

# The Earnest Christian

AND

## GOLDEN RULE.

APRIL, 1868.

### FORMALISTS.

BY REV. ELIAS BOWEN, D. D.

A HEARTLESS, formal worship, offered before the Lord, is, of all human performances, the most abominable in his sight. We, ourselves, are far from relishing mere compliments. Instead of regarding them as tokens of respect, or the salutations of genuine friendship, which they profess to be; we look upon them as a hollow-hearted fawning, designed as a stepping-stone to favor, or a guise to some contemplated injury, and we spurn them with feelings of disgust. How much less can the infinitely holy God, who "requireth truth in the inward parts"! Away with the mere affectation of worship, with which His altars are almost universally profaned!

"God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth;" and "if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his"—is no Christian, and of course cannot worship him in the manner required—cannot worship him acceptably.

Nor is this all: The mere form of worship is not only unavailing and useless; it is at the same time positively hurtful and wicked. The idea held by many, that the worship of God is conservative of order and good morals, even where there is nothing spiritual about it—and therefore ought to be kept up or maintained by community—is utterly at variance with the plainest matter of fact, as the history of the

Jews, and of all those countries where Romanism bears sway, sufficiently demonstrates. The approximation, too, of the morals of Protestant communities to those of the Catholics, just in proportion as they copy after their heartless ritualism, goes to establish the same view.

Indeed, it were difficult to conceive of anything more demoralizing and ruinous in its effects upon society than the formalism of dead churches. Open infidelity is not half so bad; as this does little more than ignore the religion of Christ, and ridicule the credulity of its adherents; while Christian formalists, feeling that "their craft is in danger" wherever the spirit and power of our holy religion prevail among the people, stop at no means, however unjustifiable and cruel, which promises to crush out a religion that so "exceedingly troubles them."

But, though they may lull themselves asleep upon the lap of a formal worship, and dream "they are doing God service in persecuting the saints," they are but constructing a wide-gauge railroad, the way they live and worship, as well for themselves as for the world around them, to the regions of the damned; and rendering that worship, so acceptable to God when offered "in spirit and in truth," "a stench in his nostrils." But, "to the law and to the testimony": We shall here see in what light the Holy Scriptures contemplate these heartless, formal worshippers. Among many similar passages, take the following from Isaiah:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When you come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of the assembly, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when you spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood." How terrible this language of an insulted Heaven! Let those who presume to tread the courts of the Lord, and, above all, who ascend the sacred desk, with their mock worship, beware! It is "the Searcher of hearts" they have to do with; and, surely, "publicans and harlots shall enter into the kingdom of heaven before them!"

It is not enough that their forms of worship are good in themselves, like those of the Protestant Episcopalians; and their confessions, their homilies, and their pulpit essays, all true to the letter, as is not unfrequently the case with dead churches; their worship is even a *lie*, nevertheless: for as "they hold the truth in unrighteousness"—saying what does not accord with their example, and what they do not sincerely and practically believe—they lie when they speak the truth, and "are found false witnesses before God." "Though they say the Lord liveth, surely they swear falsely."

And in addition to their solemn mockery and false-swearing or perjury; these same formal worshipers, with all their "zeal for the Lord"—manifested in the erection of splendid churches, the adoption of an imposing ritualism, and the paraphernalia of a thousand gorgeous tints and trappings—are the very embodiment of hypocrisy. So our

Divine Lord: "Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophecy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men;" *i. e.*, a miserable *Churchism*, which both the Jewish Church whom he personally addressed, and most modern churches, have virtually substituted for the Word of God and their own Discipline.

But, dark as is this picture of our Christian formalists, a still more startling description, if possible, is given of them in the following language of St. Paul to his "son Timothy": "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away."

Now all these things are predicated of "the last days": referring, undoubtedly, to our own times; and who, think you, are here intended? To what race, sect, or class of individuals, does this terrible prediction apply? Who are they among us that "have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof?" Most certainly, we must look for them among the churches; as no other portion of the community have any "form of godliness" at all, that we know of; and then, which of all the various denominations can it be that answers the apostle's description here? That merely formal worshipers are intended, there can be no doubt; and who will venture to say, that if all the old churches in the land had sat for their picture, they could have got a more perfect likeness?

Even though the membership of these churches may not all of them be individually guilty of the whole catalogue of abominations enumerated by the apostle in the above quotation; yet

none of the churches alluded to are by any means without such characters among them, and any church, tolerating them within her pale, (and which of the old churches are clear in this matter?) are justly with the iniquity they allow in their members, and will be held responsible at the bar of God, as well as of public opinion, for all their wickedness!

To sum it all up then: a religion of forms, or a merely formal Christian worship, is of all things the most offensive to God and ruinous to mankind; involving, as we have already seen, the complicated wickedness of mockery, hypocrisy, and false-swearing; together with all the multiplied abominations which St. Paul foretold "should come," or be practised by religious formalists, "in the last days!" Perhaps few have noticed the association of the long list of abominations, in the passage cited from St. Paul, with a heartless, formal worship; and yet, any one may see that they always go together. And especially will it be found that all mere formalists are "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, unholy, false-accusers, despisers of those that are good, and lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." It is also true of them, that, "having a form of godliness, they deny the power thereof." The idea that the worship in question is *Protestant* or *Methodist* worship, alters not the case, except it be for the worse, as they have the greater light; and if the mummeries of Popery are an awful offense in the sight of God, yet are they "a sweet-smelling savor" before Him, compared with three-fourths of the worship now being offered throughout all Christendom by the so-called Reformed Churches.

What then, if the "spiritually-minded," connected with these churches, perceiving that the bodies to which they belong "have departed from the faith," sunk into a lifeless formalism, and become "despisers of those that are good," should "turn away from them"? Are they not so instructed by St. Paul? How else shall we understand him in his language to Timothy on this subject?

Nay, but does not the same apostle direct us elsewhere to "mark them that cause divisions, and avoid them"? He does, indeed, when they "cause divisions" by the introduction of false doctrines, as the confounding sanctification with justification, etc.; thereby arraying themselves, and those of their charge who "have a name to live and are dead," against the witnesses of perfect love, and splitting up circuits and stations and conferences in this way. But where the subjects of holiness feel themselves called upon to resist the inundation of error, and pride, and worldliness, and carnal amusements, and the all-corrupting mockery of a loathsome formalism, which is flooding the Church of the Wesleys even; and are caricatured and held up to public scorn, and excommunicated for that reason, without even the formalities of so much as a *sham* trial to cover the outrage; who are responsible for such "divisions"? Who are to be "marked and avoided" in cases like *these*? we should like to know.

As the righteous cannot unite with the wicked in their sinful courses, even though they "have a form of godliness;" and the wicked will not unite with the righteous in the service of God; there is necessarily a "division" between them: and this "division" our Lord "came to send on earth," as he himself declares, by calling his people to come out from the world, and be separate from sin and sinners, as all the truly pious have ever done.

It was in obedience to this Divine injunction, that Luther came out from the Church of Rome, and Wesley from the Church of England; not nominally indeed, (though Luther was expelled,) yet *virtually*, and to all *practical* intents and purposes. In like manner, it behoves us—all of us who would "keep ourselves unspotted from the world"—to come out from the wicked, and especially from wicked formal churches, which are the wickedest of the wicked. Still, the example of living Christians, and their efforts to "spread Scripture holiness over the land," are but the *innocent occasion* of these "divisions;" they are "*caused*" by the wicked op-



posers of the life and power of religion, especially by opposing, formal churches; whom, therefore, according to the apostle's direction, we are required to "mark and avoid."

### GOD'S PERFECTIONS.

I SEE the eye of Omniscience looking out upon me from every chapter of the Bible—from every doctrine, every precept, every promise, every ordinance of the Gospel—penetrating alike the darkness and the light—searching me through and through, till I can hide nothing from its gaze—giving me a faithful representation of my conscience and my heart—making me hate myself, and confess my uncleanness, and cry out for the creation of a right spirit within me. And then I see it looking far into futurity—discovering, many hundreds of years beforehand, the smallest circumstances in the life and death of Jesus, even to the price of his betrayal, the gall mingled with his drink, and the lot cast for his vesture. How can I doubt that this is the eye of God?

Again: I see Holiness, Justice, and Truth, gazing upon me from the very heart of the Gospel, like so many eyes of consuming fire. I tremble before them, like Moses before the burning bush, or Israel at the base of Sinai. Yet do I wish to behold this terrible glory, for it is mingled with milder beams of mercy. I take off my shoes, and approach that I may contemplate. "Truly, God is in this place!" I cannot live in sin under the intense blaze of his countenance. But here also I find the cleft of the Rock, even the Rock of Ages, wherein he hides me with his hand, while he makes all his goodness pass before me, and proclaims to me his name—"The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and by no means clearing the guilty!"

"The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword; piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and discerning"—revealing—condemning—correcting—"the thoughts

and intents of the heart." It unlocks my soul, and sits upon its throne—an infallible judge over all my secret imaginings, purposes, and feelings; bringing them under its own perfect law; examining them in the light of spotless holiness, inflexible justice, and eternal truth. And when I shrink from the scrutiny, overwhelmed with a sense of my corruption, and confessing my guilt with a broken and contrite heart, then it speaks to me of the boundless love of God, and the infinite merit of Christ; and "a still small voice" directs my sight to the holy of holies; where I see, through the rent veil, the King of Zion, sitting upon his throne of grace, more glorious than the ancient Shekinah upon the mercy-seat. I approach with joyful confidence, and find him invested with my own nature, "God manifest in the flesh," his royal garments red with sacrificial blood; and again I hear the still small voice—"Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace!" And when the dark mountains of tribulation rise up before me, I see their tops gilded with beams of love; and when I look into the valley of the shadow of death, I see it brightening with the footsteps of the Son of God; and when the soul sits solitary and dejected in her mortal prison, longing for the wings of a dove, that she may fly away and be at rest, she sees the eyes of her Deliverer looking through the crevices of the wall, and hears His voice at the grated window—"Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God!" —*Christmas Evans.*

"PRAY ye that your flight be not in the winter." How late is it to begin our flight from the world and sin in the winter of old age and death! In the winter the days are short, the ways bad, the weather rainy, the night comes on before we are aware, and we meet with a thousand impediments and hindrances of flight and traveling; and these are a lively representation of those hindrances of salvation which men find at the end of their lives. The grace to prevent them by a speedy conversion is obtained only by prayer.—*Quesnel.*



## SUBSTITUTION.

BY REV. G. W. COLEMAN.

THE substitution of false ideas for the true one, in the use of various, approved, Scriptural terms, is very common in the professedly religious teaching of the present day. The nominal, evangelical churches of the land, claim a belief in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the fall of man, the atonement, repentance, the new birth, entire sanctification, heaven and hell; and under this seeming "unity of the faith," the most dangerous errors are being propagated; because they come to us in familiar garb, while they are only the wolf in the clothing of the lamb. We seem so near together, that many are looking to the unification of all, in one body, on a common platform. Our bewilderment lies in the significance we give to the terms in use. We forget that two or more radically distinct principles may have the same name applied to them.

We believe in God the Father; but how diverse the views entertained respecting the Being thus designated. To some, he is simply the God of nature, who, having made the world, and subjected it to fixed laws, retires, to have no more at most than a general observance of what transpires therein. They regard the wisdom and power displayed in his works, in nature, but fail to recognize his moral attributes. Other refer the present and final issue of the moral as well as the natural world, to the "Sovereignty" of God. Many view him as a God of Mercy—and Mercy to them appears in the light of a fond and doting parent, who allows his child whatever it desires, under false ideas of love to the child; or the government, which finds an easy excuse for pardoning its criminals. Such government is not administered by Love and Mercy, but by Injustice and Unrighteousness. The Bible, however, reveals to us a God of Providence and Grace, as well as of Nature—a Being, whose justice is commensurate with his mercy; who loves righteousness and hates iniquity.

It reveals to us a God who searches the heart, and tries the reins of the children of men; who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, nor upon sinners with approbation.

We believe in God the Son—Jesus Christ. Some regard him simply as a good man—a model to pattern after. To others, he is the Saviour of all men, without regard to moral quality, and not the "especial Saviour of those that believe." To many, he is a being who attributes most of men's sins to infirmities of the flesh; who justifies men, even if they do disobey him; who says one thing, and means another. He says, "Come out from among them," but approves the contrary,—“Forsake all, or ye cannot be my disciple,” but never intends to make a practical application of the requirement. Some find the same counterpart of their ideal Jesus in the self-righteous Pharisee; others, in that agreeable, sociable, refined man of the world, who can easily adapt himself to all circumstances—whose principles are as deep as his interests—who advocates reform movements, because he sees in them the road to personal fame. How different from all these is Jesus of Nazareth!

We believe in God the Holy Ghost: that, is, we do not care to testify our disbelief in him. But the Holy Ghost in whom most people believe, is either imaginary or mythical, or something is substituted in his place. *Human sympathy, the kindling of the emotions of the soul*—by music, paintings, architecture, pleasant surroundings, strains of eloquence, the grand and sublime in nature—are very frequently taken for the saving and joyous influence of the Holy Spirit on the heart. His work in conviction is often regarded as evidence of grace, or taken for temptation. His real effects are pronounced diabolical. How many regard his approving presence as compatible with worldly-mindedness, gaiety, jesting, and such like! The Bible, on the contrary, reveals the Holy Spirit as an enlightener, refiner, sanctifier—as requiring a purified temple for a dwelling-place. In such hearts alone he resides. "If any

man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

We hold to the "fall of man," with a feeble, trembling hand. Who believes, in these days, in the doctrine of "total depravity"? Who believes, "*the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,*" in its natural state? The "fall" practically held to, involves no more than a slight inclination from the perpendicular, which a man may easily rectify himself. Many believe man still possessed of all the original elements of goodness, which only need to be fostered, and his evil propensities repressed, to make him a good Christian. This view, will be found to be the essence of a vast amount of the professedly evangelical preaching of the present day.

How few recognize in the "atone-ment," an absolute necessity to reconciliation with God! "Without shedding of blood, there is no remission." It is the foundation of all our hope; but many make it void to themselves, by hoping for its benefits unconditionally, or without meeting the proper and only conditions.

Repentance dwindles, in these modern days, into a simple "change of purpose," the expression of a few "good desires;" or perhaps it is lost sight of altogether, as the professedly religious teacher cries, "believe, believe." To teach faith, without repentance—the fallow ground of the heart thoroughly broken up—is a fatal error. The "calm," or "rest," that follows to a soul persuaded to "believe you have it, and you have it," is like the man who, in a fit of intoxication, fancies himself possessed of boundless good, but ultimately wakes up to the fact that he is the same poor, wretched being as before.

The "new birth"—a work entirely supernatural—is accounted for on natural principles. Religion is "*naturalized*" to suit the times. *Morality, formality, self righteousness, the resurrection of the body,* is made to take the place of that radical change, described in the word of God: "If any man be

in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away: behold! all things are become new."

The standard of "Entire Sanctification" is frequently placed where the Bible places Justification. It is rendered of more effect by the teaching, that we receive it simultaneously with justification; or that we grow up into it; or that it is not attainable until death. With many who have once enjoyed the blessing, it has practically degenerated into a most offensive form of self-righteousness: sometimes exceeding prim and pretty, but destitute of power: and sometimes very harsh and censorious, but without the fruits of the Spirit.

The "Heaven" to which most people are looking, is a land of eternal beauty simply. They vainly suppose that pleasant surroundings can give them the happiness their souls crave, without regard to moral condition; but,

"Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face."

Holiness constitutes the essential element of happiness, through all the universe of God; and to think of a heaven for any but the "holy," is simply absurd.

Hell,—perhaps we ought to beg pardon for the introduction of so offensive a term—is a troublesome affair, which men are very anxious to dispose of; so they discard it altogether, or shrink it to such dimensions as to secure about the same result. The doctrine of "annihilation," is found in these days to be much more palatable to sinners, and plenty of advocates are found for the substitution. Anything, almost, will be received, but the fearful descriptions of hell recorded by God himself.

We have thus briefly glanced at a few of the erroneous views entertained and taught under the use of plain Scriptural terms. Let none who value their soul's welfare, receive any sentiments which may be propagated under the gilded bait of orthodox terms, unless they closely harmonize with the truth revealed in God's Bible.

## CLEANSING OF THE LEVITES.

Numbers viii.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

My last paper might, perhaps, be properly called "Consecration." The offerings presented by the children of Israel to the altar, shadowed forth what we, as the true Israel of God, are commanded to dedicate to him. But when we have given all, we have only done our part of the work, and it remains yet for God to do his; that is, to sanctify or cleanse us. That is emphatically *God's work*; and though we may hinder or interrupt it, we can have no part in accomplishing it. It is as solely *God's work* to create us new creatures, as it is his to create a world.

Notice how beautiful and close the connection is between the seventh and eighth chapters of Numbers. When we have done all that we can do, then we are to rest calmly in God. He shall give commandment concerning us. The glorious work shall be accomplished. It is His will.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto Aaron, and say unto him, When thou lightest the lamps, the seven lamps shall give light over against the candlestick. And Aaron did so; he lighted the lamps over against the candlestick, as the Lord commanded Moses."

How long, after perfect consecration, before—through the mediation of our Great High Priest—the Holy Spirit is given, to enlighten our minds, and illuminate every part, causing our whole bodies to be full of light as when the bright shining of a candle doth give us light?

Not long—bless God! "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Take the Levites from among the children of Israel and cleanse them."

Mark this; it was not all who were called "Israel" who were cleansed; but only the first-born of Israel: those who would not for a mess of pottage, even though that morsel should save their lives, sell their birth-right. God did not take one here and another there

—the first-born of every family; but he chose the tribe of Levi instead, to represent to him the first-born of all the children of Israel.—See verses 16, 17 and 18.

"And thus shalt thou do unto them: Sprinkle water of purifying upon them, and let them shave all their flesh, and let them wash their clothes, and so make themselves clean."

The water of purifying spoken of, was made by taking the ashes of a heifer—a heifer entirely red—which had been wholly burnt without the camp, and putting them in water.—Sometimes it was called "water of separation." Persons, raiment, vessels of wood, etc., which for some cause were accounted unclean, were made clean by the sprinkling of this water upon them; and yet, what seems strange to us at first, is, that it was in itself considered so unclean, that he who ministered in sprinkling the water upon an unclean person, had to wash his clothes; and whosoever touched it was unclean until even, and whatsoever he touched was unclean.—Nu. xix, 21, 22.

What a type is here of Jesus, our sin-offering!

The animal that was chosen for sacrifice, was not the strongest, most powerful and dignified of its class; these characteristics belong rather to males than females; yet it was a perfect animal, and without blemish. It seems to me the type expresses the greatest weakness and humiliation that is compatible with perfection.

A heifer was selected without blemish, as we have said, and yet so wholly red\* as not to have upon it one white spot of purity. It was taken without the camp, where all that was considered unclean, and unholy, and unfit to be near the holy tabernacle and the dwellings of the righteous, was taken, and burnt to ashes. These, mingled with water, formed the water of separation, which, in itself, was considered so unclean as to defile whoever touched it:

\*Red,—sometimes indicating deep-dyed sin: as in, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."



and yet, sprinkled upon the unclean, it *purified!*

"He that is hanged is the curse of God." "He was *made sin* for us who knew no sin." He was not worthy to die in Jerusalem, and so "suffered without the gate." The embodiment of our infirmities, sicknesses, sin, pollution. So unclean, according to the type, as to pollute by a touch; and all this, (blessed Jesus!) "that *we* might be made the righteousness of God in him." "If the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot [marginal reading, "fault,"] to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God."

When persons have been thus sanctified, God will make known a farther work for them to do. There are things about them which they have been wont, perhaps, to consider clean, and habits they have thought to be perfectly right and proper; but now they see clearly in the light of God what is unclean about them, and upon their person, and clothes, and the commandment is that they shall put it from them: typified in this command to the Levites, "Let them shave all their flesh, and let them wash their clothes, and so make themselves clean."

I dare say they looked strange enough to some called "Israelites," as well as to the nations around them. Nevertheless, they did as God bade, and were cleansed.

Then they were to bring two young bullocks, and fine flour mingled with oil, for a meat offering. Laying their hands upon the heads of the bullocks which were to be offered, one as a sin-offering and the other as a burnt-offering—as we, by faith, lay our hands upon our one great Offering—they received atonement and cleansing. "And after that went the Levites in to do their service in the tabernacle of the congregation before Aaron and before his sons."

There are many motives which may urge us on to obtain a state of purity.

Happiness and holiness are inseparable; and having a desire to be supremely happy, we may desire to be holy: but if this idea is prominent in our minds, we shall want, with Peter, to build tabernacles upon Mount Tabor, and leave the labors, and fastings, and stripes, and imprisonments, and crucifixions head downward, to others. So also shall we be likely to judge of our condition and experience by our feelings, which certainly are no correct standard, as those may be most profitable experiences for us in which our faith is tried as gold in the fire. Those who desire holiness chiefly for the ecstasies, visions, revelations, and visits to third heavens, may look out for a simple, plain, trustful experience, a child-like walk by faith—at least, till they get a better motive. It is right for us to wish to be happy. God means we shall be; but there are other and stronger motives than this to purity.

We may have such loathing of self, and abhorrence of sin, that to be rid of it, and bear likeness to Christ, shall powerfully urge us on to the blessed experience spoken of.

Then it is written, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" and those who have gone far enough in their religious experience as to find out the depravity of their nature, and unlikeness to Christ, notwithstanding their sins have been all forgiven, will feel that they would be very unfit for habitations in glory.

Evidently, in the mind of God, the cleansing is not only that the subjects may be happy and made meet for heaven, but "That they may do the service of the tabernacle;" or, in other words, serve him—doing his will on earth as it is done in heaven: and to be pure, is a *felt necessity* with every one who attempts to serve.

We must be pure to minister in holy things. We must be clean if we serve at the altar, lest we bring wrath upon ourselves and upon Israel. "*Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.*"

There is a general idea that this has reference alone to those who are called

of God to the work of the ministry: and it is true. The mistake lies here: many suppose none are called to the ministry but those who are called of God publicly to preach his gospel.—Know this: if you belong to the tribe of Levi—that is, the Church of the First-born—you are called to minister, or serve. And it is your Great High Priest you are to serve, not yourself, nor man, except as you serve yourself and them through him. “Bring the tribe of Levi near, and present them before Aaron the priest, that they may minister unto him.”—Nu. iii. 6. “Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ.”—Col. iii. 23, 24.

We are not all called to the same work, but we all have a work to do; and you, as a servant of Christ, are called to a work just as much as your pastor is; and as he feels, “Woe is me if I preach not the gospel,” so you will feel, “Woe is me if I fulfil not my mission.” And you are to be just as active, and as earnest, and constant at your work, as he is at his. “For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch.” If that work be prophecy, “Let us prophecy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait (or be constant at) our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation;” he that labors and toils that he may have to give to him that needeth, let him give with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, (as in waiting upon the sick, or ministering to the wants of the destitute,) let it be with cheerfulness.

If we all had the same work to do, what would become of the cause of Christ? If there was but one trade in the world for workmen to follow, what of our comfort, or happiness, or life? What if the whole body were an *Ear*? where were the Body? But we see whole churches made up of members

who serve only as an “ear,” to hear the word; and it is doubtful whether they hear as they ought—for if they did, they would find, after awhile, their proper positions and functions as members of Christ’s body. “If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member, where were the body?”

If you are a member of Christ’s body, you have some function to perform; you have something to do for the church that no one else can do but yourself; and if you fail to do it, the *body must suffer*—and you yourself, as a useless member, will be cut off.—St. John xv. 2.

No withered hands and paralytic members on Christ’s body. No consumptive lungs, that cannot bear the chilly breath of the world; or dyspeptic stomachs, that reject every class of truth but such as happens to “agree” with them. Before one becomes a member, he is cured of whatsoever disease he has, and made *perfectly whole*, and the life-giving blood goes through every part, sanctifying the whole. How quick the eye to see—the mouth to speak! How willing the feet to walk! How earnest the hands to work! How eager the stomach for food, that it may not only be satisfied itself, but *administer nourishment to the body!* So we live, not for ourselves alone, but for each other, and for Christ. And we are delighted in each other, and in him. So “The whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.”

Nimble hands, busy feet, speaking tongues, and hearing ears! Every member every moment doing its appointed work, with joyfulness and love.

Brother, sister, have you found your work? I mean *your particular* work; for there are kinds of work that are common to us all. If you have not,

*you will*; that is, if you follow Christ. Perhaps God is even now putting you through some course of discipline preparatory for it; or striving to get you to consent to be made "perfectly whole" that you may be in good working order. I was much struck by this sentiment in an *Earnest Christian* some time since, that from our infancy we are being educated for some particular work, into which we shall sooner or later enter. Our business is to follow Christ as He leads the way. Jesus himself set us an example of patient waiting, working at the carpenter's bench years and years, when doubtless his heart yearned over a fallen race, and burned within him to enter more fully into his ministry.

When you find your work, *the work* of your life, then Mother, Sister, Doctor, Lawyer, whoever or whatever you are, go about it in the name of Jesus, and do not say, "I must do this first, of necessity," or, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." There are enough to do such work. "Let the dead (those dead in sins) bury their dead; but go thou," etc. "You shall build the old wastes and raise up the former desolations; you shall repair the wastecities, the desolations of many generations. And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your ploughmen and your wine-dressers. But ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord; men shall call you the ministers of our God."—See Isaiah lxi.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Take the Levites from among the children of Israel and cleanse them.

"And thou shalt set the Levites before Aaron and before his sons, and offer them for an offering unto the Lord.

"Thus shalt thou separate the Levites from among the children of Israel: and the Levites *shall be mine*.

"And after that shall the Levites go in to do the service of the tabernacle of the congregation, and thou shalt cleanse them, and offer them for an offering."—Verses 5, 6, 14 and 15.

REFLECTIONS.—How few among the multitudes of Israel were Levites, or first-born. "Strait is the gate and

narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—They had no inheritance of lands. "The Lord God of Israel was their inheritance."—Joshua xiii. 33. So we are to have the Lord for our portion, and lay up treasure—not on earth, but in heaven.

They alone, of all called Israel, ate of the sacrifices, and were partakers of the altar. So none, whatever their church, name or standing, eat of Christ's flesh and drink His blood, having thereby eternal life, but those who are of the "royal priesthood," the tribe of Levi, the Church of the First-born.

MR. FLETCHER'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.—1. Live above earthly and creature comforts.

2. Beware of flatness and lukewarmness; this, if not carried immediately to the Lord, often ends in darkness and deadness.

3. Value Divine comforts above all things, and prize Christ above all comforts, that if they should fail, you may still glory in the God of your salvation.

4. Let that which torments others make your happiness. I mean *self denial and renouncing your own will*.

5. Be ready to yield with joy to every conviction of the Spirit of God. Be faithful to present grace, and aspire after a continual growth.

6. Live *the present* moment to God, and avoid perplexing yourself about your *past or future* experience; by giving up yourself to Christ, *as you are*, and being willing to receive him *now* as he is, leaving all the rest to him, you will cut up a thousand temptations by the roots.

He that can not forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

A GOOD MAN is so far acquainted with the corruption of his own heart, that instead of condemning others, he is apt to account them better than himself.



## PERSONAL LABOR FOR GOD.

BY REV. T. S. LA DUE.

It is quite natural for Church members to gather together, as far as possible, into large societies; concentrating, more for the sake of lightening their burdens than to "contend earnestly for the faith," by battling for its spread over the land. The idea of being "built up in numbers," when made too prominent, carries the idea of an inert mass of Church material, which, like so many bricks and sticks and stone, exist only to be "built up." And such, of course, desire only the most accomplished workmen, who will not handle them too roughly, but build them up comfortably and handsomely.

"It is so pleasant to have many brethren and sisters for mutual support and enjoyment; and then we can sustain the means of grace at so much less expense for each one." Shall we ever be possessed with that penurious spirit, which labors to reduce the expense of sustaining the Gospel to the least possible minimum, lest the purse have a little strain? And the more the number of members increases, the greater the avidity to have the reduction go on, until the real ruling motive is, not an increase of members, that souls may be saved, but that expense may be saved. God forbid that we should ever be possessed with such a spirit! There is, however, strong temptation to it, where a large number of members crowd together. It does not require a large Church to abundantly support the means of grace, when that Church is filled with the Spirit of Him "who, although rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

There is danger of leaning on a large Church. "Oh, we shall surely succeed," says one, "because we have such a large and excellent Church." And so says another, and so each one throt-out—leaving all for "the Church" to do; forgetting that a Church is made up of units, and if each one counts naught, the whole sum is naught.

A bad feeling is apt to be generated

in large societies, concentrated more for the sake of mutual support and enjoyment, than for self-denial and cross-bearing. Heat and feverishness result from this over-crowded state; then fermentation; and all the tact of the most skillful ecclesiastical doctor, is taxed to prevent an explosion or decomposition from the gases of discord, while scarcely a soul is saved from without. The usual result, however, is that the whole concern dries up, and becomes a mummy of formalism, all duly laid out and embalmed. This concentrating and crowding is very liable to produce suffocation; the Wind of Heaven has not free scope. "What makes it so close in this old, big church?" says one from the cabins on the frontier; "it seems as though I would choke. There are too many of you crowded in here. Go out and ventilate yourselves on the broad prairies, and in the woods and waste places."

A family of genuine piety are about to change their residence. Their chief motive, of course, is their own spiritual good and that of others. Now, how can this be best secured? By going to a place where there is a large and strong Church, or to one where there is a very weak Church, or none at all? Why should they go where the strong Church is? To be helped? or to help? It is supposed that strong Churches do not need helping continually; and one of the best ways to become strong, if weak, is to help others. It may be said, "We have friends and kindred where the strong Church is." That weighs but little with Him, who would not allow one who proposed to follow Him to go home to bury his own father. "Our temporal interests will be best promoted there." This may very properly be a consideration, but one utterly subordinate to the one of, "Where can I do the most good?" Still, you are good for five or ten years in the vineyard yet. You need, perhaps, more of the spirit of the old man who, at eighty, visited and prayed with every family in a town of five thousand, and established and led a weekly prayer-meeting, and saw as the result

hundreds saved. At eighty-two, he went to live in a town of twenty-five hundred; and there he visited and prayed with every family, and then took an everlasting visit to the Glory-world. Go to some place where the Gospel, in its purity, is not preached—and there are plenty—and where there are but very few real Christians—and the land is full of such places; and from more than one the cry goes up, "Come over and help us." Go there; start a prayer-meeting—in your own house if need be—and invite your neighbors to come in. Go to their homes and invite them, and you will soon have a house full. Talk to them there from a heart burning with Divine love—and I think that, under such circumstances, it will burn. Ere long, souls will be saved. And how you yourself will be revived! How fresh and strong you will become! a very giant, refreshed with new wine; for there the Master will hand it out, and fill your cup to overflowing. Before many months you will send for a minister; and you will, if need be, and you are able, gladly support him alone. Such work will make you feel wonderfully rich. A Salvation Church will be formed, and the work permanently rooted. But be careful not to settle down at this point; but break up, if you can, and go to do a similar work in another place; and keep itinerating until really superannuated. The itinerating would not be confined to ministers, if many lay-men and women did their duty. We need more of the spirit of him, familiarly known in our borders as Uncle Zack, who did a good work in York State, then came to Illinois in his old age, and helped do a glorious work there; and the last we knew of the old man, he said he "wanted to pull up stakes and go to Iowa," where, to use one of his own eccentric sayings, "he will jump right on to the altar, and scratch off live coals until the prairies are all a-fire." The old patriarch seems bound to carry out the spirit he had when first converted, "When," he says, "I felt as though I wanted to run till I'd carried the news to the other end of

creation, and then jump off into Glory." And soon he will. And I pray God, that each one of us will run to carry the good news, and run, and run, until we get under such headway, that at last we shall clear the river of Death at a bound, and leap into the very heart of glory.

What incentives to personal labor for God! those already mentioned; and then the commands, as, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and the promises, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Think of Jesus: He labored personally; He did not save us by proxy—by an angel, or all angels, "who gave *Himself* for us." We are to be judged according to our "*deeds*." "Who will render to every man according to his deeds, to those who by patient continuance in well *doing*, seek for glory, eternal life." If the Master has bestowed ten talents, five, or one, they must be used. Shall we hear, "Thou wicked and *slothful* servant"? wicked, because slothful. Shall the Judge say this to us, and souls lost through our sloth wait it forever in our ears? Shall no soul be saved through us? Shall we meet no immortal spirit in the Paradise of God to welcome us, and while he clasps our hands, say, "Through you, under Jesus, I am here, saved from yonder burning pit, and ranging the fields of the blest"? Shall we barely get to Heaven ourselves? Shall we have a crown, but no stars in it?

"If grief in Heaven might find a place,  
And shame the worshiper bow down,  
Who meet the Saviour face to face:  
"T would be to wear a *starless* crown.

To find in all that countless host  
Who meet before the Eternal Throne—  
Who once, like us, were sinners lost—  
Not one to say, 'You led me home.'

Oh! may it ne'er of me be said,  
No soul that's saved by grace divine  
Has called for blessings on my head,  
Or linked its destiny with mine."

Forbid it, Almighty God! Forbid it, our own holy diligence! But, when we enter those celestial courts, may many rise up to call us "blessed," and many stars beam from our crown of rejoicing.

## FASTING AND ABSTINENCE.

BY E. F. CLEMENT.

DEAR reader, are you, like the dauntless Prince of the Apostles, in fastings often? Is it really "more than your meat and drink to do the will of God"? Do you stately and frequently observe this means of grace, and witness the casting out of the Legion that "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting"? Or, are you among that number, who, if health and circumstances permit, for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and two or three times in a day, sit down to a bounteous repast, where the sensual appetite is fully gratified, whether or not the soul be fed? If you are not wont to deny self in this respect, will you prayerfully, and with a heart open to conviction, examine the subject with me, and inquire if the love of Christ constraining is your invariable motive?

It is a lamentable fact, that we do not witness such revivals of God's work—such outpourings of the Spirit, and displays of Jesus' saving power among sinners—as the primitive Christians and early Methodists saw. There is truly a cause for this. Are you quite positive that this lack of self-denial on your part is no hindrance to the work of soul-saving? Listen to Mr. Wesley, in his sermon entitled, "Causes of the Inefficacy of Christianity": "It would be easy to show, in how many respects the Methodists, in general, are deplorably wanting in the practice of Christian self-denial; from which, indeed, they have been continually frightened by the outcries of the Antinomians. To instance only in one: While we were at Oxford, the rule of every Methodist was, (unless in case of sickness,) to *fast* every Wednesday and Friday in the year, in imitation of the primitive Church, for which they had the highest reverence. Now, this practice of the primitive Church is universally allowed. 'Who does not know,' says Epiphanius, an ancient writer, 'that the fasts of the fourth and sixth days of the week are observed by the Christians

throughout the world?' So they were by the Methodists, for several years; *by them all, without any exception*; but afterwards, some in London carried this to excess, and fasted so as to impair their health. It was not long before others made this a pretence for not fasting at all. And I fear there are now thousands, both in England and Ireland, who, following the same bad example, have entirely left off fasting; who are so far from fasting twice in a week, (as all the stricter Pharisees did,) that they do not fast twice in the month. Yea, are there not some of you who do not fast one day, from the beginning of the year to the end? But what excuse can there be for this? I do not say for those who call themselves members of the Church of England, but for any who profess to believe the Scriptures to be the word of God? Since, according to the word of God, *the man who never fasts, is no more in the way to heaven than the man that never prays.*"

"But," says one, "my constant state of health is such that I cannot fast without injury; and even Mr. Wesley says, that 'the Lord does not require murder for sacrifice.'" We know some such people, who are in the habitual use of such food, as every rigid observer of the laws of health would condemn, even if he made no pretensions to *glorifying God in his body and spirit*. But, allowing that the health would be seriously impaired by fasting, (and we think there are very few who might not fast, were they careful after it to eat light food in moderate quantities,) can they not practice rigid abstinence as a mortification to the flesh? "For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." It was Mrs. Fletcher's practice, in her infirm years, on Mondays and Fridays, "to omit butter in the morning, eating dry bread and, as usual, rosemary tea without sugar. For dinner, water gruel, with salt and pepper; and, as on other days, tea for supper." This she called "a shadow of a fast." Others have been led for weeks and months together, to practice daily abstinence,



both in the quality and quantity of the food, for Jesus' sake. Call it not fanaticism, for God has shown his marked approval of such a course, by its soul-gathering results.

In the Scriptures, there are given repeated instances of protracted fasting and abstinence. Moses and Elijah each fasted forty days, you remember, as well as their divine Ruler. Think you that the first salutation of the Israelites, when Moses came down from the mountain, was a hue and cry about his rashness and fanaticism, in remaining so long upon Sinai without food? Did they refuse his teachings because he was demented? It was said of him, whose meat was locusts and wild honey, that he had a *devil*; yet his mightier Master approved him notwithstanding.

Then let us, fellow-pilgrims, beware, lest our table become a snare to us; beware, lest God's bounteous gifts cause us to enwrap ourselves in the mantle of ease, sitting down by our cozy fire-sides, or riding forth in luxurious carriages, forgetful of the suffering cause of Him, who wearily trod upon foot Judea's hills and plains—oft-times an hungered, and without "whereon to lay his head." Let us beware, lest the *woe pronounced upon those who are at ease in Zion*, fall upon us; and, ere we withhold our physical strength from God, reflect upon these words: *If any man come to me, and hate not father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.*

#### WHO ARE THIEVES—WHO NOT.

"Basest and meanest of all sins is theft."

"God give us men. A time like this demands  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie."

WHAT says our blessed Lord? "Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites, who devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore, ye shall receive the greater damnation."

Look at another case of theft, if possible, still more aggravating. An active member in a professedly evangeli-

cal church, borrowed a thousand dollars in gold, a widow's dowry, to support her declining years; and not long after this money was secured, the borrower (a wolf in sheep's clothing!) placed the whole of his property in a position so as to prevent the poor widow from ever being able to collect a farthing of her money. Nor is this a solitary instance of barefaced iniquity in the same individual, who is living in a house richly furnished!

"Let righteous law, for public good designed,  
Chain up these wolves and tigers of mankind:  
They have themselves no right to such employ,  
To live like vultures—only to destroy."

Any one jewing another for the sake of obtaining an article for less than its real value, (when able, at the same time, to pay the full price,) is a thief. A faithful minister of the Gospel, who keeps a boarding-house to sustain his family, informed us, a short time since, that a church-member, professing great sanctity, had defrauded him out of some hundreds of dollars, by jewing and screwing him down every year in the price of board! And this same jewer and screwer is in affluent circumstances, wealthy—money enough and to spare.

"Gold banished honor from the mind,  
And only left the name behind."

"O man of God, flee these things."

Other boarders steal away from this beloved minister, and never pay their board-bill at all! *Stop the thief! Stop the thief!*

"He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

A person that is dishonest in little things, is he truly honest at heart in anything? A man that will cheat you out of a sixpence, will he not as readily cheat you out of a dollar, ten dollars, or a hundred, if a suitable opportunity offer? How frequently are post-office frauds. Some seem to suppose there is no harm in cheating the Government out of a little postage. Very many in office frank letters and other articles, which they have no right. If our mail-bags had the gift of speech, how frequently would they cry out, "*Thief! thief!*" being burdened.

Smuggling is another species of theft.

How often editors and publishers are defrauded out of their hard-earned labors by seared consciences at a distance, that refuse or neglect to pay their subscriptions! Very many conceal little mistakes in their favor in reckoning or making change. If a conductor in the cars, or a stage-driver, in collecting the fare due from passengers, overlooks one, does the person thus overlooked or passed by come forward voluntarily and pay the amount due? If not, he is a thief!

Some persons are guilty of retaining lost articles without advertising them or giving public notice. Are not such persons thieves at heart? How many poor seamstresses and washerwomen are cheated out of their hard-earned pittance by landsharks, or screwed down in their wages to starvation!

Every one employing another in any service, in the domestic circle, on the farm, in the mechanic-shop, on the cotton or sugar plantation, in rice-swamps, without punctual and ample remuneration for services rendered, is a thief, a barefaced thief!

"Woe to them . . . that turn aside the needy from judgment, to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless."  
—Isaiah x, 1, 2.

"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten.—Your gold and silver is cankered: and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. . . Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them who have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."—Jam. v, 1-4.

"Just God! and these are they  
Who minister at thine altar, God of right!  
Men who their hands, with prayer and blessing lay,  
On Israel's Ark of light!

"Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
Of those high words of truth, which search and burn  
In warning and rebuke."

—"The Sword that Cuts," etc.

## WORDS OF WARNING.

BY MRS. BETSY BEARDSLY.

My soul burns with an intense desire for the salvation of the church and the world. But I see many hindrances to this great work, that might be removed. If every professor of religion would come out from the world and touch not and taste not that which the spirit of God forbids, and would wholly follow Jesus and be a Bible Christian, the world would be converted. When my soul was converted some forty years ago, at the age of nineteen, I came out from the company of a large society of giddy young people, and I would not go, nor had I any desire to go, to their parties or gatherings. From that time to this I have had no love or appetite for them. Since I was converted, I can say in truth, the things I once loved, now I hate, and I have fled from them as I would from the poisonous serpent of sin, and I have hated them with perfect hatred ever since. I know I cannot go into the devil's fires and not be burned, for "the form of the Fourth like unto the Son of God" would not be there in the midst of them to save, but to reprove and condemn. It is a great mystery to me how it is that some professors of religion, if created anew in Christ Jesus, can love and join with the world in their gatherings. For instance, these secret societies, fairs, festivals, oyster suppers, foolish fashions, and many other things that do not promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls. There are some things connected with the Sabbath School gatherings that are not bringing up children (as the Bible recommends) in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Christians are commanded in the Bible that whatever they do in word or deed to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. Again, whether we eat, or drink, or whatever we do, to do it to the glory of God.

"Were half the time that is vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplications sent,  
Our cheerful songs would oftener be—  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

If we are truly changed from nature

to grace, and from sin to holiness, we shall love this straight and narrow way above all others, because it is God's way. Jesus says; "I am the way, the truth and the life. My sheep hear my voice and they follow me; strangers they will not follow." How much has been done to save a world of sinners lost!

The church to-day is dripping with the blood of souls. Oh, I warn you in the name of Jesus to come out from among them, and put on your white robes, and get ready for the judgment, and clear your garments from the blood of souls, and hate the garment spotted by the flesh. Oh, may we keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

I say all this in love to souls.

### BEARING THE CROSS.

BY REV. F. H. WHEELER.

WHY should we shrink to bear the cross for Him who bore the cross for all? Why should we repine at our "light afflictions," which "are but for a moment, and shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," since these are nothing to the sorrow Jesus bore for us? Oh! let us not forget, as we tread the path of pain, that its keenest thorns were woven into a chaplet for His bleeding brows; and that He, for our sakes, became "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"—despised and rejected of men. When the church bell sounds the call to prayer, we complain of the distance to the place where He deigns to meet us. Let us remember that He came all the way from Paradise to save our souls from death. We shrink from "bearing the cross," when called upon to speak His praises before our fellow-men; but He bore a heavier cross up Calvary's side for us. We say the seats are rough and hard. Not half so rough as the rude tree on which He hung, till anguish found relief in death. There were no pillows there to rest His dying head—no cushions to relieve His tortured limbs. Oh! may we never, never cease to love and serve with all

our hearts that blessed Master who, to save us from the pangs of everlasting death, and unlock the gates of heaven to our ransomed spirits, exchanged a kingly coronet for a crown of thorns, and a throne in glory for the racking cross.

*Pioneer, Ohio.*

**MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.**—Persevere against discouragements.—Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and every thing with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions, remember the final account.

**SIMILITUDES.**—1. Lettuce and pepper-grass grow in a single month, but the oak requires centuries.—*Valuable possessions are of slow growth.*

2. The south wind is no substitute for the sun; when he is beyond the equator, it will be winter.—*Human associations without the gospel.*

3. When the ground is breaking up in the spring it will be muddy. Nevertheless, the mud is to be charged to the account not of the present warmth, but of the past cold.—*Evils attending re-formations.*

4. The faintest streak of dawn will be followed by the full day.—*Grace in the soul.*

5. All hills at a distance look blue and romantic.—*Imaginary fields of labor.*

6. A bag of wind may be mistaken for a sack of corn till it is lifted or opened.—*Vain show.*



## A SINNER SAVED.

BY MISS ANN QUADE.

FROM my earliest recollection, I had religious training. When I was very young, I was taught to say the Lord's prayer, and was always blessed with a great many religious privileges. I always attended meetings and Sabbath School; but still I was a great sinner. At times I was deeply convicted, and knew that I ought to repent of my sins. About nine years ago, while attending a protracted meeting in Youngstown, N. Y., I was persuaded to seek the salvation of my soul. I went forward for prayers, and I prayed earnestly for myself, and I know that I received pardon for my sins; for the light shone in my heart as it never had before. I did not walk in the light, and it became darkness; and how great was that darkness. From that time, I went on in sin at a rapid rate. I rejected the offers of mercy, and the many prayers that were offered in my behalf only seemed to make me worse. How many times the minister of God plead with me to seek the Lord! and I had many friends among the people of God, who always manifested a deep interest in my welfare, but all to no purpose. I saw so many faults in professors of religion and knew so much that I thought was not consistent with a Christian life, that I made up my mind that if I was lost I would have plenty of company, for I really thought I was as good as the most of them. I took pleasure in ridiculing religion, and would attend every revival that I could get to, just for the purpose of scoffing and ridiculing what the converts would say, besides making sport of what the ministers and members would say. My father and mother would entreat me to either stay at home or stop talking so; but the more they would say, the worse I would talk. I thought there were some good people among them, but, I would say, they only *happened* to be a little better than the generality of professors. I would listen to the minister's preaching, and would go home and say it was all a mess of

nonsense. Part of the Bible I believed, and part of it I very much doubted. Thus I went on; but God in mercy saw fit to spare my life, and I can testify to the world, that there is power in Jesus' blood to cleanse the vilest sinner; and now I fear no condemnation, for my Father's wrath is o'er. I left home in May, 1867, and came to Ohio. The first Sabbath after I arrived here, I attended a Free Methodist meeting in the village of Manhattan,—listened to a sermon preached by Rev. L. F. Frink. After the sermon there was an opportunity given for testimonies. I listened to several, but they were all strangers to me. Among the rest, my cousin arose and told what the Lord had done for him. I had long known him when a sinner; and when I saw what a change God had wrought in him, it sent an arrow of conviction to my heart. I thought if God could work such a change in his heart, that there was hopes for me; and from that hour I had no rest until I sought and found my Saviour. In June, I attended a Camp-meeting in Lenawee County, Michigan. I had not the least idea of getting religion; but still I felt very anxious to go, and went merely as an idle spectator. I met with several with whom I was acquainted. They all urged me to seek the salvation of my soul. On Saturday evening, sister Frink insisted upon my going forward, with some others. She said that I was keeping others back by not going. That made me angry, and I told her that I had been accused of that enough when at home, and did not want to be accused of it here. I left her and went and sat near the ministers' stand. I was deeply convicted, but would not go forward for prayers. On Sunday morning, I went into the Manhattan tent; and as they were going to have prayers, I went behind the curtain and laid down on the bed. I heard my cousin praying for me. Sister Frink wanted me to go and kneel down, but I would not. I threw my handkerchief over my face, so that no person could see me. The feelings that I had then, I never want to have again. After prayers, I left the tent as quick as possible. In

the afternoon, I was persuaded to go in the same tent to prayer-meeting. I knelt down for the first time in eight years in a meeting. I did not kneel down because I wanted religion; but thought it would do me no harm. I did not want any person to think that I wanted to get religion. I thought I would like to have it if somebody would get it for me. Brother Frink talked to me, but I had very little feelings on the subject. He asked me if I wanted religion. I told him I supposed every body wanted it. I thought if I could only get home I would not care for religion or anything else. After prayers my cousin came to me, and asked me if I would go forward that evening; and before I had time to think that I would not go, I said yes. When meeting commenced, I sat in front of the pulpit; and, when the invitation was given for sinners to go forward for prayer, I arose and went and knelt down, and was soon engaged in earnest prayer. I had thought before I knelt down that I never could pray; but I soon found that as soon as I was willing to help myself, the Lord was waiting to help me; and as

"Soon as my all I ventured,  
On the atoning blood,  
The Holy Spirit entered,  
And I was born of God."

Oh! how the light broke into my heart; And now the Spirit beareth witness with my spirit that I am a child of God. Although I found my Saviour in a strange land, and far from home, I feel that he is very precious to me. He has taken care of me in sickness and in health; led me through temptations and trials; and my prayer is, that I may be wholly given up to do the will of God, and to be led by his Spirit.

To those who were my companions in sin, I would say: Seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near; for the time may come when he will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh. I know to-day that my Redeemer liveth; and if my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

## RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

C. C. ARMSTRONG.

I PRAISE God that he ever had mercy on me, and spoke peace to my soul. After twenty-four years in sin and transgression against the laws of God and ridiculing religion, and even denying Jesus to be the Son of God, and talking so that wicked men would tremble; using profane language and indulging in all kinds of sin that a young man could indulge in, yet God in mercy lengthened out the day of my probation. One year ago last December, he saw fit to send a Free Methodist preacher to our town, and I was drawn to go to meeting for the purpose of scoffing at the professors. One evening my uncle came to me and spoke on the subject of religion. I gave him a short answer, and then began to think about it. The next night, my younger brother, one that I thought a good deal of, went forward to the mourners' bench; and of course, the devil was mad. The next night was the 24th of December, and I had promised to go to a ball. When night came, I started, but before I got there something seemed to draw my mind toward the meeting. So I turned my horse around, and, before I thought, I was at the school house, where the meeting was held. I went in, and there was a young man came in who was going with me to the ball. Rev. L. F. Frink preached, after which sister Frink exhorted; then there were some testimonies given, and among the rest who testified was my brother. The moment he arose, I was struck with conviction. An invitation was given for sinners to arise for prayers. With a trembling frame I arose to my feet, and fell back on my seat, took my hat and left the room and went to the ball. I shall never forget that night. The Spirit of the Lord strove with me so that I could not dance until after 12 o'clock, when I drank very freely of intoxicating spirits, and drowned my feelings somewhat. When I got home the next day, I went to bed to sleep off the effects of the liquor. My Mother came to my bed-side and looked at me and said,

"Oh! my God; has he been drinking again?" and she asked God to have mercy on me. It awakened in me all the thoughts of the past night. In the afternoon, brother and sister Frink and some of our friends came to our house and had prayers. God's spirit strove with me, I plunged into all kinds of sin, and my poor soul was very dreary. The prayers of Christian friends and of my parents were ever ringing in my ears; but still I kept going on deeper in sin, until the 11th of January. Sister Frink came to me for the first time, and plead with me to give my heart to God, but I would not yield. The next night, my father came to me, and as he took me by the hand, he said, "Charles, I very much fear for your soul." It broke me down, and something seemed to tell me that it would be my last call. The next moment, I was on my knees at the mourners' bench. I would not come to God's terms, but I wanted a way of my own. I saw first that there was a great deal to be done on my part, a great deal of giving up to be done; and so I did not get blessed. Then Satan came in, and said there was no use for me to try to get religion. But some four days after that, while in the barn, I dropped on my knees and said, Lord in thine way; and the blessing came, praise the Lord! I knew when I entered in at the strait gate, and how I praise him for the way that he has led me ever since. He has showed me that he had power to heal the sick by the answering of prayer.

Just before the Coldwater Camp-meeting, last summer, I was taken sick, and thought it would be best not to go. My cousin told me that if I would go and pray, that the Lord might cure me. After I got there, I was taken sick with a fever. I was very sick in body, but happy in my soul, bless God! My cousin went out, and prayed to the Lord that if it was his will, to raise me, that I could tell of his power to the world. It seemed to me that something told me to arise and go out to the meeting. I made the effort and asked God to help me. The fever left me,

and in a quarter of an hour, I was out in front of one of the tents praying for a soul who was seeking religion. Then the Lord told me that I must testify of his power to cure the sick; but Satan tempted me, and told me that I did not know whether it was so or not, and that I had better wait awhile until I should see. So I yielded to temptation, and started back to the tent, and darkness came into my soul, and the fever returned worse than ever. Prayer was offered in my behalf again, and I promised the Lord that I would testify to it, and the fever passed off again. I went to the pulpit, and as Brother Roberts was about to dismiss the meeting, I asked permission to speak, and I testified that God had raised me from a sick bed; and then the light came into my soul. I have been well ever since, praise the Lord! I can tell it to the world, and God blesses me in so doing, and with God's help I shall testify to it while I live, glory to God! I am enjoying that perfect love that casteth out fear. I feel that in Jesus 'tis sweet to abide, and by the help of the Lord I am trying to do the will of my Master, by telling to my old companions that there is power in Jesus' blood to change the vilest from all sin. It cleanseth me. Glory to God! I am willing to be led by the Spirit of the Lord, and with his help I am going through.

*Manhattan, Ohio.*

### THE NARROW WAY.

BY MRS. MARY H. LEONARD.

"STRAIT is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." This is the saying of Jesus. Glory be to Jesus for the way that leads from earthly scenes to celestial joys beyond the river.—By faith I stand and gaze at the glorified spirits who are singing and praising our blessed Jesus, who, like the form of the Fourth, is continually in their midst.

O the narrow way that leads to life eternal! It is not for a day, or for any limited time, but for ever and ever,



that those who have closely walked in the narrow way shall reign as kings and priests to God, in the Eden of love.—Yes, love and joy shall be the glorious theme of the inhabitants of that country.

O the way is so delightful,  
In the service of the Lord.  
O the way is so delightful. Hallelujah.

But the way is so narrow that few will be able to find it. Not the great multitude, but the few who in modest attire sit meekly at the feet of Jesus and learn of him, and are willing to become as little children. Enter in at the strait gate. How little do those professed followers of Jesus think of the straitness of the way, who desire to take their gaudy attire or unholy lives with them into glory—but they will not be able. For “many I say unto you will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.” Again he saith, “Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Not every one who professes the name of Christ will be admitted through the pearly gates into the New Jerusalem; but he that doeth the will of God. O dear friends, let us one and all take heed to our ways, lest we come short of the rest which remaineth for the people of God. The way is too narrow, and the gate is too strait to take idols with you. Praise God for the narrow way. The word of God says of the saved: “These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” They were not carried on flowery beds of ease, but went by the way of the cross—the narrow way. Believer, take fresh courage. The way may be rugged, but if faithful, your end will be triumphant. O what a glorious hope is ours! We shall leave these clayey tenements, and mount as on eagle’s wings, and soar away, and be forever at rest with our Lord, with the glorified millions who are around the throne of God, singing and praising God in loud hallelujahs. Praise the Lord, and again I say, praise his name.

Tonawanda, N. Y.

## GEMS.

FURNISHED BY A. A. PHELPS.

WHEN sin is hell, Christ is heaven.

PRESUMPTION abuses Christ; despair refuses him.

CHRIST made himself like us, that he might make us like himself.

BETTER is a melancholy saint, than a mad sinner.

IF sin does not taste bitter, Christ cannot taste sweet.

CHRIST was the great promise of the Old Testament; the Spirit is the great promise of the New.

CHRIST by his death appeared to be the son of man; but by his resurrection he appeared to be the Son of God.

THE blood of Christ upon the heart is the greatest blessing—upon the head it is the greatest curse.

THE love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit.

A CHRISTIAN is neither afraid of dying or living: he desires to go to heaven to see Christ, yet he is willing to stay upon earth to serve Christ.

Christ's Blood	} is the soul's	Ransom.
Christ's Spirit		Comforter.
Christ's Word		Food.
Christ's Supper		Feast.
Christ's Day		Market-day.

How essential is God's presence both to our being and our well-being! If he deny us his powerful presence, we fall into nothing; if he deny us his gracious presence, we fall into sin; if he deny us his merciful presence, we fall into hell.

WHAT though the streams of creature comforts run low with thee, so thou hast the more from the spring's head? There is more comfort in one drop that distills immediately from God, than from ten thousand rivers that flow from creature delights.

## Editorial.

### "The Debt Paid."

It is impossible to attach too much importance to the doctrine of the atonement. The truth that "Christ died for our sins" is the great central fact of Christianity. Through Him alone is forgiveness found. There is no other name by which we can be saved. Philosophy is powerless to supply the wants of the soul. Churches are worthless only as they point to Jesus. He who bases his hope of salvation upon anything but Christ, as the propitiation for our sins, is building upon the sand. And we are justified fully by the grace of God. We can absolutely do nothing to merit pardon.

But there is a way of stating this fact, becoming quite common, which tends to mislead. Sin is represented as a debt, and Christ as the kind friend who has stepped in and paid the debt for us. To have the comforts of salvation, all that is necessary for us is to believe that the debt is paid. This is the substance of the representation as made in tracts, and sermons, and exhortations, and spiritual songs:

"Nothing, either great or small,  
Remains for me to do;  
Jesus died and paid it all,  
All the debt I owe."

The objection to all this is, that it is not true. The Bible nowhere asserts any such thing. The logical result of this teaching is universal, unconditional salvation. If my debts are paid, then I am no longer responsible for them. No matter if a friend did pay them. The creditor has no further claim upon me. His claim has been fully satisfied. I may not know the fact. My ignorance of it may be the source of uneasiness, but it does not alter the fact. The creditor, if honest, will never think of demanding, much less enforcing, payment again. In reality, I am free, though I may not know it. But this is not the Scriptural view of the condition of the sinner.—  
"The wrath of God abideth upon him."  
"He is condemned already."

For the removal of this load of guilt it is necessary that he should do something. Hence men awakened under the preaching

of the Apostles cried out "*Men and brethren, what must we do?*" They were told to repent. "*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*" Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out. *The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth He all men everywhere to repent.*"

It is a great mistake to suppose that because salvation is free it is unconditional. A thing may be free, and yet to enjoy it we must comply with conditions. A father had a son addicted to the use of strong drink. He told his son that if he would quit drinking he would give him a farm. He need not pay a single dollar. Yet there was the imperative condition. The condition did not affect the freeness of the gift. The Government offers every family who will settle upon it a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres. Yet those who do not meet the conditions do not have the farm any more than if the law had never been enacted. But this condition does not do away with the Free Homestead law, but in reality gives it effect. Some avail themselves of the advantageous offer, and endure hardships for a season, but in a few years possess comfortable homes. Others pay no attention to the offer. But the Government is just as liberal as if they did. Those who reject the offer sustain the loss. So, salvation is FREE, but CONDITIONAL. It is of grace, but through repentance and faith. To lead a sinner to believe that his sins are forgiven before he truly and sincerely repents, is to lead him into a fatal delusion. The debt is not paid. His believing that it is, does not make it so. Belief pre-supposes something as the object of belief. It credits a fact, but does not create it. If I truly repent of my sins and confess them, God forgives my sins. How do I know it? Because He assures us of it in His word. I honor his word. I rely upon it. He sends his Spirit to my heart to witness with my spirit that my sins are pardoned. I can now look up with confidence, and cry Abba, Father.

Let us be careful in our teaching, and hold fast the form of sound words, lest while one soul be benefited, thousands be led astray.

### A Worthy Example.

Few persons possessed of property seem to feel obliged to use it for the glory of God. They spend thousands for pride and self-indulgence, but devote as little as possible to the real work of God. Many lose their own souls through covetousness, and die and leave their property to their children, who lose their souls in spending it. Occasionally one can be found, who, in obedience to the Saviour's command, will not lay up treasures on earth that he may lay up treasures in heaven. We love to record such examples. Would they might be multiplied!

During our recent visit to New York, we found sister Jane Dunning, formerly of Binghamton, with three assistants, successfully prosecuting most laborious and important missionary efforts. Their field of labor is among the poor, but more especially the sick and dying of the large colored population of New York City. These they hunt up in the garrets and cellars. They minister to their physical and spiritual welfare as they are able, and as the necessities of each case demand. They distribute fuel, clothes and food. They read the Bible to them, pray with them, and do all they can to bring them to Him who says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." They witness many joyful conversions, and to many a weary, disheartened sufferer their visits are like those of ministering angels.

How are they able to employ all their time in this arduous work, so like that of the Divine Master when He was upon earth? I will tell you.

There is, in that great encampment of Mammon, a physician, Dr. G. A. Sabine, whose heart the Lord has opened. He may have means; but we have never seen his name in the papers among the rich ones of the city. He follows his profession and devotes his entire income, as we understand, to doing good to his fellow-men. He pays these four sisters in the aggregate one hundred and seventy dollars a month for their own support. Besides these, he employs missionaries in two other cities. Sister

Dunning says that whenever she raises anything for the mission, it is his custom to put as much more with it and give it back to her for the relief of the poor. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. *But he is laboring to save souls, and so he has chosen these self-denying, earnest laborers, though they are members of the Free Methodist Church.* He could not do better. They know the way to the Cross, and how to lead souls there.

Brother, may you not profit by this example? If your income is not sufficient to enable you to employ even one missionary, can you not join with others in doing it? The fields are white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few. Some have the adaptation to the work, but no man has sent them. Thousands are perishing for want of the Gospel in its purity; will you not give it to as many as you can in person, and through the labors of others? When you get near to God in prayer, and your heart is affected with a clear view of the sad condition of souls, let the inquiry be made, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

### Deep Conviction.

Why should a person be thought to be deranged when he is deeply convicted of sin? What if the world looks so utterly worthless that he cannot attend to the ordinary business of life? Suppose that even the appetite for food and all relish for worldly pleasure is taken away? Do not the circumstances of the case warrant these deep emotions? He sees his sins in such a dreadful light that it does not seem that any punishment can be too severe. Hell stands uncovered before him as a dreadful reality. The unutterable, unending torments of the damned are seen with awful vividness, by his spirit eyes. He now knows that he is every moment in danger of dropping into hell, from which there is no escape. He should be greatly alarmed. It is hardly possible that he should feel too deeply. The Bible fully countenances this deep concern. Men ought to be moved. Sin ought to trouble them. Says the royal Psalmist: *O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. For*



*thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore. There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger ; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin. For mine iniquities are gone over mine head: as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me. I am troubled ; I am bowed down greatly ; I go mourning all the day long.*

Then do not be concerned because you yourself, or any of your friends, are alarmed on account of sin. You need not send for the doctor. He cannot minister to a mind diseased. But Jesus can. Call on Him for help as soon as possible. *He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.*—Heb. vii., 25. Neither change of air nor change of location is necessary. Simple, child-like reliance upon the great atonement is all that is needed. Jesus loves to undertake such cases. None can be too bad for him. *Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.* Those who see themselves to be the greatest sinners are likely to become the greatest saints. The ball that strikes the earth the hardest, bounds the highest. He who humbles himself most deeply before God, by confessing his utter sinfulness and helplessness, shall be exalted the highest in the enjoyment of sensible manifestations of the Divine favor. Christ came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. However great the distress for sin, the deliverance will be equally as great.

It is a sad thing that cases of conviction are so rare that when they do really occur, even professors of religion are apt to ascribe them to mental derangement or bodily disease.

### ♦ ♦ ♦ Your Names.

It is of no use to send us articles without giving your names. When we publish your experience we want you to feel committed before the whole world to live up to all you profess. Others have a right to notice whether you follow the advice you give them through our pages. *Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering.* But what profession do you make when you hide behind an assumed name? Come out boldly for Jesus.

### In Order.

It is always in order to save souls. No matter whether you have a license or not, if you can get souls saved, go to work and follow it up with holy perseverance. Neither is it of any consequence whether your meetings are held in a church or a school-house, a dwelling or a barn, or the woods. A large congregation is not needed to save souls. You have a right to expect Jesus where only two or three are met in his name.

One of the most interesting meetings we held the past winter was about four miles from Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y. A brother, Charles Howe, an exhorter, went out into an utterly irreligious neighborhood to hold meetings. For two or three miles not a single professor of religion could be found. Nor were the people accustomed to attend meetings anywhere. The Sabbath was spent in visiting, playing cards, drinking and swearing. A professor of religion could hardly pass along the street without being insulted. Bro. Howe did not pretend to preach. He never took a text. He sung and prayed and told his experience, and exhorted. In the second meeting which he held last summer, God gave him one soul. The interest kept increasing. This winter he held a protracted meeting. *As soon as one was converted, he went to work for others.* Such a revival took place as we have seldom witnessed. Nearly everybody in the neighborhood was saved. *In ten families living along in order on one street, the parents and children were all converted.* Not a single one living in these families but professed to have passed from death unto life during these meetings. We organized a class of seventeen members, in which number were seven husbands and their wives.

This brother, whose labors have been so signally blessed, is a man of ordinary abilities—he puts on no airs, makes no pretensions. But he is thoroughly in earnest in trying to get souls saved. He follows the business of a cartman for a living.

Who will follow this example? Go into irreligious communities in the Spirit of Jesus, and lift up the standard of the cross, and God will bless you and your labors.

### Meetings in New York.

THE 14th of March we took the Broad Gauge cars, and in due time were landed in the great metropolis. We remained over two Sabbaths, and preached nine times to attentive congregations. The Lord is with the little band of pilgrims with whom we met, saving souls among them. Some, we trust, were converted, and some sanctified during our visit. The meetings were interesting, lively and profitable. The members are united in love, and walking in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, and the Lord is adding to their numbers, of such, we trust, as shall be eternally saved. We never saw the society in a more prosperous condition. They greatly need a church edifice. A Free Church, centrally located, so as to reach the masses, would do an untold amount of good.

#### MEETING AT THE COLORED HOME.

On Wednesday afternoon we attended a meeting at the Colored Home, on Sixty-fifth street. This is a large, charitable asylum for destitute colored people, where they are temporarily provided for. Bro. Mackey holds a meeting there once a week. It is an interesting field, and the Lord is enabling him to do a good work there. We found it a free place in which to preach; the singing was in the spirit, such as you find among the colored people who enjoy religion. A number came forward to seek the Lord, and we all felt that it was good to be there. A number of clear testimonies of the power of Christ to save were given—two from persons over one hundred years old.

### Thomas Hannah.

About forty years ago he came from the north of Ireland to this country. By the blessing of God upon his industry, he acquired a competence. About a year ago he retired from business, got nicely settled in a pleasant home, and was taken away. He was an earnest, upright, conscientious Christian. No earthly consideration could swerve him from the right. Soon after he had given a large amount to build a new M. E. Church, the issue on vital godliness arose. He took his position with the spirit-

ual ones, and suffered in consequence.

He enjoyed the confidence of community as an earnest, upright, conscientious Christian.

His death was joyful and triumphant.—His dying words to his children can never be forgotten. He urged them to be humble, plain, self-denying followers of Jesus. He died at his home in Caledonia, where he resided but a short time. There was no church of his choice at that place, but he attended the Presbyterian meetings, was welcomed among them, and by his earnest prayers and exhortations, and his godly life, a most excellent impression was made upon the community.

His family deeply miss him. We miss him in our school enterprise, for he stood by us faithfully, when help was greatly needed. Reader, live so that you will be missed when you are taken away.

### National Christian Convention Against Secret Societies.

A national convention of Christians opposed to secret societies will be held in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of May next, commencing at 7 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday. All who are included in the call are invited to attend.

Members of the national committee, empowered to do so, have conferred with the following gentlemen, who have promised to submit prepared papers to the convention on the following topics, viz.:

- 1.—Action of the secret orders on social relations—President J. H. Fairchild, Oberlin, Ohio.
- 2.—Action of the secret orders on Christian civilization—Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senate.
- 3.—The secret orders a religion—President J. Blanchard, Wheaton College, Ill.

Further arrangements will be announced in due time by the national and local committees.

J. BLANCHARD,

Chairman National Committee.

This is an important meeting. We want all the saints to pray that the special blessing of God may attend these efforts to arrest one of the most gigantic evils of the day.—*Ed. E. C.*

## Plain Words from Meadville.

Why do we have so many religious meetings in which there is no special work done? Is there not a cause? Is it God's order that we should go and come, week after week, and no special victory gained? Shall we say that God is not "able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we either ask or think?" Are we not guilty, as were the children of Israel when they "limited the power of the Holy One of Israel?" and, as an unfailing consequence, there came leanness in their souls." "Oh! thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? Are these his doings? Do not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly?"—The Apostle says; "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Jesus saith unto the woman, But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. Mark that language, "seeketh such." Who? Why, those that worship Him "in spirit and in truth." Not after the order of men—not in this mountain—nor in Jerusalem—not this way or that way—but "in spirit and in truth."

Putting these two passages together, we see that without the "Spirit" all is vain; and where he is straitened there is no liberty. Whence comes this superior knowledge, that in these days is exercised by the Church?—to have a uniform method of opening, closing and conducting religious meetings. Does the wind always blow in the same direction, or as it listeth? So is every one that is born of the Spirit. Who hath directed the Spirit? Who is His counsellor? Whence comes this superior spiritual understanding as to *who* is to pray, speak or sing? or to limit these exercises to thirty seconds, a few words, and only upon certain points? No wonder many are lean and weak. And yet in many of our meetings in these days, one must be willing to be called "out of order." I am no advocate for long and dry speeches, but I never yet heard a Holy Ghost exhortation—such a one that shakes hell's hosts—stirs formalism—moves sinners—awakens sleeping professors, and feeds Christ's

children—that was out of season, or too long. Who ever knew Jesus to lead one of his little ones astray? The common prayer is, "Send us a pentacostal season;" but with all the modern improvements.—For let him who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and fire, come and set some of his children on fire, consume the sacrifice, fill the soul with rejoicing—some Mary or Hannah or Elizabeth cry out as old, what a sudden collapse occurs. The doxology is sung—the quiet and harmony of the cemetery secured—the stone rolled back again to Lazarus' grave—the dry bones, which began to move, placed back again—the devil pleased—the Spirit grieved—and sheep and lambs turned out into the road for pasture. And yet we wonder why is it that we do not have the "old-fashioned times."

Again, is there definiteness enough in our labors? Where is that persevering prayer, that struggle of soul that waits and travails until the spiritual birth occurs? People are urged to go forward, and then believe. No breaking down, no confession, no mourning, no renouncing of self, the world, nothing, only "believe." Repentance, deep and thorough, which must always precede *the possibility of believing*, is not held up, and pressed upon the seeking souls. They come through; but through what? Why conviction not through the "strait gate." No joy, no glory, no triumph. Ah! there must be digging and getting to the rock, before we can build up our hopes of heaven upon the chief corner stone. This is a fast age—telegraphic work—wonderful labor-saving machines—religion made easy—patent bedsteads for sin sick souls—"soothing syrup" for sickly children. But the way to Jesus is the same as it was two thousand years ago. "*Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple. God does not remove us from them; but we must forsake them.*" We must *give up*: work out our own salvation. No hired help. No, no. Take hold of the gospel plough. Break up the ground. Sow in righteousness. Work and toil. Obey God. Keep free. Rejoice in tribulation; rest in conflict; ease in pain; joy in tears; and the end eternal



life. Oh! God, for Jesus sake, save us in this our trying hour. Does not religion make a change in us? Is not pride to be laid aside—peevishness, anger, worldly conformity—the leeks and onions, cucumbers, flesh-pots, etc., and the soul to enjoy heavenly manna, and enjoy God?

Praise God for the joys of His salvation.

S. K. J. CHESBROUGH.

### REVIVALS.

RANSOMVILLE, N. Y.—The Lord is at work on this charge. About twenty profess to have found the Lord in the forgiveness of sins; others are still seeking. The work of holiness is also being revived here—the old Bible kind, that changes its subjects so that their friends scarcely know them. Members of different denominations crowd the altar, alike eager to find the King's *high* way of holiness. In these meetings, when we go straight for God in all things, great and small, and insist that all who would obtain or retain his favor must do so, his gracious presence is manifested. If we deviate at all, or in the least, we are left to ourselves. God has raised us up to promote an unadulterated Christianity. Oh, that we may be ever true to our mission.

A. F. CURRY.

BUSHNELL'S BASIN.—The good Lord has not forsaken us on Bushnell's Basin charge; but glory to his holy name, he has visited us in mercy and saving power. Quite a goodly number on each end of our circuit have found salvation. Some would have counted up more than half a hundred; but we leave counting to the Judge of all the earth, who knows how many have passed from death unto life, and will overcome at last and be found among the blood-washed. But we know that a goodly number have actually found pardon, and I hope and pray that they all may now go on unto perfection. How anxious I am that all God's justified ones should hold on by faith and earnest prayer till they feel the all-cleansing blood applied and the divine impress on their entire being. Glory to God, I feel the sacred fire in my own soul while I write, and we will give all the glory to God for what he

has done on the charge and in our own souls.

J. OLNEY.

AMBOY, ILL.—On the third week in January the Lord sent me out some seven miles west of this place to try in his name to hold a series of meetings. He went with me. The work broke out. I held the meeting about five weeks. The result is some eighty or ninety conversions, with those that were reclaimed from a backslidden state. The Lord is opening blind eyes, and unstopping ears. The Lord helps me to pour the red hot bolts of his truth into the ranks of the enemy, and I am going to do it, the Lord being my helper. The old Jerusalem blade cuts both ways. Praise His name. I feel the fire burn in my soul while I write.

### DYING TESTIMONY.

CATHARINE HUTCHINGS died at the residence of her son, Andrew Hutchings, in Virgil, Cortland Co., New York, Oct. 31st, 1867; aged seventy-eight years and two months.

Her maiden name was Phebe, and her native place Esopus, Ulster, County, N. Y. She was married to John C. Hutchings, Sept. 2d, 1815; and removed to Virgil, which was then a wilderness, Sept., 1816.

About fifty-one years ago, she and her husband were converted to God: and, with a few others, formed into a class in the M. E. Church. Fifteen years ago, last fall, both of them experienced the blessing of holiness. From that time she steadily gave evidence of the joy which the perfect love of God alone can inspire.

On account of the departure of the M. E. Church from its primitive purity and power, she, with twelve other members of the old church, united with the Free Methodist Class, organized in McGrawville, April 16th, 1867, by Rev. D. W. Thurston.

During the past summer, she seemed to be ripening very rapidly for heaven. Her last public testimony will never be forgotten by those who heard it. With a countenance radiant with glory she spoke of the prospect of ere long greeting on the other shore loved ones who had preceded her; among whom were two children, and a hus-

band who died thirteen years ago. But, said she, "The best of all is, I shall see Jesus."

The last time we heard her pray, she plead very fervently that all her children might be kept in the narrow way; and all of them, with all her grand-children, be finally saved.

Precious mother: may her prayers be still answered, though *she* rests from her labors."

The above memoir of Sister Hutchings was handed me to be forwarded to the office of the *Earnest Christian* by her daughter, Mrs. Lucretia H. Phelps, of McGrawville, a daughter well worthy of such a mother.

I will simply add that the Hutchings family—the parents and four children, two sons and two daughters—have long been distinguished for their devotion to God and his people; as not a few of the preachers of the Oneida Annual Conference of the M. E. Church can testify. Those who are gone before, and those who are now following after, have all been ornaments of the Church of Christ; and who can doubt that they will form an unbroken family in heaven?

ELIAS BOWEN.

*Cortland, March 17th, 1868.*

DAVID GREEN died in Lincoln, Isabella Co., Michigan, Sept. 5, 1867, aged 74 years and 27 days.

Father Green was converted at the age of 38, and united with the Baptist Church, in which communion he remained five years. This was in Seneca county, N. Y. Thence he moved into Northern Ohio. Not finding a church of his choice, he remained out of all organized fellowship with Christians till 1860. Having moved to Hillsdale Co., Michigan, he and his companion united with the Wesleyans. Moving, again, in 1863, to this place, and there being no Wesleyans here, he united with the Free Methodists. From this he was transferred to the Church triumphant. In the midst of the great sufferings he endured the last year of his life, he often exclaimed, "This is nothing compared with what Jesus has suffered for me." While crossing the dark waters of the river of death, his triumphant shouts of victory greeted the ears of mourning friends who stood around him. He

leaves a companion, over 72 years old, with whom he had lived over 55 years; also four children, and their companions and children, to mourn their loss. But separations here are short. A place is prepared for us. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. R. Wilcox from: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c. Rev. xiv: 13.

DAVID L. GREEN.

JOHN R. NEWMAN was born in England, Oct. 5th, 1866 and died in Chicago, Ills., Feb. 14th, 1868.

Brother Newman was brought to the feet of Jesus about the year 1864. For some time after, he was a very earnest and devoted Christian, trying to do the will of God in all things, using the talents that God had given him for the promotion of his great and glorious cause. He was unremitting in his efforts for the spiritual welfare of those out of Christ, warning sinners, with entreaties, to flee from the wrath to come; but, like a great many others that start for the kingdom, he faltered and fell back into the world. But he could not enjoy it, for he had pressed the cup of salvation to his lips, and he could not be contented. He lived in this way until he came to Chicago in 1867, and being attracted by open-air meetings that were held by a little band of Christians that were trying to do their duty in the love and fear of God, he said, like the prodigal son, I will arise and go to my Father's house. Soon after, God baptized him with the Holy Spirit, and he was enabled to glorify God. Praises be unto his name forever and forever. About five months before God took him from us, he joined the Free Methodist Church, and was very earnest, especially in his place of business, where he had a great deal of opposition from the scoffers of religion; but he held on to God and did his duty. Many blessed seasons spent in prayer and songs of praise and spiritual communion will long be remembered by his friends. Two days before he died, he could only say yes and no. I asked him if he loved Jesus. Yes, yes, was his answer.—So he died, loving and trusting Jesus, with the glory of the heavenly world beaming from every feature. He leaves a father and mother, brother and sisters to mourn his

loss. God grant that they may live faithful unto death, and receive a crown of life.

OLEY V. DOUGLASS.

RUSSEL WHITE died in Lincoln, Isabella County, Mich., Jan. 25, 1868, aged forty-five years and seven months.

He was born in the State of New York, but moved to Ohio in the fall of 1835, where he was converted to God at the age of nineteen years, and joined the Methodist Episcopal church, in which communion he continued until 1860, when he united with the Wesleyan Methodist, at Hillsdale County, Michigan. In this church he remained a member, until July 7, 1866, when, having moved to this place, he and his wife united with the Free Methodist Church, of which he remained a worthy and useful member until his death.

Brother White died of typhoid pneumonia, and was not able to converse but little with his family and friends, but gave the clearest assurances that he was prepared to depart and be with Christ. About two weeks before his death, while we were holding a series of evening meetings, Brother White was much engaged. On one occasion he was so filled with the spirit of praise that he left the house, to give free and full expression, in shouts of triumphant joy. As he went on his way through the woods to his home, he said to his companion, I am so happy. He said to a sister that not a cloud had passed over his mind since watch meeting; but all was clear.

RUSSEL WILCOX.

EDMUND QUINCY COLE died in Sheffield, Ill., Dec. 22, 1867, of quick consumption, aged nearly twenty-eight. He leaves a wife and one child.

Bro. Cole was born in Chautauqua Co., N.Y. He came to Illinois in 1857. In the early part of the late war he enlisted in the 51st Illinois Regiment; served three years and three months. A little more than a year ago he enlisted in the service of the "Prince of Peace," was a good soldier, was at his post in the prayer and class meeting, and did his duty when there. He was at the prayer meeting about four weeks before he died. His experience was clear; earnest and decisive. A

few days before he died, while talking with his companion about dying, he thought he should recover; yet was ready and willing to go. I visited him for the last time the evening before he died. He told me he was ready and willing to go, and felt that the Lord would be with him in the valley. When I saw how calmly he answered, and how resigned to the will of the Lord, I said, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

C. W. FRINK.

### LOVE FEAST.

S. ASHTON.—My parents were poor and pious; my early religious instructions good. I had not the privilege of attending school as the young now have. At an early age I broke away from parental restraint, and became wild and reckless. At the age of 10 years I began to chew tobacco. At the age of 13 years I began to drink the intoxicating cup, often getting so drunk that I could not help myself. Once, whilst drunk at a tavern near home, my father came for me. I got some one there to take me up in the loft of the horse-shed, so he would not find me. They did so; but laying me near where they put down hay for the horses, I rolled into the rack, from which place my father took me and carried me home. At the age of 16 I experienced the love of God in my heart. Jesus came in and supped with me and I with him. For about one year I endeavored to walk closely with God. At about the expiration of this year, while attending a prayer meeting at one of the neighbors, I was slain by the almighty power of God. For seven hours I lay insensible to all that passed around me, enshrouded in glory. Some of the boys present drove pins into my flesh, but without discovering signs of life. Some said I was in a fit, and sent for a physician. He came, and after a careful examination, pronounced me dead. My dear mother said no; but lay him by, he soon will be all right.—From this hour my trials were great. I sunk under them. I turned my back to the cause of Christ, and forsook the only reasonable service I ever engaged in. I again became wild and reckless. At the age of 19 I married. In time I became a father. My children grew up around me; one of



them a promising boy. Still I rushed on in sin. For seven weeks at a time I have been drunk, spending every cent I could get for liquor and tobacco; leaving my wife to provide for the family as best she could. My only son soon followed in my steps. The picture is too dark. I pass to say that last April the Rev. Leroy Holiday and wife came into our place and commenced to hold prayer meetings and to preach occasionally. The religion of Jesus was and is their constant theme—urging every one to prepare to meet their God. My wife thought them crazy. Others thought they were not Christians—they were so unlike the masses professing religion. We soon began to attend the meetings. The Lord crowned and blessed their efforts. I was awakened to a consciousness of my lost condition; sought and found the salvation of God; praise His name! I became convinced it was wrong to use tobacco; I asked God to take away the appetite for it, and he did; I am free; bless his name! I am now 43 years old. My wife has also been reclaimed, my only son converted to God, and we are on our way to Zion. I am now, with my wife and son, members of the F. M. Church. A protracted meeting is now going on in our place, under the Rev. J. Odell, and souls are being converted to God. A class of thirteen was organized here on the 9th inst., and we are looking for a wonderful display of God's power. Jesus saves me now, and I am happy in the love of God. Pray for us—  
*Pierceville, Madison Co., N. Y.*

Mrs. M. J. CONE.—I rejoice to-day in a full salvation. I have obtained it by trusting in God through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. Fourteen years ago I was converted. But I was a mere babe in Christ, and needed to be fed with the sincere milk of the word. I then lived in the State of New York. Two years after I was converted, a minister came to the place where I was living and held meetings, and preached the doctrine of holiness. I saw that I was living far beneath my privilege. I sought the blessing with all my heart, and received the witness that I was accepted of God through Christ. I then belonged to the Wesleyan Methodist Church. I

told the brethren and sisters how God had blessed my soul. They did not seem to understand it. The minister soon left the place, and I did not think that I, at the age of seventeen, ought to make a greater profession than those that were older. I soon lost the blessing. I remained in the Church as long as I lived there, over a year after. I then went to live in the State of Pennsylvania. Religion was at a very low state. I wandered farther and farther from God, until four years ago, last July, I came to the State of Michigan. I was then living without God, or trying to serve Him. Death came into my family, and snatched from my embrace two of my little ones. I felt that it was the hand of God, and I tried to pray, but the state of religion was so low, that I received no help. Time passed on. I was not so hard-hearted as I was before my affliction. I imagined at times that I was safe. But I thank God with all my heart that nearly two years ago, the true light broke forth here in this land of spiritual darkness. I was permitted to hear several searching sermons, and my foundation was all swept away. I resolved to seek God in earnest. I solicited the prayers of God's people, and the third day found peace in believing. But I soon found that I had not a complete victory over myself, and I saw that I must have a full salvation to serve God as he required me to do. It was a hard struggle to yield all my ways unto the Lord; but I saw that it must be done. I yielded and God blessed my soul. But soon the tempter came and said, you had better not profess holiness, because every body will know that your life has not been holy. He suggested that I had better lead a holy life awhile before I professed it. I yielded to the temptation, and was soon in darkness. I still kept seeking, and I again received the blessing, but I did not dare to profess it as fully as I ought, and I met with many difficulties.—I still kept praying, until at prayer-meeting one evening, God blessed me in such a powerful manner I could trust all with Him, and praise Him for a full salvation. I met with many trials, but God strengthened me. As we were holding a watch-meeting, as the new year came in, God

blessed his people here in a powerful manner. I received a large portion, and ever since, I have been travelling the narrow way, without a doubt in my soul. Praise God, I am drinking daily of the well of salvation.

*Otisville, Mich.*

WILLIAM EAST.—From my earliest recollections I felt the impressions of the Spirit of God on my heart. From a little boy I had a sympathy and love for the people of God. I am truly thankful to say that I was trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord from a child; and when I have been travelling with my father to his appointments to preach (he being a local preacher), and while worshipping with the people of God, I would feel sweet as heaven in my soul. But at the age of thirteen, my parents and family emigrated to this country; and when we met with the people of God for worship, it seemed as though there was no life nor power in their worship. Gradually I became uninterested in regard to religion. For three long years I scarcely attended meetings.—Pride began to reign in my heart. But the Spirit of God continued to strive with me. Instead of going to a place of worship on the Sabbath, I would frequently resort to the woods to hunt. The Spirit of God strove with me so powerfully that if I saw any game I did not dare to shoot without shutting both eyes, and, as it were, daring the Almighty. Oh, how I thank God that He did not withdraw his Spirit from me. I continued on until about eight years ago this winter, when I was invited to attend a protracted meeting at Moorville, where I am thankful to say that the Spirit of God got hold of me so powerfully that I could neither eat nor sleep until I found pardon through the blood of Christ. Oh! the joy that broke in upon my soul is beyond description. But oh when I look back over my religious experience and see how little advancement I have made, it makes me feel sad. Four years of that time I was in the army, and when I think of my comrades that were cut down at my side, I often ask myself the question how would the case have been with me and my God if I had

been cut down. I tried to live up to the light; but how limited it was. I thank God that he spared me to return home. I do thank God that two years ago this winter I heard a Free Methodist preacher preach on sanctification, and I can truly say that it was the oil of gladness to my soul. Praise God that for the past year I can testify to the power of God to cleanse from all sin. Glory be to His holy name.

I am happy to say that in our neighborhood, where sin and iniquity abounded, Grace does much more abound. There were but two or three praying souls in this vicinity; but praise be to God's holy name, there is a class of eighteen, who are living for God, with the glory in their souls. Oh how the Lord is wonderfully pouring out his Spirit upon us. Glory be to his holy name!

If thou art not afraid of the world, I fear thou art a friend of the world, and an enemy to God.

MRS. PINKNEY.—I have been trying, by the grace of God, for the last thirty years, to live a Christian life. I find that to do it I have had to come out from the world and be separate. The longer I live, the more it seems to be my duty to be singular for Christ's sake, especially at this age of the world when there is so much pride and popularity among professed Christians. I often wonder where our self denying Christians are. About a year ago this month, my husband was holding a series of meetings at Kishwaka. I had the privilege of attending, part of the time. One night I awoke, and my heart was drawn out in prayer for the people, and while pleading, a thought came into my mind about professed Christians wearing feathers and flowers, and it seemed as though I was talking with some one, and I asked what it meant. The answer was, "It is the mark of the beast in their foreheads." I think it means something, for whenever I see any such trimmings, I am reminded of that time. The religion of Jesus Christ is the same now as it ever was, and if we inquire for the old paths, and walk therein, we shall find rest to our souls.

*Mayfield, Ill.*

A. W. STOKES.—I am a man over forty years old. Over a year ago I turned from the world of sin to seek salvation, and on the 23rd day of February, 1867, I found the Lord. The most of the time since, I have lived happy. On the 23rd Feb., 1868, I renewed my promise to God. I am now a seeker of higher attainments. I desire to give my soul and body to Jesus, and all I possess. To day I feel like pressing forward to the battle. I was one of the worst men that ever lived, and all who knew me think it to be as a brand snatched from the eternal burnings, and I feel that Jesus saves just now. My soul is glad that I am a friend of Jesus. I am a seeker for the religion that saves every moment. I desire not to be a Sunday Christian, and the rest of the week something else.

The *Earnest Christian* has been the best reading for me outside of the Bible that I ever had. It gives light on things that do my soul good. I have read it, when I would get so happy that I hardly knew where I sat.

*Petersburgh, Ill.*

J. O. BEARDSLY.—Jesus is my captain; I bless his name forever! His blood saves me now! Hallelujah to the Lamb forever! I love this narrow road better and better. I love the old-fashioned way of salvation that saves from sin to the uttermost. We have a band here that love this straight way; bless the Lord! I love it better and better, and I love the "Earnest Christian," and cannot well do without it. Wherever it is read, it bears fruit to this full salvation. Go on, Bro. Roberts, I will meet you in heaven.

*Oil City, Pa.*

ELECTA THOMAS.—The Lord is precious. I hold sweet communion with him day by day. I have been led through some severe conflicts of late, but Jesus has enabled me to gain the victory. Glory be to his holy name! I am cut loose from everything that binds me to earth, and only live to do the will of God as he reveals it to me. I love God with all my heart, and the blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin.

*Princeton, Ill.*

SARAH J. MUSPRATT.—My all to Christ I now have given. His precious blood cleanses my heart from all sin. I do rejoice that I belong to the blood-washed army who are travelling in the highway of holiness cast up for the redeemed of the Lord. I find this way more and more delightful every day, and I am determined to go through in the straight and narrow way. For a long time I have suffered much from bodily affliction which has deprived me of many religious privileges which I highly prize, but this does not discourage me. When the rough storms of sorrow come and dash against my frail bark, I feel that my Father's at the helm, and will do all things for the best. The deeper my sorrows and trials, the greater is my joy and the brighter my prospects for my eternal rest in heaven, where sickness, sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more.

*Utica, N. Y.*

NANCY GITCHELL.—A word to the Christian friends, East, West, North and South. The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all unrighteousness; praise his holy name! I feel the refining fire of the Holy Ghost burning through both body and soul. The Lord awakened, convicted and converted some forty souls here in Indiana, at a protracted effort just past; and bless God we are in another siege, and the battle that we trembled to begin is coming now to the hottest contest. Inroads upon the enemy can be plainly seen. All glory to the Captain of our salvation! He is leading a handful of weak instruments to triumphant victory. My soul is in a flame of love-light and glory as I rapidly move on to the perfect day.

*Boston, Ind.*

ALEXANDER REEVES.—I feel to praise God for a full salvation, and that the blood of Christ can and does cleanse from all sin. I praise his holy name for what I feel in my heart this day. While I write this, my heart burns with love. Oh, I want to honor him with body, soul, and spirit, which are his. I bless God for the *Earnest Christian*. Brethren, I hope you will help me praise him. Glory be to God on high.

*Hendricks, Alce Co., Neb.*



H. A. CAMPBELL.—I would say to the readers of the *Earnest Christian*, improve your christian privileges. They are precious. I have learned the past year, as never before that it means much, to remember our consecration, everywhere—to deny ourselves daily, to take the cross and follow Christ. Oh, how few are walking the self-denying way! The flesh must be crucified with its affections and lusts. The cross of Christ will crucify as nothing else can. Oh, how much it means to be a Christian; to be a living sacrifice; to feel that I am not my own; no right to any will or desire of my own, but always to say, Thy will be done. I never was so sick of forms and ceremonies as at present, and never loved real salvation better. I am glad to tell you I am in the service, and not tired of the way.

The cross of Christ I'll cherish,  
Its crucifixion bear;  
All hail reproach or sorrow,  
If Jesus leads me there.

*Milford, Del.*

D. COLEGROVE.—I feel that Jesus saves me and washes me in his most precious blood. Glory to his name! I will praise him while I live, and I expect to praise him on the other shores. I love this old kind of religion that makes us dare to do right, and dare to be true. I am glad that the Lord ever showed me that there was a better way to live than to live in sin, and that there is power in Jesus' blood to cleanse and keep me clean. I am trying to preach Jesus and his salvation to a dying world, and whilst I raise my warning voice against sin the Lord blesses my soul. The Lord is with us, and is blessing us, and saving souls. Glory be to his ever blessed name!

*West Burlington, N.Y.*

MRS. MARY H. LEONARD.—Permit me to speak through the pages of your soul-reviving, heart-cheering volume, which carries its light and love into the hamlet and into the halls of the rich; is ever and ever a welcome guest among the lovers of God, and of truth. Praise the Lord now and evermore for all his precious promises, which are like an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which enter into

that within the veil.—Heb. vi: 19. The Lord God is my sun and shield, and though my path through life may be interspersed with tears and joys, I find it is a pleasant sail to Canaan. Glory! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord for a free and full salvation—a salvation that fills us unutterably full of glory and of God; and this evening I can say with the poet—

I'm glad I ever saw the day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

I bless God for what he has done for me, and what he still is doing day by day, for his revealed word, which carries light and life into the inmost recesses of my heart, and enables me to rejoice and praise his holy name, through the blood of the Lamb.

*Tonawanda, N.Y.*

ANNIE E. LEWIS.—I am glad that I live; that I am to live forever. I am proving that "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. I love to obey God. I love to be controlled by Him. The devil rages, but I am blessed. "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

*Lockport, N.Y.*

MRS. RUTH L. WALLER.—I love Jesus to-day. I have been very unfaithful, but by the grace of God I am trying to do better. I consecrate myself a living sacrifice on God's holy altar, and there I remain, expecting that the altar will sanctify the gift. I trust my all in God's hands, knowing that He who is able to save us will also keep us unto the end. O, to be like Jesus!

*Gowanda, N.Y.*

G. D. MARK.—I love the Lord to-day with all my heart. I believe in a real, earnest, soul-saving religion—one that saves men and women from all the vain things of this world. I believe that it saves me now. All glory be to Jesus!

*Java, N.Y.*

PHILO M. PLUMMER.—The Lord is precious to my soul, and to-night I dare take God at his word. Glory! Glory to the Lamb that was slain! Hallelujah! O glory!

*Kings Mills, N.Y.*