  
 Each friendly deed like this, I make  
 A stepping-stone to Heaven."

I have now sent thirteen subscribers for the *Earnest Christian*, which I have obtained while pursuing my *ordinary business*. My dear reader, this was *all done*; through the mysterious providence of Almighty God, by a kind brother making me a *present* of a year's subscription.

Now, my dear friends, did you know that if you would do as much good as that brother has done, would you not send the *Earnest Christian* the coming year to some one? God only knows, but that you may do a hundred fold more good. As the Editor says, "will you not spend many a dollar, the coming year, that will not do as much good?"

My dear friends, what are you doing for the *Earnest Christian*? Are you praying for it? Did you ever think that it will be what we are pleased to make it—by supporting the Editor—by writing, praying, and soliciting subscribers for him? Yes, oh! yes; did you but know the power of the pen and press, and the great responsibility resting upon an Editor. We have only to look at the artful schemes of the enemy of all good, who is *this moment* trying to cheat us out of our soul's eternal salvation.

"Truly, the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

T. LUDLAM.

*Decatur, Ill.*

BREAD OF LIFE.—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." "Sow beside all waters."

The inquiry naturally arises, in the minds of those who desire to work in the vineyard of the Lord, how can I cast the bread upon the waters? I believe one way, is to circulate the *Earnest Christian* as extensively as possible. There are thousands in our land, who do not know as there is such a publication, and many more who do not take interest enough to subscribe; but if one were presented them, they would read it. I know of one good sister who gave one volume to be distributed. If every one would do likewise, an immense amount of good might be the result. The good seed would spring up, and bear fruit to the glory of God. Souls are perishing, and many are passing swiftly away; and what is done, must be done very soon, or it will be forever too late. Dear Christian friends, let us double our diligence, and do all we can to spread Scriptural Holiness throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Mrs. M. C. Frost.

DEAR BRO. ROBERTS:—I enclose fifty cents for back numbers. I want them for distribution. It may induce some of my neighbors to subscribe for the *Earnest Christian*. It contains the best of Christian experiences—the life, bone, and sinew of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I am blessed in reading the rich experiences of the children of God. I am one with them, and feel happy, having the Spirit's sure witness that I belong to the family of God. Go on, dear brother; in due time you will reap a rich reward, if you faint not. Be of good cheer—hold on—be faithful unto death,

and receive the crown of life. Glory to God! Hallelujah! I know all is well with the Christian.

NATHAN HOWES.

BRO. ROBERTS:—One of my neighbors takes the *Earnest Christian*, and I borrowed one; and as I read it, I thought it ought to be in every family. So I borrowed one, and started out to see what I could do toward getting some subscribers; and as the result, I send you five names, with the money accompanying them. F. WYMAN.

*Morrison, Ill.*

DEAR BRO. ROBERTS:—The *Earnest Christian* comes promptly, and always receives a cordial welcome. Its out-spoken, fearless utterances, are just what are wanted in these times of timidity and compromise. May the Lord grant the good work abundant prosperity. MYRON ORTON, JR.

*Pekin, N. Y.*

## RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

MISS SARAH PANGBURN.

"He wills that I should holy be—  
What can withstand His will?"

Near ten years since, during a great revival at —, I was deeply convicted of sin, and sought and found the Saviour precious to my soul. My burden of sin was removed, my captive soul set at liberty, and, with about fifty other converts, I took upon me the baptismal vows, and united with the M. E. Church. For a while, I lived near the Lord; but alas! I say it to my shame, the allurements of the world enticed, associates beguiled, and ere long I had lost the witness, the light had become extinguished, and I, as heretofore, groped my way in darkness, "having a name to live, yet dead." Thus I lived, carrying the world in one hand, and religion in the other—but serving the former, instead of the latter. But the Lord laid his afflicting hand upon me, chastened me, and tried me in various ways. Still he led me on, step by step, during all the long time, and kept me from falling. Oh! the forbearance of my God; how can I express my gratitude for all his dealings, and leadings! I bless his name to-day, that he gave me a teachable spirit, a heart open to conviction and

truth, and ready to receive and profit by it. Once more His Spirit strove: again I yielded to its teachings. The Father met me with extended arms, forgave my wanderings, and adopted me into His family anew. At times, I was filled with joy unspeakable; but my joys were not abiding. There was a strange proneness in my heart to wander. The Holy Spirit deeply impressed my soul with a sense of my great need of inward purity.

The purity of God's law stood out in such strong contrast with my own impurity, and yet that law appeared so excellent in its claims, as to induce a strong desire for a perfect conformity therewith. Holiness appeared so lovely that I longed to possess it. I groaned, and wept, and prayed, to be released from inbred sin. At times, my faith would almost grasp the blessing; but rising doubts would soon obscure the light, and leave me again in darkness. I could not fully understand how a person could live entirely without sin. To believe it, seemed the very height of presumption. For, how could a man be pure in heart, who had self-conceit enough to say so? Where was the humility that would admit of such a presumption? Oh! how were these words, "through Jesus Christ our Lord," "through the blood of the Lamb," sealed to me! How strangely different did the confession of a sanctified soul appear to me now! To doubt now the power of perfect love, would be to doubt the efficacy of the great atonement. I could not be a Christian now, without the witness that the blood of Christ can and does cleanse even my poor soul from all sin. Oh! long I lived, charitably overlooking sin in others, and excusing it in myself—yet all the while wondering that I did not hate it the more. I honestly thought it must be so, till this mortal should put on immortality. I believed, moreover, that this trying, and failing—the sorrowing, regretting, and repenting, in consequence of such a course—was but the Christian's conflict; but still, I hoped in some way, I knew not how or where, to gain the victory by and by. And, bless God! the day of victory has come much sooner than I expected. Sin is now the abominable thing

which my soul hateth. I hate it with a perfect hatred; I am no longer its slave—through grace divine I am free, "Glory to the Lamb!"

But the blessing came, not as I had wished to have it—entirely in my own way. Nay, verily; for though I had longed to obtain the prize, yet my heart was long time rebellious, unwilling to deny self as I knew I must; for the Holy Spirit showed the need of an inward crucifixion—bade faith, though weak, grasp the two-edged sword, and look up for power to use it.—Finally, one evening, after a week of unusual darkness and temptation, I met with a band of praying ones, feeling, as I bowed before God, that I could endure no longer the burden of inward depravity; and with all the earnestness which intense desire imparts, I pleaded with God "for a heart from sin set free, and full of love divine." I asked not for happiness, but holiness. I gave myself to God a living sacrifice; and He, blessed be His name! accepted the poor offering, and sealed me all His own.

I doubt not, that during all this time God was preparing me to receive this special grace. I felt through all my being, that He was dealing with me; and it seemed as though I was as much alone with Him, as if there had been no other person in the world but myself. I was awed; I was stricken; I was humbled; pride, self-esteem, self-complacency, love of approbation—disguised in the laudable desire to gain the influence of others—were all removed; the piercing, probing work had commenced in seeking out the secret lurking of unsanctified desires—"cutting off the right hand," "plucking out the right eye," and severing every tie that kept the spirit groveling in dust, away from its own native element—its noble sphere of glorious freedom and lofty aspiration, worthy its immortality.

Then followed the losing of self; the sinking into nothing; the emptiness; the hungering—the thirsting. Oh! how meager earth's vanities, to satisfy such longings, such groanings after the fainting, broken, contrite spirit's only satisfying portion—God! Such waiting before the Lord to be washed, to be cleansed; such hoping, such looking up and expecting—the door

of the heart wider open to receive, until the ever-blessed Jesus took possession of the temple his own precious blood had purified, and his Holy Spirit had fitted up. Now, He reigns supreme.

"Nothing but sin had I to give—  
Nothing but love did I receive."

I think the first feeling I was conscious of after suffering, was submission. With it came calmness, then peace, then trust. I thought of the future, and found there was none of the fear, that formerly had a place in my heart. Soon, such a joy overspread my soul, as I had never known before; and from that time to this, I have never seen a moment when I wished to have anything that concerned me, any other way than just as God had arranged it. It is not that circumstances of life are less trying now than formerly; perhaps they are more so. Nor have I been destitute of outward buffeting, and inward trials; but underneath them all, there is solid peace, which I never lose. I rest entirely upon Christ. There is nothing the least irksome in His service; and hereafter, while the heart shall beat to the measure of the gliding hours, will I be found, ever willing to let His hand lead me—my feet treading the path that has been cast up for the ransomed of the Lord, till Christ shall say, 'Tis enough: come up higher.

### REVIVALS.

WHITEWATER, WIS.—There is a blessed revival in progress in this place, under the direction of Bro. Doughty, and Bro. and Sister Shaw, of Winnebago, Ills. The meetings are held in the school-house, evenings, and in private houses in the afternoons. The first afternoon meeting was held at my house, New Year Day, and such manifestations of Divine power has never been witnessed in this place as during the present month. Individuals have been so powerfully blessed, as to shout aloud the praises of God, and lose their strength, and reel and stagger like drunken men. Sinners have been converted, backsliders reclaimed, and several have had an application of the precious blood that cleanses from all sin, among whom are myself and

wife—praise the Lord! and the work is still going on. The school-house is too small for us, being literally packed every evening with serious and attentive audiences. People come for miles around, and the conversions are marked with great clearness and power. Surely, it seems as though the prophecy of Malachi is being fulfilled, where he says, after speaking of the purification of his people by the Great Refiner, "Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in the former years." May the blessed work never cease, but go on, until formalism and conformity to the world shall be driven from the hearts of those who profess to be God's people.

J. T. HAMILTON.

—Of this revival, Bro. Doughty writes: "I have just closed a meeting, which has continued five weeks. Sixty have been converted and reclaimed—praise the Lord! The work has gone deep, most of them heads of families and the best citizens of this village. We expect to build a church here without delay. B. F. DOUGHTY.

HURON, MICH.—God is powerfully revising His work on the Huron Circuit. Many are crying mightily for the blessing of entire purity. Bro. Ellison is all in a flame for God. The Lord is with him in awful power. The work is deep. To God belongs all the praise. G. H. COMPTON.

POWHATTAN, VA.—We are contented, blessed, and happy—more than all in Christ we find. Sin and iniquity abound, but our souls abound in God. Salvation, with us, is a reality. The God of Jacob is our refuge. Our meetings increase in interest. Our school numbers nearly a hundred scholars, and is prospering finely. We have an evening school, for the benefit of those who cannot attend in the day-time. JOHN GLEN.

COLDWATER, MICH.—The work of the Lord is progressing in Michigan. Souls are being brought out of darkness into light. We have held two series of meetings on the Coldwater Circuit, and a goodly number of souls have been saved. We are endeavoring to hold up the Bible standard

of religion—to make no compromise with sin. We have just returned from our Second District Quarterly Meeting. It was held at Dundee, on Bro. Wilson's Circuit. Truly, Michigan is a great field. I am fully convinced that my coming here was in the order of the Lord. Bless God! The best of all is, the Lord is with us.

B. R. JONES.

### Dying Testimony.

SISTER ANNA BAILEY departed this life, in the early part of November, 1867. Born in Brattleboro', Vt., Jan. 10th, 1800.

She early began to evince those principles of Christian piety which marked her whole life. She experienced religion in her seventh year, and immediately thereafter united with the M. E. Church of her native town. For the long term of fifty-one years, she continued a devout and consistent member of that Church. In the fall of 1865, she first became acquainted with the Free Methodists, then just organizing in this city. Her spirit seemed to catch new fire at once; and her joy was unbounded, as she expressed it, at meeting a little band, whose central purpose was the glory of God. She united with us at once; and from that time to the day of her death, was a most earnest and reliable member of the society.

Her leading characteristic was faithfulness, which was clearly shown in the fact that no circumstances, unless those positively beyond her control, would prevent her attendance at the house of God, or deter her from the discharge of other duties. I have many times been greatly astonished at the vigor with which she would overcome difficulties, and press on the battles of the Lord. At her advanced age, the zeal and energy she displayed were remarkable.

But she was not only faithful in all her relations as a servant of Christ, but intensely fervent in her anxiety for the salvation of souls. Her pleas to sinners, and to God in their behalf, were sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail. She wrestled day and night; and many will have cause to remember her prayers to all eternity.

Her last hours were replete with a joyful confidence in her Great Shepherd; and

while nearing the river, she sang her favorite chorus, "I'm climbing up Zion's hill." With a blessing for her children, and children's children, she stepped into the waters, and mortality was swallowed up in immortality.

J. E. LAWTON.

At two of the Lord's saved ones belonging to our new class in Ontario, Death has aimed his arrows. The first was little Mary L. Wilson, daughter of Bro. and Sister Wilson, aged six years. A Sabbath School scholar, a lovely girl indeed, too good for earth. She died on Sunday, after attending the Sabbath School and the prayer meeting,—well as usual, to all human appearance. In the morning, she recited her lesson, and with the rest sung in conclusion, "I want to be an angel," and then retired home, and in an hour and twenty minutes she was an angel spirit, singing with those who have passed on before.

Our dear sister, Eliza M. Walker, wife of Bro. Weller Walker, aged 32 years, was suddenly struck down. So eager was the last enemy to hurry his victim away he only gave her friends about 17 hours notice. But our dear sister was ready for the last conflict. The enemy had been trying hard to get her to compromise a little with friends, but she saw her duty and resolved to stand straight for Jesus. God blessed her soul so abundantly that she could testify again that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. She sent in her testimony on Sunday that her soul was all right.

J. OLNEY.

### Literary Notice.

"THE SWORD THAT CUTS AND THE FIRE THAT BURNS." By D. F. Newton, author of "Home Thrusts," and the "Shining Light."

A copy of this book has been kindly sent us by the author. Like everything which Bro. Newton writes, it is sound to the core, evangelical, and reformatory. It is filled with important, practical, religious truths, presented in the author's own peculiar style. It is neatly got up in every way, and presents an attractive appearance.

Price, \$1.50. Address D. F. Newton, 303 West 20th street, New York.

**THE LOVE FEAST.**

TESTIMONY OF REV. B. POMEROY, AUTHOR OF "SHOCKS FROM THE BATTERY," IN THE TUESDAY MEETING AT DR. PALMER'S, NEW YORK, JAN. 15, 1868.

Bro. Belden had alluded to the seeming contradiction in supposing one perfect as a Christian, who is and must be so imperfect as a man.

Bro. Boole had been speaking of the importance of presenting a good, more full and perfect, as an inducement to leaving worldly pleasures; that consecration is not enough—that we must receive, as well as give. "The poor man will give up his crust for something better, of course; but if he fails in finding it, he will go back to his brown bread. The heart must have something, if it is no more than a crust."

Bro. Pomeroy arose, much excited. Said he had never attended the Tuesday Meeting before, and seeing so many of the good and strong ones, he felt bashful. Said he, 'I am in the condition of the steam-engine, which should have been on its track half an hour ago. I am trembling under the pressure. This is not just such a meeting as I expected. Instead of a few lengthy expositions of this great doctrine of Holiness, I came prepared to hear forty or fifty speak forth the marvels of God in them; and now, I can hardly feel free to occupy time, where there are so many to speak.' [Voices, "go on; go on, brother."] Turning to Bro. Belden, he continued: "The perfect and the imperfect, alluded to by this brother, I have in me. I never expect to live a day, without some fault or error; don't know as I ever have, and probably never shall pass a day, without some mistake; but I never expect to sin again in my life. I cannot sin—it would hurt me terribly to sin. There is nothing in me that would be gratified by sin; the sinning power is crucified out of me. Glory to God! I am saved through the blood of the Lamb."

Touching Bro. Boole on the shoulder, he said: "Now, brother, about your brown-bread repast. Our only cure of longings for Egypt is in entering Canaan; the disrelish of leaks and onions, is in the taste of milk and honey. Thank the Lord, I am through with leaks and onions at last! Let

worldly-minded professors make much of their childish pleasures and short-lived glories; but talk not of garlics to me; for God has brought me into the promised land, to the banquet of angels.

"Hallelujah! I am saved from worldly longings; have been allured by tinsel and show; fooled by self and humbugged by others—but I can't be humbugged on religion again! I feel rich in the loss of all things; have out-grown little toys and great toys; parted with this pleasure and the other pleasure;—O! yes, have out-grown creation! My principal life is imparted from beyond; feel soft and sublime, as a rainbow looks—touching the shores, it is true, but bow up beyond the stars!

"I have parted with the last carnal pleasure; have turned away from the last hope but of God; can be tracked all the way back to Egypt, by the strewed idols—and the first idol you find on the back track, will be self.

"The vain pomp and glory of the world has receded before a greater glory. Gorgeous mansions, human pride and display, are stooping to the dust; human greatness is not so great—gold is not so yellow—as I once thought. All are empty of soul-good.

"Then I turned to great, grand Niagara, so much talked of. But I was ashamed of the thing; for I had a greater Niagara in my mind—one with a bigger roar. It's a calamity to Niagara, that I ever saw it; but for the sight, it would have stood with me ten-fold itself. But God's Kingdom Niagaras are a match for me. The revelations of the Great Supreme, to a human soul, exceed my ideal in every direction. When the Great God smiles into my soul, it fills me with a grandeur and glory beyond what I am able to speak or think.

"I once feared the holy ones, they are so eagle-eyed—feared to have them survey me, for I knew there were defects in me. But now—glory to Jesus Christ!—I can stand with open gates, and say to sinners, saints, apostles, martyrs, and angels, Hold your spy-glasses on me; and, if it were reverent, would say, Omniscient Eyes, go through me; scan me close, for if there is an evil way in me, it would afford me more happiness to know it, than to go up the highest

Pisgah known—for I am bound to be right, and conditions are out of the question. I am not free to take your time; but let me say, to the glory of God, I am saved through the blood of the Lamb!"

—The above testimony was gathered by three persons present at the meeting, and represents very accurately the words uttered; but nobody can repeat the power and unction in which it was spoken. Its effect on the meeting was electric; and, as a good sister remarked, the "children were getting fed."

JOSEPH MACKAY.

P.S.—A minister of our Church, (the M. E.,) wrote me a few days since a letter, from which I make the following extract:

"I find, on resting and looking over the field, that I have brought home a load from New York. The conflict rages everywhere between Old Methodism, in its simplicity and power, and the New-School Methodists. If the fashionable, worldly Methodists, are in religion, are ever accepted of God in the lowest sense—thousands who have gone before, and thousands who are now on their way, have a great amount of surplus religion, more than is essential to salvation."

So I think, and may the Lord help.

ISAAC G. WHEATON.—I am saved through the blood of the Lamb. He has placed my feet upon the rock of eternity, with the ocean of God's love around me, and now and then a wave of glory rolls over me.—Glory be to His name!

Hampton, N. Y.

C. B. BARRETT.—Jesus saves to-day—all glory to His name. I feel the waves of glory roll, like living fire, all through my soul. O, praise Jesus for all He has done for me, and is doing for others. He has saved about forty souls here, and a number have received the blessing of holiness.—The prospect is, that the car of salvation will move more rapidly than ever, and in all directions; and, all glory to God! I am moving with it. Hallelujah!

Dublin, Ind.

WM. MCKEARNIN.—I do love God with all my heart; I also hate sin with a perfect hatred. I have the blessed witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus cleanses

me from all sin, and that his power keeps me by the moment, and though I feel the least and most unworthy of all God's little ones, Jesus is still leading me gloriously on, bless his name! He has made me to rejoice in the hour of temptation. In Jesus might I have victory every time. Glory to Jesus.

Yates, N. Y.

C. M. CADY.—I know, this morning, that I enjoy the religion of Jesus—not so much because I love the brethren, but because I love my enemies, and can bless them that curse me, and do good to them that hate me. I do feel the Spirit of Jesus in praying for them which despitefully use me. Blessed be God! this is not me, but the Mighty Conqueror setting up His Kingdom within me, and I do consent to let the Lord have His way with me; and at the end of this war, I expect to feel I have fought a good fight, and kept the faith; and my Jesus shall have the glory.

Lyons, N. Y.

MARY DRAKE.—The Lord has been pouring out His Spirit for a few weeks past, on our charge. Sinners have been converted to God, and backsliders reclaimed—to God be all the praise! I can testify, that God has power on earth to cleanse from all unrighteousness. The Lord has done wonders for me. Free as air I live; I mount above the world, and hold communion with the Three in One. The Heavenly City I keep constantly in view, while the world is under my feet. Glory to God for such treasures untold, that have been handed to me, without money and without price.

Monmouth, Iowa.

ALMA SCOVILL.—I am all the Lord's—purchased and saved by blood Divine. I have full salvation found—praise the Lord! Jesus has done a great work for me; he has saved me to Himself, and I am out to work for my Heavenly Father, and when He says it is enough, then I expect to go home to heaven. Praise the Lord! He has restored unto me the joys of His salvation, and He upholds me by His free Spirit. Praise His holy name

Binghamton, N. Y.