

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

JULY, 1868.

REV. LOREN STILES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TROPICAL plants do not thrive in northern latitudes. Heavenly virtues find on earth an uncongenial soil and climate. Unless they are watched with care and tenderly nurtured, they droop and die. It is a difficult task to get people converted to God; it is still more difficult to keep them converted. The natural tendency is, to mind earthly things.

The seven churches of Asia were planted by Apostolic hands. They were thoroughly instructed in the sublime doctrines of the Christian religion. Martyrs and confessors among them sealed their testimony with their own blood. Yet, while the Apostle John was still living, they had all, both churches and ministers, with a single exception, backslidden from God. It has been so with churches ever since. No matter how pure they were at first, there has been a gradual decline in piety from generation to generation.—Formality supplants spirituality as weeds root out grain.

Probably no church ever changed more in its general aspect, in the same length of time, than the Methodist Episcopal Church has for the last twenty-

five years. Many think the changes have been for the better; others, for the worse. All must admit that the plainness, simplicity, and separation from the world that once characterized it, are gone. Some have resisted, with more or less tenacity of purpose, the change that has been going on—believing that it involved a loss of spirituality, and endangered greatly the salvation of souls.

Prominent among this number was the Rev. Loren Stiles. From his education, his tastes, and his associations, it would naturally have been expected that he would have found his position among the most genteel and fastidious of the popular preachers of the day. But underneath that graceful exterior beat an honest heart. He did not worship at the shrine of expediency. He had the moral courage to follow his convictions. With him, the will of God, as he understood it, was supreme. If there was an apparent conflict between duty and interest, he never hesitated to discharge his duty, however great might be the sacrifice involved.

He had the natural gifts of an orator, and in any popular cause he would have gained a wide and high distinction. In stature he was about the medium height, and rather slim and spare in build, and

active and easy in all his motions. A finely formed forehead set off an intellectual-looking face to advantage. His voice was clear and musical, and could be heard distinctly by thousands. His sermons were well studied, able, convincing, eloquent, and at times overpowering. We heard him preach, some eighteen years ago, on the Hamburg camp-ground, a sermon on "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" which seemed to carry all before it. The large congregation was held spell-bound, and many penitents made their way at once to the altar, crying to God for the forgiveness of sins.

Our acquaintance with Loren Stiles commenced at Lima in 1845, when we were both students at the Seminary. He stood well in his classes, and even then was distinguished for his abilities as a speaker. He professed, enjoyed, and lived religion. We shall never forget a season of prayer we had together, that summer, by the side of a large log in the woods. We had both intended to prosecute our studies farther than through the Academic course; but seeing the formality of the Seminary professors, we were afraid to go farther for fear that we should lose our first love and become cold and formal. We felt that learning was good, but salvation was better. We wept and prayed before the Lord. We consecrated ourselves anew to Him, to be His for time and eternity. The Holy Spirit came down, and Divine assurance was given that God would keep us while we honestly sought to be better qualified for usefulness in His service. He left Lima with its highest honors, and went to the Methodist Theological Seminary at Concord, New Hampshire. A few

years later, we met as members of the Genesee Conference of the M. E. Church.

In the meantime, troubles had sprung up in the Conference. The Rev. Asa Abell, then Presiding Elder of the Genesee District, held a camp-meeting near Byron, Genesee Co., N. Y. He was assisted by Fay H. Purdy, whose labors as an evangelist were attended with remarkable success. A revival of God's work broke out in power. Many of the old preachers who had become almost discouraged in standing up for old-fashioned Methodism, were greatly strengthened. Others of the preachers and people received the blessing of holiness with the power of the Holy Ghost.

On the other hand, a few of the members of the Conference had united with secret societies. The murder of Morgan was fresh in the minds of the people, and they looked with jealousy upon all associations of a character similar to that which was stained with the blood of the murdered man. At the session of the Conference at which we joined, an able pamphlet, written by Rev. C. D. Burlingham, against ministers uniting with secret societies—especially with the Odd Fellows and Masons—was circulated by Rev. Eleazer Thomas. A great excitement followed. A prominent member of the Conference—now filling one of the highest offices in the M. E. Church—declared with emphasis that "he would leave the Church before he would the Lodge." A compromise was effected, which, by deferring the crisis, made the mischief greater. A resolution was passed, to the effect that the whole subject should be dropped, and nothing should be done calculated to produce agitation. Each

party construed this according to their preferences. Those, however, who belonged to secret societies, kept up their associations with them, and influenced all to join they could.

In many parts of the Conference, the work of God went on in power. The camp-meetings, especially, were seasons of wonderful manifestations of the Divine presence. The members generally who attended these meetings, consecrated themselves more fully to God, and went home to live according to their vows as Christians and as Methodists. Olean and Genesee districts were especially favored with the outpouring of the Spirit. The secret-society men and formalists were alarmed. They were at home in formal churches, and in superficial revivals; but they could do nothing with the thorough work of God. Where that broke out they were not wanted; and many of the best appointments of the Conference insisted upon having live preachers—men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

The work of God was called fanaticism by the formal preachers, and it was resolved to put it down. The first step was, to get control of the districts. Dr. Luckey was taken from the East Genesee Conference, and made Presiding Elder of Genesee District. But he at once fell in with the work, pronounced it old-fashioned Methodism, and did all in his power to promote it. *He was not allowed to remain.* Mr. Stiles was a young preacher, of good address, and he had hitherto been in those parts of the Conference comparatively free from religious excitement. He was appointed to the district, doubtless with the expectation that he would take sides against the work going on, and yet, by his eloquence and suavity of manners,

carry the people with him. Never were hopes more signally disappointed. Though, from exaggerated and false reports, which were freely circulated, he was prejudiced against the work in advance; yet, as soon as he came in contact with it, he recognized it as the work of God, and under his administration it went on more vigorously than ever. He was greatly blessed in his own soul, and encouraged the people to seek all the grace that was promised them in the Gospel.

Those who had hoped for different results were indignant. At the next session of the Conference, they brought charges against him of mal-administration. They were prosecuted with vigor. We undertook his defense; and so exasperated were the opposing counsel, that one of them took hold of us, to put us down by force. The party drill was not perfect, and he was acquitted. But a secret conspiracy was more successful. About thirty of the preachers conspired together not to take work unless Messrs. Stiles and Kingsley—who both favored the work of God going on in the Church—were removed from the cabinet. Feeling assured that they would be removed, they asked to be transferred to the Cincinnati Conference, and their request, thus made under pressure, was granted. Mr. Stiles was stationed by the Bishop at Union Chapel, Cincinnati, where he labored successfully for one year. At the next session of the Conference, he was, by the request of a large number of the people, re-transferred and stationed at Albion.

At the same session, we were tried on a charge of "Immoral conduct," for writing an article entitled "New-School Methodism." We stated publicly that we would correct the representations

we had made, if the parties concerned would say they were not true. We showed that the article did not contain the sentiments charged; but a majority of the Conference had committed themselves in a secret meeting to our condemnation, and we were condemned accordingly, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the Bishop. After this, a friend of ours issued the article in tract form, and gave a short account of the trial and published it over his own signature. The Presiding Elder, Rev. A. D. Wilbor, asked this friend—George W. Estes—if he wrote the tract. He replied, he did. The Presiding Elder, without hesitation, gave him license to preach. At the next Conference, we were tried for “contumacy,” for publishing and circulating this very tract. We proved by Mr. Estes that we had nothing to do whatever with publishing this tract. One witness only testified that we handed him a package, and his testimony was impeached. On this charge and testimony, we were expelled from the Conference and the Church—the Presiding Elder that licensed the author of the tract voting for our expulsion.

Mr. Stiles acted as our counsel, and made a bold and masterly plea. For this he was told, in language inelegant but expressive, that “his head must come off next.” Mr. Stiles went back to Albion, where he labored with acceptability and success. We joined on probation at Pekin, where we had last labored, and were, by a unanimous vote of the society, licensed to exhort. In the course of the year, we attended a meeting at Mr. Stiles’ church, and after Rev. B. I. Ives preached, we exhorted.

About nine miles east from Albion, on the Railroad from Niagara Falls is

the village of Holley. It contains a Presbyterian and a Baptist church, but the Methodists never have succeeded in getting a foothold there. There are, or were, two or three Methodist families who held their membership on the adjoining circuit. Mr. Stiles, while stationed at Albion, preached regularly in this place on a week-day evening in the Presbyterian church. There was no Methodist meeting at that time that his appointment could affect, in the remotest degree. *The nearest Methodist appointment at any time was three miles distant, and that on the Sabbath.* The circuit preacher, however, regarded Mr. Stiles’ appointment as an invasion of his parish. He procured an order from the Presiding Elder—Rev. A. D. Wilbor—forbidding Mr. Stiles to preach in Holley without his consent. To this prohibition, Mr. Stiles, very properly, paid not the slightest respect. The Discipline no where gives a Presiding elder any authority to issue any such command.

At the next Conference, Mr. Stiles was brought to trial. He was charged with “contumacy” for allowing us to exhort in his church, and for preaching on another man’s circuit without his consent. He made an able and manly defence. But all was of no avail. *He was expelled from the Conference and the Church.*

That a spotless, devoted, able minister of Jesus Christ could be treated in this manner in this age of the world, by men professing godliness, seems incredible. It is also surprising that such outrages upon the dearest rights of man could be perpetrated in this country, and so little notice be taken of them by the periodicals of the day. The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, in his able

and fearless paper, the *Northern Independent*, spoke out clearly, and with just indignation against such unmitigated wickedness. But the other Methodist papers were silent. How different the course taken by these papers in the recent case of Stephen H. Tyng! And yet the treatment of Mr. Stiles involved by far the greater perversion of justice. Mr. Tyng went in the vicinity of a church of his own denomination—Mr. Stiles preached three miles away from the nearest Methodist church.—Mr. Tyng violated an explicit canon of his church. Mr. Stiles transgressed no rule of his denomination, but obeyed one that explicitly enjoined him to do just as he did. It reads as follows: "You have nothing to do but to save souls; therefore spend and be spent in this work; and *go always not only to those that want you, but to those that want you most.* Observe! it is not your business only to preach so many times, and to take care of this or that society; but to save as many as you can; to bring as many sinners as you can to repentance, and with all your power to build them up in that holiness without which they cannot see the Lord." Mr. Stiles' offence consisted in his conscientious observance of this, the eleventh rule of a preacher's conduct, as prescribed by the Discipline, by which he had promised to be governed. Mr. Tyng was reproved by the Bishop—Mr. Stiles was excommunicated from the church! If the Episcopal church chastised with whips, the Methodist Episcopal church chastised with scorpions.

We see that the General Conference of the M. E. Church at its late session repealed the censure which, thirty-two years ago, it passed upon one of its

most devoted and persecuted ministers for "lecturing upon, and in favor of modern abolitionism." We trust that they were influenced by a sense of justice and not by the fact that "modern abolitionism" has triumphed, notwithstanding the General Conference of 1836 pledged itself "to use all prudent means to put it down," and almost unanimously resolved "That they are decidedly opposed to modern abolitionism, and wholly disclaim any right wish or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave as it exists in the slave-holding States of this Union." If the love of righteousness is the motive, let the precedent be followed, and the vote be repealed by which Mr. Stiles was expelled from the Conference and the Church.

The expulsion of Mr. Stiles was followed by the withdrawal of nearly all its spiritual members from the M. E. Church at Albion. They at once organized under the congregational form of government, and chose him for their pastor. He proceeded to the erection of a large and commodious house of worship. It was dedicated in June, 1860, Rev. E. Bowen, of the Oneida Conference of the M. E. Church preaching on the occasion from 1 Cor. vi. 20, to a congregation, it was estimated, of one thousand three hundred persons. Rev. B. I. Ives preached a powerful sermon in the evening from the words, "We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

On the 23d of August, 1860, a convention of fifteen preachers and about eighty laymen was held at Pekin, Niagara county, N. Y. A Discipline was adopted, and the Free Methodist Church was organized as a connectional body. Mr. Stiles took part in the convention

and he and his people came into the new organization. In it he labored with great efficiency until his death.

Some of the preachers and members who had hitherto sympathized with those who had been expelled, opposed strongly the new organization. They held meetings by themselves and went on in an irresponsible, lawless manner. In opposition to the Free Methodists, they styled themselves Nazarites.—Some of the leading ones belonged to the M. E. Church—others wished to maintain as near a relation to it as they could—all united in denouncing vehemently the formation of the new church. Still they professed more religion than ever. When men are determined upon being blessed, but will not obey God, the devil will give them an elation of soul that readily passes with many for a manifestation of the presence of the Holy Spirit. The counterfeit so closely resembles the genuine that experienced believers are often deceived. These persons referred to went on from one thing to another until they plunged into wild excesses and extravagances. Many of the people of God were alarmed and became afraid of the real operations of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Stiles was keenly alive to the reproach which these excesses brought upon the cause of God. He took a decided stand against them, and if, in his zeal he sometimes went too far, it was no more than was to be naturally looked for under the circumstances. Even John Wesley, with his deep experience, was led into a similar error. He says, "We acknowledged our having grieved the Spirit by blaspheming his work among us, imputing it either to nature, to the force of imagination and animal spirits, or even to

the delusion of the devil." Mr. Stiles was equally frank in confessing the mistake he had made in treating some as fanatical who were really led by the Spirit of God. He would not, knowingly, discourage the weakest of God's children, but he was solicitous in the extreme, that the work of God should be kept pure, and that there should be no commingling of strange fire with the true.

His love for souls was intense, and the ardor with which he labored for their salvation was too great for his physical strength. He fell, a martyr to his work. Worn out by labor and care, he was attacked by the fatal typhoid fever, and after hovering a few days between time and eternity, his happy spirit took its upward flight to the Paradise of God. Much of the time during his sickness he was delirious, but even when delirious his mind dwelt on Divine things. "Bring me," he cried out, "some cold water from the well. I want to contrast it with the water of life which I shall soon drink." When rational, he felt a complete triumph over death. He said to us when watching with him a short time before he left us, "The Lord has greatly blessed me and I shall go straight to glory." He gradually grew weaker until, on Thursday evening, the 7th of May, 1863, he passed over the Jordan of death without a struggle or a groan. His funeral was attended by an immense congregation, the large, Free church being crowded to its utmost, and hundreds standing upon the outside. The Rev. Wm. Hosmer preached an excellent sermon from the appropriate words, "For he endured as seeing Him that is invisible." We feel sad, and at times almost discouraged,

as we think of the many able, faithful preachers with whom we once labored, whom God has taken away, in their prime, leaving the field to be cultivated by us feeble ones. But God's ways are inscrutable. It is only for us who remain, to work while we may, remembering that time is short. THEREFORE MY BELOVED BRETHREN, BE YE STEADFAST AND UNMOVABLE, ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD, FORASMUCH AS YE KNOW THAT YOUR LABOR IS NOT IN VAIN IN THE LORD.

AM I SAVED FROM SIN?

BY REV. L. WHITNEY.

This is a question of great importance. Dear reader, are you saved now? Does the blood of Jesus cleanse your heart? Is "Christ formed within you the hope of glory?" Many who have been honestly seeking after God have been much perplexed by these questions. They desired to be perfect Christians. They thought they were willing to be, or do anything for Christ. But, alas! they were not aware of the depth of the depravity of their own hearts. Pride had reigned so many years undisturbed, that it had become interwoven through all their moral and spiritual natures. Selfishness has so long been a ruling passion with them, that self-denial is not thought of. They sing with much pathos,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;"

and still, when asked to forsake the follies, fashions, riches and pleasures of earth, for the joys of salvation, they are ready to exclaim: "I am just as good as those that act so strangely and talk so much about Holiness."

Now, dear reader, if you are earnestly seeking to know and do the will of God perfectly, come, let us reason together. We will take the Word of

God as the "man of our counsel." You ask, how am I to know whether I am saved or not? I answer, by the same means that you know whether you hate or love, whether you are cold or warm, whether you are happy or unhappy, whether it is light or dark. You read God's Word. You see what Jesus requires of you that you may be his disciple. He says, Luke xiv: 33, "Whoever he be of you that forsaketh not *all* that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." This text has been quoted so often that there is danger of our passing it over without realizing the depth of its meaning. I pray the Holy Spirit to help you understand how much it means to forsake *all* and be a disciple of Christ. It means to give up former acquaintances; all schemes for worldly honors or riches; *all* that hinders you in any way from doing the will of God perfectly. Then Christ requires self-denial. You who profess to be called of God to preach the word of life and salvation to a lost world, are you willing to leave your pleasant homes, or your large salaries and popular congregations and go ("without scrip") through the back streets and lanes of our populous towns and cities to seek after the poor, despised, forsaken objects that inhabit those dens of iniquity, with the prospect of being (as Jesus was) insulted and abused in exchange for your labors of love! O! how little self-denial is practiced by the professed followers of Christ! You who are rich in the things of this world, do you practice self-denial? Have you ever given enough, so that you suffered any inconvenience? Have you had to dispense with any of the luxuries of life in consequence of the large amount you have given to the cause of Christ? You want to be a Christian. You are perplexed about this question. Now you *see* the requirements. You want the "witness of the Spirit," you want the joys of a sanctified heart. Will you make the necessary consecration? Will you present to God, all! all! you have, and consider yourself henceforth a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth? May God

help you to do it. Again. The Saviour requires you to take up the "Cross" and follow Him. This taking the Cross is not a pleasant work to an unsanctified heart. Jesus and some of the Apostles died on the Cross. There are very few professing Christians that seem to know anything about taking up the Cross. The Cross denotes suffering and death. As Jesus died on the Cross after He had been tried and unjustly condemned by a wicked rabble, so every one that follows Jesus will be tried by a wicked, sin-loving world.—Then we must take the Cross, for, "as He was, so are we in this world." We must go forward doing the whole will of God, regardless of the opinions of men, not counting our lives dear. Thus taking the Cross we are crucified with Christ, we are crucified to the world, and the world to us. We suffer reproach, being assured that we shall also reign with Him.

Now you have been looking at the requirements of God's Word, and do you still inquire, "Am I a Christian?" Do you still ask, "Am I saved from sin?" I answer you by asking a few more questions. Do you propose to follow Christ in all things? Do you forsake all your former sinful habits? If you have been hypocritical in your former professions, do you confess it to the brethren, to the world, to your own family or associates? Do you promise God to restore, as far as you can, wherever you have taken anything wrongfully from any one, either friend or foe? Do you take the Cross with all its suffering, with all its reproach? If so, then look up, "Thou art not far from the kingdom." Christ is not far from you. He looks upon you and says, "I will receive you!" Understand, the question is not, are you passively willing to do this or that, but *do you do it?* If you do, then believe the Word of the Lord. John xiv : 21. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me and he shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself to him." Here the love of God is manifested to you through the operations

of the Holy Ghost, and you have the witness that your "ways" please God.

Dear reader, do not make a mistake and think that because you desire to be fully saved from sin, that you are thus saved. You may desire to love God. You may desire to have the assurance that God loves you, and still be in an unsaved state. You may feel ecstasies of joy while contemplating the golden streets, the trees of life, and the beautiful river of the New Jerusalem, and still, when you look into God's looking-glass, (the gospel) and discover your moral deformities, it chills all your joys. Do not depend on frames of feeling. Do not depend on correct theories. You may have these and still be on the road to eternal ruin. Nothing but a living union with Christ, nothing short of an entire conformity to His will, can save you from the power of sin and Satan, either in this life or in death. O! get to the fountain of Jesus' blood, dear, precious soul, eternity is just at hand. Earth and hell are engaged to rob you of heaven and immortal glory.

Nora, Ills.

Christ is Mine.

BY ELLEN E. EWELL.

Thou hast subdued my stubborn will,
Hast bid my stormy heart "be still;"
Since thou the "aching void" doth fill,
How doth my soul with rapture thrill.

Now with a joyous heart, and free,
My all I consecrate to thee,
Since thou, Blest One, hast promised me
More than my little all to be.

Since thou, O precious Christ, art mine,
Confidingly my hand in thine
I place; lead me, that I may find
The lowly path to life divine.

O! may I never, never stay,
But trust, and wait, and watch, and pray,
Till, soon or later, thou shalt say
To my tried spirit, "Come away!"

THE ARK.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

An ark is an emblem of a place of refuge and safety. Noah and his family found shelter in the ark, while the flood swept away the multitudes of the ungodly. Little Moses slept sweetly in his ark of bulrushes upon the bosom of the water, while thousands of little innocents were being slaughtered by the heartless command of Pharaoh. In the ark, which was the most holy place of the tabernacle, memorials were deposited for safe keeping—the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant.

Christ is the only place of refuge and safety for the poor sinner. He may build himself up in doctrines of men, and inclose himself securely in what may seem to him to be the very granite of truth, but, "The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place;" the tops of the highest mountains shall be covered; and of millions who throng the earth, only those shall be saved who have taken refuge in the ark.

Christ is our ark. Bless God, we may find shelter in him, and be secure amid flaming worlds!

That the ark in the most holy place was—as a figure, or type, the same as Noah's ark, a representative of Christ, seems clear from some Scripture in which it is spoken of as though it were God.

The name of God was called upon it. —1 Chron. xiii. 6.

In Num. x. 33, we read that the ark went before the Israelites to search out a resting place for them. In Deut. i. 33, we read that in fire by night and in a cloud by day God went before them to search them out a place.

The men of Bethshemesh had looked into the ark, and were smitten by thousands. They said, "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God? and to whom shall he go up from us?"—1 Sam. vi. 20.

The ark was made of shittim-wood

overlaid with gold; emblematic of the union of the human and Divine: the mercy-seat—or lid of the ark, of solid gold, representative of Christ as our Mediator. It was from off the mercy-seat that God, the Lord, who dwelt between the cherubim, spoke to the children of Israel, and we notice the relative position of those who dwell in Christ to God the Father.

Christ is risen, our Mediator and Instructor. It is only through him all our prayer and praise must rise to be acceptable. Through him God smiles on us.

The mercy-seat was between the budded-rod and the cloud.

This rod was Aaron's, and represented the tribe of Levi, which tribe was chosen of God to the office of the priesthood, and stands a type of Christians who are the "royal-priesthood" and holy nation: and while they are not all Israel who are of Israel, (not all Christians who profess to be,) the tribe of Levi, the first-born* are peculiarly the Lord's, and they find a place in the ark. They bring forth fruit unto God.

On the morning when the controversy was to be settled as to who were the chosen priesthood of God, eleven of the rods are seen leafless and lifeless, without fruit, twice dead: but, "Behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds."

"He that abideth in me and I in him," Jesus saith, "the same bringeth forth much fruit." We in Christ, and Christ in us. The branch in the ark—that is, in Christ, and Christ in the branch.—His name is THE BRANCH.—Zech. vi. 12.

Noah was commanded to take food into the ark for the sustenance of its inmates: but those who dwell in Christ, find in him all they want. They do not need to go to the outside world for soul-food, pleasure, honor, or wealth. They can truly sing,

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find."

*See Nu. iii. 12-13.

They feast upon the "hidden manna." The world knows nothing of that. It is three times hid. Their curious eyes never peer within the hanging at the door of the tabernacle, within the veil, within the ark, and see the golden-pot that is filled with angels' food. *Hidden manna.* We can say to the world as Jesus did to his disciples, "I have food to eat that ye know not of." Our lives, too, are "*hid with Christ in God.*"

Then there are the tables of the covenant; the law of God written with his finger in stone. The ten commandments, which Jesus resolved into two: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Love to God and man. Love. The law of God written in the heart;* a heart washed white; "A white stone and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

Thrice blessed they who realize the answer of this prayer,

"Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love."
Who knows the love of God?
Who plunges in that shoreless sea,
And, lost in Love's immensity,
"Exults to all eternity?"

Who knows the love of God? Not the world. Not those who call themselves by the name of Christ, and meanwhile flaunt their robes in the dusty market-place, and find there greetings, and love, and honors, and pleasure.—No. The new name is there—yes, four times hidden from their experience. "*To him that overcometh* will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

In Hebrews it is said—speaking of the ark, "*Wherein* was the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant." Just as plainly it is said in 1 Kings viii.

*I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts."—Jer. xxxi. 33.

9. There was nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone, which Moses put there at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of the land of Egypt."

I noticed this apparent contradiction more than a year ago, and searched the Bible, and asked for light. Still the contradiction stood out boldly, as if to invite the jeer of scoffers and the wonder of Christians. The scoffer may jeer, and call our holy Bible a mass of contradictions and lies, because with his contracted mind he cannot understand all that is written by the Infinite; but the Christian can afford to ask the Lord—"who is his own interpreter," and who can make it plain, and wait a year, five years, or till eternity shall reveal the hidden mystery.

After a season of waiting, new light breaks in upon my mind, and God has made it plain.

The tabernacle and tabernacle service, the temple and the temple service, were mostly types of what is now, and of what shall be hereafter. The former relating to earthly, the latter to heavenly experiences. In perfect harmony with what is to be a change of experience, we see a change of types. Many things pertaining to the tabernacle, were changed before they were brought into the temple, and some things were left out altogether. So we see that when the ark was brought in, the golden pot of manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, were taken out of it, so that there was truly nothing in the ark save the tables of the covenant.

Why were they taken out?

The Israelites only ate manna while they journeyed in the wilderness. The manna was but a foretaste, white and sweet, "like wafers made with honey."—Ex. xvi. 31. They did not need it in the promised land. So we shall not need manna when we are transferred from the tabernacle in this wilderness-world, to the temple—the heavenly Jerusalem. We shall not need the foretaste when we get where *rivers* of milk and honey flow.

Situated as the budded-rod is now, (in the ark,) we only have access to God through Christ. Bright and glorious as may be our experience, and the manifestation of his presence, it is but as seeing through a glass darkly, compared with what it shall be, when with the nations of them that are saved, we walk in the light of his glory.—Though we may not then sustain precisely the same relation to Christ as when in the ark, we shall be no less *in him*, for “The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it;” Rev. xxi. 22, and in the temple we shall serve with eyes open upon the unveiled glories of the heavenly world. No wonder St. Paul was in a “strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ which is *far better* :” though he was willing to abide still in the flesh because needful to others.

Though the golden pot of manna, and Aaron’s rod that budded, were taken out, the tables of the covenant still remained in the ark when it was brought into the temple. “Love is the fulfilling of the law;” its Alpha and Omega; its essence and substance; and Love is, and ever shall be in Christ, for “God is Love.”

The ark was borne with staves, and the command was, “Thou shalt put the staves into the rings by the sides of the ark, that the ark may be borne with them. The staves shall be in the rings of the ark; they shall not be taken from it; indicating that it was to have no constant abiding-place, but was to be in readiness always to be removed. It went before the children of Israel in all their wanderings. “So he was their Saviour. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the Angel of his presence saved them.”

Praise Jesus! He is with us still in this wilderness-world; the very same yesterday, to-day and forever. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and his great heart beats in sympathy with our distresses. Even in our back-slidings he does not leave us to ourselves, though if we sin against him so as to be cut off, we must bleach our bones on the arid waste, while He

passes forward still to be the Guide of the living.

“Lo,” he says to them, “I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”

But when the earthly wanderings of Israel are over, and they enter, as a body, into the temple preceded by the ark, then shall the staves be drawn out, and never-ending rest be their portion. The promise in the type being expressed in these words, “And they drew out the staves, that the ends of the staves were seen out in the holy place before the oracle, and they were not seen without, (being covered by the wings of the cherubim, ver. 7,) and *there they are unto this day*.”—1 Kings viii. 8.

For Jesus.

Brother, go speak for Jesus, do;
Think how he’s pleading now for you,
In yon bright world above;
Can you in silence still refrain?
O, speak for Jesus, nor refrain
Till all shall know His love.

Sister, go speak for Jesus, go;
Tell the sinner all you know
Of Jesus’ power to save;
Tell how He came, that bond and free,
And burdened souls to Him that flee.
Might triumph o’er the grave.

Brother, go toil for Jesus now;
Did not the blessed Saviour bow
Beneath the heavy cross?
Nor did He utter one complaint;
O, do not then, my brother, faint
While lab’ring in His cause.

Sister, go work for Jesus; tell
(But ah! thou ne’er can show) how well
He pleads the sinner’s part;
But say, “He’s ready to forgive,
He only waits to bid thee live,
He only asks thy heart.”

Brother, go fight for Jesus—haste;
No precious time hast thou to waste,
For life is fleeting fast;
The battle must be fought and won,
Ere the day of life be done,
For night will come at last.

Sister, go weep for Jesus; tears
Are precious in His sight, who hears
The earnest, heartfelt groan;
He soon will send the wish’d relief;
To faithful praying and belief,
The blessing will come down.

—Methodist Home Journal.

AN ACCUSING CONSCIENCE.

THE pangs of an accusing conscience are to the soul what pain is to the body, or what a faithful though troublesome watchman is to an endangered city. They raise an alarm in the soul, indicating that there is an evil at hand which threatens ruin. They tell that matters are going wrong, that some sin or other has caught hold of the mainsprings of the heart, and is certain, if not checked, to destroy the life, and all the precious and beautiful things which life enjoys.

We may well thank God for having provided us with such a faithful watchman. For truly he is a wise man who does not, like Belshazzar, give that watchman's cries to the wind, but stops and considers, allowing himself not even a moment's rest till the cause of the disturbance be found out, and peace restored.

There are two kinds of pain. There is the pain a loving father inflicts upon his disobedient child when chastising him, and the pain a judge inflicts upon a culprit when punishing him with the sword of justice. The former is a pain unto correction, the latter is a pain unto death. Both these kinds of pain conscience may inflict upon a man's mind. Its pangs are pains unto correction so long as it urges the man to cease to do evil and to turn to the right way; and its pangs are pains unto death when it tells a man that it is too late, and that the way of return is for ever closed to him. In the former case we may call it an *accusing*, in the latter a *condemning* conscience. It is with the first of the two that I wish to occupy the attention of my readers in this paper.

As there are two kinds of pain, so there are two kinds of accusers. There is the malignant accuser, who delights in pointing to a man's guilt merely that he may bring him to shame and ruin. Such an accuser is Satan: Scripture cells him, "*The accuser of our brethren* . . . which accused them before our God day and night" (Rev. xii. 10). His is a work at once miserable and foolish, for the end of his accusations will be the total acquittal of those he accuses, and

his own condemnation. But conscience is not such an accuser; it is not a messenger of Satan to buffet us; it is a witness of God to guide and protect us.

Conscience, in accusing, acts from love. It finds its type in the prophet Nathan when he said to David: "*Thou art the man!*" Its true object is, not to expose our guilt to the world, but to ourselves, lest we be exposed to the world on the great day of retribution. The malignant accuser deals with us in this life, that he may all the more shamefully criminate us in the next. Conscience, on the contrary, accuses us now, lest it should have anything to say against us hereafter. The one is an accuser unto perdition, the other unto salvation.

The accusations of conscience are painful because they are true; truthfulness being the characteristic mark of its operations. Some men are distrustful, suspicious accusers, and find their image in Job's miserable comforters. They come to us pretending to help us, but their real aim is to find out some secret sin of which they suspect us to be guilty. They speak in ambiguous terms, and to all appearance shoot off their arrows at random, but we cannot help feeling that we ourselves are their target. We feel that they see a black spot in our character, but they do not tell us exactly where it is. They draw a picture of various crimes they know we have not committed, hoping that from a too great eagerness to defend ourselves we will tell them that the crime we have committed is different from all these.—They eulogize the man who frankly confesses his faults, while at the same time they give us to understand that they do not look upon us as being such men. They chide with us; they vex and sorrow us. And departing, they leave us under the impression *that they hold us to be guilty, though they have not told us the crime which they secretly lay to our charge.*

Conscience, on the other hand, does not tell us our guilt without telling us our crime. It comes to us with facts,

and these it presents to our minds in all their nakedness. It is true we may sometimes be seized with a sudden fear and agony, as if we had committed some awful crime, though we are not aware of any; just as a man may awake some morning with agonizing presentiments, though he cannot recollect having committed any special misdeed. The postman brings the letters as usual, but he has scarcely courage to open them. What dreadful intelligence may they not contain? Well, they are opened at last; and—they contain nothing extraordinary. The next moment he is told that a gentleman wishes to speak to him, and he feels as though some pointed instrument pierced his heart. Who may the stranger be? What horrible tidings does he bring? Well, our friend speaks to him, and—it is nothing particular. Thus the day passes by without his fears being, in the least, realized. They all turn out to be the work of sheer imagination. Such vague presentiments are not the work of conscience, but in most cases the effect of some bodily derangement. Sometimes they are transient and easily removed by medicine. Sometimes they are chronic and almost incurable, being caused by disease of the heart or of some other vital organ. In fact, it may be fairly asserted that every feeling of anxiety of this sort for which, upon close self-examination, we cannot account, is simply a misleading play of the imagination, caused chiefly by some irregularity of the nervous system.

For where it is conscience that makes us feel uneasy, the cause of our anxiety is no matter of doubt. That faithful witness of the truth speaks plain language. It tells us at once that we have committed an evil, and also what the evil is. To the guilty, conscience is an unmerciful historian, a recorder who cannot be bribed. It tells him that his crime is one which no power on earth can undo. It tells him that he, too, knows this right well, however skillfully he may pretend the contrary. And it tells him that such an act is a sin and a crime, that it was

not a mere mistake, though perhaps its consequences were not so serious as they might have been; but that it was a *misdeed*, indicative of a bad motive, and at variance with the eternal, holy law of God.

Criminal annals teem with instances illustrative of the fearful power which conscience often manifests in bringing long-hidden crimes to light, and in compelling the guilty to acknowledge their misdeeds. This we might call the *historical veracity* of conscience.—It shows its divine origin by proving that it is implanted in man by the hand of Him who said that nothing is covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be made manifest. It shows that conscience is light, for, Scripture says, whatsoever doth make manifest is light. Indeed, it would seem as if the bright, clear light that shines from the eye of a good man, is all that is required to elicit flashes from his conscience, and at once lay bare awful facts that have been buried in the dark. This calls to mind that look of Jesus which at once dispelled the cloud that covered Peter's soul and drove him away to weep bitterly.

It is well known that a man may often continue his dismal struggle against the criminations of this accuser for a long time before he comes to confess his guilt. Few of us manifest the moral integrity which, when the intoxicating power of the criminal moment has subsided, at once gives testimony to the truth of his accuser's words, and fewer still have that moral courage which, rather than continue a vicious skirmish against this champion of truth and justice, takes all the consequences of the offence committed. That moral courage was manifested in a striking manner, about the commencement of the present century, by a young Armenian, whose touching story at the same time illustrates the astonishing power of conscience in convincing a man of his guilt.

This young man, who was twenty-two years of age, lived at Constantinople. One day he accepted an invitation to a banquet, which was chiefly attend-

ed by Turks, some of whom were men of great influence. The amiable appearance and winning manners of the young Christian elicited the favor of the leading men of the party. He was honored with distinctions which quite intoxicated him, ambitious as he was. He was told that a young man of his abilities was sure to have a most splendid career, if he wisely improved the opportunities and advantages offered to him. He was promised the protection of the highest officials in the state if he would forsake his Christian faith and adopt that of Islam. Fascinated by the charming prospect, and being somewhat under the influence of drink, the unhappy young man allowed himself to be prevailed upon to take the fatal step. The same evening he abjured Christ, and amid the uproarious applause of the company, adopted the religion of the false prophet. For several days his new friends continued to keep him in their midst. The usual ceremonies prescribed by the Turkish law for the reception of a renegade into the fellowship of the Mussulmans were gone through, and he was legally, publicly, and irrevocably bound to the service of Islam. The event caused much sensation in the city, as he was a young man of name, and possessed considerable property.

No sooner, however, had the intoxication of glory and excitement subsided, than he was seized by the most painful remorse. It was not until last year (1866) that the *Porte*, at the remonstrance of the British, French, and American ambassadors, cancelled that cruel, despotic, and fanatical Turkish law, by which apostacy from the Mahomedan religion was punishable by death. So, in the days when the Armenian lived that law was in full vigor. The compunctions of his conscience not allowing him to attend service in the mosque, he locked himself up in his house, a victim to the most agonizing self-reproaches. Not only did he feel as firmly as before that Jesus was the Christ and that Mahomed was a false prophet, but the fearful events of the period just past had brought about a

crisis in his heart. The love of Jesus, who had suffered and died for him on the Cross, now came in all its truth and glory before his mind. He not only perceived that he had brought everlasting condemnation upon himself, but his soul was also tortured by the thought of the intense grief he had caused to his adorable Saviour, and the shame and disgrace he had so wantonly and publicly cast upon his glorious name. For two months he kept himself shut up in his house, until at length the accusations of his conscience became unbearable.

He applied to a missionary for counsel and consolation. This man advised him to leave the country, and to re-enter the Church of Christ in a Christian land.

"I should have done so long ago," he replied, "if by that step I could have effaced the stain which in public I have cast upon the Saviour's name.—The people of Constantinople have been the witnesses of my apostacy, and my conscience tells me that in the presence of the same witnesses I am bound to recant."

"But that would be tantamount to killing yourself," the missionary observed.

"I know that. But I feel that nothing short of public execution is the proper reward for such a crime as I have committed. It is only my blood that, in the sight of men, can wash off the stain I have cast upon my Lord and Saviour."

"But the Lord requires no such sacrifice of you," said the missionary.—"A broken heart and a contrite spirit is the sacrifice He desires."

"True," the young man replied; nor do I believe that my death could in any way atone for my guilt in the sight of God. When my spirit leaves this miserable body, I shall cast myself upon the mercy of Jesus alone, trusting that God will pardon my shameful crime for the sake of his own blood. But I feel that my repentance cannot be sincere so long as I refuse to do all that is in my power to restore his honor, which I have so basely trodden under foot, and

to show to all Constantinople that his name is more precious than life."

The missionary continued to try to change the young man's mind, but all his arguments were in vain. The Armenian entreated him to administer the Lord's Supper to him, as he desired to realize his reunion with Him without whose divine assistance he felt unable to walk to the end of the heavy way which his conscience pressed him to follow. The missionary now ceased to oppose him. He was convinced that the young man was acting under the agency of the Spirit of God. With tears in his eyes he prayed with him, and administered the emblems of Christ's atoning love. He entreated him to guard against imprudence, lest by unnecessarily offensive expressions he should raise the anger of the Turks, and at last dismissed him, with grief in his heart.

On the following day the young Armenian, having taken off his Mussulman dress, repaired to the bazaar, where he settled his accounts, and arranged his affairs. The Turkish merchants who all liked him well, on learning from his own lips that he had returned to his original faith, besought him to abandon such a dangerous course, or at least to fly the country.

"I cannot change my mind," he answered. "I am prepared even to die for the faith which I so shamelessly forsook."

This was heard by a few soldiers who were standing by. In a moment he was knocked down and dragged to prison covered with blood. His face shining with joy, he bore the chains that were put on his limbs, and like Paul and Silas at Phillippi, he amazed his fellow-prisoners by his hymns. On the following morning many of his Turkish friends visited him. Some besought him with tears; others threatened; but nothing could make him recant.

He was reported to the Grand Vizier, who sent for him. The youth and amiable appearance of the prisoner touched the Vizier to the heart. He promised him one of the highest offices in the state if he would yield.

"I am unworthy of your compassion and favor," the Armenian replied.—"But how could I be happy even in midst of all the riches in the world, seeing that my soul would be lost forever."

"Then you must die," said the Vizier.

"To be put to death is the only kindness I beg of your excellency," was the answer.

The Vizier thereupon gave orders that he should be led to the place of execution. On his way thither he happened to meet the Sultan himself.—The monarch, on noticing the noble countenance of the culprit, and the great multitude, in which were many persons of distinction, stopped the procession and inquired into the case. He, too, offered the youth a high and lucrative situation, if he would even now change his mind, but all in vain: his last words were—"Jesus Christ, Son of God!—Saviour!"

To those who, like Strauss, Renan, and the other adherents of the modern theology, do not believe in a divine revelation, and consequently look upon religion as a matter of mere taste and habit, the conduct of this young hero must seem merely a piece of fanaticism and narrow-mindedness, and they cannot but regard his conscience, which led him into such a fatal course, as a bad and mischievous counsellor. But we, who believe there is no salvation without Christ, and that the man who denies Him before men shall also be denied by Him before his heavenly Father, look upon the young Armenian's conscience, as, under God, the deliverer of his soul. In that restless, impetuous accuser he possessed an invaluable friend—a treasure from heaven. All his other friends, even while they showed him the greatest kindness, and tried all that was in their power to save his life, were yet friends unto death, while this one, though it led him into death, was in reality his friend unto life. To the advocates of expediency as the ruling principle of our life his conduct must also appear blameable, and much, from their point of view, might be said which

would, *prima facie*, sound quite plausible. Had he fled to a Christian country, as the missionary advised, they might observe, how useful for good his talents and capacities might have been; whereas his young life had been wholly lost to human society merely to satisfy the demands of a too sensitive conscience. But against this reasoning it may be remarked that we cannot tell whether all the good he might have done in a Christian land would have made up for the evil his cowardly flight would have done the good cause in the land of the infidel. The case of Expediency *versus* Conscience will never be settled here below, except before the tribunal of those few who believe that the first question which we should put to ourselves, is not: "Am I useful in the sight of men?" but, "Am I just in the sight of God?" If there is no life after death, then let us try to be as useful as we think it expedient to be, and let us send conscience about its business; but if there is a future life, where is the man who can prove that a young man has ceased to be useful by ceasing to live? And where is he who can prove that conscience is not exactly that far-seeing friend, who tells us which course we have to follow in this life, lest we become useless in the life hereafter?

Whatever may be the agencies—and they are many—which seek to influence a man for good, it comes after all to the question whether his will inclines him to be influenced by them. In his will lies the executive power. Conscience may point to the law, may accuse, remonstrate, threaten and condemn, but it is all in vain if man's will refuses to give its sanction. And, alas! it often takes a long time before that sanction can be obtained even from the wills of men who are well known for integrity and piety. All of us are more or less masters in the art of prevarication, and poor conscience has often to make many calls before it can find us at home, prepared to listen to its accusing words. Not that we wish to be unjust or unreasonable. But we often think truth may be viewed from

many different sides, and we feel that conscience is perhaps a little one-sided. Nor is it always clear to us why we should be in such a hurry, as conscience requires, to act upon its admonitions. We think we may safely take time to turn the matter over in our mind.—Meanwhile conscience will perhaps either come to terms, or drop the matter altogether and leave us alone.

Now all this quibbling only shows that we are not in earnest in the matter, and that we try in a deceitful way to evade the discharge of duty. Nor is it difficult, in many cases, to reason ourselves into the belief that we are right, and that owing to some mistake our conscience was in error. Besides, the subject's conscience brings before our mind are often of such a nature, that much talking and hairsplitting obscures them, so that at last they are confounded with other matters; just as certain as aromatic liquors lose their flavor, and become inodorous by being too often poured from one bottle into another. There is a text in the Greek New Testament (1 Tim. iii. 16) about a single letter of which a great difficulty has arisen; the Arians read it as an *omikron* (O), and the Orthodox as a *theta* (Θ). The difference consists only in a little dot or stroke. "Well," you say, "the matter is simple; let us take the oldest Greek manuscript, and see how it is written there: that will at once settle the question." Just so; but unfortunately the manuscript has been so often taken in hand, and people have so often put their dirty fingers on the letter in question, that not only the little dot (if there ever was one), but the whole letter has become quite illegible. Thus, too, many a plain truth which conscience presented to us has been buried and lost under the unclean touch of our insincere, sophisticating minds.

In the life of immoral and irreligious people like Ahab or Herod, or even in the life of good men, for a time under the rule of a besetting sin, as was the case with David, the deviations from the law of God are so gross, that scarcely any logic is required to demonstrate

their sinfulness. But in the life of converted Christians, and of people who are habitually moral and honest, those deviations are mostly of such a subtle or intricate character, that only a pure eye, undimmed by vapors rising from an insincere ground, is clear enough to discern their delicate windings. Such a pure eye is that of conscience. It apprehends the impurity immediately, and makes us inwardly conscious of it. But as so much that is good and noble and pious is apparently heaped up around and above it, we succeed in soon forgetting that "slight slip," by virtue of the magnitude of our supposed righteousness. Sometimes it was only a "trifling neglect," sometimes only a little ambiguity in expression; sometimes only a smile, or a frown, or a shrug of the shoulders.—But apparently trifling as these errors were, they may have brought about the most important consequences.

Let us not play with our conscience, and, least of all, where it accuses us of indulging in a besetting sin. The besetting sins which Christians have to struggle against are mostly secret sins. But the more secret they are, the more we should value a secret friend who is cognisant of them, and warns us against them. That secret friend conscience proves itself to be not only when it reproaches us each time that we have yielded to the temptation, but also when, in moments of calm repose, it whispers into our souls that the lust after the alluring sin is not truly gone, that there is not yet that true horror of evil which is the evidence of a complete breach between us and that sin; that there is still one, perhaps only one, fine fibre in the texture of our heart which thrills with prurient delight at the thought of that sin. Let us not be careless about these beneficial hints. They come to us in time of peace to render us inaccessible to the enemy who lurks at a distance. They direct our attention to the presence of a traitor within, and urge us to expel and destroy him before the foe comes from without. They should bring us down to our knees at the feet of the Chief

Captain of our salvation, without whom no battle can be gained and no fortress be preserved. To Him we should tell what conscience tells us, and allow ourselves no rest until, with his aid, "our hearts are sprinkled from an evil conscience."—*Sunday Magazine*.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

OF MRS. L. D. MITCHELL.

I ATTENDED a series of union meetings last winter, not from any interest I had, but feeling it a duty to observe the form. I may say I was almost indifferent to the subject of religion. I had once known the Saviour's love in my soul, but had sadly wandered, and for years had conformed to all the maxims and customs of the world, without *one vital spark of piety* in my heart, with but the form of godliness. I felt no change in my feelings until the sudden death of a devoted member of the M. E. Church, to which I belonged. This death came home with force to my heart, and I asked myself the question, "am I prepared to die? What would be my destiny were I called as suddenly as this good brother has been, to meet my God?" I felt myself a condemned sinner in the sight of a just God. I had been professing by outward forms, that I was a Christian; when my own conscience plainly told me I was an "apostate, a wanderer from the fold." I began to look over the church, wondering if I was the only one but what lived a consistent, Christian life. My mind was directed to some few that I had looked upon as patterns of piety that exemplified in their daily life the religion they professed. Still I knew but little of them. I had shunned their society; as I had no desire to cultivate their acquaintance, and living as I then did, there was no congeniality of feeling, or sentiment between us. It seemed entirely unnecessary, with my heart wedded to the world as it then was, that to be a Christian we must let the world go, "and come out from among them and be separate, and follow Jesus through.

evil as well as good report," though we may be shunned by our worldly friends, and suffer reproach for His sake. I have since learned that to *know* Jesus in the *heart*, to confess Him with the tongue, and to follow Him in our life, will ever expose us to reproach and contempt. I bless God that I can say from my heart that I esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. But I found no relief to a sin-burdened soul. I was longing for peace, for rest. I saw my life, for years, had been nothing but sin and rebellion against my Creator, my Redeemer. When God's blessed word encouraged me to hope: "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins." I believed there was mercy for me and I should be saved, if I would but obey God. Thus I continued, the burden of my sins seemed almost intolerable to bear. Oh, how I entreated, and plead with God that He would heal my backslidings! "Did any ever trust in the Lord, and was confounded?" "I will trust Thee, O God, and if I perish, I will perish at the feet of Jesus."—"Only show me Thy will." Again the precious Bible told me the way: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." My cry was, "Lord, I will let the world go, which has been my idol so many years. I will joyfully bear Thy cross; only give me Thyself. Only speak peace to my troubled, burdened heart." I did not plead in vain. O, how sweetly peace came with the words, "Be of good comfort, thy sins, which were many are *all* forgiven thee." I felt love and joy filling my soul. I had such a desire to meet and converse with the true followers of Jesus, and tell them of the burden that had been weighing me down, until I was almost crushed with its heavy load, and of the love and joy that was then filling my soul. I felt such a drawing towards one dear sister in particular, even before I felt

the presence of God filling my heart. The first time I had an opportunity to converse with her I attempted to tell her my feelings,—how I *longed* to again know the way, how willingly I would walk in it, if God would but direct me. She spoke words of comfort, and pointed me to the bleeding Saviour, and to the Fountain that was ever open for such as I to step in and be made whole, and of the leadings of the Holy Spirit particularly in regard to dress, that when a soul was saved and washed in the Blood of the Lamb, it was not necessary to advise with them; the Holy Spirit would be an unerring guide, and if we obeyed its teachings and have a sincere desire to honor God in all we do, our Christian life will be very exemplary in every respect. God's Holy Spirit soon led me to know, by experience, that when the heart is *wholly renewed*, there will be an outward conformity to the will of God. I soon after learned that the sister in question had made myself and some others of the Society a special subject of prayer. Her faith was strong that if she asked according to His will He would hear and answer, and save, and joy fills my soul to-day, that God did hear and answer prayer in my behalf. Deeply conscious of my past unfaithful Christian life, and my need of a deeper work in my heart than justifying grace to keep me from again being led astray, and knowing that God required my *whole* heart, with Divine assistance I determined, with firmness of purpose, that entire devotion of heart and life to God should be the absorbing subject of the remaining part of life. There had been but little light given me to show me the way, and the enemy saw the advantage, as my ideas were not yet clear in the nature of this blessing; saying, "If you obtain this blessing which you are seeking for, you will soon lose it again in the many trials you will have to pass through." But God's word which I had taken as my counsellor assured me; "That I had not received the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things freely given to

us of God." I had not one doubt of my acceptance with God, as a member of the household of faith, but was conscious that I had not the witness of entire consecration to Him. The word of the Lord as a mighty counsellor urged me onward, and directed my every step, and I could truly say I was led by a way I knew not. I had never, until this time, counted the *cost*; with the solemn intention to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God." I realized that I was engaged in a transaction eternal in its consequences. I looked upon family, influence, earthly possession, with a feeling never before experienced. I knew God was not unreasonable in his requirements, and had He not required me to present my body a *living sacrifice*, holy and acceptable unto Him?" The Spirit suggested, "If God has enabled you to bring it and lay it on His altar, will He not accept it at your hands?"—God did accept it and sealed me His. I did not feel that overwhelming joy that some express, but God spoke, "Peace, be still!" and there was such a great calm throughout my soul, and sinking into His will. It was no longer I that lived, but Christ that lived in me! Emptied of self and self-dependence, I submitted to be saved by grace. Jesus is mine with all His strength and fullness, and His grace is sufficient. I have the assurance that I am a branch of the living vine. I could but exclaim: "Precious Jesus, Thou dost reign unrivaled in my heart. Thou hast taken up thy abiding residence there." I am now where I ought to be, a sinner at Jesus' feet, saved by grace. Praise the Lord, it is not in vain that I have trusted in Jesus. I love to get very near to Him, that I can learn each day what He requires of me. Though the cross may be heavy, my heart will respond, "Here am I, take me." In visiting the sick I have found a great increase of strength, and love to God. The more earnestly I work in my Master's vineyard, the more I feel of His divine presence in my heart. I have many times been tempted to question the extent of this work of grace in my

heart, yet I praise God they have been but temptations, and I doubt not the all-sufficiency of His grace to keep me to the end. Though the enemy tries me in many ways, I have already proved the trial of my faith precious.

It was urged on my mind, "You are going to face various trials, and a cooling world. I would not openly acknowledge before the world what God has done for you. Your friends cannot but see the change this inward testimony of the Spirit has wrought in your whole life. I would exemplify this *purity* of heart in my daily life, and not testify to its power to save to the *utmost*." Then I began to doubt of the witness which I had before felt in my heart. The Lord again directed my way with His precious word. "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." "He that hideth his Lord's talent and improveth it not, from that unprofitable servant shall be taken away even that he hath." I fully resolved that the small talent He had entrusted to my care should be used for His glory, and with His help I will ever bear His hallowed cross, and give a faithful representation of my individual experience of the power of grace to transform to the uttermost. The *breathings* of my soul are, "Lord make me useful; only let me labor in Thy vineyard, and choose Thou the time and place. I feel my weakness, but I know in God there is strength."

O, how much I need to be filled with the knowledge of the will of God, with all wisdom and Spiritual understanding, that I may be better able to withstand the temptations with which I am surrounded. I have no interest apart from the interest of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and my unceasing prayer is, "That whatever I do, or whatever I say may be done for the honor and glory of God."

Pittsford, N.Y.

God will either keep his saints from temptations, by his preventing mercy, or in temptations, by his supporting mercy, or find a way to escape by his delivering mercy.

DANGER OF RICHES.

Oh ye Methodists, hear the word of the Lord! I have a message from God to all men; but to *you* above all. For above forty years I have been a servant to you and to your fathers. And I have not been as a reed shaken by the wind: I have not varied in my testimony. I have testified to you the very same thing, from the first day even until now. But "who hath believed our report?" I fear, not many rich; I fear there is need to apply to some of *you* those terrible words of the apostle, "Go to now, ye rich men! weep and howl for the miseries which shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall witness against you, and shall eat your flesh, as it were fire." Certainly it will, unless ye both save all you can, and give all you can. But who of you hath considered this, since you first heard the will of the Lord concerning it? Who is now determined to consider and practice it? By the grace of God, begin to day!

Oh ye lovers of money, hear the word of the Lord! Suppose ye that money, though multiplied as the sand of the sea, can give happiness? Then you are "given up to a strong delusion, to believe a lie:" a palpable lie, confuted daily by a thousand experiments. Open your eyes! look all around you! Are the richest men the happiest? Have those the largest share of content, who have the largest possessions? Is not the very reverse true? Is it not a common observation, That the richest of men are, in general, the most discontented, the most miserable? Had not the far greater part of them more content when they had less money? Look into your own breasts. If you are increased in goods, are you proportionably increased in happiness? You have more substance: but have you more content? You know that in seeking happiness from riches, you are only striving to drink out of empty cups. And let them be painted and gilded ever so finely, they are empty still.

Oh ye that *desire to be rich*, hear ye

the word of the Lord! Why should ye be stricken any more? Will not even experience teach you wisdom? Will ye leap into a pit with your eyes open? Why should you any more *fall into temptation*? It cannot be, but temptation will beset you, as long as you are in the body. But though it should beset you on every side, why will you *enter into it*? There is no necessity for this; it is your own voluntary act and deed. Why should you any more plunge yourselves *into a snare*, into the trap Satan has laid for you, that is ready to break your bones in pieces; to crush your soul to death? After fair warning, why should you sink any more into *foolish and hurtful desires*? Desires as inconsistent with reason, as they are with religion itself. Desires that have done you more hurt already, than all the treasures upon earth can countervail.

Have they not hurt you already, have they not wounded you in the tenderest part, by slakening, if not utterly destroying, your "hunger and thirst after righteousness?" Have you now the same longing that you had once, for the whole image of God? Have you the same vehement desire as you formerly had, of "going on unto perfection?" Have they not hurt you by weakening your *faith*? Have you now faith's "abiding impression, realizing things to come?" Do you endure, in all temptations, from pleasure or pain, "seeing him that is invisible?" Have you every day, and every hour, an uninterrupted sense of his presence? Have they not hurt you with regard to your *hope*? Have you now a hope full of immortality? Are you still big with earnest expectation of all the great and precious promises? Do you now "taste the powers of the world to come?" Do you "sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus?"

Have they not so hurt you, as to stab your religion to the heart? Have they not cooled (if not quenched) your *love of God*? This is easily determined. Have you the same delight in God which you once had? Can you now say,

"I nothing want beneath, above,
Happy, happy, in thy love!"

I fear not. And if your love of God is in any wise decayed, so is also your love of your neighbor. You are then hurt in the very life and spirit of your religion! If you lose love, you lose all.

Are not you hurt with regard to your *humility*? If you are increased in goods, it cannot well be otherwise. Many will think you a better, because you are a richer man; and how can you help thinking so yourself? Especially, considering the commendations which some will give you in simplicity, and many with a design to serve themselves of you.

If you are hurt in your humility, it will appear by this token: you are not so teachable as you were, not so advisable; you are not so easy to be convinced; not so easy to be persuaded; you have a much better opinion of your own judgment, and are more attached to your own will. Formerly one might guide you with a thread: now one cannot turn you with a cart rope. You were glad to be admonished or reprov'd: but that time is past. And you now account a man your enemy because he tells you the truth. Oh, let each of you calmly consider this, and see if it be not your own picture!

Are you not equally hurt, with regard to your *meekness*? You had once learned an excellent lesson of him that was meek as well as lowly in heart. When you were reviled, you reviled not again. You did not return railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing. Your love was *not provoked*, but enabled you on all occasions to overcome evil with good. Is this your case now? I am afraid not. I fear, you cannot "bear all things." Alas, it may rather be said, you can bear nothing: no injury, nor even affront. How quickly are you ruffled! How readily does that occur, "What! to use me so! What insolence is this! How did he dare to do it? I am not now what I was once. Let him know, I am now able to defend myself." You mean, to revenge yourself. And it is much, if

you are not willing, as well as able; if you do not take your fellow servant by the throat.

And are you not hurt in your *patience* too? Does your love now "endure all things"? Do you still, "in patience possess your soul," as when you first believed? Oh, what a change is here! You have again learned to be frequently out of humor. You are often fretful: you feel, nay, and give way to peevishness. You find abundance of things go so cross, that you cannot tell how to bear them.

But to return. Are not you, who have been successful in your endeavors to increase in substance, insensibly sunk into softness of mind, if not of body too? You no longer rejoice to "endure hardship, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ!" You no longer "rush into the kingdom of heaven, and take it as by storm." You do not cheerfully and gladly "deny yourselves, and take up your cross daily." You cannot deny yourself the poor pleasure of a little sleep, or of a soft bed, in order to hear the word that is able to save your souls! Indeed, you "cannot go out so early in the morning: besides it is dark: nay, cold, perhaps rainy too. Cold, darkness, rain: all these together, I can never think of it." You did not say so when you were a poor man. You then regard none of these things. It is the change of circumstances which has occasioned this melancholy change in your body and mind: you are but the shadow of what you were! What have riches done for you?

In time past, how mindful were you of that word, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart: thou shalt in any wise reprove thy brother, and not suffer sin upon him!" You *did* reprove, directly or indirectly, all those that sinned in your sight. And happy consequences quickly followed. How good was a word spoken in season! It was often as an arrow from the hand of a giant. But which of you now has that compassion for the ignorant, and for them that are out of the way? Gold has steeled your hearts. You have something else to do.—*John Wesley.*

MINISTERIAL DIGNITY.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

THE connection of the above terms, is evidently quite significant; and if appropriateness in application is desirable, that point is surely gained in its present association.

The term Minister, is derived or borrowed from the Latin *ministro*—properly a chief servant; one who serves at the altar. Mr. Webster says, "One who performs sacerdotal duties; the pastor of a church, duly authorized or licensed to preach the gospel, and administer the sacraments."

Christ himself was termed a Minister of the sanctuary. As it is with the sacred or ecclesiastical minister we now have to do, to that office your attention is more especially called.

As in civil affairs, he is one under authority. Bearing the important messages of salvation, he is engaged in the most sublime work in which mortal man was ever employed; and occupies the most elevated, honorable and holy position ever possessed by man. The great Apostle of the Gentiles entertained such noble conceptions of the minister, that he terms them "Ambassadors for Christ." If such is the exalted position of the minister of the gospel, certainly there can be nothing wrong if we claim that he ought to carry with him, everywhere, his authority, his humility, his dignity, and his devotion.

But to maintain this properly, there are several considerations to take into the account.

A minister's moral conceptions ought to be finely cultivated. He must realize the fact, that dignity is true honor. That it is "A high sense of propriety, truth and justice;" with an abhorrence of mean and sinful actions, or of low, lustful habits. In his position or calling, there is no time for trifling; no time for jesting or foolish talking; no time for idleness; and no time for the filthy, low, debasing, and God-dishonoring practice of chewing and smoking tobacco! The little book says, "Never

be triflingly employed." Trifling begets actions that have neither seriousness, weight, wisdom, nor dignity. Well may one remark, most seriously,

"With such poor trifles playing,
Moments make the year, and trifles, life."

It is also written of Grotius, that he remarked while dying, "I have lost a life in busy trifling." What an admonition to men of God and ministers of the gospel! Then comes the thundering injunction of the Bible, "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise—redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

The second term in our text is Dignity. That, too, is borrowed from the Latin, *dignitas*—morally meaning, dignity of mind, dignity of character, dignity of deportment, and dignity of sentiment. They are all based upon moral rectitude, and are designed to exhibit the minister's moral rectitude.

The truly dignified minister not only avoids all trifling, but he equally detests idleness. He realizes the fact, that idleness is the parent of many vices.

It is easy to discover the effects that must follow a course of idleness. It is a want of dignity in the beginning, in the middle, and at the end. It is low, lower, and lowest. There are other baneful effects following in this train: not only the lowering of ministerial dignity, but the injury entailed upon others. The idle, undignified minister, is embarrassed in various ways. He never has his lesson. He is illy prepared for any emergency. He is often too late at his appointment. He never has time for class-meeting. He has no time for pastoral visiting. He never visits, comforts, counsels, nor encourages the sick. It is the source of much neglect. His example is a bad one. He carries a miserable influence. He does great injury to the young convert. He renders himself despicable in the community. And Solomon says, "An idle soul shall suffer hunger." Such ministers never rise to any eminence. They are great complainers: wondering that they are not more fully and properly appreciated.

The dreadful influences of idleness might be traced much farther, and their undignified effects exhibited seemingly more fully. But enough.

That the contrast may appear more striking, let us look at the men, or a few of them, who have exhibited their dignity, filled their ministerial office with reverence, and exerted a world-wide influence for greatness and goodness.

Look at Luther, defying the thunders of the Vatican, and all the powers of the Pope; by patient continuance in well-doing, he stands, at this distant day, as one of the first stars in moral magnitude and sublime grandeur. His name is a familiar, household word.

Who does not almost envy the immense attainments, the personal acquirements, the real honor, the noble bearing, and the moral *dignity*, of the great and good Dr. Clarke! He commenced as a peasant in poverty—an Irish boy in rags, whose food was potatoes; but by industry, perseverance, and a fixed determination, he became connected with the crown, and he filled one of the highest seats in the literary and religious world. He honored his country, his calling, and his religion; and, at every point, he maintained his ministerial dignity. To the latest period of time his works will follow him, for great good.

The inimitable Wesley, is an example worthy of reference. Mr. McOlliver, in referring to him, said, "When I think of the hundred volumes he has written; of his traveling five thousand miles annually; that he delivers thousands of discourses yearly; the thousand sick beds he visits; the two thousand letters he answers: in short, when I see him, as I have ever seen him since I knew him, how lavish he is of his strength, time, money and influence, for the relief of the poor, the support of the weak, the prosperity of the Church, the conversion of the world, and the glory of God—I am ashamed of myself and all about me."

And the great Apostle of the Gentiles gives us some of his experience in truly maintaining his ministerial dignity. He says, "I abuse not my power

in the gospel. . . . Though I be free from all *men*, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more." And again adds, "We are laborers together with God." Yea, more, he says, "We are ambassadors for Christ,"—Honor—Dignity—Glory.

The preceding limited list of dignified and moral worthies, is sufficient for present purposes.

It is plainly seen by all, that moral worth, correct principles, and persevering efforts, are necessary qualities, for the humble minister to maintain properly and fully his ministerial dignity.

God has very wisely connected labor and piety, wisdom and greatness, humility and honor, honesty and goodness, and dignity and devotion, together. And the person wishing to bear, share, and wear them all, will be compelled to put forth much effort; carry in his bosom an honest heart; seek much of the grace of God, and rid himself of every sin—even that which is as near as the right hand, or dear as the right eye. Do we, as ministers, realize the moral obligation of our office—its responsibilities, its duties, and its dignity? If we do, we realize the fact, as remarked by Massinger—

"True dignity is never gained by place,
And never lost, when honors are withdrawn."

THROUGH THE SEA.

BY HATTIE MC. WHORTER.

It was an hour of fierce temptation—of deep, peculiar trial; when it seemed as if Faith must be overthrown, and Trust must fold her wings. My heart was weary with the conflict and the strife; and the misunderstandings of those who might have helped me, pressed upon my spirit with unusual weight.

Just then I thought of the children of Israel, and of the time when they were brought to the brink of the Red Sea—with the wild, surging waves before them, the mountains on either side, and the enemy in swift pursuit; and again, how tenderly they were led—how marked was their deliverance.

Then I prayed the God of Israel to

show *me* the way through the sea,—to deliver *me* from the hand of mine enemy; and while my faith took hold of the word of promise, “Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me”—lo! the waves were separated, and I passed over on dry land.

I would not write of this, except to bear testimony to the power of our God to save us out of *every* snare—from *every* trial. Blessed be His name!

Beloved, are you in the valley of temptation—the wilderness of trial? Does the way seem to be hedged in on every side? The time of your deliverance draweth nigh;—listen, and you shall hear, even now: “*Stand still*, and see the salvation of the Lord.” The more bitter the trial, the stronger the arms of Infinite Love that lift us up “out of the depths;” the fiercer the furnace-heat, the brighter our faith will shine when the flames are quenched; the deeper the anguish, the sweeter will be our song of *victory*: for “*so* He bringeth them to their desired haven.”

Sister, do you stand alone, declaring the whole counsel of God—testifying to the power of Jesus to save unto the *utmost*—misrepresented and unjustly censured, your tender heart grieved, and the patient love you exercise cast aside or lightly esteemed? *He* leadeth you, and *this* is the way in which you are to “glorify Him.” Are you almost discouraged, because you cannot see the *result* of all your toil and labor for the good of souls,—because your prayers and tears have borne no fruit that *your* eyes can see? “Be not weary in well-doing; for, *in due season*, ye shall reap, if ye faint not.” Only “be strong and of good courage,” and sooner than you think, perhaps, the way will be opened through the sea, and you shall see the revealed glory.

Our Heavenly Father sometimes leads His children through just such narrow straits, in order to test their faith, and make known His power to save; and when we have been brought out of the furnace-fires untarnished, it is our duty, and our blessed privilege, to declare the wondrous power of God.

A MEMORABLE CHARGE.

THE following was the last Charge of Mr. Robinson, to the Pilgrim Fathers, on the eve of their Emigration to the New World, in A. D. 1620.

“BRETHREN,—We are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows. But whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

“If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded—I am very confident the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of the first Reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw;—whatever part of His will our good God has imparted and revealed unto Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

“This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God; but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. *I beseech you, be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God.* But I must here, withal, exhort you to take heed *what* you receive as truth; examine it, consider it, and compare it with other Scriptures of truth, before you receive it. For it is not possible that Christians should come so lately out of such thick anti-christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.”

Editorial.

Consecration to God.

MANY appear to have an indistinct, confused idea of what it is to be entirely consecrated to God. The ancient Assyrians "feared the Lord, and served their own gods;" so many profess to be wholly devoted to God, while they live for themselves. However benevolent in appearance, their plans, purposes and actions centre in self. Some are worldly; others are indolent and self-indulgent. It becomes us to frequently and rigidly examine ourselves, lest the very foundation of a genuine religious experience be gradually undermined. We may almost insensibly lose the spirit of self-sacrifice, without which all our professions tend only to deceive ourselves and others.

The soldier who is set apart to the service of his country, does not leave the seat of conflict, no matter to what suffering or danger he is exposed, or how urgently his private business may demand his attention. He is to do the duty enjoined by those who have the authority over him. So he who is set apart to the service of God—as every real Christian is—does not, and can not live like the rest of mankind. He is to do the will of Him who has called him out of the world. He may sometimes be in doubt as to what the will of God is, but never where the Bible speaks explicitly. God's revealed will outweighs, with him, every other consideration.

Are you, then, consecrated to the service of God, to do whatever he requires of you? If so, you will do the work for which He, by his gifts, his grace, and his providence, has fitted you. There is an alarming tendency on the part of all, to get out of God's order. The hand aspires to be the head, or the foot seeks to be the hand—and so trouble and confusion result. If God calls you to preach the Gospel, then devote all your energies to this glorious work. Do not be a literary gentleman, nor an indolent loungeur. Work for God with the fidelity which you would look for in one whom you employed at large wages. God promises the most wonderful compensation for all suffering endured and labor performed

for Him. Do not loiter away the time; but study, pray, and labor personally and publicly for the salvation of souls, as if you were really in earnest. We are sorely puzzled to know what some ministers mean when they talk about being *entirely* consecrated to God. Why, no business man would employ you a month, if you were not more diligent in his service than you are in laboring for the promotion of God's work! It is time to stir yourself. There is no field in the vineyard of the Lord, but that will furnish ample opportunity for diligent toil, and will abundantly repay the most careful cultivation.

If, then, you are fully consecrated to God, work for Him, and not for yourself. *Work*, and do not be idle a large proportion of the time. Let your energies be taxed to the utmost to snatch souls as brands from the burning. *Be instant in season and out of season, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*

Consecration of Property.

It is as much the duty of a Christian to serve God with his property, as with his voice. If he has a talent to make money, he is under as great obligation to use it to the glory of God, as the man is who has a talent to speak or write to use that to the glory of God. The obligation is the same in both cases. The one can no more live for himself, and be in the favor of God, than the other.

But what shall a Christian man, who has a talent for business, do with the avails of his labor and skill? Shall he go on and make all the money he can, and lay it up for himself and children? The general practice in all the churches strongly sanctions this view. But is custom law? Not where it conflicts with the plain teaching of the word of God.

On no point does the Bible speak more plainly than on this. Its language is unmistakable. Jesus says, Matt. vi. 19-20: "*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,*

where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Superabundance of anything that has a commercial value, is an earthly treasure. God allows every man to provide for himself and those dependent upon him a comfortable home, food and raiment. Any thing more laid up on earth, either in land or money, than is necessary to procure them, is plainly forbidden. If, then, you are wholly consecrated to God, you will take some such course as the following:

First: You will, all along, give according as the Lord prospers you, not less than a tenth of your income to His service. As your income increases, you will give a larger proportion. But you will have some system about it. You will not be governed by the fluctuating impulses of the moment.

Second: When you have all you need to make you comfortable, you will use all the money you can make, in doing good. You will not add farm to farm, and house to house, and keep yourself in debt and trouble all your days. You will work quietly, unostentatiously, and faithfully, for the Lord. You will not think of retiring because you have a plenty; nor will you seek to become rich, that your children may grow up with the impression that there will never be any necessity for them to labor.

Third: You will make provision, in some way, to have your property do good when you have no longer any need of it. You will make your will in the fear and love of God. You will not leave your property for the lawyers to contend about when you are gone.

Finally: You will no more seek to build up pride in the church than in your own family. How freely money is poured out for magnificent churches! How difficult, in almost every community, to raise the necessary amount to erect a plain, humble edifice, in which the poor may hear the Gospel preached! Many professing Christians will give more for ornament in the house of God, than would be necessary to carry the Gospel to hundreds who will never hear it.

Beloveds, how is it with you? Is your property consecrated to God? Are you

free to give whenever God calls upon you, and in such a way as He directs? The judgment is at hand. Live for it. You cannot afford to lose a single opportunity for doing good.

Riches do not bring Happiness.

THE pursuit of wealth is all-absorbing. If happiness for time and eternity depended upon the possession of riches, men could not seek them with greater avidity. What multitudes there are, who do not scruple to employ any means that promise to bring about the desired result! Yet if there is any one thing in which rich men are agreed, it is in bearing testimony to the fact that wealth does not secure even earthly happiness.

Years ago, we were acquainted with a farmer in Erie county. Beginning with nothing but his strong hands and industrious habits, he had bought farm after farm, until he owned some six or eight hundred acres of valuable land, besides some sixty thousand dollars in the bank, or put out on bond and mortgage. To one who talked with him about his prospects for the future, he frankly said: "When I was poor, I used to work hard all day, and walk, barefoot, three miles to prayer-meeting. Then I was happy. I enjoyed religion. But now I have no desire for religious things. I am all taken up with the world. My only aim is to make money. I am wretched; I know it—I feel it; but I cannot give up the world."

Thus he lived, and thus he died. After his death, contentions arose in the family about the division of the property. Law-suits followed, which continued for many years. The worst passions were aroused. One has said, "The parents lose their souls in acquiring property, and the children lose their souls in spending it."

A neighbor to the person above referred to,—himself an old man who had been successful in worldly pursuits,—seeing the bitter feelings engendered by the division of property among children, and the bad use they made of it; and seeing jealousies already springing up among his own children, said he "wished all his property was in

such a shape that he could touch a match to it and burn it up." Yet he was a kind-hearted man, and an affectionate father. How much better it is, both for ourselves and our children, that we lay up treasures in Heaven.

Dedication at Whitewater, Wis.

ABOUT six months ago, the Rev. B. F. Doughty commenced a protracted meeting in a school-house in the outskirts of this beautiful city. He was assisted by Rev. George Fox, whose last efforts in the cause of God were here put forth. Brother and Sister Shaw co-operated, with their usual efficiency. Their labors were crowned with success. Many were converted, and many were quickened. A Free Church was built, thirty-six feet by sixty, and neatly finished and furnished throughout. Rev. Mr. Colton, of the Congregationalist Church—seeing the need of a Free Church to do a work that other churches could not do—gave the enterprize his hearty countenance. Friends were raised up, and the payment of the house all provided for. We preached the dedication sermon, on the 14th of June, to a large and interesting congregation. The Lord was present during the meeting, and souls were saved.

Camp-Meeting at Geneva, Ills.

It was our privilege to be there during most of the meeting. Our brethren at the west have an excellent plan of commencing their camp-meetings early in the week—on Tuesday evening. It works well. The members get acquainted; and get so they can work together, in harmony and with power. Those who have lost ground in their souls, get restored, and all get blessed together. When the crowd assembles on the Sabbath, there is a powerful religious influence that is felt by all. Those who come on the ground to make disturbance, think they come off well, if they get away without being converted.

This meeting was in every respect successful. The attendance was large—there being between thirty and forty tents. The saints were quickened; many sanctified, and a number converted to God.

Money was raised—about four hundred dollars—to buy a large tent to go about from place to place, and hold protracted meetings. Two laymen—Bros. Edson Kimball and D. W. Tinkham—will go with it. Different preachers will co-operate from time to time, as Providence opens up the way. This will meet a long-felt want, and be the means, we have no doubt, of accomplishing a vast amount of good. Any wishing to correspond with them, with a view to having them hold meetings in their respective localities, can address Mr. Edson Kimball, Elgin, Kane Co., Ills.

Mary Kingsley.

SHE was one of the saints of the Most High. She was born January 20th, 1833, and taken home the — of May, 1868.—Converted in her seventeenth year, under the labors of Rev. Jesse Penfield, she ever after remained a sincere, devoted and consistent follower of the Saviour. Beautiful, accomplished, and beloved—everything conspired to draw her into worldly associations and pleasures; but she steadfastly resisted all temptations of the kind, and walked before the Lord in all plainness and simplicity and purity. She professed the blessing of holiness, and what is better, she lived consistently with her profession. Her ornaments were those of a meek and quiet spirit. She united with the M. E. Church in 1847, with which she remained until August, 1863, when she united with the Free Methodists.

Her death was most triumphant. She had complete victory over the King of Terrors, and her mouth was filled with praises. She gave away her clothes to her weeping friends; and then told them that she had one garment she could not give them, and that was *her white robe*. But they all might have one, if they would.

Her dying energies were put forth for her beloved mother's salvation. She had her kneel by her bedside and pray for herself, and felt the assurance that she should meet her in Heaven.

SEND for our new Hymn Book. Another edition has just been published. Price, thirty cents.

Remember God's Cause.

BARNABAS LANGDON—a notice of whose death is found in this number—left us, in his will, the sum of five hundred dollars for our school. He had grown-up children, and belonged to another denomination than that with which we are connected. This gift was unlooked for, and encourages us to trust in the Lord to help us to all the means we need.

May there not be some who read these lines who could not do better than to follow this example? Such a school is greatly needed. If you have not the money with which to aid us now, can you not secure some to this enterprise when you will no longer have need of anything which money can furnish? Talk with the Lord about the matter, and act up to your convictions.

Genesee District Camp-Meeting.

THIS meeting is now in progress near Murray, Orleans Co., N. Y. The attendance is fair—there being about forty tents on the ground.

The mistake was made of commencing the meeting too late in the week to get fairly under way before the Sabbath. Consequently there was not that victory yesterday which we desire to see when a crowd of people is in attendance. Still, good order was maintained, and there were a few conversions.

We expect to see a great outpouring of the Spirit before the meeting closes. We must look for extraordinary displays of Divine power on these occasions. The constant tendency is to formality; and unless this tendency is counteracted by great effusions of the Spirit, we insensibly slide into the cold embrace of spiritual death.

A NEW VOLUME commences with this number. We want three thousand new subscribers, and a renewal of all our old ones. Beloved friends, you have stood by us nobly heretofore; will you still assist us in this glorious work? Do all you can for us. Begin at once. Ask God to help you, and you will be able to send us a good list of subscribers.

How it is Viewed.

BY THE OLD PILGRIM, JOHN GIVAN.

I HAVE been traveling in the valley of humiliation for many days. It is a pleasant place to be. The fruit is delicious, and as I am drawing nigh to the fountain-head, the water is pleasant to the taste. There are many who prefer the mountain-top. I must say that it is a very desirable place to be; but I have seen a great many blowed down. Those that travel in the valley, travel right under the strong walls of salvation. If a wind drives as strong as that which blew down the house and killed Job's children, it could not overturn any of those that travel in the valley of humiliation. They are safe so long as they keep under the strong walls of salvation. No power shall ever be able to separate them from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

There is something that disturbs my mind. I thought I would lay it before the readers of the *Earnest Christian*. It may be that they may cast some light upon the subject; and if so, I would be very happy to receive the information. It is this: I have read the Bible through. I have read of Bible saints and New Testament saints; but where are the saints in our days? I have seen them struggle through the glorious birth; have seen them rise up new creatures—little children; but not saints.—There is a cry gone forth that there is no freedom from sin on this side the grave. But the Colossians, who were delivered from the power of darkness, knew better things. Love would spring up both to God and man. Grace would grow. Humility, Meekness, Moderation, and all other virtues, would show themselves.

We ought to be another manner of people in our conversation. We should confide in one another, without any scruple or doubt. What is more lovely than to be at all times and on all occasions, just, upright, honest, and faithful—doing to all men in all things whatsoever we would that they should do unto us! Living under the rule and government of a right spirit qualifies us, and makes us capable of performing every Christian duty. Then we shall love

the Lord our God with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves—which is the sum of all true godliness, and the true character of the saints.

Give me leave to speak, for I am upon the borders of eternity. It is above seventy years since the Holy Spirit began to work upon my immortal soul, and I think you all look upon me as a dying man. And now, O friends! I tell you I shall come again with my Lord in most excellent glory, and you then must come before Him. But I fear that then some of you will be in a very poor and miserable condition. I commend you to the love and grace of God.

FREE CHURCHES.—By far the most spicy and eloquent debate in the late Christian Convention was on Free Churches. Rev. Mr. Upham introduced it, in an eloquent appeal for churches that should seek and welcome the poor to as good seats as any in the house. He denounced the costly churches where pews cost a thousand dollars, in just, but severe terms. Every speaker that followed approved his sentiments.

It was the greatest and only great mistake Methodism made in New England when she abandoned free seats. Nothing to-day would do as much to extend and strengthen her as the abolition of all bought and even hired pews. Our wealthy churches elsewhere are copying this example. We have heard of churches where there are no poor, and the usual charitable society is without employment, though the poor by the thousand are at their doors. The fact that one of the most costly and elegant churches in this city is open to every comer and every one is invited to come, and where rich and poor, black and white, occupy the same pews, is an evidence that this duty is easy to be done. The finances of that church were never so easy as they are to-day.

May its example be followed everywhere. The Romanist holds his ground more by this than by any other single act. The best of churches given to God and all the people, is their motto. It was ours. May it soon be here and everywhere, in our every church.—*Zion's Herald*.

DYING TESTIMONY.

MATILDA JANE LEMMON.—She was the wife of Samuel Lemmon, of New York city. She experienced religion while young. Visiting her birth-place in Ireland at the time of the great revival in 1858 and 1859 she was there convicted for a deeper work of grace, but did not know that it was her privilege to be delivered from the dominion of inbred sin (partly on account of denominational prejudices.)

In this frame of mind she fought the enemy *within*, groaning and crying that God would deliver her if consistent with his will. In 1862, her Pastor, the Rev. Spencer A. Finney, of the Presbyterian church, attended a Free Methodist Camp Meeting, near Windsor, Broome county, N. Y. After he returned, he appointed a day of prayer at his church, in Livingston street. While he was speaking of the power he felt and witnessed among the people, he was led to mention their conformity to the command of God, 1 Tim. 29.

—In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array. On hearing these words a load seemed to be lifted off her heart. God's word gave her light, and she began to walk in it. For years before this, *every time* she dressed herself, she would find herself saying: "When will women, who have taken on them the name of Christ, lay aside this foolish worldly conformity, (meaning her gold bracelets, and artificial flowers, and fashionable and costly clothing,) which I fear is an abomination in the sight of my Saviour." In the congregation that day she resolved to conform in all her ways to the written word. She began by calling in the house, on her way home, of one of her congregation, and telling her convictions. She said every duty to God is *now*, so I will *here* take out those flowers and bows of ribbons from my bonnet *never to wear the like again*. Her ornaments, and gold rings, breast pins, watch and chain, were stripped off and sold, and the proceeds *freely* given to the poor.

She was now where God could reveal

himself to her soul. Obedience to the letter of the gospel *will* bring the witness of the Spirit in all his fullness. The above *was* the first step to go through a thorough consecration of herself, and all she had, or ever expected to have, to the service of God. She was glad to have the privilege of giving all for Jesus: husband, children, mother, sisters, relations and friends. Her affections for her family were sanctified. She could no longer wear mourning in memory of the dead. She said, "Why should I put on a badge of mourning, while Jesus gives me to rejoice in that I shall soon meet Him and those of my house all clothed in white (not in black) in heaven."

Before this time she had *no doubt* that she was born of the Spirit. She loved to pray in secret, and with her family, and read her Bible, and was a regular attendant on *all* the means of grace. She would exhort others at every opportunity to seek pardon. No person could *visit her house* without knowing she had taken the name of Christ on her.

Yet she felt there was *a void in her heart* that nothing but God could satisfy. She determined she would *at that time* wrestle with God until he would bless her.

She again bowed before her Master, *every idol* torn from her heart. Many pray, "Oh Lord, *take away* every thing contrary to thy holy will in me," but this woman saw she had light and grace to *put away* every thing that would hinder the free course of the Spirit of God in her. She did so, then cried, "Now, Lord, create *within me a clean heart.*" Look at her, you that have heard her voice, while here with us in the flesh, cannot you again see the cause of the barrenness of your souls, as she on her knees with hands stretched toward heaven waits for Jesus to come to the temple she had prepared for him. As she looks, Jesus appears to her by faith, and says to her sorrowing, longing spirit, *I will, be thou clean.* Immediately she had the *witness* of purity of heart, and shouted aloud, glory to God and the Lamb! Hallelujah to his name forever and ever! The Spirit bore witness that she was sanctified, throughout, body, soul and spirit, her heart was filled with love and *praise*. She rejoiced evermore,

prayed without ceasing, and in every thing gave thanks.

After this, it was her delight to get up in the congregation (Presbyterian) to bear witness to the work wrought in her, through Christ. She would engage in prayer in the church, prayer-meeting, or any other place she could thereby magnify the grace so freely bestowed on her.

The result of that day of prayer appointed by her Pastor is felt in that congregation to-day. Pastors, be faithful! Let the Holy Ghost have free course, run and be glorified. She adorned her profession from that time until her death. She was cut down in a few days, but retained her senses to the last moment. Tongue fails to convey any idea of the glory that burst afresh as it were on her vision as death drew nigh. She would magnify God's mercy, magnify his love, then burst out into loud praise, shouting, "Glory! glory! glory! Hallelujah to the Lamb, whose blood cleanseth *me* from all sin! I am redeemed by his blood, his precious blood! Not for any thing I have done, but he loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*. It is all of grace, free grace." Then she would sing words never written. She was not by nature a singer, but there was *now* a heavenly melody in her voice that melted *all* that heard it. She would say it is not *me* that sings, but God's Spirit in my heart makes me sing his praise. The everlasting song is begun with me even on this earth. Glory to his excellent name! Looking at those around her she would say, "Oh, won't you that have health, and strength, and voice, praise him? Oh that I had praised him more. Now moisten my mouth with ice that I may again praise him with all my mind, with all my soul, with all my strength." Again, and again, she, though dying, would break into prayer and praise. Sometimes she would laugh as heartily as ever she did while in health, at the completeness of victory she had in Christ over Satan. There was something so heavenly in her laugh that the weeping husband, her mother and five sisters, besides the friends present, would all be drawn to join with her in praising Jesus. After suffering great pain, she lay exhausted, the family thinking she might never speak

again. Death was visible on her face, her eyes closed, seemingly never to open on this earth. But to the astonishment of all, she opened her eyes, and said, "I suppose you all thought I was gone. Well, I was down at the river of death, and seemed to glide on it without going under the water. She said to one of her sisters, also dying of consumption, before whom the dying woman thought a few days previous *she would be spared to follow to the grave*, "If this is dying it is glorious. If this is death it has, through Christ, lost its sting. *You have nothing to fear.*" (That sister has since joined her among the sanctified in Heaven.) She looked thoughtful for a minute or so, and said, "I am sent back to earth as it were to do something for God. I do not yet know what it is, but his will is my delight." Just then a friend entered the room. She immediately said, "This is the man I have the message from God for." She began to exhort him as if nothing was the matter with her, saying to him, "God, this day, sets before *you* heaven and hell, and calls on you this moment to choose. The way is open. Oh, do save your soul." The man sobbed out, Heaven! A few days after he found Christ. She then asked her husband to bring the baby, a beautiful child six months old. He held it over her as she lay prostrated on the bed, putting her hands under it, he still holding it up, she commended it to the care of her Heavenly Father, in such a prayer as those present never heard from human lips. This was the final triumph.

Think of this scene, *mothers*. Her last breath was praise. Eight days after, the spirit of the babe joined hers in heaven. Their remains lay in Greenwood Cemetery until that day when the dead in Christ shall rise first.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

SAMUEL IRWIN.

BARNABAS LANGDON, died in this city, April 4th, in his 63d year.

He was converted at the age of 22, in the town of Jay, Essex county, N. Y., and during much of the forty years of his Christian life was a faithful class leader in the

M. E. Church. He was a man of decided convictions and decided characteristics, being conscientious, uncompromising, persevering and pertinacious in what he believed to be right. No one was ever at a loss to know where he stood. He was a strong advocate for the life and power of religion, and especially enjoyed the prayer and class meetings. He loved what he styled "old-fashioned" Methodism; for to him it was the power and wisdom of God unto salvation. As might be expected he died in triumph, often exclaiming during his last illness, "My sky is perfectly clear," "All is well," "O my blessed, blessed Saviour," "He is constantly with me." Such is the Christian's transition.

G. W. PADDOCK.

Rochester, N. Y.

LOVE FEAST.

JAMES ODELL.—Praise the Lord for salvation. He saves me, bless His name.—Jesus is precious. I know He is with me constantly, and all things work together for my good. Glory to His name. Dear Brother R., I feel I shall never know disappointment more. Jesus saves me above them. For the past few weeks I have been taught many precious lessons of trust. All glory be to Jesus. Since last I wrote you, my dear father has passed over the river, and gone to rest with Jesus. The last week of his life was glorious, and his last hours and moments peaceful and calm. When his sun set, the sky was clear, and the expression of joy remained on his countenance as they lowered him in the grave.

William Odell fell asleep in Jesus, April 14, 1868, aged 62 years.

N. T. WHITING.—I rejoice in the saving power of my Jesus. I find Him an all-sufficient Saviour, able to save to the very uttermost—praise his holy name! When tempests howl and storms are gathering, how sweet to be hid in the cleft of the rock, and feel Jesus all around! How serene—how calm! No fears within: knowing that no good thing will He withhold. If I but walk uprightly—glory to the Lamb! I love the thorough work done in my own soul—salvation from sin; all the while I

strive to know daily that my walk is pleasing to God; that I am being led by His Spirit in my every act, word and thought. I expect to see Jesus. I am expecting palms of victory to bear. O, glory to the Lamb that was slain, yet liveth again!

Amboy, Ills.

IRWIN GEDDES.—Truly, this world is not our continuing city. I expect the grace to reach the heavenly country. I need all the helps I can get—line upon line, precept upon precept. I am hungering and thirsting after righteousness. God, whose promise is faithfulness and truth—God has said, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” “They shall be filled.” This revives my drooping spirits. “I have trusted in His mercy, therefore shall I rejoice in His salvation.” I shall trust in Him while He lends me breath. With the blessed Jesus there is plenteous redemption, and all-sufficiency to save, and to save unto the uttermost. Jesus is a Saviour, because he saves his people from their sins. Those, therefore, who are not sanctified, are not saved. Lord, save or I perish! That precious Fountain, that was opened in the House of David for sin and uncleanness, cleanseth from all sin—thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift! I am earnestly endeavoring to imitate His blessed example, and to grow up into His likeness; that I may, with all earnest and true Christians, travel in “the narrow way that leadeth unto life.”

Mansfield, O.

D. DEMPSEY.—I am happy, and in the stream, drinking. Jesus saves me now—all glory to the Lamb! I am all the Lord's, soul and body. I feel more and more like standing straight for Jesus, and I have got the glory in my soul. Amen.

Liberty Fall, N. Y.

GEORGE ALLEN.—I praise God for what he has done for me. I am free in Christ. My soul is filled with the love of God. One year ago last August, the Lord, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins; and last April he sanctified my soul. Experience has taught me that obedience is better than sacrifice. Praise God!

Wilson, N. Y.

CLARISSA MACOMBER.—O, glory to God! my resting-place is under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, “He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust.” I have been drinking of the pure water of the river of life, that the revelator saw proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and have taken a survey of the streets of the city, and the tree of life, on either side of the river—which bare twelve manner of fruits, yielding her fruit every month. O, how I praise God for the light of his countenance! He hath put gladness in my heart. I praise him to-day, that I ever became a real mourner in Zion. I did mourn on my face in the dust before God for my sins, which had his body torn, and then He gave me beauty for ashes—the oil of joy for mourning—the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness—that I, a hell-deserving sinner, might be numbered among the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified. Glory to his excellent name forever and forever more!

“This the life Divine—the little heaven—
My precious pearl—my present heaven.”

Unionville, O.

W. P. CARPENTER.—I am yet, by God's help, treading the narrow way to heaven. I find Jesus still a present help in time of need. I am walking by faith and not by sight. God, in his own time, will lead us through. Yes, praise his name! I will trust him now and evermore. Hallelujah!

Jamestown, N. Y.

H. S. FORNCROOK.—I feel the presence of the Lord with me this morning. Praise His name! The Lord is with us in Clyde. My greatest ambition is to please God, and do his will; to try to persuade sinners to flee from the wrath to come. I mean to live on the field of battle. I have found out the difference between going in the field to drill or to fight the enemy; for, when we drill, we never gain a victory, but when we fight under the Captain of our salvation, we get the victory every time. Under this Captain I mean to fight while I live, and when the war is over, I shall get my reward.

Clyde, N. Y.

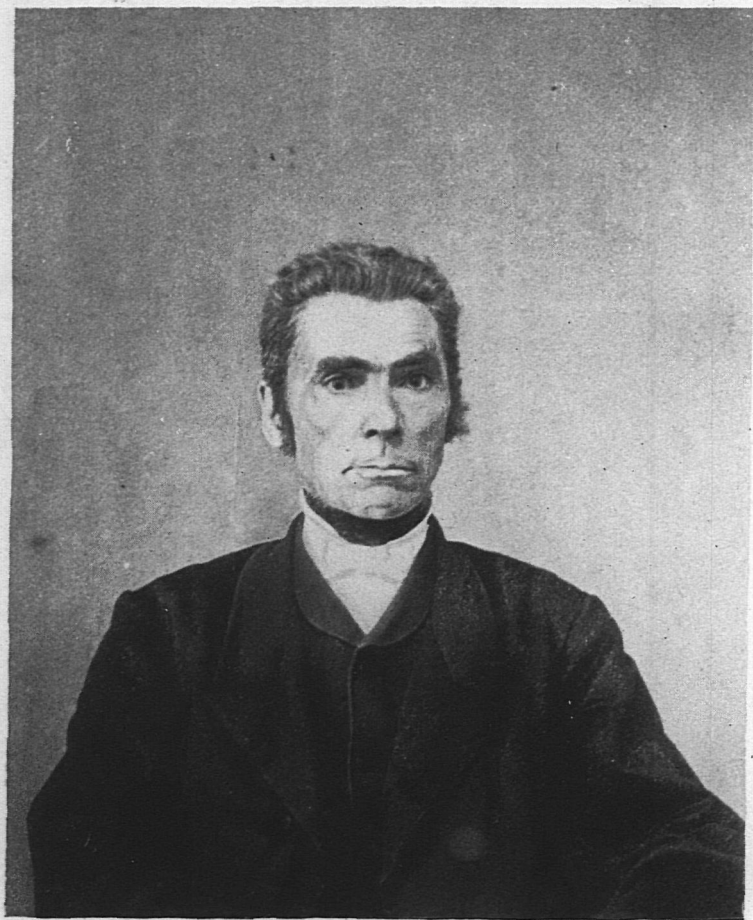
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