

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

AUGUST, 1868.

CLOTHING OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

Ex. 28th Chapter.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

THERE were some garments which were worn by the high priest only: these were more costly, and beautiful, and glorious, than those commonly worn by the priesthood. The clothing of the general priesthood consisted of coats of fine linen of woven work, girdles of fine twined linen, goodly bonnets or turbans of fine linen, and breeches of fine twined linen. These garments were for glory and for beauty.

Fine linen represents righteousness. "And to her (the Lamb's wife) was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints."—Rev. xix. 8.

There is a little incident introduced in the narration of events that transpired at the time when Christ was taken by the soldiers, which apparently has no connection whatever with what precedes or follows it. How often have I said, while reading it, "What of it? What if a young man with a linen cloth wrapped around his naked body did follow Jesus after all others had forsaken him and fled? What if he did leave the linen cloth and flee naked from the young men who laid their hands upon him? Why is this singular circumstance, which apparently has no bearing upon what precedes or follows it, thrown in here?"

There are no such questionings in my mind, now that I look upon that young man as a type of those who follow Jesus after all others have forsaken him and fled, but who cannot follow him *quite to death*, and therefore when strong hands of persecution are laid upon them, and prospect of speedy death is just before them, flee away they will, even though they must leave behind them their only covering—their righteousness.

"Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame."

All the garments of the priesthood were purely of linen; no mixture of woolen, or of any other substance.—(Lev. xix. 19.) So if we are clothed at all, we are clothed in garments of pure, unmixed righteousness.

"I counsel thee," says Jesus, "to buy of me white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear."

What wilt thou say, sinner, worldly professor, when thy undressed spirit shall stand before God and an assembled universe? *Here* is the place, *now* is the time to put on white robes.

The garments peculiar to the high priest were a breast plate, an ephod, a robe, a broidered coat, a mitre, and a girdle.

Jesus is our great High Priest.—(Heb. vii. 28.) He is our Intercessor, and our Mediator, through whom we offer spiritual sacrifices to God. Thank God, that "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feel-

ing of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

There comes a time in our experience, when we, as Christians, are peculiarly *one with Christ*. He dwells in us; we dwell in him.

His wisdom, his righteousness, his power—and we may add, his garments are ours. "All things are yours," says the Apostle, "and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." We have then, not only the privileges of the common priesthood, but also of the high priest. This advancement in our experience occurs at that time when, by the blood of Jesus, we enter into the holiest.—The priests went always into the holy place accomplishing the service of God; but into the most holy none but the high priest could enter.

But we are permitted to enter: yea, exhorted to do so: and those who have this boldness through the blood of Jesus to enter in, have views, and experiences, and knowledge, far in advance of what they had when they had only access to the first tabernacle—or holy place, as it is more commonly called.

Now, always upon their foreheads, as it were in shining letters of gold, behold the evident testimony of their consecration—the voiceless witness of their sanctification to holy service—**HOLINESS TO THE LORD**. Seal of their sonship; the Father's mark in the forehead; the golden plate upon the mitre *always* to be worn, "that they might be accepted before the Lord."

Now—having on the ephod girded with the curious girdle, ("Truth," Eph. vi. 14,) and the breast-plate containing the Urim and the Thummin, they can continually inquire at the oracle of God, and have constant access through the sprinkled blood to the mercy-seat.

Robed in that seamless robe of righteousness, *all of blue*, (Divine) with hem of pomegranates and golden bells, (testimony—or fruit, of the life, and fruit of the lips,) they cause a sound to be heard as they go in and out of the holy place, *else they would die*.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace: that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

Reader, do you minister at the altar, robed in white linen, and eat of the sacrifices, finding thereby your life? Do you go in and out of the holy place, and exulting in the excellency and glory of the revelations that God makes to you of himself—do you turn away from finite good, and worldly pleasure, and seek in him your only happiness?—Yours is a heaven-born life: but—

"Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater joys you yet can find;
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind."

And when this work is wrought in you, Christ will make you so one with himself, that, as he is, so will you be in this world. You shall be brought as a bride unto the King, in raiment of fine needle-work—blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, wrought with gold. One with Christ, your living Head, your great High Priest, you shall enter into the holiest of holies, and in sweet harmony with all heaven you shall serve God.

"—Even as his hosts above,
Pray, and praise him without ceasing,
Glory in his perfect love."

How many wear mixed garments, as of woolen and linen! A fabric of self-righteousness mixed with Christ's righteousness; or of worldliness and piety!

"*Thou shalt not wear a garment of divers sorts, as of woolen and linen together.*"—Deut. xxii. 11.

How many who pray to be one with Christ, that they may have through him access into the holiest, when robed in those Kingly vestures, imagine that others will think them proud, and filled with self-sufficiency, if they keep those little golden bells jingling! So they take pains to muffle them, and say, "Let the fruit of my life be seen; the silent testimony of holy living; the beautiful pomegranates that make no

such parade and noisy show as do those bells. Let me wear upon my forehead the golden badge, HOLINESS TO THE LORD. All will see it. I need not appear so Pharisaical as to make my *boast* with my tongue, or be so foolish in the eyes of the world, as to keep up constant praises."

Alas! how soon they die, and are stripped of all their glorious vestments! Naked they came from the world to Christ, and naked they return thither.

If there is one sound that Satan does not love to hear, it is the sound of those little golden bells. Perhaps it makes him think of the music of that happy place, "far, far away," which was once his home.

"And beneath upon the hem of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem, thereof; and bells of gold between them round about:

A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about.

And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, *that he die not.*"

How many—it would seem, have not the hole for the neck of the robe bound with *Constancy*. The first we know, the robe is rent from the top to the bottom, and because of some "wind of doctrine," or "by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive," off it goes into the dust!

"And thou shalt make the robe of the ephod all of blue. And there shall be a hole in the top of it, in the midst thereof: it shall have a binding of woven work round about the hole of it, as it were the hole of an habergeon, *that it be not rent.*"

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

If there be too great an affection for anything here, there will be an answerable affliction.

CROSSES AND TRIALS.

BY REV. G. R. SNYDER.

1. CROSSES.—These are comprehended in the phrase, *unpleasant duties*. To perform any duty from which there is a shrinking, is to bear the cross, and the weight of the cross will be as is this shrinking. We may instance praying in public, bearing testimony in a religious meeting, in social company, or to an individual visiting the sick, relieving the needy, urging the claims of duty upon the sinner, or faltering Christian, etc. If the heart is free to the performance of these or any other duties, the task will not be difficult; but if the reverse is the case, then they will be felt to be crosses, and these will be heavy in proportion to this reluctance. Still every duty should be performed, and if need be, in the spirit of determined, heroic cross-bearing. Shunning the cross is a prolific source of backsliding. One duty neglected leads to the neglect of another, and these neglects bring darkness upon the mind, a blur upon the conscience, and lead to a growing indifference to religious obligation. To the half-hearted Christian, the most common religious duties are heavy crosses, from which there is often so great a shrinking, that they are laid aside as an intolerable drudgery.

On the other hand, if one enlists under the banner of the cross, as the true soldier does in the service of his country, in the spirit of undoubting confidence and unquestioning obedience—if from a full heart he ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and then follows his best sense of right and duty, wherever it may lead, while he will thus have many heavy crosses to bear, yet these results will follow: he will experience a conscious, abiding, and increasing sense of the divine favor—a rich return in consolation, rest of soul, and strength renewed. He will also find that as the habit of obedience becomes fixed, the weight of the cross will lessen, till that, from which there was an unpleas-

ant shrinking, will come to be a pleasure and a delight. Perhaps the cross will not cease till the crown is secured, because new and untried paths of duty will continue to open while we remain in this world. But such path followed in any direction, and that which at first is a cross, will come to be a pleasure. And then such a life of unflinching cross-bearing will never fail to lead to a developed and mature Christian experience, increasing enjoyments, and brightening prospects, and especially an increasing desire and fitness to do the work of the Lord, and help the success of the Church.

2. TRIALS.—These arise from the afflictions, disappointments, losses, hardships—the varied ills flesh is heir to. To bury a companion, child, or other loved one—to lose health or property—to suffer disappointment, etc., are *trials*, not crosses. To talk faithfully to a child about his soul may be a heavy cross. To see him adopt bad habits is a sore trial. This distinction is easily traced in all cases. Trials are the common inheritance of Adam's children. Christians sometimes suffer for righteousness' sake. These trials, peculiar to the Christian, do not involve a disadvantage. They rather lead to prayer and watchfulness, and thus usually prove blessings in disguise. Even when pushed to the utmost extreme, as in the case of the three Hebrews, Daniel, or modern martyrs, a large increase of spiritual good, or a speedy crown has been the result. And if some Christians suffer for righteousness' sake, multitudes of sinners suffer because they are not righteous. Perverted appetite, inflamed passion, a goading avarice or ambition, leads to the worst, and indeed, to nearly all the miseries suffered in the world.—From all these, religion saves us, and indeed, in the case of every enlightened, faithful believer, either relieves from or overrules, all the sorrows and trials of earth. In bearing trials, the sinner and Christian stand in marked contrast. The unconverted mother who watches by her dying child, keenly feels the anguish of the sad bereave-

ment, but must bear her load alone. She has no intimacy with the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother"—no staff, no divine succors, soul-sustaining consolations, or longing hopes.—Truly, this is a dark scene, and her heart must be sad and desolate. The Christian mother feels the same shock to nature, and as keenly the cruel knife that severs the fond ties of affection, but is sustained and comforted, and even enabled to draw profit from the affliction.

Trials are one of God's chief ministers. They often carry his messages down deep into the heart, when all other appeals have only reached the ear. Sinners are thus led to Christ and salvation, and especially are careless Christians thus stricken, humbled, stirred to diligence, and to the higher Christian life. "The sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.—Chrysostom, before the Roman Emperor, furnishes us with a most impressive and beautiful example of true Christian courage.

The Emperor threatened him with banishment if he would still remain a Christian.

Chrysostom replied, "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's mansion,—thou canst not banish me."

"But I will slay thee," said the Emperor. "Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of faith again; "for my life is hid with Christ in God."

"I will take away thy treasures."

"Nay, that thou canst not," was the retort; "for in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of; my treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."

"But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left."

"Nay, and thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness; "for I have a friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee. There is nothing thou canst do can hurt me."

THE HOLY GHOST AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

FELLOW laborers in the Gospel, there is no chance for us to succeed in our work save by the aid of the Holy Ghost. But we are not so likely to use the means to obtain supernatural aid, as were our fathers. They had no other reliance. Not many of them were educated, at least were not graduates of literary institutions. They had no fine churches, not many rich members, no schools, no colleges, no publishing houses, no quarterlies, no weekly, or other periodical publications, no past history, no denominational prestige. They were shut up to one sole element of power—the HOLY GHOST. That or nothing. Use Him or fail. We have all these, but is there not danger that we make too much of these secondary elements of power, and too little of the Holy Ghost? Put the Spirit *first*, these second. Are not the sermons of many Methodist preachers even now, a sort of cross between the Gospel sermon, and the lecture from the professor's chair? Are not many others more like a stump speech than a spiritual sermon?—performances that never yet made a Felix tremble? Does it not sometimes seem to you when at the prayer meeting, that some of those that lead in prayer, have come to show their great natural skill in putting words and sentences together, rather than to plead for the immediate appearing of the blessed Holy Ghost? Is it not often said that we must practice *this* and *that* and the *other*, improvement, to make the church attractive to the young and to the masses generally, just as if it was forgotten that the burning presence of the Holy Ghost is the mightiest attraction that ever exerted its power in a human soul?—The crowds will go into a barn, or up into a sail loft, or out to the desert when it is known that God is there working miracles in the human heart. Let us have legitimate and reasonable

improvement in church architecture, singing, and oratory, but just remember that all these without the Holy Ghost, are worse than nothing.

Yes, we are liable to neglect the true great elements of power, God's *undulterated word*, and God's *blessed Spirit*. For these there are no substitutes; against these the Devil can oppose no successful barriers. There may be *imitations*. A *part* of God's word may be preached with eloquence and *emotion*, and some may think it the *whole* Gospel with the Holy Ghost as an *accompaniment*; but it is little more than pulpit pyrotechnics. The *bones down in the valley are all quiet*. Fellow laborers in the Gospel vineyard, let us go on toward *perfection* in education and *true* refinement, but be sure to seek and obtain the aid of the Holy Ghost.

CAN WE STAND IT?

A BROTHER, on his way home recently, stepped into one of the street cars in a certain city. He was accosted by a friend, a gentleman of the legal profession, a man of shrewdness and ability. They passed one of our splendid modern churches, alongside of which an elegant stone parsonage was being erected to correspond with the stately church edifice. "Mr. —," said the lawyer, "you are a Methodist—I am not, but I rent a pew, and I feel interested in the prosperity of that Church. Do you see that splendid church and parsonage, sir?" The Methodist brother responded affirmatively.—"Well, sir, allow me to say to you, as an outsider, that if that sort of thing goes on it will ruin the Methodist Church. It has ruined the Protestant Episcopal Church, putting everything into splendid churches and accompaniments, thereby catering to the rich and aristocratic, and neglecting the masses. Your Church has outstripped every other denomination in point of numbers and influence, and you have done it by simplicity and devotion to the masses. Your church in — steet is a model, corresponding with the

plainness of your system. Follow that, and all will be well; but take the other course indicated by that splendid pile of stone, and, depend upon it, your Church is ruined!"

Such were the candid, deliberate views emphatically expressed by an outsider, making no profession of religion, but a close observer of men and things. And these views find a response in thousands of minds contemplating mournfully the departure of the Methodist Church from its first principles. We started with plain worship, plain churches, and plain dress—and were clothed with power. But we are rapidly cutting loose from our well-settled principles. The cry of "the spirit of the age!" is potential, we might almost say, omnipotent. "We shall lose our first families if we do not conform somewhat to their notions." This is everywhere heard.—Our chief ministers are encouraging this church extravagance. They get certain rich men by the buttonhole, flatter their vanity, and tell them they will immortalize themselves by building a splendid church. And what then? When it is built, the whole country must be ransacked for a minister. The Bishops are appealed to; Dr. —, in such a Conference, they think will suit.—The Conference is full, it is true, and the men in it are being crowded; but no matter, — street Church must be accommodated. Brother A. is there, and has given so many thousands to the Church, and Brother B. has given so many thousands, and they must be gratified. No matter about the Conference remonstrances against transfers—a little noise will be made, but they will wheel into line.

Well, Dr. — is transferred to — street Church. How does it work? Is any one converted? Any one sanctified? No! But they have a very fashionable, appreciative congregation. Why, Mr. —, the Episcopalian, and Mr. —, the Presbyterian, have taken pews. And then such music! A quartette performance on each Sabbath; so delectable!

A little *Ritualism*, by the way, must

be introduced to gratify the progressive notions of the Doctor. He is a very learned man, and of peculiar refinement. True, the Discipline specifies an order for religious worship, but then it is not expected to be followed very rigidly.

Can we stand this? A serious question now being asked by thousands of thoughtful, devoted Methodists. We are taking up the tools rapidly being cast away by other Churches. They are seeking to simplify their worship, we to mystify ours. They are inquiring how to get *near* the masses, we how to get *away* from them. Other ministers are crying to be delivered from the thralldom of "paper sermons," ours how most effectually to glide into the paper bonds! Is this thing to go on? Is the ship to be stranded? Is she to go down into the deep, oblivious waves? God of our fathers, help! Talk of numbers! What is a million or ten million members *without power*?—Many of our saintly Churches pass two-thirds of the year under a ministry as *scholastic* and as powerless as the age would have it, and when winter comes have to invoke the aid of some Evangelists who live near the throne to come and pull them out of the mud.

Can we stand it? Not long at this rate. Not even with a million hands on deck. The ship will go to pieces unless some voice of thunder and authority cries, "To the rescue!" May it come in time—before the work of ruin is consummated and the old ship goes down—witnessing angels ready, as it were, to chant the solemn, mournful requiem. It is to be hoped that the National Camp-Meeting will give the key-note which shall arouse us to spiritual life, and that we shall shake off the dust that blinds our sight, arise, and struggle into light.—*Methodist Home Journal*.

A good deal of the trouble of God's people arises from a mistake and misapprehension of God. They judge of God by their own sense, not by his promise; by their own frame, not by his constant nature.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

OF MISS A. F. NOBLE.

In the month of February, 1861, I was brought to a point where I felt I must take higher ground, or go back. I was conscious of the existence of certain besetting sins, over which I had not a perfect victory; that is, when temptation came in those directions, I yielded, and was brought into condemnation, and could regain peace only by repentance and faith. I had been living in this state for months, sinning and repenting. I had heard and read of, and believed in the doctrine of full salvation for years; and this, I thought, was what I needed, in order to obtain a complete victory over my besetting sins. But the duties attendant on that state of grace were obstacles in the way, and for a time I hesitated; but under the pressure of keen convictions I yielded the point, and promised to do every duty, to bear every cross—to be wholly the Lord's. Having thus, as I believed, consecrated myself, my faith claimed the fulfillment of the promise, "I will receive you," and I felt I was received, and a sweet peace filled my heart, followed by joy in the Holy Ghost. There was no longer any controversy between God and my soul; and when temptation came, I was fully saved, as I loved to testify.

The peace continued, and the joy, with but little interruption, for months; but I became conscious of a gradually increasing sense of want, undefined, until the time of our camp-meeting in September, when, under the influences there brought to bear upon me, I saw that one thing was, and had been all the time, a barrier to my perfect happiness: that was a fear of what my brethren and sisters might think of me. I believed it was my privilege to be saved from this, and I came to Jesus again by the way of consecration and faith. As I gave myself anew to him, new crosses were presented, which I willingly promised to bear, and I claimed Jesus as a more complete Saviour than before. I remember the

sense of freedom I felt; how I exulted in being free, and how clear and bright the light shone on my way. And tho' duties were suggested, which tested the grace I had received, yet not once did I refuse to do what I believed a duty, because of what another might think of me. But after a time, the sense of want returned—slight at first, and I thought it was temptation; but it increased until my heart seemed to be emptied of all its former joy. The thought was suggested, again and again, that I had lost the blessing; and again and again did I consecrate myself anew to Jesus, and feel an assurance that he did receive me.

One day, after a painful conflict with the enemy, the inquiry was suggested, Do I desire anything I have enjoyed in the past? and I found, on looking over my past experience, that nothing there could satisfy me. I wanted something more and higher. Then the promise, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst," etc., was applied to my heart, and I felt I was blessed in feeling the want. But anxious to be right with God, I examined my life, desiring to bring it under more perfect conformity to the will of God, and I saw there too great readiness to contend with others, any point wherein they differed from me—a great desire to substantiate my views and opinions, and not for truth's sake, but because they were mine. I thought if I had a perfect meekness this would not be, and I came to Jesus for a victory over this.

I think I need not specify further.—In this way I lived for four years, often tempted to think I had lost the blessing; as often, that I had never enjoyed it; and again, that after all, there was no such thing as a heart free from sin. I was puzzled to know when I received the blessing—whether in February of 1861, or at some subsequent period when I had obtained greater victories; and finally settled down into the belief, that holiness is not a blessing to be obtained at some special time, and then retained or lost, but a life; that as often as we saw in ourselves non-conformity to the will of God, so often we

should need to apply to the fountain; and that the time would never come when there would not be some in our hearts, which clearer light would reveal to be sin. Judging from my past experience, I thought we were to be cleansed from sin only as we became conscious of its existence, and felt its power; and this would be one at a time, until all had been reached. And I thought the Christian graces were to be perfected in us in the same way, as we became conscious of the imperfection of each.

I had a kind of trembling consciousness at times—almost a fear—that no one of the graces was perfected in my heart; and I think I really despaired of attaining to a point where I should not feel the motions of sin. The last two years of the four were years of severe affliction and trial, though in these I was strengthened to do and suffer that which all my life had been a terror to me. But though thus strengthened to endure, while the consolations of grace were so abundantly administered; yet, after a time these were withdrawn, and such a sense of desolation took possession of my soul, as I cannot describe. I had been enabled to say, all the way along, "Thy will be done;" but now I felt such a tendency in my heart to desire my own will, rather than the Lord's, that for a time I was shut up to the one prayer, "Thy will be done." Gradually I saw this tendency to self-will in other things beside my own spiritual state: in the family, about my daily employment, in the church—everywhere. I had to continually contend against the desire to have my own way. And this was nothing new, only different surroundings had served to bring it out to my view. Closely connected with this, and developed and brought out by the same surroundings, I saw pride—not in its more outward, glaring form, but secret—pride of intellect, of taste, of friends, etc.; and still more intimately united with these, were envy, and jealousy, and love of the world. O, the desire that would rise up almost everywhere, for the wealth or position of another—for the pleasures and the honors

of the world! No words can describe the deep humiliation of that hour, when I learned that I had only been cutting off the outward form of these sins—while they themselves had all the time had a place in my heart. I realized now what sin of the heart was. Before I had been chiefly occupied in correcting habits of life; but here was a new field for observation. I thought, "Must I contend with these all my life? Can I be saved from them only one by one? and if so, which shall I take to Jesus first?" They seemed so united that I could not separate them; and then I had been trying that way of being saved from sin for years—and this was the result! O, the feeling of weariness which possessed my heart! I thought of the years which must elapse, before I could be free from sin, if I pursued the same course.

I had seen that these sins were so inseparably united, but did not understand in what manner; but now I saw below them a body in which they had their root—a life which nourished and sustained them, and kept them in being; and while that remained, it were useless to try to destroy or root out its fruits. This body was Self; this life the life of Self—the "carnal mind," the "old Adam"—in which pride, and envy, and jealousy, and love of the world, and anger, and impatience, all had their root. It lay so deep down in my heart, that it had a seat in my affections—a place in all my purposes and desires—a voice in every motive. In every place, at every time, it clamored for attention and would not be silent. So securely was it entrenched within my very being, that to separate it from myself seemed like the separation of the soul from the body, and for a time I questioned the possibility of its being done. But one day, these words occurred to me—"Created anew in Christ Jesus." I thought, That is just it: to be created *anew* and in Christ; all the self left out of the new creation. I think, during all this time—and it extended over months—I had not thought of the work of entire sanctification, in connection with my desires and convictions. But

the question being asked me one day, if I was sanctified wholly, brought it all directly before me. I had professed holiness four years; I had loved the doctrine as I understood it, and its advocates, above all others. Indeed, I hardly loved those who did not either profess to enjoy it, or were seeking after it; and I hardly thought a sermon complete, unless it touched on the "central idea." I loved the terms, and felt a thrill of pleasure whenever I heard them; and was hardly interested in a testimony where that peculiar phraseology was not used.

But after all my heart said, I cannot be wholly sanctified when there is so much of self remaining in me. Then the question, was I a seeker; I looked into my heart, and found all the self rising in opposition. Opposition to the name, to the duties, to the sacrifices. And though humbled to the dust, I had to confess that I did not desire to be sanctified. And yet on the other hand, there were intense longings in my heart, for freedom from sin. How clearly I saw the conflict between the two natures. The new nature implanted in regeneration, striving to bring all my heart into subjection to the will of God, and the carnal mind setting up and contending for its own selfish claims. This conflict continued for weeks, but gradually I learned that there could no longer be any compromise; self must die.— But how this result was to be reached I knew not; I had tried the way of consecration and faith so many times, and the work had been so superficial, and now the cry of my heart was, that the thorough complete work might be wrought, even the destruction of the selfish nature. None but those who have suffered this crucifixion of self, can realize the power with which it contended for life, nor how utterly powerless I was to do any thing towards its destruction. But I could deny it, and I resolved to deny it every indulgence, to do every thing it did not desire to do, and nothing it did not desire, and trust the Lord to bring it out all right.

At this time I went to our camp-

meeting, and I learned there that entire consecration implied more than a promise to do every duty. This I had been doing all that four years; there had been a consecration of life, but that now demanded of me was of heart. Would I give my heart to Jesus, with all its corruption, and allow him to work his will there, and abide the consequences of that work, whatever they might be? I consented that the work should be wrought, and the promise, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," was suggested to me. Calmly and without any emotion, I took Jesus at his word, and I did believe that I did receive the things that I desired, even my entire sanctification. It was naked faith, dry hard faith, but it was faith, and Jesus' word is sure; it severed every other connection, and uniting me fully to him who is the vine. I felt the life of Jesus flowing throughout my entire being. Glory be to Jesus, he conquered for himself a kingdom, where he reigns without a rival, he cleansed for himself a habitation, where he loves to dwell, even my unworthy heart. What a stillness succeeded the strife; no clamor now for wealth, position, influence, or pleasure, but all my heart gave glory to him, who sitteth upon the throne, subduing all things to himself.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

OF MISS NETTIE C. CLARK.

I PRAISE the Lord that he ever took my feet from the mire and the clay and placed them on the Rock. I was brought up religiously, was sent to the Sabbath School in early childhood. When quite a little girl I often wished I was a Christian. But I thought I was too young, and would wait a few years more.— But as I grew older I became a gay, thoughtless girl. A lover of pleasure, more than a lover of God. At the age of fourteen, while attending a revival where some of my own age were converted I became deeply convicted, and was almost persuaded to be a Christian. But I thought I was just beginning to

enjoy the pleasures of the world, and if I became a Christian I must leave these. I also feared the scorn of my young associates. I rejected the religion of Jesus for the pleasures of this poor, faithless world. From this time I became more reckless than ever. I became a scoffer of religion. I ridiculed the people of God, especially the Free Methodists. I delighted in speaking lightly of religion in the presence of those who professed it. The Spirit of God continued to strive with me, and I sought in every way to hush the voice of conscience. I was very fond of reading, and spent hours in reading novels. I became very fond of dancing, and improved every opportunity to engage in this pleasure. But the Holy Spirit followed me even to the ball-room. Some of my deepest convictions were received while engaged in these pleasures with gay companions. Christian friends prayed for me, and urged me to seek the salvation of my soul. They told me of the joys of this salvation. But to hide my convictions I laughed, and told them I was happy enough, and did not wish to be any happier. At the age of sixteen I attended a four days meeting of the Free Methodist Church. Br. Roberts preached one evening from the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice, and will open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." I was deeply convicted, but thought I would rather die than yield, and give my heart to God, there in Greigsville, before so many of my associates in sin. About four weeks after this I went to Geneseo, where the Lord was reviving his work in the M. E. Church, under the labors of Br. Watts. I was still under deep conviction, and felt that I must then give my heart to God, or be forever lost. I resolved to seek the salvation of my soul cost what it would. I sought for several days. I wanted to know that my sins were forgiven. On the evening of the thirtieth day of April, 1864, during a prayer-meeting, while Br. Watts was singing, "Send the witness just now," Jesus spoke

peace to my sin-sick soul. The witness was clear as the noon-day sun. I had always thought I never could speak in a public congregation, but when the Lord forgave my sins, I found it was no trouble to tell others what he had done for me. About a year after this I became conscious that I needed a deeper work of grace in my heart. I heard the doctrine of holiness preached, and felt that this was what I needed. But I thought I could not profess a blessing so much rejected by those who professed to be followers of Christ, and perhaps I could not live it if I got it. So I went on for two years more, some times enjoying much of the love of Jesus, and some times almost back-slidden in heart. I became convicted for wearing some articles of dress, and laid them aside forever. I sought to do every duty, but seeking this blessing. One year ago last October, while visiting at my uncle's, a member of the Free Methodist Church, I laid all on the altar, and promised to confess the wondrous power of Christ to save if the Lord would give me this blessing. He answered my prayers, and blessed my soul. Glory be to his holy name. I felt such a deep peace as I had never felt before. For a few weeks I walked in this unclouded light. But the enemy tempted me, and I have had some trials. Some of the time the Witness has been clouded. But for the past week I have enjoyed constant peace. Jesus is very precious. I feel his blood applied to my heart. Glory be to King Jesus. There is power in his blood to cleanse from all sin. My trust is in God, the rock of my salvation. I am determined by his assisting grace to walk in the King's Highway of Holiness, while life shall last. And I hope to praise him through an endless eternity.

ALL God's children have received God's Spirit, whereby they are made humble, believing and holy: humble in regard to their sins, believing in regard to Christ, and holy in regard of their conscience and care to keep all God's commandments.

REPLYING AGAINST GOD.

BY MRS. E. F. NYE.

How many times do the unconverted say, "It is strange the Lord created us and placed us here for a little while and then punishes us everlastingly." My only answer is, "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, why hast Thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?"

What if God, willing to show His wrath, and to make His power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: And that He might make known the riches of His mercy which He had afore prepared unto glory.

Wherefore, because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law. For they stumbled at that stumbling-stone.

As it is written, Behold, I lay in Zion a stumbling-stone, and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed."—Rom. ix. 20-32.

There is a great deal in these fine passages, say nothing of what the rest of the Bible contains on this subject. Many are brought to the stumbling-stone, and never get any farther.—Why? Because they have to lay all upon the altar which sanctifieth the gift, bear the scoffs and scorn of the world, and believe wholly on Him. The Apostle says:

"But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach." "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him."—Rom. x. 8-9-12.

Consequently, if we perish, it is through our own instrumentality. I

do praise the Lord that He has, through the merits of Jesus made it easy for all to be saved. Of how little importance the opinions of the world look to the thoroughly saved soul! The carnal mind is not capable of judging us.

"FOLLOW ME."

BY T. LUDLAM.

LUKE v. 27.—These are the words of Jesus to Matthew who was sitting at the receipt of customs; but how applicable to every one, whether saint or sinner! Reader, you are either following Christ or Satan. We cannot serve God and Mammon. You are either gathering with Christ or scattering abroad. Matthew left *all*, arose and followed Jesus. Let us see to it that we are following Christ. Have you any excuse for not being religious? Nay, verily. At the last you will be like the one without the wedding garment, speechless. Christ says, *Come now, for all things are ready*. Let us pause for a moment and consider the importance of that word *now*. It is, he avers, the favored time. *Not now is Satan's well-devised plan to cheat us out of our soul's salvation.*

Are we following Jesus. by doing good to all men as we have opportunity? to their souls and bodies? God forbid that we should labor for the meat that perishes, but for that meat that endures unto life eternal.

Christ says, *If any man will deny himself, take up his cross and follow me, he shall receive in this life an hundred fold, and in the world to come life everlasting*. One said to the Saviour, "Let me first go and bury my father and mother." Jesus said unto him, "Let the dead bury the dead, *follow me*." Seek *first* the Kingdom of God, for it is of no *secondary* importance. "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Perhaps even now it is thundering from the skies, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." Obey the injunction, "FOLLOW ME."

IMMANUEL WICHERN AND HIS ROUGH HOUSE.

One evening, in October, 1832, some men gathered in the room of a humble school master in the City of Hamburg.

They had formed a society for visiting the poor. But in their work they had found a more terrible evil than poverty, pervading the street and lanes of their City—the depths of wickedness and moral degradation which were revealed were appalling, and to devise some method of reform was the subject which they were now discussing.

Among these might be observed a young man of twenty-four, with an earnest brow, who entered largely into the discussion. This was Immanuel Wichern, a candidate for orders, whose labors as a Sunday-school teacher and visitor among the poor had shown him the need of something more than the instruction of a few hours each week, which was soon counteracted by the terrible scenes of vice in which the children passed their lives. He plead the cause of these neglected ones, and these earnest men determined to establish a Reformatory. But their own means were exceedingly moderate—and where should they look for aid?

Their faith in God was strong, however, and they carried their cause to Him. "We had only one treasure," they said, "the promise of our gracious Lord." But that was enough, as was soon proved. In conference with one of the senators concerning a small sum which had been given them, he informed them that he was executor of the will of a Christian merchant who had bequeathed the sum of £1,000 for a Reformatory, and added that the sum was at their disposal.

Inspired by this Providential aid, they started a periodical containing reformatory intelligence. This brought them in many donations—some of them truly "Widows' mites," but all most gratefully received as gifts from the answerer of prayer.

And now the question of a building arose. After one or two disappointments they were presented with a place

near Hamburg, upon which was a cottage, with a garden, fish-pond, etc., which from time immemorial had borne the name of "Das Rauhe Haus"—The Rough House.

Improvements were immediately begun upon this place, and by the following October—just a year from the time it was first suggested—the young clergyman and his mother took possession of the cottage, and waited for the lost children who were there to find a home.

By the close of the year there were twelve boys, from five to eighteen years of age, hardened in wickedness and depravity—trained to stealing, and lying, and knowing nought of God or religion. Others soon followed. Pickpockets, vagabonds and young house-breakers, and others who had proved incorrigible and been given up by all who had attempted to reform them.

Not a very attractive circle—but here Wichern found his work in striving to civilize and reform these hardened characters. By the power of Christian kindness, he won them from the paths of vice and sin, and taught them principles of honesty and integrity. Some of his boys ran away, as he placed no restraint upon them, but they were soon glad to return to the shelter of so good a home, and they always found a welcome awaiting them.

The charm of a family life was felt in this house. Morning and evening worship was observed; the Bible was read and hymns sung; and here, again, the softening effect of music was observed—often these hardened boys would burst-out sobbing under the influence of the sweet hymns. They soon learned them, and might often be heard singing them, by themselves. The stories of the Bible, also, possessed a great charm for them, and through them they learned the doctrines of Scripture.

But Wichern did not suffer his boys to be idle. Work was part of his plan for reformation. So the summer found them busy in garden and farm work; and the winter days were passed in carpentering and other in-door employ-

ments, while school was not neglected, but blended with other employments.

Soon their increasing numbers made the place too strait for them, and a new building was erected by the inmates themselves. The old house was made into a home for girls, and was soon filled. Then a work-shop followed, and in 1839 a chapel with a bell and organ, gifts of friends of the enterprise.

A printing-press was added to their labors, and the first sheet struck off was the twenty-third Psalm.

For several days, in May, 1842, a terrible fire raged in Hamburg, and the city was laid in ruins. This calamity increased their numbers, and more buildings had to be erected. In 1848, Dr. Wichern enlarged his scheme so as to make his Reformatory national rather than local in its aims, and it was thrown open to others outside of Hamburg. Soon similar institutions sprung up in different parts of Germany; till in 1856 the total number was estimated at 260, and the numbers of children could not be short of 3,000. "The old Rough House has grown to be twenty houses, and possesses property to the amount of £7,000; the old patch of garden round the pond has spread out into fifty acres; the twelve boys have multiplied into 452, and 130 girls are added to them." It is visited by thousands every year. Kings, queens, dukes, duchesses, are among its patrons.

It issues a paper with a monthly circulation of 6,000, and has a publishing house of its own. From its doors have gone forth clergymen, lawyers, army officers, merchants, sea-captains, colonists in America, Australia, etc., besides many who fill humbler stations in life. From this small beginning has sprung up the organization of the Inner Mission which has accomplished so much good in Germany. The means for all this have been furnished in a most wonderful manner. Would that we had time to recount the many instances in which funds were sent just when needed!

Each house has its own history, one of prayer and simple faith—proving anew that God is the hearer and answer of

prayer; and in the words of Wichern himself, "*Jesus Christ is the founder of the Rough House.*" To His name be all the praise.—*The Christian at Work.*

Faith.

FAITH is a very slender thing,
Though little understood;
It frees the soul from death's dread sting,
By resting in the Blood.

It looks not on the things around,
Nor on the things within;
It takes its flight to scenes above,
Beyond the sphere of sin.

It sees, upon the throne of God,
A victim that was slain;
It rests its all on His shed blood,
And says, "I'm born again."

Faith is not what we feel or see;
It is a simple trust
In what the God of love has said
Of Jesus, as "the Just."

The perfect One that died for me,
Upon his Father's throne
Presents our names before our God,
And pleads Himself alone.

What Jesus is, and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea;
It never rests with sinful self,
Nor righteous self, in me.

It tells me I am counted "dead,"
By God, in His own Word;
It tells me I am "born again,"
In Christ my risen Lord.

In that he died, he died to sin;
In that he lives—to God;
Then I am dead to nature's hopes,
And justified through blood.

If he is free, then I am free,
From all unrighteousness;
If he be just, then I am just—
He is my righteousness.

What want I more to perfect bliss?
A body like his own
Will perfect me for greater joys
Than angels' round the throne.

—Ryle's Collection.

THE JOY OF THE LORD.

THERE is no strength like the strength of constant joy. Men are not killed by work so often as by worry. It is not the incessant toil, but it is rather the "carking care," that devours their energies. Rust eats faster than use wears. Acid disintegrates sooner than action destroys. "The spirit of a man can sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" "The sorrow of the world worketh death."

Ah! there are many pains that doctors overlook. A secret sorrow, or a secret *sin*! has eaten out the life from many a noble soul, like some hidden leak which has caused the proud vessel to go down amid the darkness of the silent depths. Alas for that man, alas for that woman, who thinks to hide within the heart's deep chambers, some guilty, unpardoned, secret thing! Hide it? You might as well hide a fire.—Conceal it? You might as well conceal the apothecary's ointment in your right hand. Men may try to smother their griefs in business, but sorrow chisels deeper lines upon their brows than time and care have made. Women may laugh that hollow, sickly, heartless, distressing laugh, to conceal the anguish of their burdened souls, but the poison burns within;—and the hectic flush glows to-day on many a cheek that might have blossomed with health and grace, if the joy and peace of God had only dwelt within the heart.

God's religion is full of joy. The Lord rejoices in his works. When he appointed the foundations of the earth, Wisdom "was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable parts of the earth."—And though Christ, in whose flesh God was manifest to us, was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," yet he also "rejoiced in spirit" and he was anointed with "the oil of gladness above his fellows;" and "for the joy that was set before him" he "endured the cross, and despised the shame."

God's worship anciently was full of feasts, and shouts, and songs of joy and

triumph. And even on one occasion when Israel had sinned and wandered, and the people were grieving and lamenting beneath a consciousness of their offences against the law of the Lord, "Nehemiah, which is the Tirshatha, and Ezra the priest and scribe, and the Levites that taught the people, said unto all the people, This day is holy unto the Lord your God: MOURN NOT, nor weep. For all the people wept, when they heard the words of the law.—Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is HOLY UNTO OUR LORD: neither be ye SORRY; FOR THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH. So the Levites stilled the people, saying, Hold your peace, for the day is holy; NEITHER BE YE GRIEVED. And all the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them."—Neh. viii. 9-12.

This was the character of the feasts of the Lord in Israel. They must not be desecrated by dejection, nor made gloomy by grief. Even his chosen fasts were not for afflicting the soul and bowing down the head like a bulrush; and the feasts were seasons of especial gladness, when men "went with joy to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day."

Praise is comely to the upright; and blessed are they who have so confessed their sins and repented of their transgressions, that God has restored unto them the joy of his salvation, and made them to "hear joy and gladness that the bones which he hath broken may rejoice."

The joy of the Lord is *your* strength, O, child of God! Have you this joy? With it you are strong; without it you are weak as other men. Nothing can take its place. Devotion, zeal, sacrifice, self-denial, acts of charity, all have their use and may serve to impress those around you with a conviction of the power of Jesus' grace; but the

real joy of God can have no substitute to fill its place. This makes the whole being buoyant in the midst of earthly woes and toils; and this, perhaps, more than any other thing, impresses the sinner's heart. He has long sought in vain for joy; Christian can you tell him, "I have found it. I know where you may find it too"?

"Since I have found the Lord," said Lady Flora Hastings to a young friend, "I have been as happy as an angel." Her words were like an arrow to the heart of her gay and pleasure-seeking companion. From that hour she could not rest amid the empty joys of wealth, and pride, and rank, and pomp, and pleasure. These all had failed to ease the anguish of an aching heart. She sought the Lord:—and since the days of the Marys that wept around Christ's bleeding cross and rejoiced before his opened sepulchre, we shall hardly find such a life of holy, burning, unselfish, useful, Christian love and labor, as was lived by that young lady, Celina, Countess of Huntington, for so many years the fellow-worker and supporter of Whitfield and his associates, whose name is as ointment poured forth among those who love the children of our common Lord. What a blessing was given with that one brief testimony to the joy of God within that Christian's heart.

"Happy as an angel!" Do you feel thus? Can you speak thus? Is the joy of the Lord *your strength*? God gave you joy in the days of your espousals. The Holy Spirit brought joy when it came to dwell within your heart. "Where then is the blessedness ye spake of?" What has robbed your life of gladness, and filled your soul with grief? Is it sickness? Go then to Him who "bare our sicknesses" and seek his healing counsel and his healing power. Is it sin? Go then to Him of whom it is said, "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Is it temptation? He "was tempted in all points like as we are," "and will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear, but will with the temptation provide a way of es-

cape that we may be able to bear it." Is it persecution? He has said, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you." Is it bereavement? He is anointed to "comfort all who mourn." Is it a multitude of trials on every hand? We may still be joyful in the Lord; for "If God be for us who can be against us?" and "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, who are called according to his purpose." In this trust, may we be joyful, and in this strength may we be strong.—*The Christian.*

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. JANETTE OSMUN.

As one of the events recorded in the Old Testament Scriptures, foreshadowing the atoning blood of the world's Redeemer, the passover is one of marked interest. As it was necessary for the children of Israel, in obedience to the Divine command, to avail themselves of the blood of the lamb, and to apply it to their door-posts that the angel of death might pass by, so it is necessary for us to avail ourselves of the blood of Christ, and by faith to apply it to our hearts. As any effort they might have made, without using the blood, would not have saved them from death, no effort that we may make without an application of the blood to our hearts, will save us in the great coming day, although we might be covered with a garment of self-righteousness, and our good works go before us to the judgment; though we might once have been washed in the blood it would not save us. It was necessary for the children of Israel to have the blood on their door-posts when the angel of death came. Unless the blood be found on our hearts at the hour of death, and we be clothed with the righteousness of Christ, we shall suffer the penalty of eternal death.

WHEN God threatens, that's a time to repent; when he promises, that's a time to believe; when he commands, that's a time to obey.

OPENING OF THE "REVIVAL" HOME.

MR. R. C. MORGAN said: I have been asked to give some account of the origin of this Home. In the winter my heart ached to see the half-naked children about the streets, growing up to be thieves and harlots. We were told again and again at the noon prayer-meeting of 50,000 homeless children in London, and I wondered how I could help to save some of them. The idea of a home like this, entered my mind; I named it to Miss Macpherson, then to Mr. Holland; they laid hold of it; Mr. Holland found out this house; we took it. My partner and I were coming through St. Paul's Churchyard this afternoon. On our way to this place Mr. Chase said to me, "I am afraid our friends will think that the boys we have don't look like the sort of children they see upon the street; their appearance is so altered, now they are dressed and clean." Just at the moment, up came a little fellow asking us to buy some cigar-lights. We do not smoke, so we gave him a penny and went on. The child was as ragged as could be; you could see almost all his body. Turning back, I said, "Let us take that little fellow; he is ragged and dirty enough to show what sort of human creatures we mean to save." No sooner said than done. We asked the little chap if he would go with us; he consented, and followed us to a cab-stand. The boy began to cry; he thought we were going to lock him up, but we told him he need not be afraid of that. The waterman who opened the cab-door for us stared with astonishment at our little pick-up, but hinted that we were not to depend upon a word the child might tell us of his history. We were well entertained as we rode up here. The little merchant, whose father had gone mad through drink, kept us halfway between tears and laughter all the while, by his pitiful story and his odd remarks. You have heard of the artist who, wanting to paint a picture of the prodigal son, as he walked along the street observed a dirty and ragged

creature just suited to be a model for the prodigal. He told him to come to his house next morning, and he could earn a shilling. The morrow came, but, instead of the tattered and miserable object of the previous day, a man clean and tidy presented himself to the artist. The model had prepared himself and brushed up for the occasion, and, by so doing, had defeated the artist's object, and made himself unfit to sit as the representative of the prodigal. Now, this is just what has been done with our stray Arab of this afternoon. Here he is (presenting the lad to view), but they have spoiled him for us, just as the painter's model was spoiled—our matron has washed and dressed him, and so I can only show you by him and all these other boys, not what street Arabs are, but what we mean to make them. We see people spending much time and thought upon their flowers, upon their fowls, and upon their pet animals. Oh, that they would seek out these little waifs of humanity, and take as much pains to train and cultivate some of them. What is there that would repay culture half as well? You can pick up human weeds like this, and make them flowers for God. Flowers are beautiful, and doubtless their cultivation gratifies some instincts and tastes implanted in us by God; but flowers have no souls—they cannot thank you; they cannot look into your face and smile their gratitude; they have no voice to bless you in the name of the Lord. It was not for flowers, but for human souls, that Jesus was made flesh and died. Let us spend our labor on souls rather than on canaries or on flowers.—*The Revival—London.*

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"TIME IS SHORT."—What is time? "A fragment of eternity cut off at both ends." To us it has been reckoned by years, but soon it will be by months, then by weeks, then by days, then by hours, then by minutes, and finally by seconds, and then shall come the closing scene, and time to us shall be no more forever.

REV. J. FOHL.

RUNNING OFF THE TRACK.*

ONE of the Presiding Elders, at the last session of our (Troy) Conference, brought forward a minister's application for re-admission, with this fault in the man: that he was liable to run off the track. Not that he fell into sin—his moral character was without blemish; yet it seemed difficult to keep him on the track. As the elder did not inform us what track he ran off from, we are left to guess it might be the ecclesiastical track. Now the elder was right in this. I introduce it only as a text, or an apology for saying something partly on this line.

Some things and some men can afford to run off the track once a year, provided no one is killed, literally or spiritually; for they are able to get themselves on again, repair damages, and then keep ahead of the world.—Contrast: A minister being asked how his church prospered, replied, We are all harmonious and united, but did not know as all would call it the best kind of union, for they were frozen together. That it was all quiet so long about the Potomac there was no accident; such broodings of nightmare would quiet anything. A brother asked if they had fanaticism in their meetings. That's a queer question. Who would go to the grave-yard to look for disturbers of the peace.—No, sir; it requires high pressure to run off the track. Who ever heard of an ox-cart smashing up, or oxen either? But when that gleaming, one-eyed monster, living on fire, comes along, under the terrible power of suppressed expansion, stand back! yes, stand back! and let harnessed thunder go through! It's no dead-and-alive thing that runs into extravagances. Fanatics and lunatics are made of the smartest kind of folks. A fool don't know enough to be crazy; they are just bright enough for the devil to send around the world to say, There is no God! And one whose mouth was shamed out of the nonsense, just said it in his heart, so as

to tell his master he had done the errand. Some of the same sort left!

Not long since, I attended a protracted meeting in a church of three hundred members, and only twenty who were spiritually alive, as the minister stated. I said to him, "Not half of that number can I find." "That's true, as some of the best are homesick."—Here were eight or ten believers set in this mass of worldly, backslidden professors, taking no part in the work, except to exhort us to bring in sinners—that they needed this work among sinners to encourage the church, etc. At last I replied, "The shelves of this dead-house are all full. No more corpses can be taken in till some of these are resurrected." And still they voted to keep up the meetings, and we did.—Numbers were brought to life, and testified in public that if they had been called to their account but a few days before, they would have been lost.—This church was not as bad off as the one froze together; they had life enough to fight the truth and the minister.

A brother says: "Let me tell you some of my experience."

"Well, say on."

"Once I was one of those fiery, excitable kind; up and down in my feelings; glad to-day and sad to-morrow; but, of late years, I go along about the same."

"I suppose, as the Yankees say, like an even-spun thread?"

"Yes; that is it."

"Well, I like a few kinks in my thread—such kinks, too, as no mortal can unravel."

He replies, that "A uniform state of mind is preferable. Now, I don't go down very low, nor up very high, but right along—sort of even."

"Yes; that's the way they do in the grave-yard—they go along about so. If you speak of outward deportment, of uniformity in obedience, I agree with you; but soul-life is variable.—Practically, death and inertia are the only uniform things I think of; while life everywhere is the most spasmodic thing in creation. Nothing can master the ups and down of religious life, or

* From "More Shocks from the Battery: or Sermons and Sayings." By Rev. B. Pomeroy.

any other, but death. And here you congratulate yourself on soul-evenness! My friend, I fear there is a strong touch of death in you. Life—full-pulsed life—don't run so even; it is seen everywhere and in all kinds of life, to be uneven. Cut down that old, oak tree, whose outstretched arms have weathered the storms from long ago; begin at the bark, and count the layers in the heart, and you shall know how many spasms of life it took to make that tree. Now open your ears to the great, fitful breath of old ocean; mark the mighty spasm which lifts the waters up. Yes, my friend, you apply your notions of even life to wind and water, and it would kill both; and most likely you are dead, but died so slow that you did not know what it was. Some said it was growing manly in religion.

"Now, this whole system of life, of all kinds and grades, is illustrated near at home, in the seat of self-life. The heart don't know anything else but spasms, and on that line it's above being taught, and that is the action of life everywhere; it is on the ebb and flow fashion. The fact is, life antagonizes with so much death, that it must go with a spring to overcome. Mark ye, there is no spring in death or inertia; they depend on solid, *sort of even*.—Now look at this: here is a brother representing the grandest and most sublime life in the universe to be the most like death. The Lord bless your poor soul with your first experience of life's ups and downs, and teach you the difference between death's *even* and the throes of life!"

But before we part, let me inquire of this brother, if it would not be agreeable to you to join some other church? O! I did that three weeks ago; there you have it, and that is just as I hope it always will be. I want life's progression to run into Methodism, and death's progression to run out; and now you examine every foot print out from this holy ism, and if you find one life track going out you will find a novelty. Mark ye, I do not say the church organization, I mean the spiritual of Methodism, for I have a sister who

went from the Methodist church to the Presbyterians by my advice; her husband is a Deacon; there was no church of her choice within reach.—She joined as she had been, the minister said he could smuggle her in a Methodist, and he did, and they live and love as Christians. So much for my anti-sectarianism. But before leaving, let me but note a curiosity in this connection. Some churches, I mean in a spiritual sense, seem located just in the thoroughfare of life's progression. So that when the Holy Spirit comes with all His quickening powers, these places receive the first tides of life, while others are drawn from. I have seen these anti-life places and said to the members, that their churches could hardly survive God's great coming into a community; and in some places, I have known it keep the poor fellows trotting day and night with tracts on fanaticism—wildfire, and animal excitement, just from the necessity of self-protection; but in spite of their watching and guarding, divine light and power broke through and converted some of their members, when they left for the banqueting places.

Some churches seem erected where you might look for a sepulchre, they are so contrived for taking in soul corpses, and when the cause languishes, wickedness increases, and backsliders are multiplied on every hand, you will see the procession of death going into these dead houses till every shelf is full, and even paying rent for lying there; such require machinery in worship.

These churches live on religious relapses.

As my neighbor says: The spiritually dead prefer a church that is neutral on politics and religion.

At a camp meeting last year, west of Auburn, N. Y., where with a close look out against fanaticism, they went through with a meeting quite decently, and had good done; one minister described religion, by a river gliding along through the broad meadows so silent and smooth, that one would hardly suspect so large a body of water

moving so near by. But O, how placid, and then how deep and smooth, etc. Reply: That is a very good description brother, of this great salvation and its effect on the mind, and there is no fault to be found with it. But if you please, just put my river down by the way of Niagara, I like to go over the falls now and then, and get a thorough stirring up; yes, go down out of sight. where I hold my breath under life's high swells and glorious tumults.

I think you said that deep river moved? Yes; very good, I am glad of that, but don't let these deep river folks get so disturbed, because occasionally the white caps go dashing through their placid waters, probably they came over Niagara not long ago, and don't get calmed down so soon. If death and placidity are so prominent qualities, here is a good chance to show it. But how much charity these dear, poor souls need for this Niagara foam; then, how much patience Niagara minds need with half-stagnation.—So let us all be kind and loving, as one may help the other all the way through.

Now, I like these deep river minds, they are the reliables,—the fixed poles by which the mariners set their compass, or as floating piers in a storm, which a dozen rocking, whirling crafts might hitch to with safety. Or, better still, they are as ballast in the ship, holding things down and holding things right side up, making more sails safe; though but little seen, they are preventing shipwrecks, without the credit of doing it.

Now, since I am so near it, let me speak to that friend who goes by principle in religion. He says he does right because he ought to do right, whether he feels like it or not. That is just what you should do; it is what we all preach; but right—great, immortal right—is armed with a higher motive and a greater power than is found in the mere conviction of duty. You may discipline bones and muscles to right doing, because of its propriety and fitness; but when you come to great, passionate, surging soul, you are

baffled. Soul can't live on so cold an aliment as abstract right. Soul is made for emotion, and it's a long step from principle to passion. If we serve God acceptably, we must be so conformed to the similitude of right as to be able to do right with a degree of naturalness and pleasure; and perhaps it is safe to say, that our pleasure in righteousness is in proportion to our naturalness in righteousness; our present and eternal happiness in holiness rests on so deep a conformity to holiness as to make holiness natural to us. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—(See Bible.)

Now, brother, you have started right, and just as all must start, from conviction; so go on; but don't cease the struggle till you reach the higher motive of doing right because you love to do it. God is glorified, not so much in our convictions of right as in our happiness in right doing. Our spirituality is measured, not by our punctiliousness in doing, not by the number of chores performed, but by the increasing pleasure of doing them; it is at this point that we approach the Divine resemblance. Godliness means joy unspeakable and full of glory in the soul, as well as diligence in business and honesty in commerce.

I am aware that this is not the worldly fashion of religion. Some churches seem armed with argument and sophistry against what they call emotional piety; the whole stress of Christian character and the hope of heaven is laid on outward righteousness. With some, the highest type of a Christian is he who can do his duty in the coldest blood; they have blood thermometers, and he who can stand at soul zero by the year, and keep up his religious ceremonies, is the model church member. Religious excitement is a by-word and reproach with them; harmoniously frozen together, no danger of running off the track! If such are Bible Christians, then thousands of the old martyred saints, who are supposed to have entered into final glory, were happy in a delusion. The Lord save the deceived. Amen.

PATH OF THE JUST.

THE path of the sun is a radiant path; it is not only glorious—that expresses but half the truth. It is glorious, because it is radiant. The sun is not like the moon, a mere reflector, glittering with borrowed light. If the mountains could be lifted up until they should enclose it like a wall, and the clouds ascending from the mountains, should concentrate their masses, and overarch it like a roof, it would shine still. Nay, made the more intense by the confinement, it would turn the mountains into diamonds, and the clouds into crystal, and dash through them all, and fill the world with new splendors.

So with the path of the just. His glory is from within; it is a radiation. Put him where you will, he shines.—For instance, imprison Joseph, and he will shine out on all Egypt, cloudless as the sky where the rain never falls. Imprison Daniel, and the dazzled lions will return to their lairs, and the king come forth to worship at his rising, and all Babylon bless the beauty of the brighter and better day. Imprison Peter, and with an angel for his harbinger star, he will spread his aurora from the fountains of the Jordan to the wells of Beersheba, and break like the morning, over mountain and sea. Imprison Paul, and there will be high noon over all the Roman empire. Imprison John, and the isles of the *Ægean*, and all the coasts around, will kindle with, sunset visions too gorgeous to be described, but never to be forgotten—a boundless panorama of prophecy, gilding from sky to sky, and enchanting the nations with openings of heaven, transits of saints and angels, and the ultimate glory of the city and kingdom of God.

Not only so, for modern times have similar examples in the church, and examples in the state. For instance, bury Luther in the depths of the Black Forest, and “the angel that dwelt in the bush” will honor him there; the trees around him will burn like shafts of ruby, and his glowing orb loom up again, round and clear, as the light of Europe. Thrust Bunyan into the

gloom of Bedford jail, and, as he leans his head on his hand, the murky horizon of Britain will flame with fiery symbols—“delectable mountains” and celestial mansions, with holy pilgrims grouped on the golden hills, and bands of bliss from the gates of pearl, hastening to welcome them home.

SELFISHNESS.

THE essence of selfishness is seen in the perversion of all things, to *I, myself*, which, in things worldly, often result in the accumulation of what is called riches, and but for another fact, the case would be tolerable. But oh, the calamity is, *I, myself*, am circumscribed to myself for happiness, for it is quite above the range of selfishness to be happy, even in the instrumental good of others.

The cure of selfishness is in itself—that it is doomed to live on itself, which reminds me of the salutation of an old friend: “How do you enjoy yourself to-night, Brother P.?” I don’t eat at that table, if you please; live on God’s triumphs—triumphs in you and in me.

Selfishness affords but one dish for its banquet, and that is the same old *self* dish the year round; while benevolence tastes pleasure in the joys and songs of others. Selfishness enjoys a seat in the car or church with decrepitude and infirmity, leaning on its staff by his side; benevolence would find misery in such sitting. But, when we come to spiritual, to the religious world, selfishness is the short starving process.

Religion is the essence of benevolence. Benevolence is always acting out from itself on others; its riches come through apparent home exhaustion; it lives on the influx of its outflow, the reaction of itself—the ebb that’s sure to bring a home-bound tide. The happiness of benevolence comes from broad sowing. Its present and future inheritance lives in a thousand springs, whose laughing rills shall eternally come bounding into the great souled man, as blessings on their cause. —*More Shocks from the Battery.*

PHILANTHROPY OF THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

"THE Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God" is not, exclusively, a dispensation of saving grace for fallen man's moral necessities. It is, equally, a dispensation of pure, disinterested, out-gushing benevolence, for man's physical nature, for his social good, and for his general temporal well-being.

This gospel of pure, disinterested love, and of unmerited grace, contemplates man in his three-fold nature, as a physical, an intellectual, and a moral being; and graciously regards him in those several relations of life which, in the dispensation of Providence, he may be called to sustain.

Not only does the gospel of Jesus thus regard man, but it comes to him with a diversity of grace and blessings adapted to all the necessities of his three-fold nature, and suitable to any condition of life in which he may be placed. It is a gospel for the whole man, equally conducive to his temporal, and his spiritual interests—for time and for eternity.

In whatever aspect we view the gospel of the Nazarene—even as exclusively confined to the affairs of the present life—it is, most emphatically, a gospel of love, breathing only good-will toward mankind. The gospel of Christ originated in love. All its rich blessings were purchased by love. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.—This gospel inculcates and implants the principle of supreme love to God, and of practical love to universal man.—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."—Matt. xxii. 39, 40.

A large proportion of the New Testament Scriptures is devoted—directly or indirectly, by precept, parable, example, to the inculcation of practical benevolence. "Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren

in Judea."—Acts xi. 29. "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."—Matt. v. 42. "Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure," etc.—Luke vi. 38. This lesson of practical benevolence was enjoined by our Saviour upon the rich young man who came to him to inquire the "way of eternal life."—Luke xiii. The same doctrine is, manifestly, taught in the parable of the "Great Supper."—Luke xiv. All our Saviour's miracles were benevolent in their intent and result. True, the primary aim of these miracles was to establish the divinity of his character and mission. But miracles, generally confirmatory of his Godhead and Messiahship, might have been wrought which had no practical benevolence about them. But He who "went about doing good" would, by one single act, teach a great doctrine and set forth an essential Christian duty. A few more precepts may be given, bearing on this point. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—Jas. i. 27. "If a brother or sister be naked, or destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works is dead, being alone."—Jas. ii. 15-17.

The benevolent institutions, either of our own day or of past centuries, have had their origin in, and their support from, the Church of Christ. It is safe to affirm that nearly all that has been done for the physical, the mental, the moral, and the social well-being of mankind, during near two thousand years last past, has been done, directly or indirectly, through the agencies of Christianity. The Church of the Redeemer might appropriately inscribe over her gateway the motto found engraven in front of a certain beacon-light upon the British coast, "To give light, and to save life."

Benevolent institutions exist or are not, in the exact ratio of the presence or the absence of the religion of Jesus—the world over. Point us—the world over—to those places where this religion is and where it is not, where it most prevails and where it least prevails, and you will thus supply us with the requisite data for an accurate map of the benevolence of the globe. In Pagan lands, benevolent institutions are unknown. In Mahomedan countries, you find such institutions but few and feeble. That they are found there at all is attributable to the fact that some rays of light borrowed from Christ's gospel are scattered along the fabulous pages of the Koran. Now go to Popish countries, and you find humane institutions more numerous than in the land of the false prophet. Compare the Popish Bible with the Koran and you discover that it comes nearer to those sacred pages written by "holy men of old." This, alone, accounts for the difference. From Popish countries go to those nations which are semi-Popish and semi-Protestant, and from hence proceed to those lands where Protestantism is predominant—and in all this advancing march you find humane institutions on the increase. The fact is significant. The cause is palpable to an unprejudiced mind. Truly may the preacher of Christ's religion exclaim, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and renewing of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised."—Luke iv. 18.

Among the noble charities to which Christianity has given birth, may be named the following—institutions for the deaf and dumb—the blind—the maimed—the insane—the widow—the orphan—the aged and infirm—the fallen—the vicious—the criminal—negro emancipation—the cause of Temperance—the "Christian Commission"—the "Sanitary Commission," etc.

All these various benevolent institutions in various parts of the world,

may not have been started by men who were in the experimental enjoyment of regenerating grace. But they were originated by men and women who were largely influenced by the religion of Jesus. Take from these God-like institutions all that they have received of brain, heart, hand and purse from the Church of Christ, and they will soon become but so many *historic* facts.

Nearly all the great practical workers for human well-being have been men and women who were connected,—most of them by actual membership—with the Christian Church. Names like the following will almost involuntarily rise before the mind of the reader in this connection:—Wesley—Howard—Clarkson—Wilberforce—Gurney—Lawrence—Peabody—Cobden—Bright—Geo. Thompson—Mrs. Elizabeth Fry—Florence Nightingale, and a host of others, noble and successful workers for the welfare of depraved, oppressed and unfortunate humanity. Names, these, the perfume of which is as "ointment poured forth." Names that shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Pure Christianity has ever exemplified practical sympathy with human woe.

When a delegation from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of 1864 waited upon our late martyred President to express that Church's endorsement of his successive measures for the suppression of the Southern Rebellion, that eminently great, noble man responded in the following befitting and truthful language:

"Nobly sustained has the Government been by all the Churches. I would utter nothing which might appear invidious against any. Yet without this, it may fairly be said that, the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in other Churches that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to Heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church. Bless all the Churches! And blessed be God, who in this, our great trial, giveth us the Churches."

As a significant and striking contrast to the sympathetic heart, the generous spirit, and the benevolent deeds of Christianity, we might now inquire, what has infidelity ever done to relieve human woe, to assuage human grief, to wipe away human tears, or to elevate the social and moral condition of man? In vain do the adherents of religious scepticism look athwart the globe for a satisfactory answer to such interrogations. To such inquiries there comes only in response the dull, hollow echo—"Where?"

Who ever yet heard of Gibbon's hospital—of Voltaire's infirmary—of Hume's insane retreat—of Bolingbroke's blind asylum—of Paine's institution for the deaf and dumb—of Cobbett's free public library—of Chesterfield's ragged school—of Robert Owen's free dining saloon—of Collins' free clothing emporium—of Carlyle's charitable funds?

What have these men, or other champions of infidelity yet done to relieve the necessities of the destitute—to instruct the ignorant—to reform the vicious—to raise the fallen—to pour upon the wounded healing balm—to visit and comfort the sick—to smooth the dying pillow? Nay, what has atheism done in any direction, to bless, to comfort, to better, to save mankind? Such inquiries convey their own answers.

Infidelity robs man of all the glorious hopes of heaven's eternal fruition of bliss, without offering to him, in return for such heartless deprecation, one solitary drop of even worldly felicity. On the contrary, the Christian religion gives "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Does not such a religion, unmistakably proclaim its own Divine origin? "God is love." "His loving-kindness is over all works." "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another."

"He is in God, and God in him,

Who still abides in love;

'Tis love that makes the cherubim

Obey and praise above,

For God is love, the loveless heart

Hath in his life and joy no part."

Would we bless mankind, then let us labor and pray to spread this religion of love. We can most effectually reach man's moral necessities by ministering to his temporal wants.

HOW MUCH FOR JESUS?

THE life of Christ in the soul must appear. You cannot be a Christian without doing something for your Redeemer. The action does not make you a Christian, but it declares that you are one. Many profess religion whose lives never show it. They do not speak for Him, they do not go out on errands for Him, they do not give money for His cause, they do not know much about His word, they seldom have a single mark about them to signify that they are Christians, above what very many naturally amiable and self-regulated persons of the world have.

Is such living the true exposition of Christianity? Now, beloved, we are not censorious, but for the welfare of Zion, for the good of your souls we speak, and for the honor of the Head of the Church who *lives* in all His true people. How does He live in them? With power. With a divine energy which makes all things in their experience "new," and casts out the "old" propensities and their "old" habits. Faith and works go together necessarily, inseparably, continuously, works being the authoritative declaration to men of the existence of a living faith. Hence we are told by unerring wisdom, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Therefore, beloved, if we see no grapes upon the vine, year after year, are we not our brother's keeper, to see to it, so far as in us lies, that the vine be no more unproductive lest the Great King come and tear it up by the roots? God's word says, (and where can we go for higher wisdom?) "Faith if it hath not works is dead, being alone."

We shall not judge our brethren, but if their spirits do not stand the trial which our regenerated reason and our love are compelled to make, we must

speak, that we be not held responsible for the wastes of Zion.

Let us quote from a letter written by a minister in one of our cities, and see if we are not bound to lift up our voice on high. The picture is too plain to need any comment, and it is of universal application :

"In a part of this charge, among a few families in the suburbs, I am much refreshed and encouraged; but in the town itself the moral feeling is somewhat like working among stones. A few see the truth and walk in its joy and power—and a few admit the truth but do not seem to talk of it, nor walk in it, nor rejoice in it. What can be said of those? Then, alas, for the masses and multitudes even of professors, too—whose perpetual motion is in the world's whirlpool—contracting, speculating, trading, building massive mills, and halls, and fine houses—getting up building societies, and Masonic societies, Odd Fellows' societies, soldiers' societies, political societies, temperance societies, etc., etc., etc.—and time, and talk, and money for all these, *but not a word, nor an hour, nor a cent, FOR THE BLESSED LORD!* When I halt to gaze on this side of the picture, I am almost oppressed with these words—'Few there be that find it.'"

The tendency of the age is to universalism. Christians care little for doctrine, and apparently, in many places at least, less for practice, and doubtless some dear Christian people would call gospel reproof, and rebuke, and exhortation, even with all long suffering and kindness, by the name of censoriousness. And so the people, the pulpit being so fastidiously silent about the erroneous practices of the Church, slide on in careless forgetfulness that Jesus once said, when asked "are there few that be saved?" "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.*"

These are solemn words, and from them sprung those other words which proclaim universalism impossible, "If there come any unto you and bring not this doctrine, receive him not

into your house, neither bid him God speed: for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds."

Beloved, what do your works prove? or have you no works or deeds which show the "newness of life" in which God, and angels, and men now expect you will walk? When a man is born to God his time is holy time, and he is set apart as a holy person. For this Jesus died, for this His grace has appeared to us, for this, Jesus assures us many times that He has purchased us. Do not say that your works are nothing to others. Hear the voice of wisdom; your faith is everything to you, but your works are everything to the people of God. They cannot see your faith excepting as they see it in your works. The church, therefore, needs your faithful, active speech, and services, both for her increase and for an example to others. You have no reason to hope for Heaven if you are bearing no fruit. You are only hindering God's work, and for this you must perish. Up and be doing. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion," who have no closets, no family altars, no words, no bright living Christianity in the outward life to show in Jesus' name. O for the voice that wakes the dead! Come, Holy Spirit. "Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down, that the mountains would flow down at Thy presence. As when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil, to make Thy name known to Thine adversaries, that the nations may tremble at Thy presence."—*U. S. Economist.*

WHAT IS an inch when contrasted with ten thousand miles? or a grain of sand to a mountain? or a drop of water to the ocean? Reader, in a very little time you shall be done with earth, and your destiny be irrevocably fixed, the day of reckoning is nigh at hand, how stands your account? Holy Spirit beam forth.—*Rev. J. Fohl.*

Love the men of the world, but not the things of the world.

Editorial.

Humility.

THE tendency of human nature is to exalt self. The natural man likes to get up. If worship is not sought for, admiration is—which is the next thing to it. If you watch your own conduct carefully, you will be astonished to find how soon, when you are in the company of strangers, you do or say something, the tendency, if not the object of which is to excite admiration. Nor does your conduct in this respect differ materially from that of professing Christians generally. That sister's testimony to the enjoyment of perfect love was clear and explicit, and directly to the point. But if her attire had been more plain, and if her tones had been simple and natural, her testimony would have been more generally received and credited. Her undisguised affectation, like dead flies in the costly ointment of the apothecary, spoiled the whole.

Brother, your words in that Love Feast, among strangers, were, in the main, well chosen; but what was the necessity of your telling how extensively you are engaged in business and how wealthy you are? Why do professedly Christian ladies so generally disregard, in their attire, the plainest precepts of the Bible? Why, in the erection of Christian churches, are such immense sums expended merely for show and ornament? Ingenious as we may be in finding excuses for these things, *pride is at the bottom*. Ostentation and show do not render true religion attractive. They pervert, but do not adorn it. They may draw crowds to the church—as fine music and scenery and acting do to the theatre; but they do not lead them to die to sin and live to God.

Humility is an indispensable ingredient in the Christian character. Whatever else one may have, if he is destitute of this, he has no reason to conclude that he is in a state of salvation. Graces of person and manner do not necessarily imply saving grace. The teaching of the Bible on this point need not be misunderstood. Our Lord commences his Sermon on the Mount with saying, *Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*—Matt.

v. 3. But poverty of spirit is only another name for deep humility. If the *kingdom of heaven* belongs to the poor in spirit, then those who are destitute of this grace cannot enter the kingdom. The want of humility will result in their final damnation. The last sermon which Christ preached in person, corresponds with the first. It was addressed to a popular Church. *Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.*—Rev. iii. 17.

Beloveds, would it not be well for us to inquire of the Lord, if this may not be our true condition? Those who were in this state *knew it not*. Their profession was of the highest character. If we are really honest, and will welcome the light, the Lord will let it shine upon our hearts, and we shall know our real condition.

The apostles enjoin humility just as explicitly as did the Master. Paul writes to the Romans: *Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.*—Rom. xii. 16. To the Church of God at Corinth—one of the most refined cities of that age—he says: *For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence.*—1 Cor. i. 26.

James says: *Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.*—James iv. 10. Peter writes: *Likewise ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.*—1 Pet. v. 5-7.

If anything more is needed to enforce upon every Christian believer the necessity of humility, we have it in the example of our Lord. His whole life affords us a les-

son of self-denial and deep humility.— *He was rich, but for our sakes he became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich.* He, by whom all things were made, resigned the honors of the Godhead, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and patiently endured the revilings of those whom He came to save. His companions were chosen from among the lowly of earth, and for them he performed the office of a servant, and left us this injunction: *If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet.*—John x. 10.

Such are a few of the precepts of the Bible upon this important subject. In tried saints, humility has always been a marked characteristic. Job had the highest commendation from God, but he says of himself: *Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes.*—Job xlii. 6. David was the mightiest king and conqueror in his day; but to his wife, who ridiculed him for *leaping and dancing before the Lord*, when the ark of the Lord was brought to the city *with shouting and with the sound of the trumpet*, he said, *I will yet be more vile than this.* God talked with Moses as a man talks with his friend, and set the highest honor upon him; but was he puffed up in consequence? The record says that *Moses was the meekest man upon the earth.*

Beloveds, ponder these things well. The age in which we live is by no means favorable to the cultivation of true humility.— The Church has become wealthy, and strong in material resources. Tall steeples, frescoed ceilings, painted windows, artistic music, and a congregation arrayed in gorgeous apparel, do not have a tendency to bring us down into the dust at the foot of the cross. Their silent, but powerful influence, is in quite the contrary direction.— He who can resist this influence and keep down where salvation flows, must be more than human. He must have God to help him. Paul appeared to think that the only safety for a true Christian, under such circumstances, was in a precipitate flight,— *Heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.*—2 Tim. iii. 5.

O ye who pride yourselves in anything which, however innocent or even good in itself, a graceless soul may possess, see your danger, and make haste to humble yourselves before God and man! You must come down or perish forever! You may reckon your wealth by thousands; but you are not one whit better, nor deserving of one particle more of consideration, on that account. *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.* Let your appearance, your demeanor, your associations, all be of that character that will help to bring you down, and keep you down, in the depths of humility before the Lord. FOR I SAY, THROUGH THE GRACE GIVEN UNTO ME, TO EVERY MAN THAT IS AMONG YOU, NOT TO THINK OF HIMSELF MORE HIGHLY THAN HE OUGHT TO THINK; BUT TO THINK SOBERLY, ACCORDING AS GOD HATH DEALT TO EVERY MAN THE MEASURE OF FAITH.

National Camp-meeting.

WE were present nearly a week at this gathering of the saints. It was badly located, away from the lines of travel; but with a good deal of trouble, the people, in large numbers, managed to get there. We went several times to the Secretary to get the statistics, but did not succeed, and so we can only give a general estimate. It was estimated that there were from six to seven hundred tents on the ground, and some three or four thousand people in regular attendance. The congregation on the Sabbath was very large—as many as twenty thousand people, it was thought, were in attendance. Some four hundred preachers, it was said, were on the ground. The Spirit of God was poured out upon the congregations, and much good was done. The cause of God received an impetus which, we trust, will be felt all over the land.

People were present from all quarters—from Maine to Wisconsin—from New York to Georgia. It was, without doubt, the greatest camp-meeting ever held on this continent; and probably the greatest held in the world, since the days when Israel kept the feast of tabernacles seven days unto the Lord.

Scripture Emblems.

IN the Bible, several material substances are employed to denote the grace of God. It is compared frequently to water, but never to starch. It matters not how thoroughly permeated any substance may be with starch, a plentiful application of water will take it out. So, an abundance of grace will relieve any one of pride and stiffness and affectation. You may say it is natural; but even if it is—which we very much doubt—grace is stronger than nature. Little-children always possess simplicity, and it requires a great deal of effort to rob them of this grace. *Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

SCHOOL AT CHILL.—The fall term will commence in September. The design of this school is to afford the means of a thorough education, apart from those deleterious influences that too generally prevail. When the arrangements are completed, the opportunity to labor a few hours a day at some useful calling will be afforded. No pains will be spared to train up the scholars to habits of industry and piety, as well as study.

Competent teachers employed, and instruction given in those branches usually taught in our academies.

The Free Methodist.

THIS is the organ of the denomination whose name it bears. It was commenced the first of January last, is ably edited, and is one of the most uncompromising, outspoken, religious weeklies which we have ever seen. The spirit of Christian love is manifested in all its departments. The only hesitation we have felt, and still feel, in commending it to our readers, is our misgivings as to its success. The denomination is small, and unless a general and generous support is given, it cannot be sustained. The editor devotes all he has—talents, time, and labor—to its success; but he cannot publish a paper without the necessary means. Let all who feel interested in its establishment do all they can

to help it on. Subscription price, \$2.00 a year, or 75 cents to the first of January next.

Address the editor, Rev. Levi Wood, North Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Literary Notices.

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE: Comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History, with numerous illustrations and Maps. Edited by William Smith, L.L. D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of Dictionaries of "Greek and Roman Antiquities," "Biography and Mythology," and "Geography." J. B. Burr & Co., Hartford, Ct.

This is an octavo volume of 776 pages, substantially bound in sheep. It is a work of great value to every reader of the Bible. The labors and learning of Biblical scholars and critics for centuries are condensed into this one volume, and presented in a form available to all. Preachers, Sabbath-school teachers, heads of families, and all who wish to read the Bible intelligently, should have a copy. It is a standard work, commends itself to all who examine it, and should be found in every family. Be careful to get this edition, if you would have the most reliable Dictionary at the most reasonable price. It is sold by subscription only. Agents wanted, to whom liberal terms will be given. Those desiring to become agents should address the publisher, as above, at once.

"TRUTHS FOR THE PEOPLE:" Freemasonry proved, from its own teaching, to be identical with the ancient idolatries of the Egyptians, Sidonians and Ammonites—even Isis, Moloch and Baal. By Mrs. Celestia Cook, Elkhart, Ind.

This is the title of an octavo pamphlet of 49 pages. It is well written, and will repay a careful perusal. It must convince every candid mind that the high pretensions of Masonry are utterly unfounded. Price, sent by mail, 25 cents; five copies for one dollar. Address Mrs. Lucia C. Cook, Elkhart, Ind.

MORE SHOCKS FROM THE BATTERY: or Sermons and Sayings. By Rev. B. Pomeroy, Waterford, N. Y. Price, 25 cents.

Our readers need no commendation of this book. The extracts we give speak for it.

The Tares and the Wheat.

ARE not the tares, spoken of by our Saviour, (Matt. xxiii. 25,) children of the devil? Certainly they are—the Saviour says so. If the Lord Jesus had not said the tares were “the children of the wicked one,” we should know it by their fruits; “for by their fruits ye shall know them.”—Matt. vi. 7-10.

What kind of theology is this that holds forth the idea that the tares, or the children of the devil, should remain in the Church of Christ till the harvest, or end of the world? Satan’s theology? Surely it is not Christ’s. We have heard distinguished men in the pulpit—popular preachers—hold forth to large audiences, that the tares in the church—disorderly members—should be let alone, because Christ, in the parable of the tares and the wheat, says, “Let both grow together until the harvest: and in time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.”—Matt. xiii. 29-31.

Is it any marvel, where ministers take this view of the parable, that the churches over which they preside are exceedingly corrupt—made up, more or less, of formalists, luke-warm professors, back-sliders, wine-bibbers, Sabbath-breakers, theater-goers, novel-readers, “lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; lovers of their own selves, covetous, proud—having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof”?—2 Tim. iii. 1-5.

Such is the matter-of-fact in these organizations, “the whole head is sick—the whole heart faint;” the Church and the world unite—Christ and Belial!

“The Church and world amalgamate—
A union worse than with the state.”

Christ, in this parable of the tares and the wheat, tells us expressly, in explaining it, “the tares are the children of the wicked one. The enemy that sowed them is the devil. . . . As the tares, therefore, are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity:

and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.”—Matt. xiii. 38-41.

We see from this and corresponding passages, that the tares here spoken of are the world lying in wickedness—unconverted sinners, un sanctified, unholy. “Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.”—John viii. 4. “I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed.”—Gen. iii. 15.

What business have these tares—these children of Satan, the old serpent, the devil—around the communion table of the Lord, “spots in your feasts”? “How can two walk together, except they be agreed?” “What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? What communication hath light with darkness? What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth, with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temples of the living God—as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them: and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.—Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you and be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.”—2 Cor. vi. 14-18.

These tares—children of “the wicked one”—are to remain in the world till the harvest time, side by side *with* the Church, but not *in* the Church.

The whole tenor of the gospel dispensation is to purify the Church; to keep out the tares, scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, who devour widow’s houses, shut up the kingdom of God against men who neither go in themselves, nether suffer them that are entering to go in; who tithe mint, anise and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy and faith; serving divers lusts and pleasures, “wolves in sheep’s clothing.”

God’s people are represented as “lively stones—a spiritual house—a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.” “A chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people.”—1 Pet. ii. 9. “Ye

are the salt of the earth—the light of the world—a city set on an hill.” “Ye are God’s husbandry—ye are God’s building.”—1 Cor. iii. 9.

The teachings of Christ—the epistles of Paul, Peter, James and John, from first to last, were to sanctify and cleanse the Church without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing—“that it should be holy and without blemish”—Eph. v. 27; “fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.”

Why were Ananias and Sapphira struck dead instantly? For keeping back part of the price? Was it not *expressly* to keep out money-lovers, idolaters, time-servers—those who love the praise of men more than the praise of God—who receive honor of one another, and seek not the honor which cometh from God only?

The policy of Satan is, and always has been, to mix up things—neutralize—unite Church and state—“the seed of the woman” with the seed of the serpent—the tares and the wheat—the children of the devil with the children of God; and how well he has succeeded in this devilish work is clearly manifest, both in the past and in the present. His Satanic Majesty knows full well that a corrupt Church is powerless for good—a bye-word, a stench, a hissing, a stumbling block—a curse instead of a blessing. “A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.”

So long as the Church remained pure after the day of pentecost—free from tares—the cause of God prospered; salvation *streamed*; Satan fell as lightning from heaven! “And fear came upon every soul, and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. . . . And the Lord added to the church daily of such as should be saved.”—Acts ii. 43, 47.

But how was it when she began to decline in heavenly-mindedness and church discipline, obliterate the distinction between the Church and the world, as in the days of Constantine and those succeeding, when formality, worldly-mindedness, superstition and will-worship, took the place of spirituality, the life and power of godliness—“holiness to the Lord”? And how is it now in very many churches termed

Protestant? “While men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat.” Matt. xiii. 25.

Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, says, “I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man who is called a brother be a fornicator or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such an one—no, not to eat.” “I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils.” “Now we command you, brethren, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly.”—Th. iii. 6.

“And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.”—Rev. xiii. 4.

“Lord, haste to help, ere we are lost!
Send forth evangelists in spirit strong,
Armed with thy Word: a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of ancient wrong;
And let them many souls to Thee reclaim,
To reach thy kingdom, and to know thy name.”
N.

Sanctified Literature.

“GIVE attendance to reading,” was the counsel of a great apostle to his son in the Gospel; (see 1 Tim. iv. 13,) and this valuable counsel is applicable to every intelligent human being. It is by reading that we shall hold converse with the good and the great of present and past ages. To read as extensively and carefully as we can without encroaching on any of the other imperative obligations of life, is evidently a Christian duty. Every person should seek wisdom in every lawful way, and with all commendable zeal and earnestness. With a correct moral state of the heart for a proper basis, mental pleasures will ever keep pace with mental culture. We say with a correct moral state of the heart for a basis, and we cannot lay too great stress on this, for experience and observation show that mental cultivation coupled with moral corruption, only enhances man’s guilt, and increases his misery.

To store the human mind with much knowledge of the sciences and arts, law, medicine, history, etc., while the heart re-

mains corrupt, "sold under sin," is to place many sharp, pointed, and polished instruments in very unsafe hands where they may be used in the perpetration of a vast amount of evil. "He that hath a froward heart findeth no good: and he that hath a perverse tongue falleth into mischief;" and "a wicked man taketh a gift out of the bosom to pervert the ways of judgment." (See Prov. xvii. 20 and 23.) Again it is said that "the carnal mind is enmity to God, that it is not subject to his law, and cannot be." (Rom. viii. 7.) Hence we discover the *very great importance* of diffusing among the masses every where a *sanctified* literature—a literature that shall aim at the correction of the evils of the *heart* as well as the information and development of the *mind*. Abstract mental development produces a polished worker of iniquity. Abstract culture of the heart can eventuate at best in only an ignorant Christian, and one who is therefore very liable to be imposed upon by the crafty sons of Belial, to drink in error, and run into fanaticism. How important therefore is it to aim to secure the just sympathy of all the component parts of man's compound being! The Bible proposes this. The Christian scheme seeks the trifold culture of man—the proper development of his whole being, moral, mental, and physical. It is therefore as verily a man's duty to study, read, cultivate his memory, and strive to improve his mind, as it is his duty to pray and lead a Christian life—indeed, these things constitute an important part of the Christian life, and he is not a Christian who purposely ignores or carelessly neglects them.

The diffusion of scientific literature among the masses prepares the way for righteous civil government, and for the greatest prosperity of the church of God. "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times and strength of salvation."—(Isa. xxx. 6.) Ignorance is a great enemy of righteousness and of peace, and is a most prolific cause of confusion and misery. God complained of backslidden and wretched Israel, saying: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also

reject thee."—(Hosea iv. 6.)

Man must, necessarily, spend his energies in gathering unto himself true wisdom, or he will inevitably perish in his own ignorance and folly. He cannot escape. He will be "destroyed for lack of knowledge;" or, as Job expresses it, "In the greatness of his folly shall he go astray."

In the light of these great, general, and fundamental truths, the solemn obligation, the imperative duty of the church of God is truly apparent. It is her duty to scatter broadcast through the land o'er the earth a sanctified literature—a literature that shall not only be free from error and from sin, but shall be all ablaze with the sublime truths of Divine revelation. This duty is on her, and she cannot shake it off. God will hold her responsible to himself for the full and faithful discharge thereof. A Church in these days that does not spend its energies to enlighten mankind by means of the printing press, as well as orally by pulpit instruction, does not deserve to be called a Church of Christ, and if it has any light within its pale, it will soon go out, and dense darkness will take its place.

The emissaries of Satan are doing all they possibly can, by means of the thousand-tongued printing press, to scatter the seeds of moral desolation and death every where throughout the breadth and length of the land. They appear in the form of novels, licentious tales, obscene books, pamphlets, and papers; also in periodicals professedly devoted to the promulgation of Bible truth, but which are thoroughly impregnated with deadly theological errors—errors that will insure the damnation of all those who embrace them. This pernicious literature is thrust upon the people—in all possible ways, and in all possible places. And the very worst feature in this case is, that many prominent (and many who are not so prominent) ministers and members of the larger Protestant denominations, as well as Catholics, are actually engaged in the spread of the soul-damning publications. Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular of Protestant preachers in America, writes a popular novel, and for a large sum of money allows it to be published in

a paper devoted to the pampering of the corrupted tastes of lost sinners; and then with his clerical robes still wrapped around him, allows it to be dramatized and acted in the principal theatres of the country, thus lending his great influence to aid on the work of soul destruction, while he still claims to be a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. And then to cap the climax of this absurdity and wickedness the book is advertised for pay, and offered as a premium for subscribers, by some of the principal religious papers of the country! Various other novels much more vicious in their nature and tendency, are unblushingly advertised in these same papers, *religious papers* (?), as if there was no sin in such advertisements.

Again, how few and feeble are the utterances of most of the religious periodicals of our time against some of the most crying evils of the land! What shall we think of those periodicals devoted to the spread of holiness, professedly so devoted, that never in the days of slavery, uttered one rebuke to the cruel slave-holder, or one pleading word for the poor slave? for it was not a proper place to introduce such topics. We venture to suggest that an effeminate, sentimental holiness that does not reprove sin, is not the holiness of Jesus, for He testified against the world that the works thereof were evil, and He was hated of the world for his testimony.

We believe that the *abominable* liquor traffic could be put down, and a stringent prohibitory liquor law be enacted, if the religious periodical press would speak out constantly, fearlessly, and faithfully, as the vast importance of the subject demands. In that case a correct public sentiment would be created that would brand the nefarious traffic with that infamy which it so richly deserves, and send every drunkard-maker immediately to prison as among the worst of criminals, or into some better employment than breaking the hearts of devoted wives, and robbing innocent children of a father's care and protection.

The various secret orders of the day are wholly incompatible with the plainest principles and precepts of the religion of Jesus, and with those free and open institutions

which must of necessity characterize a Christian Republic, and are fraught (especially the larger and more darkly mystic orders) with danger to our free institutions; yet how few and tame are the utterances against them! A few papers published by some of the minor sects are beginning to see the growing evil, and to lift up their warning voice against it. All honor to whom honor is due. But the organs of the great leading denominations of this country, are almost all of them, entirely silent on this subject. Why is this? The reason is plain and painful:—painful to the enlightened tender heart of the true Christian—too many ministers and members are beguiled into these dark institutions by their mystic witchery. As though a man could take a most horrid oath to keep the secrets of a dark and mystic brotherhood before he knows what these secrets are, and yet be guiltless before God. Said Jesus, "Ye love darkness rather than light, because your deeds are evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God."—(John iii. 19-21.)

Again, the very common practice of selling or renting the seats in temples erected for the worship of God, and the costly and extravagant manner in which such temples are too often built and ornamented; the pompous and formal worship which is carried on within them; hiring, perhaps at a great price, a few giddy and thoughtless sinners to be the sole conductors of a very important part of religious worship, thus striving to worship God by proxy. Readings from Sabbath to Sabbath in a dry and artistic manner, instead of *preaching* with a heart yearning with love for souls; administering the solemn ordinances of the Christian religion to those who dress as gay and fashionably as the proud worldling, with ornaments hanging from their ears, placed there at the price of self-torture, to say nothing of the sacrifice of moral principle, the costume of communicants on holy communion days, as well as at all other times, showing no difference between them and the gay votaries of fashion. The

very common use by professors of religion—aye, and ministers too, of that poisonous and filthy weed, tobacco, in the various forms of cigar, pipe, quid, and snuff-box, as though this costly and filthy practice was consonant with the *pure and self-denying* principles of Christianity. The growing of hops, corn, rye, barley, etc., on purpose to feed the distillery; and various other evil things, too numerous to be mentioned in detail, that are either winked at or openly encouraged by most of the religious bodies of the land—especially the larger and more popular ones. “Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?”—Jer. v. 9.

It is the legitimate province of a sanctified literature—a literature set apart exclusively for the promotion of truth and righteousness—to earnestly oppose all of these evils by name, to warn the people most faithfully against them, and to inculcate, by irrefragible argument and *most earnest* persuasion, the opposite principles of immutable, eternal righteousness. And it is manifestly the solemn duty of all God's people to sustain those publications that do this, in preference to all others, and to do all they are able to give them a rapid and wide circulation. A LOVER OF JESUS.

LOVE FEAST.

MARY P. McCOMB.—I praise God that a being as unworthy as I am may secure eternal life through the blood of Christ.—To-day I am enjoying a rest in Jesus thro' the merits of that blood. O, how my faith reaches to God! Glory be to His name! I am proving that the path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Forest, Mich.

DAVID BAILEY.—I love Jesus with all my heart, and feel that His blood cleanses from all unrighteousness. Glory be to His most precious name forever! He is my defense, my fortress, and strong-hold in time of battle. Through His blood and the word of my testimony, I have been enabled to overcome. Glory be to God! Amen.

WM. B. MORSE.—Glory be to the name of Jesus for salvation! It is free and full. I feel that I am wholly the Lord's—bless his holy name! I love this whole-hearted, soul-saving, cross-bearing religion—the religion that enables us to deny ourselves, and to take up our cross daily and follow Christ, who suffered so much for us. “He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also to walk, even as he walked.”—1 John ii. 6. Lord, help us to be more faithful! I realize that weakness is my own strength, and foolishness is my own wisdom.

“Every moment, Lord, I need
The merits of thy death.”

I do earnestly desire and ask the prayer of all earnest Christians, that I may ever abide in Christ, and that his words may abide in me; that I may abound more and more and grow up in Christ, my living Head, in all things.

Morrisville, N. Y.

F. A. McDONALD.—Since I entered the straight gate—Feb'y 7th, 1867—the conflict has been severe. I have often trembled when testifying to the cleansing power of Jesus' blood. Last winter, in renewing the consecration, the question revolved in my mind whether I would walk by faith, or in the sunshine of joy. I promised the Lord to walk by faith, regardless of the degree of light; but I confess that I have been impatient in the struggle. It has lasted for months, and the battle has been sore much of the time. This conflict, crucifying to the flesh, has been the means of breaking down that predominant desire for the things that perish with the using.

I enlisted for life; I want no furlough, and by the grace of God I never will desert. If I perish in the conflict, it will be facing the foe. I propose in the future to serve God as a busifess, and trust the Lord for the result. My stumbling-block heretofore has been results—steading the ark—caution lest some would become offended, or a fear of injuring the cause; and I find, to my sorrow, that I have injured my soul, if not the cause of the Master also. Though cast down, I am not discouraged.

Petersburg, Ills.

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