

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

MAY, 1869.

GOD'S AND MAN'S RELIGION.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

TRUE religion must have God for its author. God never changes. He always has been, and always will be, infinitely perfect. Religion, from *re*—intensive—and *ligo*—to bind, unites the soul to God. It is an experience, and not a theory only—a state of the heart from which obedience to all the divine commands results—rather than an action or a series of actions. There can, be then, but one true religion. It is the same in substance in all ages.—Enoch, under the Patriarchal dispensation, *walked with God*—the saints who live under the dispensation of the Holy Ghost can do so now—and God requires no less. Job was a *perfect and an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil*;—Paul was all that and no more.

There are, then, but two religions in the world—God's and man's. There are many varieties, but all may be classified under two general heads.

Man's religion generally claims to be of Divine origin. No variety is more evidently of the earth than idolatry. Yet the town clerk of Ephesus, but expressed the common sentiment of his city when he said, "Ye men of

Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?"

Mohammed claimed that his revelations were given by the angel Gabriel. Joe Smith obtained his from golden plates; and Andrew Jackson Davis, the apostle of spiritism, claims to have been "put," through spirit agency, "in possession of all knowledge, past, present, and to come."

It does not follow that, because the doctrines which one believes and the rites which he observes were of Divine origin, that his *religion is from God*. His doctrines may be heavenly, and his religion and his conduct earthly.—Paul writing of the Jews said, For they, *being ignorant of God's righteousness, or religion, and going about to establish their own righteousness, or religion, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God*. They belonged to the church that God established—they had religion, but it was *their own*—a religion of self-will, of fiery zeal, of unsanctified ambition. If these Israelites were mistaken, if many professed Christians who have prophesied in the name of Jesus, and in "His name cast out devils, and done

many wonderful works," shall be deceived up to the very last, how may we know whether we have the true religion or not? We may know if we will take the pains to examine.

God's religion differs from man's in its nature, in its fruits, in its mode of propagation, and in its final results.

1. Their nature.—God's religion is supernatural. It is a radical change, wrought directly upon the soul of man by the power of the Holy Spirit. No training can produce it. No education can impart it. Nothing short of Almighty power can bring about the death of sin, and the life of righteousness which it involves. *Except a man be born of the Spirit he cannot see the kingdom of God.* Its nature is seen in the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, and of the thousands who, on the day of Pentecost, were pricked in their heart, and led to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Man's religion is built on human nature unchanged. The votary of it makes up his mind that he will lead a different life; and that is all there is of his experience. He joins the church as he would a party, gives his money for its support, adopts its ceremonies, and goes on his way, living as he did before. The one polishes and refines human nature; the other *puts off the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts and puts on the new man which, after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.* Man's religion has a good deal to say about the dignity of human nature; God's treats of human depravity. This insists upon a thorough repentance; that calls for a change of purpose.

2. Their difference is seen in their fruits. God's religion always begets

humility. Those who profess it are invariably meek and lowly in heart.—Their appearance, too, indicates it.—Their dress; their walk, their bearing show that they possess true humility. They do not endeavor to compensate for the plainness of their apparel by its richness. They cheerfully bear the reproach of Christ, and *endure a great fight of afflictions, partly whilst they become a gazing stock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly whilst they become companions of them that are so used.*

Man's religion puffs up. It puts on airs, it builds splendid churches, introduces choirs, artistic music, and celebrates worship after the most approved style. It makes the house of God a theatre for the display of wealth and fashion.

God's religion produces joy in those who possess it—a joy not at all dependent upon outward circumstances. *In whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.*—I Pet. i. 8.—Man's religion gives great latitude to worldly pleasures. Failing to satisfy the longings of its possessors, it sends them out to the world in search of *harmless amusements.* God's religion pays special attention to the poor. All its advantages are within their reach; all its arrangements are adapted to their circumstances. Jesus stated as the crowning proof that he was the Messiah, that *the poor have the gospel preached unto them.* Paul writes to the Corinthians; *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.—I Cor. i. 26-29.

Man's religion, on the contrary, takes special pains to secure the rich. It builds its churches, conducts its worship, and administers its discipline with special reference to securing their adherence and patronage.

God's religion gives no countenance to sin, however fashionable or profitable it may appear. Its standing declaration is, *WHOSOEVER IS BORN OF GOD DOETH NOT COMMIT SIN.*—I John iii. 9.—Man's religion judges sin by popular opinion rather than by the word of God; it estimates the worth of its members more by what they pay than their piety.

3. They differ in the modes by which they are propagated. Man's religion is promoted by worldly means. The same measures are employed to promote the interests of the church that prove successful in establishing merely human organizations. Men are trained to be preachers the same as they are to be lawyers or doctors. But God qualifies his ministers by filling them with His Spirit. He takes David from feeding the flock; Amos from watching the herds; one from the blacksmith's anvil, and another from the carpenter's bench—endues them with power from on high, and sends them out to turn the world upside down.

Man's religion appeals for its support to pride, and vanity, and the love of pleasure; it gives its sanction to the sale of pews, so that those who have the most money can demand the right to occupy the best seats every Sabbath; it encourages religious festivals and

frolics and sometimes even goes so far as to inaugurate a system of gambling for the gospel's sake. God's religion appeals solely to the love its votaries have to Him and His cause—to their confidence in His word, which promises a reward to every one that gives a cup of cold water in His name.

4. They differ in their final results. Man's religion may give its devotees position in society; may help them in business and in politics; may for awhile, ease the conscience, and calm the fears; but it cannot save the soul. It may open up a career successful in a worldly sense; it may secure a gorgeous funeral parade after death, and eloquent panegyrics from hireling ministers; but it lands the soul in destruction and perdition.

God's religion secures to those who enjoy it an hundred-fold in this present life for all the sacrifices they make in its behalf—with persecutions—and in the world to come, life everlasting. It robs death of its sting, the grave of its victory, and makes its possessors kings and priests unto God forever. Be sure then that you have God's religion. Examine carefully; for the most momentous interests are at stake. Better, by far, take counterfeit money for your labor; a worthless title to your farm, than take up with any thing short of salvation from God. He gives His own witness—the seal of His Spirit to every child of adoption. *THE SPIRIT ITSELF BEARETH WITNESS THAT WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF GOD.*

ALL that are chosen are vessels of mercy; all that are regenerate are patterns of mercy; all that are saved are monuments of mercy; and the work of heaven is to sing the loud praises of mercy.

RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY CLARK P. HATHAWAY.

MAN is fearfully and wonderfully made. When the Creator was about to crown his labor by the formation of man, as he took the dust into his hands, he endowed it with susceptibility, and then Adam was made in the likeness of God. From that beautiful morning, at the dawn of creation, till the present time, man has never lost his disposition to take upon himself the likeness of others. Why it is thus, is one of the mysteries connected with his mental nature;—it is one of those indisputable facts for which no satisfactory explanation can be given. Like all of the attributes of man, it will be a blessing if it be rightly employed; or it will be a curse if abused.

The influence of evil associates, though described with great fidelity to truth, has never been overrated. Myriads of the youth of our land, have fallen into vice and crime, and gone down to a dishonored grave; and the cause of their everlasting ruin, was the imitation of the examples of their companions. Thousands to-day are singing around the throne, thrilled with a rapture mortals never felt;—thousands upon thousands are pressing their way there; and who can tell how many owe their salvation, through Christ, to the transforming influence of a religious friend.

The child takes the disposition of the parents—not so much by nature, as some erroneously suppose; but by virtue of his plastic mind, and imitative qualities. Take two children born of the same parents, and place them under different influences, and they will be as opposite in their moral states at maturity, as the circumstances were different.

Though we are so ready to receive impressions, whether good or evil, there is a time when this ceases, and we begin to stamp on others what we have had impressed upon us. If, by the influence of some true friend who possessed the image of Christ, that likeness was imprinted upon us, our lives will

not be a failure; and the transforming, saving influence from that individual, passing through us to others, and from them still transmitted down through time—widening from age to age—may be the means of bringing an innumerable company to the eternal home of the redeemed. In consequence of the pliability of the human character, we wield a potent influence that is undying, for it lives in the persons upon whom we have left our likeness. Its deathless nature increases our responsibility for its proper employment; and the time will come when, in the presence of an assembled universe, and before an infallible tribunal, we shall have to give an account of our use of it.

The question now comes to us, Are we discharging the responsibilities which spring from our influence?

The world looks to us to exemplify by our lives the Christianity which we profess. No theory is worthy of a moment's attention, if it absolutely renders practice impossible; and if by our acts we contradict our words, no converts to our belief can be expected. The Bible represents man as a slave to sin. On certain conditions, it promises freedom. It represents him as dissatisfied with his lot: it promises satisfaction and peace. It represents him as subject to a wicked nature: it promises release from evil desires. Christians say they are freed from sin,—at least, those professing holiness,—satisfied with their peace in Christ, and their escape from the thralldom of evil desires. Now, if in our lives we correspond to our profession, we will give a powerful testimony for the truth, and our influence will be a blessing. If we live in violation of the commands which we profess to perform, our influence will be, to curse.

Men will never exchange one thing for another, unless they believe that by so doing they will gain by the transfer. Hence, they will not relinquish sin for holiness, until they are convinced of the truth of religion. The Bible alone will never convince men of the excellencies of Christianity; for if no one has ever been found to be able to com-

ply with its requirements, its practicability will be successfully impeached, its theory overturned, and it will stand forth as a "cunningly-devised fable."

"Ye are my witnesses," said Jesus. If, now, those witnesses testify against His cause by their lives, will not doubt and suspicion be entertained against it? It is an admitted fact, that the lives of true Christians are an unanswerable argument for religion. Then what a weight of responsibility rests upon Christians—especially professors of holiness—if the destiny of souls are in so great a measure in their hands!

When we consider the influence that is going out from us, and spreading throughout society; when we consider the potency of that influence, either for weal or woe; when we consider the infinite value of the eternal interests that it affects, shall we not fear to misemploy it? Shall we not, the rather, entreat God with all the fervor of our natures, to guide us in its proper use? But do all do so? Are there not thousands whose influence is loaded with death? Are there not many who, while professing to have found a satisfying portion in Christ, show by their lives that they seek it in the world?—Are all fully aware of their noble mission, and exerting all their moral power on the side of truth? God has entrusted to our care, great gifts. Our responsibilities are proportionate; for their use we shall have to render a strict account.

The harvest is ready. Time, in his resistless, onward march, is hurrying hundreds of thousands beyond the reach of our aid. Every day the destiny of many a poor soul is forever sealed; and shall it be said of us that we never tried to turn them from the error of their ways?

If God be yours, all his attributes are yours; all his creatures, all his works of providence, shall do good, as you have need of them. He is an ever-living, ever-loving, ever-present friend: and without him, you are a cursed creature in every condition, and all things will work against you.

CHRISTIAN STANDARD OF DRESS.

BY REV. A. F. CURRY.

MANY tell us that religion has nothing to do with dress. That it is a matter of perfect indifference how people wear their apparel, or what they put on. They would have us believe that this entire subject belongs to the sole control of the vain, fickle, tyrannical goddess, Fashion, or to the taste of the individual. That the subject is without moral bearings, and hence, not within the proper limits of religious control.

Only a little reflection is necessary for any individual possessed of ordinary intelligence, to convince them of the utter fallacy of the above opinions.—The subject of dress has its right and wrong—its good and evil—its admissible and inadmissible—just as much and as clearly as any other subject.

By the moral bearings of dress, we mean that of apparel proper, not that of jewelry. We may, in a future article, communicate our thoughts on that subject. In the present, we intend to confine our thoughts to the one subject of dress.

All will, I think, admit that one legitimate use of dress is, a covering for our bodies. And in this one, I believe, is found its only legitimate use. And as a covering, it can properly be employed for two purposes only. The one, for decency and purity; the other, for protection or comfort.

Some believe that dress may be rightfully used for ornamental purposes; and many practice on this principle.—But we object, for the following reasons:

1. Because God has forbidden it.—See 1 Pet. iii. 3. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of putting on of apparel." "But," urges the objector, "did not Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, 1st, ii. 9, direct him to teach women 'to adorn themselves in modest apparel'?" Yes; *in* modest apparel, not *with* it; but "with shamefacedness and sobriety; . . . with good works." We shall have occasion to show that modest apparel is not the ornamental; but the reverse of it. The

ornaments recommended in this Scripture,—shame-facedness, sobriety, and good works,—are most clearly incompatible with ornamental dress.

2. It is contrary to the nature and spirit of the Christian religion. Ornamental dress is evidently used to gratify the lust of the eye and the pride of life. But in 1 John ii. 16, we find—"The lusts of the eye and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world." There is nothing about it that is in keeping with the character of Jesus or his followers. He was the meek and lowly. His followers were distinguished for humility. Those who would be Christians have no need for it; those who are, thoroughly, do not desire, nay more, they loathe and abhor it. But two classes will use the ornamental style from choice, viz: The vain and supercilious, for the sake of display; the vicious, that they may thereby attract, and thus more readily, allure to impropriety. It is properly the attire of the worldling, the heathen, the libertine, and the harlot. A style of dress that naturally influences and nourishes the pride and vanity of the heart—which may be and is used by the impure, to allure to licentiousness—is certainly most reprehensible, and can have no place in the Christian system.

There are many things that are wrong in the prevailing modes of dress. Let us refer to some of the most obvious of them.

The use of more material than is necessary for the legitimate purposes of dress—such as trails, flounces, garments of enormous size of any kind. All trimmings for ornamental purposes only, the materials used in making artificials, etc., are a waste of material, and consequently sinful.

All costly apparel,—see 1st Tim. ii. 9. This, for the obvious reason that nothing but pride or vain glory could prompt any one to wear it; and by doing so, we waste our means, and limit our ability to clothe the naked,—to do good.

The employment of a greater amount of time than is in keeping with utility and durability, in the producing of ma-

terial, in manufacturing, or in the making or keeping in readiness for use, is a waste of probationary existence. Let none think God will excuse it.

Dress is frequently so arranged as to prevent healthful development,—to cause deformity, disease, and premature death. These involve the crime of cruelty, if not suicide or murder.

The time, money, and material squandered in the foregoing ways—to say nothing of the moral and physical effects on the offender—would, if properly used, clothe all the destitute of our race.

Dress may doubtless be used with propriety, as a mark of official distinction. Still, in that case, it must be subject, as dress, to the same limitations as the ordinary use. That which is used solely as a mark of official position or rank, is not apparel, but a badge.

We have already shown that the use of dress for ornamental purposes is inadmissible. Thus we find the subject narrowed down to the two primary purposes of dress—comfort and decency. Is there any other? What is it?

Did not Paul speak of the modest style? Yes; but what is the meaning of modest? Webster—"Properly restrained by a sense of propriety." We have already shown that the proper uses of dress are comfort and decency. Hence, modest apparel is that which is restrained to these uses.

When confined to these purposes, the application is plain and easy. This is the common-sense standard. It is economical, within the reach of all, appropriate for all. This standard admits of the use of every article that God made for apparel. It admits of the use of every shade and hue of color, of every appropriate style or fashion, new or old. It gives ample scope for the exercise of the different tastes. It should have the beauty of neatness, simplicity, utility, and symmetry.

The Christian standard of dress is the highest known this side of heaven. It approximates the angelic in its perfect keeping with the taste of every regenerate soul. It is plainly the duty of every child of God to adopt it. Let us look like Christians.

ON TAKING THE CITIES IN THE LAND OF CANAAN.

BY ORPHA PELTON.

ALL readers of the Bible are familiar with the history of the children of Israel. How the Lord led them out of the land of Egypt, from the house of their bondage; also through the great and terrible wilderness, where there were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and droughts, where there was no water, so that He brought them forth water out of the rock of flint, etc.; and finally bringing them into the land of Canaan—a land of brooks of water, of fountains, of fig-trees, olive-oil, and honey; a land where they eat bread without scarceness, and whose stones were iron, and out of whose hills they could dig brass.

And now, did they sit down, contenting themselves with the beautiful country, and the good things they had to eat, saying, "We have entered at last into the land of promise we have heard so much about; and there is nothing to do further"? No; they had let the Lord lead them thus far, nor did He cease to lead them after they had arrived here; nor did they refuse to let Him lead them on to take the cities about them—thereby greatly increasing their wealth and riches. If they had, they would soon have been overcome, driven back and captured by their numerous and strong enemies.

Well, now, every believer, spiritually speaking, that follows the Lord, is led through the same; and their experience, and what the Lord does for them, is just as wonderful and great as what He did for the children of Israel. But here it is. The idea is advanced, by more than the majority of ministers and people, that you obtain holiness, and you have obtained *all*. Holiness is talked about, but nothing farther.—They do not tell you about *definite* blessings it is your privilege to obtain beyond this—the *cities* you are to take; and the result is, that thousands are, and have been driven back, because they did not go on and obtain all the Lord

had for them. But perhaps you ask, "How can we go into what we have heard nothing about?" Truly, as it is written, "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? . . . How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things. So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."—Rom. xiv. 15, 17.

Let those see to it that have the word of the Lord, that they proclaim it faithfully; and those who, by the help of the Lord, have captured cities, let their light shine. I praise God that He has graciously let this light—this GLORIOUS, HEALTH-GIVING LIGHT—shine into my soul, and enabled me to take some of these cities! And here let me say, if you want to *grow*, if you want to be *happy*, don't be afraid to get directly under the Sun of Righteousness, where all its warm rays may fall upon you. Don't resist the light; don't get away from it. Come, and your soul shall live, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. You cannot live without it, any more than plants and trees, and crops of grain, can live without the sun to shine upon them.

And you who are in the King's Highway of Holiness, can bear a little more than you have got now. Young and tender plants cannot bear as much as when they are ripening for the harvest. If wheat, when it is young and growing, was to have as hot sunshine as it requires when ripening for the harvest, it would be scorched and dried up.

Many will, we believe, go to heaven who never experienced the blessing of holiness; many, who never went further than that; but it will be those who never had light, but did the best they could, as far as they knew, and as far as it was possible for them to know. But where light from the Eternal Throne shines into a soul, revealing duty or privilege, there is no going forward, and there will be no entering through the pearly gates into the city, if the duty is not done, and the privilege is not claimed.

Jesus has told me, as he did the disciple of old, "That flesh and blood had not revealed it (these things) unto me, but my Father which is in heaven;" and he will reveal them unto every hungry soul that feels destitute, and wants something it has not got, and is panting after it: for rest assured, if this is the case with you, God has got something more for you. He will show you what you need to qualify you to labor more efficiently in his vineyard; and he will lead you to it, and open your way to get it, if you ask him to.

We get our blessings by the way of the cross, and by getting down before the Lord—sinking down more and more completely out of self into Him.

These are perilous days, and they are growing more so. The Church must get more faith, and become invested with more power—possessing *authority over the enemy*—if she stands and gets souls saved. She is getting this, and we believe will, more and more.

Jesus has said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit;" and Christians should not rest if they are not,—and if they are not, there is something the matter.

We want a faith that holds on to God, and will take no denial till we see souls saved—*permanently* saved; for God is just as able to do it in these days as in any; but we must have the faith once delivered to the saints, if it is done.

"The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world *must sink* beneath the Hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory,—
Before *our faith* they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all."

The Bible is ours. Its precious promises are ours. Jesus has suffered, bled, and died, to purchase them—not for a few, that live or *have* lived, only; but for *all*—for you—for me.

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us *all*, how shall he not with him also *freely* give us *all things*?" "The works that I do,

says our Saviour, "*ye shall do; and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father.*"

We are told to "follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy." To prophesy, the apostle tells us, is "to speak unto men, to edification, exhortation, and comfort." Then, by obtaining the gifts promised, we are enabled to do this. In the xiiith chapter of 1st Corinthians, he tells us that these gifts, however excellent, are nothing without this charity, that bears all things without one murmur. But here is the beauty of it. The more cities and land the children of Israel took, the more they increased their wealth and enlarged the land of Canaan. Just so with us. The more faith and gifts we obtain, not only enrichens and deepens our experience, but greatly increases our holiness and love—hallelujah!—giving us greater and greater victory over our spiritual foes.

Some do not believe in religion, and oppose others getting it. Many more who do believe in that, do not in a work of holiness, and strongly oppose it.—But many, very many more,—some, too, we are sorry to say, who profess that state of grace,—bitterly oppose and do not believe in going on into the deep things of God. But the Lord has told us, in Rev. xii. 12, that the devil is come down unto us, having great wrath, because he kneweth that he hath but a short time; but praise Jesus! that he has said, that upon this rock he would build his Church, and the gates of hell *should not* prevail against it.

The saints will overcome "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony;" and, we are told, shall "stand in the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And shall sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints."

A WICKED man is like one that hangs over a deep pit by a slender cord with one hand, and is cutting it with the other.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY MISS RHODA CLAPSADDLE.

"STRAIT is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

In order to enter upon the narrow way, we must repent of our sins, forsake them and turn to God. Some find it very difficult to get in this way. They are at the anxious seat, night after night, apparently in great agony; the people of God pray earnestly for them, and yet they are in darkness! and why is it? Some say, "I can not give up my friends." "If they would only come and go with me." Try and persuade them to seek the Lord, and if their friends are determined to go down to perdition to let them go alone, and they will quickly reply, "If they go to hell I want to go with them!" Heaven pity such. The greatest trouble with others is, giving up the world. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you. And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." What greater honor can we ask for than to be a child of God? An heir to a fadeless crown?

Many profess to be in the narrow way, and at the same time testify that "they are making crooked paths."—This is not a Bible description of the way to heaven. For our blessed Saviour says, "Narrow is the way." Therefore, there is no room for making crooked paths.

Such need to examine, and see if they have not turned aside from the narrow way, and got upon the enemy's ground. If this is the case, search your heart, and see what has brought you here.

It may be you have neglected some duty, or shrunk from being led by the Spirit of God, and darkness covers your soul. What are you going to do now? You had better confess your sins, and get back to God.

Had you obeyed the leadings of the Spirit, "your peace would be as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea."

There is so much of self about us that the work of the Lord is greatly hindered.

"Obedience is better than sacrifice."

If we love God we will keep his commandments, and seek for no easier way to heaven, than the way of the cross. The cross covers the whole of the way! you must take it and go forward; or go back. There is no such thing as standing still. There is no resting-place for the Christian this side of heaven. We must fight every inch of the way. And "we are not left to go at a warfare at our own charges." God's Spirit will go with us and help us. His grace will be sufficient. It may be called a narrow way; for we must go alone with Jesus. There must be a complete surrender. Our friends—our reputation—our time—influence; and "The dearest idol we have known," must be placed upon the altar! and we must remember that we are no longer our own, but that we belong to God.

We are his by creation and redemption; and His by our own act of consecration. It is not only a narrow way; but it is a good and glorious way. It is an unfrequented way.—"Few there be that walk therein."—"A highway shall be there; and it shall be called the way of holiness."

Dear pilgrim, you may find it.—God's spirit will lead you in the way of all truth and righteousness. The language of Jesus is, "I am the way." Let this prayer, "O that I knew where I might find him;" cease at once. Place your all upon the altar of consecration, and keep it there.

Believe God. Venture out upon His promises; and fire from heaven will consume the offering. The altar will sanctify the gift. "It is not of works lest any man should boast; but by simple faith in the atoning merits of the Saviour."

Porter, N.Y.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY HARRIET E. WARNER.

WHEN I was eight years old, the Lord converted my soul. I did not live long in the clear light. At times I would think it is of no use for me to try to be good. I cannot be saved. But still the Spirit kept urging me forward, and there was a power which kept me from running into the world. At that early age I was often very sick, many times given up, by friends, to die; but Jesus saw fit to let me live, and I would in my simplicity tell Jesus I will do right. As years passed by and my understanding increased, the light became clearer. The winter I was fifteen these words were impressed on my mind. "And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."—Matt. x: 38. I did not dare to rebel, but could not fully consent to embrace the light and conviction as directly from God.

In the spring following, the Lord helped me to leave all and follow Him. Praise his name. From that time the Spirit has been leading me on. Whenever I met with those who enjoyed religion and had deep experiences I would get under conviction, and not knowing what it meant, would cast away my confidence. At other times I would treat it as temptation. The saints tried to help me, and tell me about the blessing of holiness. I thought that is what I want. Then I would try to consecrate all to God, and do just as they told me, but did not receive satisfaction. They no doubt told me right, but God must do the work. Holy Ghost power must bring to light the fountain of uncleanness, and show me what there was to be cleansed from. About the middle of August, 1868, light came. I felt the risings of pride, jealousy, self, and all the roots of sin to such an extent, it seemed to me there was no remedy; but not so. I then made a complete surrender of everything. The Lord let me see how much the fountain contained for me. On the 23d of August the witness came that 'Jesus does

empty my heart of sin,' but I did not receive the fullness of the blessing then. From that time the Lord blessed me more than ever before, and I saw the narrow way, very narrow. The question was asked, will you walk in it?—My willing heart did respond, I'll go any way, anywhere the Lord leads me. The cross was then presented; it filled all the way. I was in the way; had come up to it. There was no way around; it was for me to take. I felt its weight and the responsibility. It seemed as though I should sink beneath the load. This feeling kept increasing until October 15th, the Lord helped me to count the cost, and say from the depths of my soul, my friends, my all resign. Every cord was cut, and the baptism of power came down and filled my entire being. Glory to Jesus forever. I have felt since that hour my treasures are laid up in heaven. Hallelujah. Since then the cross is not heavy. All I need is in Jesus. "Grace sufficient for every time of need." The Spirit is still leading me. It shines on the word, and opens it to my understanding. "This is the way I long have sought." I hear the words spoken to me, "ask and receive that your joy may be full." My all is on the altar. The altar sanctifies the gift."

Geneseo, N. Y.

LORD CHATHAM, in one of his letters, said, "Politeness is benevolence in little things." Religion should make us the most polite creatures in the world; and what persons of rank do from education, we should do from principle, yielding our own desires and claims to become all things to all men, if by any means we may gain some; and be not only sincere, but without offence, until the day of Christ.

If you have real religion to-day, there are men just as ready to say, "away with such a fellow from the earth," as there were in the time of Christ. "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES.

BY MRS. S. M'CREERY.

"Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees."

You can hardly find a genuine article, of any kind, in market. You are forced to be distrustful of almost everything offered for sale, in these days of adulteration and amalgamation. No matter if on the outside is pasted, "All others counterfeit but this;" you still have a suspicion it may not be all right within; and when it is brought to the test, you find your suspicions correct.

Thus it is in religious matters. There is a constant effort to join together what God has put asunder, and to put asunder what God has joined together. God says, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." How is it?—Instead of reproof, you find fellowship; instead of a separation, a commingling together.

Every religious paper is teeming with accounts of revivals,—one hundred here, two hundred there, and five hundred yonder,—all reported as having passed from death unto life. The next thing, after the "protracted effort" is over, a festival, sociable, fair, or something of the kind, is advertised. After all the preliminaries are gone through with,—such as securing the services of the opera band, praying band, etc.,—it is sounded forth from the pulpit and the daily press, "All things are now ready, come!" On the evening appointed, you may there find the church *en masse*—converts and all; and if the world is not there in its paraphernalia, it will not be for the want of provision made expressly for their entertainment. What objection can they have to such liberal principles as these? They must be very fastidious, indeed, who cannot patronize on these grounds!

Now comes the test of the young converts, who a few weeks ago, were at the altar, sincerely seeking God's favor, and were, perhaps, accepted and pardoned. What are the emotions of their hearts? What a shrinking in their in-

most souls, and a loathsome turning away, not only from the unsanctified gaze of an ungodly throng, but from those having the form of Godliness and denying the power. They cannot reconcile the absurdity of the course pursued by those who a few weeks ago were leading them to the altar for prayer; now they seem changed from missionaries of the cross to leaders of a reveling banquet of the world. Here is a case in point. A few weeks since, as I was traveling east, I stopped a day or two at D. A revival was in progress under the labors of Br. C—— and wife. I attended while there, and was convinced of the sincerity of many of the young people who manifested a desire for salvation. About two hundred were added to the church, as the result of the meetings. But I have just learned that a festival is being got up by the *pillars of the church*, to secure the means, if possible, to finish the erection of a very costly gothic edifice which is to take the place of one of more modern style of architecture. Now what will be the reasonings of those young converts to see the house of prayer turned into a den of revelry and mirth? It may be they will be constrained to ask an explanation of some of their spiritual advisers, only to get an answer on this wise. "Times have changed, we must cast our influence with the world in order to gain access to *their hearts* and especially *their pockets*."

Under this kind of *spiritual training*, the young converts will soon lose all desire for the things of God, and ere long will be found working side by side with the modern Scribes and Pharisees. At this rate, the church is fast apostatizing. Who of our forefathers could have imagined the state of things which now exist in nearly all the churches throughout the land? Is it not true of many now, as it was of the old Samaritans, "*They feared the Lord, and served other gods.*" Novel-writing ministers, opera-singing choirs, sharpers-at-a-bargain for stewards, and the remainder of the congregation made up of regular-going-to-theatre members,—

"But woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

Truly, these are perilous times.—"Traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God—having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof"—rule the churches. "From such, turn away." "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees."

COMPROMISING.

BY THIRZA SPARKS.

I AM glad the road to heaven is narrow and straight. There is but one way for everybody, rich or poor, black or white, bond or free. There is no aristocracy in this narrow way; no "upper seats;" *no room for the world.* It is for those who have been redeemed, who have forsaken all, and are determined to make heaven their home.

When the Lord saved me, he showed me a narrow way. The light of God shone on me. Articles of dress that to me seemed harmless, I saw must be laid aside, because they strengthened the pride that was still in my nature. But I walked in the light; and as I drew nearer and nearer to God, he showed me a still narrower way. Oh, how crucifying to the flesh! How I looked about for some excuse, some reason for calling it *temptation*.

I looked at older Christians. I saw they were not so singular. I received no encouragement from them. I decided it must be temptation, and compromised with the enemy. But Jesus was patient with me; and to-day, in the light and power of God, I see the same narrow way, and am walking in it—glory be to God!

O, ye young pilgrims, walk in the light of God. Be singular for Jesus,—plain. Do not try to be prim and tasty. *Dress for Jesus.* Be found on the Lord's side, with the glory and power in your soul. I would rather have one touch of Holy Ghost power, than all that the world calls good or pretty.

I write like this, because Jesus wants me to. I see how pilgrims, especially young pilgrims, become weak and powerless in their souls, because they are looking for a prettier and easier way. I feel like lifting up my voice like a trumpet, and urging people to walk in the light of God. There will be enough that are not walking in the light themselves, to caution you and cry "fanaticism!" But, as I heard one who follows Jesus say, when they cry "fanaticism!" I'll cry, "Glory! Hallelujah!" There is no fear in love, for *perfect love* casteth out fear. If you want to be fanatical, refuse to walk in the light. Then the love will die out, and you are an easy prey for the enemy. But those who *will* walk in the light, have need to "Urge on their rapid course." O, hallelujah! our Jesus is mighty.

"I Heard His Voice."

I HEARD His voice when the winds were low,

And the skies lit up with a sunset glow:
When a gush of sweetness filled the air,
And melodies floated everywhere;
Then a voice awoke from vine and flower,
Which thrilled my heart with electric power.

I heard His voice when the storm was high,
And black-winged tempests swept the sky,
Dark'ning the morn with gloom of night,
While nature assembled in wild affright;
Then a mightier voice aroused my fear,
In tones of thunder it smote my ear.

But sweeter at the hour of prayer,
When holy thoughts hushed every care,
While the troubled soul in earnest strife
Was wrestling for eternal life,
Deeper and clearer was the voice
Which made this bleeding heart rejoice.

Happy the soul that always hears
His voice, unknown to guilty ears,
That deep tone through the bosom stealing,
The Spirit's mysteries revealing;
O God! what heart will not rejoice,
That hears, and feels, and knows Thy
voice! Marian A. Bigelow.

SAVED.

BY REV. W. T. ELLIS.

A SAVED soul takes Christ in all of his offices, and consequently, all of his word as his guide. The Universalist takes Christ as a Saviour, but not as a king to command. No antinomian can be awakened, no unawakened person can be converted. Without the law, chief of sinners are alive. With the law shown to man by the Spirit, the least commandment broken, shuts him out of the kingdom. Christ's saved ones are, every one of them, soldiers, suffering and fighting at his command to bring a revolted world back to God. Are we saved, and ready for this work? Can we "stand in the evil day?" If God's, we must have on the whole armor of God." "We wrestle not only against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. vi. 12, 13. No Christian can "stand" without the whole armor. This accounts for so many professors running from the enemy, this is the reason why so many fail. There is no armor for the back, and the flying soldier is easily brought low. A soldier of the cross that is saved, has on the "whole armor," "loins girt" about with truth,—sincerity of purpose to do all of God's will, obey every command, even at the risk of life; a "breast-plate of righteousness," outward holiness, and inward purity; "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;" peace with our neighbors, our families, our brethren, our consciences; our God,—a part often wanting. Above all, (over all) the shield of faith; faith in all of God's word—all the law, all the gospel, for both are one; faith in the blood of the everlasting covenant; faith in the almighty power of the Holy Ghost; faith in the triune God. And for an helmet the hope of salvation,—hope big with immortality—expecting victory. So much is only defensive. One is not

ready for conflict with all of that. He must have the sword of the Spirit, "the word of God," an offensive weapon, "praying always with all prayer," secret, family, public, ejaculatory, all prayer "and supplication thereunto in the Spirit and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." And thus "stands" a saved soldier of Christ.

Reader, have you on the whole armor of God? If not, you will not stand in the evil day. Your cowardly soul will tremble, and fleeing, fall.—Do not be afraid of close work now. Do not take up with anything but what will "stand" even the fires of the judgment. You are of no use to God's cause if you do not have it. One coward in close conflict will cause a panic in a whole regiment. Put on, then, I beseech of you the whole armor. If you will not, then leave the ranks!—Our Captain has no use for you. I was looking at the mechanic, as the cars, train after train, came in, he struck with his hammer every wheel to prove their soundness. So we should pray, "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness."—Psa. cxli. 5. God continually tries his saved ones, and by cheerfully, humbly submitting, they keep saved. The soul conscious of having all the armor on, or even the honest soul, will stand to be tested; and take now unto him the part wanting. The world will be taken when Christ's professed followers take unto them, the whole armor of God. With this we may boldly say,

"Though devils rage and hell assail,
I'll fight my passage through,
Though foes unite and friends all fail,
I'll seize the crown my due."

May every reader of the Earnest Christian get on the whole armor, for Jesus' sake. Be now saved!

If you lose your time, you lose your hopes; and if you lose your hopes you lose your souls; and when your souls are lost, they shall never be recovered; and when your time is lost, it shall never be redeemed.

GOD'S PROMISES.

BY JOHN RATTRAY.

To the soul weary and heavy laden, the word of God is full of rich and precious promises. It offers bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, rest to the weary, and to the poor wealth; to the blind sight, and hearing to the deaf; pardon to the guilty, and reprieve to the condemned, life to the dying, and immortal joys to the sorrow-stricken soul. Oh how sweet to rest on these precious promises! They are like stepping-stones to the land of unsullied bliss,—like a golden chain let down from heaven, upon which we may fasten all our hopes and feel assured they are securely fixed to that which “reaches within the veil.” They are like the wire that stretches from station to station, along which the sweetest and most cheering communications are sent.—They are the highway on which the heralds of peace descend with tidings of a better land,—the streams by the way from which the weary pilgrim, on his journey home, drinks and is refreshed. Oh tell me, what are they not to the weary soul? They are the foreshadowing of that spirit of comfort that points to the paths of truth in which no errors are found, they tell us of a home where comes no footsteps of decay, whose brightness is never eclipsed by a darkening cloud—eternal sunshine excludes the shades of night; no sorrow or sickness ever enters there; there no poisonous serpents hiss among the white-robed ones that stray by the streams of living waters. There no stealthily stealing death revels on the cheek of beauty, and no foul worms creep from the heart of ripening fruit; no bosom heaves with a swelling sigh—the burden of a broken heart. No widowed mother in anguish cries, “Oh my son, my son.”

No tears of grief are ever shed
Around the sick or dying bed.

But these are only negations of a purer bliss; “And behold,” said the Revelator, “there was a throne set in

heaven, and one sat upon the throne,” and while he gazed in wrapt profoundness on the scene, his most prolific imagination failed to produce a figure by which to convey a just conception of that ineffable brightness that gathered round the throne and him that sat thereon; and, as it were, to suit his purpose best, he uses, as a figure, the purest and brightest gems of earth. And he said, (for he knew not what else to say,) “And he that sat was to look upon as a jasper and a sardine stone, and there was a rainbow round about the throne like unto an emerald,” and besides other glories, he saw seven spirits, like lamps burning before the throne. And music sweeter far than earth’s finest strings could produce, though swept by the skillful fingers of the sweet singer of Israel, greeted his ear. “And I heard harpers harping with their harps, and they sang as it were a new song.” Oh how that music thrilled his soul while they sung, “Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.” And the full angelic chorus, “Amen,” sweetly rolled across the celestial plains, and earth’s ten thousand thousand grateful hearts the floating echo catch, and cheerfully prolong the loud “Amen.”

A SOUND heart is an excellent casuist. Men stand doubting what they shall do, while an evil heart is at the bottom.—If, with St. Paul, they simply did *one thing*, the way would be plain. A miser or an ambitious man knows his points; and he has such a simplicity in the use of them, that you seldom find him at a loss about the steps which he should take to attain them. He has acquired a sort of instinctive habit in his pursuit. Simplicity and rectitude would have prevented a thousand schisms in the church, which have generally risen from men having something else in plan and prospect, and not the one thing.—*Cecil*.

God’s faithfulness performed what his mercy promised.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CONVERTED.

BY PATRICK FAY.

THE Lord has opened my eyes that were blind. I depended on auricular confession and priestly absolution; kneeling before images and relics; praying to departed men and women and to the blessed Virgin Mary; and many other ceremonies. But the Lord says, "you must be born again or you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." Now, if any of my poor country folks happen to see this and read it, I can prove to you that there is no real charity in the Church of Rome. I will only give you one item out of many, to prove it. Suppose, for argument's sake, there is such a place as Purgatory, and, indeed, there is not, what is the high mass good for according to the Church of Rome? Answer, It is to relieve a soul from Purgatory and send it to Heaven. Let a rich man come to the priest and say, "Your Reverence, I want you to perform the office of high mass for the repose of the soul of my departed wife." "O, yes, mister, yes!" Let a poor man go to him and say, "I want you to say mass for the repose of my poor mother's soul." The priest will say, "Have you the money?" You will say, you have not. He will say to you, "Go to work and earn it, you rascal, and do not leave your mother's soul in such a place."

Now, let us analyze it a little. The priest does not know whether your mother's soul went to hell or not; for out of hell there is no redemption. If it went to heaven, it is happy enough. But let it be in heaven or hell, it is the money he wants. May the Lord open your eyes to see the rascality of the priests and enable you to look to the Saviour. O, that you only knew the Scriptures.

When the Lord convicted me, I lived in Kane Co., Illinois. I am now in Iowa. The first thing that provoked me in regard to my religion was, when I would be in a Protestant house on Friday, I would forget myself and eat meat. The youngsters would laugh at

me for eating it. I would argue the catechism with them. I really thought it was right. I thought I would buy me a Douay Bible; so I bought it and began to read it. The most that I read it for was to find Friday, for I thought it was a command from God, to abstain from meat on Friday. I began at Matthew and read along till I came to where Paul speaks of meat offered to Idols. But Friday was not there, so I read along till I came to Revelations. I came to that enigma as I called it, that that beast "that was, and is not, and yet is;" that put me to a stop. I said to my wife that the priest says the truth, it is not a fit book to read, so I gave it up.

I heard that a great preacher was going to preach at Sycamore. I went to hear him. No one knew me there except two persons. I went early in the morning, although my wife forbid me to go and said that I would have a good deal of penance to do when I would go to confession. I said to her, that the priest and myself were good friends, and I only wanted to know what they would say. So I went. I saw these two men that knew me speaking to the preacher. I went into the church and sat near the door. I really thought that if they knew who I was they would turn me out. It was what they call a Quarterly meeting. I was not long in when a man came to me and wanted me to take a small bit of bread and I would not take any, for I really thought it was their sacrament and I did not like to touch it. So he smiled and kept offering it. I took a very small crumb and I put it in my pocket for I thought it was wicked to throw it away. Next came a man with a bowl of whisky, as I thought, and he offered it to me. I shook my head, so he went along and in a few minutes I heard them sing and shout, and O, how sorry I felt that I did not take a good drink of the whisky, for I really thought the men and women were drunk. I made up my mind if he would come around again, I would take a good horn, as we used to call it, but he did not come any more. The preacher took his text,

from the second letter of Paul to the Cor. vi. 2. He spied me out soon, and he laid it on to me heavy. He told me everything I had ever done. So I made up my mind that the two that knew me had told him who I was. He gave it to me first rate. I made up my mind that if these men had a sick horse and were to send for me, I would kill him. I really thought he would call out my name. I thought he kept abusing me a long time. When he got through I started for home, never again to go near the heretics, although I had no ill will to the poor preacher, for the tears ran down his cheeks while he was preaching. I came home. My wife asked me how I liked the protestants. I told her that I never got such abuse in all my life. I told her that those two men told him who I was and what a Sabbath breaker I was. I told my wife to look at their sacrament, showing her the little bit of bread.—She ordered me out of the house and told me not to bring a curse on the place. I told her to have patience and we would give it to one of the chickens, and if it was of the devil the chicken would die. She told me not to give it to any of her good chickens, so I picked out the smallest of them and threw it the bread, and she and I followed it for one hour, thinking it would tumble over every minute. But the poor chicken was right well. I was so ignorant of the Bible that I did not know where to look for the text, the preacher took in Sycamore, and it did not read exactly in the Douay as he read it out of his Bible. Well, I felt tormented and ugly for a long time. There was something the matter with me. I could not think what it was. I began to read the Bible for a good while, and I was growing worse all the time. I had often heard of a prayer meeting, and I did not know what to think of it. There was one within two miles of where I lived, and I said to Mary I would go to see what way they do pray. She told me not to go, for the priest would be mad and he would put six months penance upon me. I told her I only wanted to see what way they prayed, and I

told her that I would not be a heretic for the world.

The priest would feel worse about my going to a protestant meeting, or reading a protestant book, than he would if I got drunk, although he would not like any one to get drunk.—He would give good advice. He did to me always when I went to confession. So I told Mary I would go to the prayer meeting, and I did. When I went in the house, it put me in mind of a wake house in Ireland. They had a table with a white sheet on it and two lamps, and three or four prayer books, as I thought then. A good woman came to me and made me sit on a seat near the table with the cloth on. They sang some hymns, or songs, as I called them; then they all kneeled down—only me. I felt ashamed to be sitting there while the rest were kneeling. In a little while, there came to where I was, a very good woman, and she knelt down by my seat and she prayed there till she brought the tears from my eyes.—I wondered what was the matter; I really thought my heart would burst. I could not stand it any longer. I had to go out for I did not like the folks to see me shed tears in a heretic house.

I went home and Mary asked me about the prayer meeting. I told her that every one had their prayers by heart, and I told her what effect Mrs. Kendall's prayer had on me, and she said I must be chicken hearted. I felt very singular. The night was very cold. I warmed, and went to bed. I felt awful—got out of bed and went out to the cow-yard, and knelt down by the haystack to make a bargain with God. I promised him if he would take away the bad feeling that I had I would never curse, nor tell a lie, nor break the Sabbath, for I used to hunt, and drink whiskey, and play cards, and dance on Sundays. I promised him faithfully if he would take away my bad feeling, I never would go near the Protestant meetings any more. I staid out as long as I could stand the cold. I came in and warmed and went to my bed again, and Mary asked me if I was sick? I said no, but I wanted to see the cattle

for I felt ashamed to tell her my troubles. I went out again to make the same bargain over again, and I prayed to the Virgin Mary, and I recited the Litany of the Lady of Loretta, but I got no relief. I felt very cold, for it was freezing hard. I came in and went to bed again. I could not stay there, so I went out again to make the same bargain. I came back again the third time no better; so I warmed again and went to bed. I could not stay there. I got up again. My wife said I must be sick, and I must tell her what was the matter, and she would do something for me. I told her to stay in bed, that I heard the cattle breaking the fence, for I felt ashamed to let her know my trouble. I was bound to finish the bargain that time, and how I did promise never to go near any meeting while I would live on this earth, except to Mass.

While I was making the bargain the fourth time the strangest thing that I ever felt before came over me. I shouted, and jumped, and came running into the house, and began to kiss the children, and my poor Mary cried, and said it was going to the cursed Protestants; that it was a curse on me for meddling with their sacrament—I mean the bit of bread that we gave to the chicken. So she called in some neighbors, and how I did love them! I loved every body. She would have felt glad if it was drunkenness. I was so, that they all made me believe that I really had lost my senses. Next morning I went to St. Charles to see Doctor Crafford. I met him and told him that the people said I was losing my senses. He asked me how I felt? I told him I felt good, and well, and merry, but I had a very great heat in my breast. He asked me if I had the heart-burn? I said not. He told me to put out my tongue, and I did so. He said there was not much the matter with me. He put up a prescription for me. I got my medicine, and how awful bitter it was. I came home from St. Charles for the first time without drinking whiskey. I really thought that the medicine did cure me, for I did not feel so good as I did when I was going. I came home. Got along

till the next morning. I went into the grove. I thought I would make the same bargain again with God. I knelt down and was hardly on my knees when my disease came back. I ran home rapidly to take my medicine.— So I kept on getting my disease, and drinking my medicine till it was all gone. So I began to read my Douay Testament carefully, and I began to see life in it. So I came to the conclusion if the Bible was true, that the Church of Rome was wrong. I want to say here that I did not go looking for religion when I went to Protestant meetings no more than I would hang myself. So I kept reading and getting more light till I made up my mind that the Catholic Church was rotten. Then I saw how they promised people liberty, and were themselves the children of perdition. I went along sinning and repenting, for I saw that the Protestant people that I was acquainted with were not living according to the word of God. A family by the name of Hall moved where we lived, and they began prayer meetings in our neighborhood. I went to their meetings, and I caught my old complaint again, and I give all the glory to my blessed Lord. O how good he is to those that serve and obey him. So I joined a people they call the Free Methodists, for they are bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I do thank Sister Hall, and I do hope to meet her where we shall never part.

THERE is a large class, who would confound nature and grace. These are chiefly women. They sit at home, nursing themselves over a fire, and then trace up the natural effects of solicitude and want of air and exercise into spiritual desertion. There is more pride in this than they are aware of.— They are unwilling to allow so simple and natural a cause of their feelings, and wish to find something in the thing more sublime.— *Cecil*.

DESPAIR is a corruption of humiliation; it is a counterfeit humility, a sullen pride, a covert of a hardened spirit.

EXPERIENCE

OF MRS. B. GRINER.

At the early age of five I was scripturally awakened and converted. I had never heard much of God, heaven, or hell, but my conscience told me these were realities. For some days I was in great distress of mind. My heart was drawn out in prayer. I was afraid to go to sleep at night for fear I should die before morning. For some days I was under deep convictions, then I felt distinctly that God had forgiven my sins. O how I loved God! I could go to sleep with peace and joy all through my soul. Young as I was, I was happy in God. I loved him with all my heart. I do not recollect how long I enjoyed it. I well remember how I lost it. I had to pass by a beautiful flower garden. There was a board off the fence. O how I wanted some of these flowers! Something seemed to say, "Go and ask Mrs. Morse and she will give you some," but I listened to the tempter and stole some flowers. What condemnation seized my conscience. My peace was gone, my joy had fled. Then the gentle Spirit told me to go and confess, but that I thought too hard, so I never mentioned it to any one. So time passed on, but it has taken away my love for flowers.

From that time I began to grow very wicked. A brother would get me angry on purpose to hear me curse and swear. Still the Lord bore with me. I thought that I had sinned away the day of grace. I went on in sin for years thinking I was lost, when one day to my joy and surprise the Holy Spirit whispered, "What have you done that you should be lost?" I said, "Lord, I have been so very wicked." He said, "There is hope for you." From that time I began to look to the Lord for help and mercy. There was a gradual change, till all at once, I found myself in possession of a great treasure,—it was such love for Jesus as I had never felt before. When a child my love was for God, but now such love for the blessed Jesus as I felt in my heart I cannot describe. It did seem to me

that my glad soul mounted higher, in a chariot of fire, and I did indeed draw sustenance from Christ, the living vine, day by day. Mrs. H., with whom I lived, was confined to her bed. One day I was not able to be about the house, yet all the cares rested on me. I knew nothing of Jesus' power to heal the body, but I felt drawn by the Spirit to get down before the Lord. I arose as well as I ever was in all my life. I do not remember how long I enjoyed this love, but I know how I lost it.—Mr. H. professed Religion—had family prayer—and asked a blessing at the table. One day at dinner, while grace was being said, I cast my eyes up; the hired man was laughing and I joined in, but it was done so quick I hardly knew it. I felt that love forsake my heart. It was like the flitting of the wings of a dove, and it was gone. I kept on praying to God to restore unto me the great blessing I had lost. I did not know that by confessing that I had sinned, that God would restore me. I did not read the word of God enough to know what the Lord did say. Still I never stopped praying, and I know that sometimes my prayers were answered, but I did not enjoy religion.—I used to promise God that when I was settled down for life, then I would give my heart to him and serve him.

At the age of 22 I was married.—The Lord very soon reminded me of my promise. It seemed harder then than ever. My husband's employment was such as caused him to labor on the Sabbath, and of course I had to be at home, or at least I thought I must.—So time passed on, and I kept making promises to God and breaking them. When the Lord gave me a daughter I gave her to him. I promised that she never should go to any place of amusement that would not please him. I promised that she should be kept in Sabbath school until the Lord saw fit to make her what he pleased. At times I was under deep conviction. I hardly dared to close my eyes to sleep. I would read my Bible, put it under my pillow, and close my eyes, not expecting to see morning, but when the morn-

ing would come, and I was alive, what a mercy I felt it was in God to spare my life. O what temptations I had that winter! Nothing but the knowledge I had of God saved me from committing crimes that would have blotted my little family out of existence.—Nothing saved us but the power of God. When my daughter was eleven years old, the Lord sent his Holy Spirit to strive with me. I used to wish the preacher would call in and talk with me, but he never did. My convictions wore off. The next winter there was a dancing school. All the little girls were going to attend. Church members sent their children. So when the invitation was given I was willing that mine should go. I had forgotten my promise to God, so I dressed her for the dance. The Lord did not remind me of my promise until the next August, when she was laid on the bed of sickness. Her disease was the small pox. As I stood by her bed looking at her, a complete blotch from head to feet, and almost blind, the Lord said, "There lays your pride. You gave her to me, and took her away again. Now you see what you have done."—O how I felt. I said, "Lord, spare her life and I will serve thee. I then had the witness that she would live, low as she was. The Doctor said it was the care she had that made her recover, but I felt that it was all of the Lord. The praise belonged to God.—The following winter I went to a Methodist meeting, and went forward for prayers. Some of the leading ones prayed for me. And had they prayed as they ought, the devil could not have got in as he did, but they spoke so highly of my good qualities that I dare not then confess I was a backslider. I thought they would say I had been acting the part of a hypocrite. I was afraid of the name of hypocrite. So I went on, and O what a place I got into. It was a hell to my soul. I used to go to prayer meetings, but never took any part. I would stay in Class, but only for the looks, not because I wanted to. I felt all the time that I had climbed up some other way, and

had not entered in by the door. The Spirit of the Lord did not leave me. He would not give me any rest until I confessed in class that I was nothing but a backslider when taken in the church. Then I found peace, and the Lord would bless me in promising to do my duty. I got the life of Hester Ann Rogers, and read it. The Lord made it a blessing to me. I felt the need of a clean heart, and was convicted for it. I sought and obtained it. I felt my heart was clean. The Lord then showed me that I must confess it. The devil said I was going too fast,—they would not believe it. So I lost the blessing. Then I was very sorry, and told the Lord if he would restore it again unto me I would acknowledge it, and he did restore it again. I began to reason with the devil. I had never said a thing about the blessing of holiness, and I dare not. Had I ever heard it preached about I should have acknowledged it. So, of course, I lost it again. But O how good the Lord was to me to bear with me as he did. Praise his name forever! The next winter there was a series of meetings held. A great number of the Sabbath school scholars, about sixty in all, it was reported, were said to be converted. My child was of that number.—O how she loved the class meeting!—Had I obeyed the Lord and walked in the light as he let it shine in my heart she would not, I think, have backslid as she has done. But God-says if I delight myself in him he will give me the desire of my heart. Praise him forever. I have promised the Lord to obey him, and I will if it takes my life. I have had a good many battles with the devil, and expect a good many more. But Jesus is more than a match for him. I do believe that I shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of my testimony. I believe the Lord is leading me, and if I walk in the light as he lets it shine on my heart, I shall glorify his name, and shall at last reign with him in glory.

Praise the name of the Lord forever.

TO SAVE A SOUL.

Who is able? Not an angel. No, not all the angels in heaven. Yet God has said, "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, *shall save a soul from death.*" God permits us to be instruments, and gives us means to use for that end. We may use them and do good. There are many that have never made a trial. They do not work with these means, nor for this end. They will work for money, for a salary, for honor, for advancement of political interests, for very many things. There are Christian men who will give attention to improvements in society, feel concerned about the sick, are ready to help the poor, and in a hundred ways to show kindness; but it never seems to enter their minds that they have any part or lot in the work of saving souls. Their neighbors, their tenants, their workmen, their servants, their children and family, all under their influence, would receive it kindly; yet not one word is said, not an effort made to save one of them.

The cost. At what little cost of money or labor can we bring the subject of a man's salvation before his mind! Some think it is lost labor, money badly spent. Suppose it all results in saving one soul. Will not that pay?

Will it do for a Christian to say, I have done nothing, I can do nothing to save a soul from death? Have you tried? Some one has said, "*I cannot, will do nothing, but I'll try*" has wrought wonders." *Will you try?* Begin, then, at once. What can I do? Are there any children in your neighborhood that do not go to Sabbath-school? Can you not gather and teach them? Are there not persons in your neighborhood who do not go to the house of God? Can you not persuade them to go? Did you ever try? Perhaps there is no church near you. By your exertions one might be built. Begin—no matter in what way—but begin to do something to save souls. Look to God for grace and strength, and for the guidance and influence of his Holy Spirit; and with his blessing you may be instru-

tal in saving a soul, perhaps souls, from death. "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death."

One word fitly spoken has been, in the good providence of God, the word of salvation to a guilty sinner. How can you tell what word it will be, or whose word, or when spoken? "Blessed are they that sow beside *all waters.*" Be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." The opportunities which we have, we must use as they pass, or we may never have them again. *To-day* you can speak to a man about his soul, or give him a tract or a book; *to-morrow* he may be in eternity, and all the sermons and exertions of Christians be in vain. A plank given to-day by a child to a drowning man, may save his life; an hour hence, life-boats, and a hundred skillful boatmen could do nothing. Keep in mind that the present is your time for exertion; you may never have another opportunity to do good or to use your influence to save a soul. If you have the opportunity, embrace it. Don't wait for a better, for while you wait, your only one may be gone.

O how often, when death has suddenly taken away one we knew, we have mourned that we did not embrace the last opportunity to speak to him about his soul! We were awakened to a consciousness of our neglect when it was *too late* even to speak to him. If we would do any thing to save a soul, we must do it now. "In season, out of season," with whatever means and opportunities we have, must be our principle, and with God's blessing, we shall be instrumental in saving souls.—*Christian Treasury.*

SOME men will follow Christ on certain conditions—if he will not enjoin them any painful tasks—if the sun and wind do not annoy them—if he will remit a part of his plan and order.—But the true Christian, who has the spirit of Jesus, will say, as Ruth said to Naomi, "Whither thou goest, I will go!" whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way.

CHRISTIANS CO-WORKERS WITH GOD.

HAVING established ourselves upon this immoveable foundation, that God is the one efficient power and agent in the work of religion, we may safely contemplate our own duties. We may call out the energies of the Church to a strenuous co-operation with him who "worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure," without any dread of having it imputed to us that we ascribe the Creator's honor to the creature.—This is the theory which offers the highest encouragements to the most earnest and valiant outlay of mortal energies. In partnership with these divine resources, we labor with hope and assurance of success. Never does the artificer toil with such diligence and spirit as when, having secured the co-operation of some powerful natural agent, he subjects to its resistless force the tasks that would only mock his own puny strength. The mariner is ready to put forth a preternatural energy when favoring breezes invite him to spread out his swelling sail to its fullest capacity. One often hears it announced as a sage evangelical aphorism, that we ought to trust in God, as if salvation depended only on him, and work as if the matter depended wholly on our own diligence. I think the second member of this antithesis will bear a little more straining. We ought rather to work with strained sinews and bounding hearts, as seeing Jehovah always at our right hand with profers of his omnipotence in any emergency. We ought rather to rush on shouting to the onset, knowing that Christ our Captain hath girded on his sword, and gone forth conquering and to conquer. We are anointed with divine strength, and clad *cap-a-pie* in charmed armor. We have only to strike like men to win palms of victory and crowns of glory. These are the conditions under which we are called upon to become "laborers together with God;" and by all that there is of divine condescension and compassion in such a calling is every man of us

pledged to dedicate himself, soul and body, unto God in all services, sacrifices, and sufferings, with the devotion of a martyr and the courage of a hero.—Oh! it is grievous to think what might ere this have been accomplished for the salvation of the world, had the Church a mind to work. There is not an unconverted sinner in all our Christian congregations but might have been saved, and may this day be saved, on condition of a hearty co-operation with God. There is not a pagan tribe so far away from the warm zone of Gospel grace but it might have been evangelized long since, had the churches but exerted the energies, divine and human, placed at their disposal. Sometimes the Church slumbers on a century or a generation, under the poor pretense of paying a compliment to God's sovereignty—as if obedience to a plain command were not better, at least, than *such* a sacrifice.

Again it will work on its own account, as if it had no longer any need of the old copartnership. Just think, brethren, that through all of these ages, the divine resources to be put in requisition for the world's conversion have been in impatient readiness—that Jehovah has stretched out his hands all the day long to a disobedient and even a gainsaying people—that teeming spiritual influences linger all about us, waiting, not for God, but for his fellow-laborers—ready, when the sphere of our Christian benevolence shall have stretched itself around the globe, to rush over the electric circle, and quicken China and the Islands of the Sea into spiritual life; and yet we wait and wait.—*Olin.*

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We are too apt to forget our actual dependence on Providence for the circumstances of every instant. The most trivial events may determine our state in the world. Turning up one street instead of another, may bring us into company with a person whom we should not otherwise have met; and this may lead to a train of other events which may determine the happiness or misery of our lives.

THE VALUE OF SUNDAY.

LORD MACAULAY :—If Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the smallest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer and less civilized people than we are.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT :—There is no religion without worship, and no worship without the Sabbath.

SIR MATHEW HALE :—The more faithfully he applied himself to the duties of the Lord's Day, the more happy and successful was his business during the week.

BLACKSTONE :—A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath.

ADAM SMITH :—The Sabbath, as a political institution, is of inestimable value, independently of its claim to divine authority.

LORD KAMES :—Sunday is a day of account, and a candid account every seventh day is the best preparation for the great day of account.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE :—I can truly declare, that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable.

SIR WALTER SCOTT :—Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other. Pass the morning at Church, and the evening, according to your taste or rank, in the cricket-field or the opera, and you will soon find thoughts of the evening hazards and bets intrude themselves on the sermon, and the recollections of the popular melody interfere with the Psalms.

S. T. COLEBRIDGE :—I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in the year.

ISAAC TAYLOR :—A Sunday given to the soul is the best of all means of refreshment to the mere intellect.

JUSTICE MCLEAN :—Where there is no Christian Sabbath, there is no Chris-

tian morality : and without this, free institutions cannot long be sustained.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BATES :—The religious character of an institution so ancient, so lawful, and so necessary to the peace, the comfort, and the respectability of society, ought alone to be sufficient for its protection ; but, that failing, surely the laws of the land, made for its account, ought to be as strictly enforced as the laws for the protection of person and property. If the Sunday laws be neglected or despised, the laws of person and property will soon share their fate, and be equally disregarded.

RICHARD HOOKER :—We are to account the sanctification of one day in seven a duty which God's immutable law doth exact forever.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON :—The very life of religion doth much depend upon the solemn observance of the Sabbath ; consider, if we should but intermit the keeping of it for one year, what a height of profaneness would ensue in those that fear not God !

DR. CHALMERS :—We never, in the whole course of our recollections, met with a Christian friend, who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

WILLARD PARKER, M. D. :—The Sabbath *must* be observed as a day of rest. This I do not state as an *opinion*, but knowing that it has its foundation upon a law in man's nature as *fixed* as that he must take food or die.

JOHN RICHARD FARRE, M. D. :—As a day of rest, I view the Sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. One day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system.

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BLESS God for what you have, and trust God for what you want.

GLORYING IN MAN AND MONEY.

BY REV. C. H. AUSTIN.

The prosperity of fools shall destroy them.—Prov. i. 32.

HUMAN nature is prone to self-glorification, but in the economy of grace invariably is seen this order, viz.—*‘before honor is humility.’* Pride is the eldest child of hell, generated by false views of God, and these are begotten of diminished confidence in his word and character,

“Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel.”

The great Supreme gives his glory to no finite being, and wisely ordains that the vast machinery of animate and inanimate nature shall minister to his divine honor. It is clearly written—*“Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, honor, and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.”* Especially is this arrangement apparent in that glorious system of redemption instituted for the restoration of a fallen world of corrupt and sinning beings to a state of innocence and purity. This grand scheme was set in motion that “he might purify *unto himself* a peculiar people, zealous of good works.”—Thus saith the Lord, “Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me.”—“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. That according as it is written—*“Him that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.”*

No latent stain of fallen humanity clings so tenaciously to its native fatness, or secrets itself so successfully amid the dark foldings of a deceitful heart as pride or self-glory. Other sins make their exodus before the incoming of repentance and faith. But this kind goeth out only *“by prayer and fasting.”* Not unfrequently the supposed song of triumph ends in this sad refrain:—

“Proud I am my wants to see,
Proud of my humility.”

When one of God’s most holy and laborious servants was driven to speak of his labors, revelations, and sufferings, as evidence of his apostleship, he prefaces the whole in this humiliating style—*“I speak as a fool.”* But what shall we say of modern glorification? John Wesley wrote to Mr. Asbury—*“You and Dr. Coke allow yourselves to be called Bishops, and build colleges, and call them after your own names”*!!—“But Cokesbury college burned down to ashes, and this glorying was ended in that respect. This naming churches after living ministers excels High Churchmen and even Catholics. The Roman Catholics have their St. Peter’s Church, but the Episcopalians are more modest, they have their Trinity and Grace Churches. If the highest officers of the church, where we should look for the purest examples of humility and self-denial, are to be glorified, the same spirit will infect the whole ministry, sooner or later; then farewell to soul-saving piety. The preacher who best succeeds in building splendid churches and naming them after some bishop will be the man for the times. True fidelity to God, and the interests of pure religion in the earth, and man-worship are quite opposed to each other. To glorify ourselves and the church, and to glorify God, and Christianity, are two things quite different.

OUTWARD comforts are like the rotten twigs of a tree; they may be touched, but if they are trusted to, or rested upon, they will certainly deceive and fail us.

FARM FOR SALE.

"Have you sold that farm yet?"

"What farm?"

"Yours, certainly."

"Why do you ask that? What am I to sell my farm for?"

"Because Christ commands you to do it."

"I did not know that before."

"That is strange, indeed. You ought to have known it, surely. What did you tell the collector, when he called on you a short time ago?"

"I told him I had no money."

"And you thought that a good reason for not giving, did you?"

"Certainly I did. How can I give when I have no money?"

"I will tell you that presently; but first answer me another question.—What did you tell him you had done with your money?"

"I told him I had paid it on the land I bought."

"Just so I thought. Now, brother, this is an old story of yours, and I am going to deal faithfully with you, for the honor of my Master requires it. I remember two years ago I called on you in behalf of the Foreign Missions. It was a pressing time. There was danger that all our missionary operations would be greatly crippled for want of funds. You had just concluded a bargain for another piece of land, and said it would take all you could rake or scrape to pay for it. The Tract Society came along and made an earnest appeal. You still owed a little on your land, and could do nothing for the cause of benevolence until that was paid. Then the Bible Society presented its claims—you had just bought a horse, and could do nothing. Afterwards Home Missions—you had lent your money a short time before, and had none by you. Now, brother, these excuses of buying and being in debt will not do. You can't escape the claims of the Lord by any such maneuvering. He has been beforehand with you, and put a text in the Bible on purpose to meet the plea of those who say they have no money. You

will find it in Luke xii. 33, 'Sell that thou hast, and give alms.' Have no money! Then sell a few acres and get some. Sell a horse—a cow—some grain—some merchandise. What right have you to be speculating on God's money; to have it pledged to Mammon beforehand, so that you protest every order the Lord Jesus sends you, and feel easy as long as you can say, 'I am in debt,' or 'I am about buying more.' It is a fraudulent transfer, to avoid a just claim. The Lord can carry on his purposes without your money. Certainly he can, for the silver and gold are all his. But he has a mortgage on your property, and if it is not canceled, one of two things you may expect: either he will send an execution by the hand of one of his strong sheriffs, viz., fire, flood, blasting, or mildew; or else it will remain only to be a curse to you and your children. Your gold and silver will be cankered, and the rust of them will be as a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. The Lord Jesus allows you, as a redeemed sinner, the *privilege* of bringing an offering as a testimonial of your gratitude.

"O! this ever buying for self, and never selling for Christ! My brother, reverse the order. Begin to sell for Christ. The world is getting too much of your heart."—*Christian Treasury*.

THE servant of God has not only natural sensibilities, by which he feels, in common with other men, the sorrows of life, but he has moral sensibilities, which are peculiar to his character. When David was driven from his kingdom, he not only felt depressed as an exile and wanderer, but he would recollect his own sin as punished in the affliction. Eli had not only to suffer the pangs of a father in the loss of his sons, but he would recall, with bitterness of spirit, his own mismanagement in bringing up these sons. St. Paul had not only to endure the thorn in the flesh, but he would feel that he carried about him propensities to self-exaltation, which rendered that thorn necessary and salutary.—*Cecil*.

Editorial.

The Gift of Power.

It is for every disciple of Jesus. Not the power to work miracles, in the common acceptation of the term,—for the Apostles did not, at all times, possess this,—but power such as no man can have without the supernatural endowment of the Holy Ghost; power over sin; power over devils; power to witness or speak for Jesus in such a manner as to carry conviction to the hearts of those that hear. In proof of this, read Acts i. 8: *But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me.* Read also, 1 Corinthians xiv. 24, 25: *But if all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: And thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face, he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth.*

1. There is no intimation in the Bible that this gift should ever be withdrawn from the true disciples of Jesus. There is not a passage in the Old Testament, or in the New, which implies that the Church of God is ever to be bereft of all supernatural influence, and be left to make its way in the world, like a merely human organization. The New Testament teaches exactly the contrary. Jesus says, *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.* This promise certainly reaches down to our times. But how can Jesus be said to be with his disciples if he works for them only, as he does for sinners, through merely natural causes? Peter quotes from Joel: "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy."—Acts ii. 17. At whatever point of time "The last days" may commence, the expression itself implies that they reach down to the end of time. These passages clearly authorize the disciples of Jesus, in our day, to expect to be supernaturally endowed with power from on high.

2. With this gift, the Church of Jesus Christ must prosper. It may be reviled, and persecuted; but it will be built up in

faith and holiness, and God will add to its numbers of such as shall be saved.

This gift of power is often prayed for, apparently with great earnestness. Ministers and members often wrestle for it.—Why is it not more frequently received?—Is God unwilling to bestow it? On the contrary, He is more than willing. Jesus says, "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give His Holy Spirit to them that ask him." If men and women ask for it, and God is willing to bestow it, why, then, is it not received? Let inspiration answer this question. James iv. 3: *Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts.* A careful examination of each particular failure will show that this explains the cause.

Some ask through pride. It may be so secret, so subtle, as hardly to be perceived even by themselves. He may think that his desire is to do good; and this may really enter into his motives. But underneath all, there is a secret wish to be esteemed among men; to be accounted a person of power, to have a reputation for piety of an uncommon degree. When the blessing begins to come, and the reproach comes with it—as it always will—he shrinks and draws back, by degrees. He is unwilling to be called a fanatic, an enthusiast, and so he explains, apologizes, and finally opposes openly the work of the Spirit.—He who would have "power from on high," must in his inmost soul, consent to be, like his Master, of no reputation. He must look to have his actions and words misrepresented, his motives misconstrued, and himself held up to ridicule and contempt.

Others ask through indolence. They see work to be done in the vineyard of the Lord. They would like the wages, and the credit; but they have a strong aversion to toil and self-denial. They would like to preach powerful, convincing, and overwhelming sermons; but they would rather lie in bed or lounge around—read the papers, or carry on an easy, desultory conversation—than diligently search the Scriptures, and store their memories with the great truths of the Bible. So they want

the gift of power that they may preach! Poor, easy, deluded souls! God would as soon fill a man's granary with wheat, who asks for it because he does not like to plow, as to bestow upon any one the gift of the Holy Ghost to take the place of common industry. If you want the gift of power, give yourself to God to do His work!—Like Jesus, go about doing good. Study, visit, from house to house, to warn the people to flee from the wrath to come; pray, not formally, but from the heart; deny yourself all needless self-indulgence, that you may have the means to help others, and see if God does not wonderfully baptize you with the Spirit! But it is of no manner of use for a proud, affected, or an indolent, enervated professor, to pray for the Holy Ghost. The most He will do for such will be to convict them.

If you ask for power, but mean *popularity*, you may, if you are willing to compromise God's truth, and lower the standard of salvation, and run the risk of spending your eternity in hell, get what you desire; but do not deceive yourself, and others, by attributing your success in healing slightly, to the power of God! Make the standard of Christianity sufficiently low, and the whole population will join the Church, as they do in Roman Catholic countries.

Beloveds! Claim your privilege, that you may discharge your duty as for eternity! You need all the power the Gospel offers you. Give yourself wholly to God, and be importunate in supplication until it comes upon you! Remember, that GOD GIVES HIS HOLY SPIRIT TO THEM THAT OBEY HIM.

Where do You Stand?

ACROSS the street from our office, as we were writing, a scaffold fell. Four laboring men were thrown down, some forty feet, into the cellar, striking upon iron joists on the way. They were all badly hurt—some, it is feared, fatally. The men were not to blame. They trusted in those over them; but the sad consequences fall most heavily upon themselves.

So in the religious life. They are many

blindly building their hopes for eternity upon platforms which men of superior intellect have laid down. They do not stop to inquire into the consequences, if the doctrines to which they trust should prove unsound. There are two rules which are safe to follow. One is this. If you can reject any doctrine without any danger to your soul, *even if the doctrine should prove true*, do not receive it. Why should you trouble yourself about it? You never saw a machine to filter water to drive a saw-mill, or float a vessel. Dirty water answers the purpose. So, if Infidelity, or Universalism, or Annihilationism, should prove true, what would you gain by receiving any of them? Should they prove true, you will be just as well off, if you believe in the Bible, in immortality, and in eternal punishment, and live accordingly.

The other rule is this: If your rejection of a doctrine will endanger your happiness to all eternity, *should it prove true*, you reject it at your peril. Should it be true, that, *without holiness no man shall see the Lord*, then the danger of rejecting the doctrine cannot be over-estimated. *If the gate is strait, and the way narrow that leadeth unto life; if a man must deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Jesus to be his disciple; if one must come out from the world and be separate, to have God receive them; then it is a FATAL MISTAKE you make, if you go with the multitude in the broad way, and lead an easy, self-indulgent life, and enjoy the society of men and women of wealth and fashion.*

Be careful, then, WHERE YOU STAND.—Examine your doctrines for yourself. See if they will stand the test of the Bible, and the fires of the Judgment. A great strain will be put upon them. They will have a heavy load to bear. See that you have all the timbers that are needed, and that all the timbers are sound. If there is a weak spot, it will be discovered. If you do not believe all that is necessary to salvation, or do not believe it, *with the heart, unto righteousness*, your platform will fall, and yourself with it, into the bottomless pit.

HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT, SHALL BE DAMNED.

Water Street Mission.

A GREAT deal has been said in the papers about the conversion of John Allen—the wickedest man in New York—the keeper of a dance-house on Water street. It amounted to as much as superficial conversions usually do—to nothing. If his habits had been good, he would doubtless have done as multitudes do, kept up a profession of religion. But his life was so inconsistent with anything good, that he soon gave up all pretensions to piety.

The scaffold is taken down as the building goes up. God often uses men who do not yield to the Gospel themselves, to introduce it to others. It was so in this case. The meetings commenced in John Allen's dance-house are still continued. Another vile den was rented and fitted up for meetings. Brother Frank Smith and wife, formerly of Brockport, N. Y., have moved into the building, and are doing all they can for the reformation and recovery of the lost and degraded men and women who throng that locality. They hold meetings regularly, twice a day. To those who manifest a desire to reform, they furnish food and shelter, and often clothing, until they can by honest labor take care of themselves. They often have twenty or more in their family. They have no salary—no income, only as the Lord puts it in the heart of the benevolent to assist them. If you go to New York, make them a visit. Attend one of their meetings. If you can furnish employment to a man or woman struggling with temptation, and striving to lead a new life, write them to that effect. Or if you wish to assist those who are caring for the worse than heathen in our midst, send your contributions of money or provisions.

Address Frank Smith, Water St. Mission, New York.

Camp-Meetings.

LOCATE them where they are accessible. Do not be afraid of getting them near where people live. As good order as we ever saw was at the Tonawanda camp meeting, seven miles from Buffalo, and two miles from a large village.

Go prepared to keep house. Camp-Meeting people are noted for hospitality, but you will be more profited if you go prepared, if possible, *to show* hospitality, than you will if you depend on hospitality.—Every body cannot live by receiving it. Make all your calculations to stay through the meeting. If you cannot go at the beginning and stay through, go late enough so you can stay to the end. The best of the wine is at the last of the feast.

Go and do your duty, in all respects both to yourself and to others. Get blessed in your own soul, and do all you can to benefit others. If any would eat the Heavenly Manna, he must work for God.

Love of the World.

BE careful and not let the love of the world steal upon you. To lose your soul, by loving the world, it is not necessary that you should be rich, or be making money very fast. The rag-picker may be as much of a miser as the millionaire. A man can drown himself in a cistern of water as well as in the Atlantic Ocean. So when in moderate circumstances, and seeking only moderate gains, you may become as truly worldly as though you were doing business on a large scale. Guard the heart.

Songs for Pilgrims.

WE regret the delay in getting out a new edition of this work, but we could not help it. By the time this reaches our readers, we trust it will be ready. It is now on the press, and the binder assures us that he will finish it without delay. We have added sixteen pages of new, valuable matter. We intend to have it bound in a better, more substantial style. Price 40 cents per copy, by mail; or \$3.40 per dozen when sent by express at the expense of the person who orders them. Please send money with orders.

DUTIES are ours, events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature.—*Cecil*.

Correspondence.

A Christian Experience.

HAVE you? or have you not? If not, why not? Can any one be a Christian, and not have a Christian experience? something to relate of God's special goodness and mercy, in answer to prayer? of his gracious deliverances in times of trial and temptation? Something to say of his triumphs over the enemy—his advances in the divine life—his renewed faith, hope and joy? Of the peace of God in his soul, that passeth all understanding—the delight he has in prayer—the sweet and heavenly communion with the Father of spirits in his closet? The blessedness of administering to the poor, the distressed, and the disconsolate? in comforting the feeble-minded, supporting the weak? in causing "the widow's heart to sing for joy"? Is it possible for any one to be born of the Spirit,—re-generated, in the path of duty, walking in newness of life, consecratedly,—without alluding with heart-felt gratitude and praise to the exalted views he has of Christ—his glorious attributes and perfections—the sympathy he has with him in his sufferings and death, resurrection, the outpourings of his Holy Spirit, and in the salvation of a world of rebel sinners lost—how his own hope brightens from day to day, for glory eternal?

Friend, if you have not a heart to say with David, the sweet singer of Israel, "Come and hear, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare unto you what he hath done for my soul;" and with others, also, who mount up, as on eagle's wings—run and are not weary, walk, and faint not—what is the cause? Why are your lips closed in social meeting for worship, conference, prayer and praise, and in the great congregation?

David embraced every suitable opportunity to speak of God's special goodness and mercy to his own soul, in public assemblies, in the great congregations:

"Let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing. Let them also exalt him in the congregation of the people, and praise him in

the assembly of the elders." "O that man would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."—Psa. cvii. 21.

We should praise God, not merely for his goodness and greatness, his glorious character, his natural and moral attributes and perfections, but because of his *special* goodness to *us* as sinners, his long-suffering and forbearance, his mercy and saving grace, his infinite love in providing salvation through Jesus Christ.

Once more, praising God is not only a delightful privilege, a source of infinite blessedness, but it is a positive duty. The command is, "Rejoice in the Lord always;" "Rejoice evermore,—in every thing give thanks;" "Praise the Lord at all times;" "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands." It is as much our duty to praise God, as it is to give alms, feed the hungry, clothe the naked; to do justice, love mercy, walk humbly, or to abstain from evil, theft, robbery, murder, adultery. The command in the one case is equally positive as in the other.

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue."

Beloved, if your soul is not alive in God,—on fire for an increase of faith, love, hope, and joy; if you cannot say, with the Psalmist, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God;" there is a reason for it. Is there a dumb devil to be cast out, ere your lips are open wide in God's praise? Is this dumbness or silence in the house of God, owing to an unholy life—your inconsistent daily walk—your love of gain, worldly pleasure, or worldly conformity? Is it in consequence of giving loose to passion or appetite—the neglect of any positive duty? refusing to "cry aloud and spare not"?—shunning to declare *all* the words of this life, or the seeking the praise of men more than the praise of God? No wonder your lips are closed, if you are trying to serve

two masters—carry the world in one hand and religion in the other! No wonder you are twice dead—plucked up by the roots—if you let down the watch-tower, neglect your Bible, your closet, and family prayer, and suffer sin to rest upon your neighbor! To have a lively, joyful, soul-cheering, Christian experience, we must live for it, pray for it, strive for it, be willing to die for it; take the cross daily; deny ourselves all ungodliness, and worldly lusts; live soberly, righteously and godly; do justice, love mercy, walk humbly; be temperate in all things; “present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service;” “Abstain from all appearance of evil.” “If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things.” “I will wash my hands in innocency,” says David, “so will I compass thine altar, O Lord, that I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.”—xxvi. 6, 7. One special cause of David’s readiness to declare at all times what great things the Lord had done for him, was; he had respect unto all God’s commandments, meditated on his word day and night, and suffered not a wicked person to dwell in his sight. “He that worketh deceit shall not dwell in my house.”—Psa. ci. 7.

We take it for granted, that where no life-giving, soul-kindling experience is manifest,—where silence on the subject of salvation is as profound as the grave,—there is a worm at the root—a dumb devil to be cast out. Se Mat. ix. 32, 33.

“When God commands, we must take up
Our cross without delay;
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—
Can ne’er his love repay.” D. F. N.

How I was Saved.

REV. B. T. ROBERTS:

Dear Sir:—I feel to-day that I am all the Lord’s, clothed in the robe of Christ’s righteousness. And the life I now live I live by faith upon the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. I feel that I can of myself do nothing; but that I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me. Glory to God! His love

passeth knowledge. Perfect love casteth out all fear. I was living in a state of justification; but I knew that there was a higher state of grace that we ought to attain unto, when I received the following letter from my sister, and as it was the means of my seeking to be cleansed from all sin, and I thank His dear name, the precious blood does cleanse from all sin,—and I thought if you would insert it in the *Earnest Christian*, it might be the means—by the blessing of God—of stirring up some other half-hearted disciple of Jesus to seek that holiness of heart, without which no man shall see the Lord. Praying that God may bless you more and more in your efforts to spread the truth as it is in Jesus, I remain yours,

Very respectfully,

ELEANOR S. ADAMS.

ORCHARD HILL FARM, Ontario, March 1.

MY DEAR SISTER SUSIE:

I write to you to-day with great joy—that joy which is of Christ our Lord. Oh, what a happy time we have had here, for the precious Saviour hath given unto us, by His Holy Spirit, that perfect love which casteth out all fear. And now there is no more condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. My darling seek after it: for God says, without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Laying aside every weight, let us run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus. How shall we, who are dead to the world, live any longer therein? If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. And have not we loved the world, and the things of the world, professing to be God’s children, yet doing our own will? If any man loves *me* he will keep my commandments. And, oh, how we have neglected them! We are to take up our cross, and to follow Him through good and evil report. We are to work for God. Christ says to his disciples, If any man gathereth not with me, he scattereth abroad. And so it is: we must work for God, and we must let our light so shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is heaven. We are to come out from the *world*, to be separate from the world, a pe-

culiar people unto the Lord, walking in newness of life.

Oh, sister, how different I see now! How different the Bible seems to read, now that God hath in His mercy opened mine eyes to see the things as they are contained in His law. I was awakened to see my utter delusion by reading the *Earnest Christian*. Thanks be to God, there are yet seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. There are yet earnest Christians in the world who are doing their Master's will. And do you know, Susie, the first thing I was commanded to do, was to give up my curls. It was in vain I pleaded to my conscience, that I must do up my hair some way, why not that way as well as any other? And the Spirit said, Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. And I said, Some other time, Lord, I'd give up curls; when I came from Alice's—I must curl it there: what would they think? But my answer was, *now*. But I would not obey *yet*.—Oh, the hardness of the natural heart! I put it up that night, to prepare for Bella's coming; and then I knelt to *pray*, and like a clap of thunder the voice came to me, Do you mock me with the sacrifice of *fools*? and I couldn't speak for a minute. I thank God he did not strike me dead for my disobedience. And it was not till I could say, Lord, I will give up *everything* for Thee, to labor or be spent for thee, only that thou be glorified, that I found the peace of God which no man can take away.

Great peace have they who love Thy law, oh Lord, and nothing shall offend them.—It has been perfect love since: no fear, for he that feareth is not made perfect in love. And, leaving the things that are behind, I am pressing on to know more of God, and to work for Jesus; and even now it has not been in vain.

Annie W. came out with us last Friday, and at night, by the grace of God, I was enabled to speak to her of Jesus' love, and she was enabled to put her trust in the Saviour, and to give up her all for Christ be-

fore we went to sleep. You may be sure, Susie, we were a happy house on the Saturday. On Sunday she stayed to Class, and told her mother as soon as she went in.—“Mother,” she said, “I’ve found the Saviour,” bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit. And Robert, too,—the boy here,—has believed, to the saving of his soul. Oh, Susie, be up and doing! Truly, the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. The Master says, Go work in my vineyard. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be which go in thereat. Oh, let us work for God; and if we faint not we shall reap our reward. The Lord cometh to give to every man according as his work hath been. Let us be ready, waiting for our Lord. Let us hide no longer our talents, which He hath given for His work, that in that day He shall say, Well done. And tell father, too, to work yet for Christ and souls. They are starving, dying, for the true word of life. “And He sent out his servants into the highways and hedges to compel them to come in that His house might be full.” I can understand mother's religion now, and Wesley's, and the early Methodists, only seeking God's glory.

I have not yet been to uncle Daniel's. I was to go last week, but we were quite snowed up. I felt once as though I had better not go. But I asked the Lord, and I opened my Bible for my answer, and this is what met my eye, “Say not I am a child, for thou shalt go to whom I will send you, and shall speak these words which I shall give you to speak, and I will be with you to deliver;” and I asked the Lord would he give me their souls, and my answer was, I will make them of one heart, and “I will give them a new spirit, and will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and give them a new heart of flesh, and they shall continue in my statutes and ordinances, to do them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people;” and now nothing remains but for thee to go in the Spirit, and speak as the Spirit gives me utterance. Now, my sister, I must stop, though I feel I could write much more. That our Heavenly Master may stir you up unto every good word, and work and strengthen you with migh

n the inner man by His Holy Spirit which He hath given us, is the prayer and hope of your happy, happy sister,

ANNIE.

REVIVALS.

GREAT REVIVAL IN IRASBURGH, VT.—I was invited to this place, and came the middle of February, and continued the meetings for six weeks. When we began the extra services, there were not twelve persons in all the place who were clear in justification. Hence the work of repentance in the church was commenced and carried on until many were reclaimed and converted, who were but dead souls within its pales. Soon the sacred fire began to run, and sinners began to call on the name of the Lord, and many were saved. The report of the secretary of the meeting shows the names of eighty who have professed faith in Christ; and still many more, at the close of the meetings, were weeping on account of sin, and were earnestly seeking the Saviour. The preaching was the plain and pointed truth of God, proclaimed without fear of any; and on one occasion, while preaching on the General Judgment, some fled from the house in the greatest terror, fearing the great day of His wrath would overtake them ere they could get into the open air. On many occasions, the victory in Christ was complete; and our triumph in the rock of our salvation most glorious. To God be the glory, in Jesus Christ forever. Amen.

T. F. STUART.

WHITEWATER, WIS.—For the encouragement of the pilgrims, I would say, God has visited us with His great salvation.—“The blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, and the lame to leap as an hart for joy,”—all in a spiritual sense, I mean.

This Gospel of Christ is a blessed Gospel—a great salvation. “What a change His word can make, turning darkness into day.” Blessed be God! there are a few, even in Whitewater and vicinity, who refuse to worship so small a god as one whose height is only three score cubits, and his breadth six; but choose to worship a God whose “throne is in heaven, and whose footstool is

the earth,” and who can bring his people out of the hottest fire without its smell upon them. “Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name.”

Some forty or more, I trust, have been born into the kingdom through the instrumentality of the means of grace by us enjoyed, as a pilgrim band, having the form of godliness, and seeking the power thereof. Some twenty-two have been admitted to our communion as probationers, and a few others are expecting soon to be. A few have sought a wider door than can be found in our church. A number have been admitted to full membership, and a few by letter.

M. C. CLUTE.

LOVE FEAST.

MRS. ANNETTE GROVES.—To-night the Lord has blessed my poor soul, way here in the wilderness alone. I say from the depths of my soul, “Thy will, O God, be done.” I find it means something to say that when it crosses the last earthly hope and lays our Isaac upon the altar, but by the help of God I am enabled to say it. I thought I knew something about trials when I lived in the State of New York, but I knew very little what the full meaning of the words was, but O I want to go through with Jesus.

Coldwater, Mich.

P. A. PARKS.—Praise the Lord for his loving kindness to me. Under the labors of Rev. J. A. Whiting I experienced religion. Some were saved last winter. Praise the Lord! I said I would not live any longer for the world, and then I started for heaven. There I mean to land my soul before I ever stop again. I am determined to hold out to the end. What glory there is in serving Christ!

Ridgefield, Ills.

MRS. CAROLINE JONES.—I love the Lord to-day and all of his saints, of every name or denomination. Although afflicted, yet not destroyed, I expect when the last battle is fought on this earth for my Saviour, that I shall be enabled by grace divine to cross the river of death triumphantly, and be conveyed by angel hands to the land of light and glory.

EDITH HURLBURT.—I feel that Jesus is leading me by his blessed Spirit. Praise his precious name! It is in a way that I knew not of. I find that the only safe way is in keeping close to Jesus, close to his bleeding side, and following the teachings of his Spirit, which will lead us into all truth. I do find that the Royal way to Heaven is the Royal way of the Cross.—O hallelujah! I have been learning some wonderful lessons of late. My heavenly Father has seen fit to take me through the crucible, and I do feel that I am coming through as gold, purified. I can say, not as I will, but as thou wilt, O God.

Sodus, N. Y.

NANCY M. JACKSON.—For more than six years I have proved the blessed truth of God's word, that "If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin. Praise the Lord for the happy experience.

When I was seeking the blessing of sanctification the enemy tried to make me believe I could not keep the blessing, but O my blessed Saviour keeps me. I just put myself in his hands, and trust him, and he has kept me, and still keeps me every moment, saved from sin and self. Some tell us that the Spirit does not witness to this blessing; that we hope to find the existence of it in its fruits, but I bless God for the direct witness of the Spirit; that I received that for which I asked in faith, and the witness remains; not always so clear, yet never withdrawn. According to our faith, is the teaching of the word, and so I prove in my experience. By faith I received Christ as my Saviour from all sin, and by faith walk in him, and experience in my race the joys of the great salvation.

Meadville, Pa.

HANNAH J. BULL.—It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect. I never had a love for souls, to so great an extent as at the present time. My faith takes hold of God. My spiritual sky is clear. Hallelujah.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

THIRZA SPARKES.—I can say to the glory of God, that I live, yet not I, but Christ in me. I feel, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." The will of God is precious to me, because I have been redeemed.—Nothing in this lower world—no power of Satan can stop me or keep me from obeying God. The wisdom and prudence of this world are foolishness and ignorance in the sight of God. The holy war is raging. God is choosing out of the multitudes that are crying Lord, Lord, a valiant "three hundred," that will wage an aggressive warfare—putting to flight the armies of the aliens in the name of Israel's God. Lord help us. Amen.

Saratoga, N. Y.

MRS. C. M. CADY.—The testimony of my soul is, the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. I love the Spirit. I'll give more for it than for all the essays that can be got up, for the Spirit of God will lead us into all truth, and it is the truth that makes me free. I'll contend for it while I live, by the help of a risen Jesus. Give me Jesus and the cross, and salvation, and I will wait on the Lord, and renew my strength daily. I love the old paths, and love to contend for them, and glory in the reproach. The shrink is all out of me. We call for valiant-hearted men, who are not afraid to die.

MRS. J. C. MILLER.—Bless the Lord. I know just now that the Lord saves me fully. I do praise Jesus for a free, and full, and present salvation. Hallelujah! The praise and glory and honor all belong to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift.

JANE MILLER.—My sins are all washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Jesus is mine, and I am his. He gives me, this morning, the assurance that I have a mansion up in glory; and that if I will walk with him a little longer here below, he will take me home to glory with himself, "That where he is, there I may be also." Glory! It pays well to follow the Heavenly Lamb, and after his image aspire.

RACHEL JONES.—I am on the Lord's side. I am fully committed to do his will. He does save me to the uttermost. Praise his holy name.