

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

JUNE, 1869.

INADEQUATE PIETY.

BY REV. G. W. ANDERSON.

It is a deplorable fact that, after the lapse of many centuries, the Church should be only as a watch-tower on the verge of the deep, scarcely illuminating her own borders, while unmeasured realms of darkness lie beyond. There Satan has his seat. Many are perishing, not merely for lack of knowledge, but for lack of faithful dealing. Prof ligacy stalks abroad, and riots in the public ways. Oaths the most horrid, stun you in the streets. Drunkenness abounds. Lying, fraud, and robbery, are equally prevalent. Dancing-rooms, theatres, and rum-shops, are crowded. Sunday newspapers and vicious publications multiply, and are read by millions. Infidelity, neutralizing every relation between God and man, triumphs. Multitudes insult, defy, or forget their Maker. They employ His great name to strengthen blasphemies and emphasize imprecations. Because of these things, the land might well mourn, and Zion sit in the dust. "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" An increase of devoted men and women is needed. Not the mere extension of a name, the prevalence of a sect, the multiplication of proselytes; but of genuine converts, of persons who have heard the clamors of a guilty conscience, shed the tears of repentance, renounced the devil and all his works, fled for refuge to Christ, obtained the forgiveness of sin, and received the witness of the

Holy Spirit. We want such *living* stones to be incorporated into the spiritual building; such soldiers to swell the army of the Lord; such travelers to join our blood-besprinkled bands.

Many within the walls of Zion "are at ease." They are those with a name to live, while they are dead—ten-fold more the children of the devil than before they were proselyted to the Church. They dwell in a dark and cold region. They have a profession of religion, but none of its living principles. They have the form of godliness, but not the power; the shell, but not the kernel; the body, but not the animating spirit. Eternal things are not so interesting to them as things temporal. Carnal alliances have been formed. The broad features of distinction between the Church and the world have been frittered down to suit the tastes, pride and fashions of worldly people—professed Christians joining with them in their amusements, imitating them in voluptuous living, and rivaling them in worldly speculations.

The piety of the Church is far from what it *might* and *should* be; it is too occasional, external, superficial and sentimental. And yet the Church is boastful and self-complacent, imagining that great things have been done in organizing Missionary boards, planting churches, establishing Sunday-schools, etc.; saying she is "rich and increased in goods, and has need of nothing," and "knoweth not that she is wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Warm, vigorous and deep.

toned piety is scarce. Full-grown, well-developed Christians are rare.—The Church has need to acknowledge her deficiency, confess her departures from God, and “do her first works over again.”

“All seek their own, not the things of Jesus Christ.” They are wrapped in selfishness, which tends to separate. Religion is one, but the Church is not one. She is torn and rent by divisions. Christians provoke one another, but not “to love and good works.” They contend with one another, but not “for the faith once delivered to the saints.”—Their love must be purified, and intensified, till it shall destroy all animosities and jealousies, and rise above all earthly distinctions, so that they can “weep with those who weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice.”

How shall the lack be supplied so as to meet the demand? First the church must get under conviction. Christians must awake to the fact that they cannot do God’s work unless they are saved; they cannot enlighten if they are dark; they cannot warm if they are cold; they cannot fertilize if they are barren, they cannot attract if they are deformed. No one can impart what he does not possess. No one can teach to others what he has not learned once himself. *Conviction, consent, and effort* are necessary.

The church needs, not merely a *contemplative*, but a *working* piety. There are many who give money to sustain the Christian church and missionary projects (which is all right) and imagine that they can substitute liberal contributions for personal effort.—There are many here in the city of New York whom the writer knows, who think they are working their way to Heaven in this manner. God cannot be served thus by proxy. The church is not like a joint-stock company. Our individuality is not destroyed by being with the multitude. Each must do his own work, and do it with all his might.

Christians must learn that the wisest instructions, the largest donations, and even the most zealous efforts will fail

without corresponding conduct. We must be examples of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, and in purity. We must show deadness to the world, and sterling integrity: let men see that we believe and enjoy what we profess, otherwise our profession is a mockery, and our zeal a bonfire.” No resources of wealth, no pomp of ceremonies, no power of oratory, no grandeur of state will meet the demand. *Holiness, active Holiness* only will suffice.

Let Zion shake herself from the dust, break off her unholy alliance with the world, put on her strength, and the mouths of gainsayers will be closed, wicked men will be intimidated and subdued, streets now polluted will be cleansed, temples of Bacchus will be closed, and theatres deserted. “Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree.”

O! that the church would lay aside her sackcloth, and be arrayed in the beauties of holiness. O! to see Truth sit enthroned on her brow so that for purity, stability, and unity she might “be a praise in the earth,” then would she go forth to the conquest of the nations, “terrible as an army with banners,” “a little one would become a thousand, and a small one a mighty nation,” then would the beauty of the church be “like the olive-tree, and her smell like Lebanon,” the Gentiles would come to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising.”

FRAGMENTS.

HAVE I come into no company where I have not dropped something for good, and left some good savour behind?—*Alleine.*

LET me never fancy I have zeal till my heart overflows with love for every man living.—*Martyn.*

TRUTH and holiness are, in the Christian system, so intimately allied, that the warm and faithful inculcation of the one, lays the foundation for the other.—*Robert Hall.*

FALSE LIBERTY OF INVESTIGATION.

BY CLARK P. HATHAWAY.

THE true lover of liberty rejoices in the fact that this is an age of deep and searching investigation. The spirit of inquiry is so predominant, that our times are justly considered an era in the history of advancement. Art, science, and literature, are fearlessly criticised, with the object of bringing into stronger relief all that which is worthy, and for the purpose of exposing what is useless and vain.

Philosophical theories never questioned until lately—narratives and principles of science, seemingly fully established—have been proven to be without foundation. Errors, rendered venerable and sacred by age, have had their garb of seeming truth removed, and stood forth unmasked in all their native ugliness.

Relics of ancient forms and superstition, have been banished from intelligent communities. The adoration paid to the remains of antiquity has had its propriety questioned, and has, in many instances, been transferred to the more worthy productions of our own age.

Freedom of thought and action characterizes the nineteenth century. While we rejoice at this, we are deeply pained to see abroad a spirit of licentious investigation, under the name of Freedom of Opinion. This spirit rejects, with equal indifference, all that does not conform to individual taste and predilection, whether strong evidence proves its credibility or its absurdity.

Freedom of action or of thought consists—not, as some suppose, in the absence of all restraint; but in the right to be governed by equitable laws.

Some laws are as necessary to guide us in reasoning as in acting; as needful to direct in the investigation of religious matters as in political ones. Therefore, it is not liberty that leads a man to break away from all rules in conducting an investigation.

In observing different men, we find that this idea of freedom is varied.—

With some, it is the "furious, desolating despiser of all law," and is synonymous with licentiousness. This spirit is not productive of correct conclusions, but of serious and often fatal delusions. It is the destroyer, not of oppression, but of that which it professes to defend—liberty. It indicates a mind enslaved and degraded, instead of an intellect independent and elevated.

In religious investigations, this evil is increasing; for it is easier for men to break from the wholesome restraint of the laws guiding the reasoning faculties, than to distinguish clearly between the good and the evil; because the term "freedom" is more widely disseminated and lauded than its true character is known and its benefits experienced,—and principally because Christianity, being opposed to the natural instincts of the heart and the pride of human reason, men have too little desire to judge between the freedom of thought in matters purely speculative, and the just government of reason in the investigation of principles.

Infidel and Spiritualistic writers will take advantage of this false liberty of investigation, and by setting aside all rules of logic and sense, lay down principles utterly false—the substance of which is, that you are at liberty to receive testimony or reject it, just as you please. Hume laid down the proposition, that no amount of testimony could prove a miracle, because it was a reversion of the laws of nature. But the expansion of water at the freezing point is a reversion of one of the great and universal laws of nature: "All bodies expand by heat and contract by cold." Standing upon Mr. Hume's proposition, we could deny the evidence of our eyes.

This class of writers, in their productions, will tell their readers not to believe the views therein expressed, unless they are reasonable and fully proved. Thus they will flatter the vanity, by letting a man play the part of a judge. But the Bible gives no man permission to reject it. It demands faith in its doctrines, conscious that their truth is stamped in characters of living light upon their face. It does not take

away a man's power to reject it, but it claims that he has no right so to do.

The evidences of its truth are so numerous and varied, that it holds if a man does not see them, it is because he studiously avoids looking at them. It courts examination, but it will not receive captious objections. Its principles may be fairly investigated, but it will not suffer an attack.

It cultivates a spirit of inquiry; but the inquiry must not be conducted with the view of discovering seeming inconsistencies. Its invitation to all is, "Come, let us reason together;" and he who heeds it in the spirit of a true seeker after wisdom, will find the mists of doubt and unbelief vanish like the dew before the risen sun.

It is a mistaken idea, that a few self-sufficient men have, that the Bible restrains rather than gives liberty to the mind. No man knows what true freedom is, until he believes in, and practices its precepts. Look over the world. What nations enjoy the greatest practical liberty? What people are the most intellectual, and enjoy the greatest freedom of mind? Those where the Bible is received as a Divine revelation, and obeyed accordingly.

He who questions the truth of the Bible, is not actuated by a true and fearless spirit of inquiry, but by a malevolent spirit of evil. He is not independent; he is a slave. He is not wise; for, but mortal, he contends against an immortal principle,—with finite power, he wrestles against the Infinite, hoping with puny arm to topple down the mighty fabric of God's uprearing, upon which the storms of eighteen centuries and ten great persecutions have beaten, with none other effect than to strengthen.

A PILLOW FOR THE NIGHT.—To sleep well, lay these things under your head:

1. A precious promise out of Scripture.

2. A sweet verse of some evangelical hymn.

3. A hearty prayer to God.

4. A good conscience, purified with Christ's blood.

5. A feeling of forgiveness and charity to all mankind.

6. A resolution to serve God on the morrow.

7. A glance of faith at the Cross.

My Cross.

BY HATTIE A. WARNER.

I COULD tread Calvary's road,
It may be without trembling or a tear;
My heart, perchance, might lift the weariest
And falter not, nor fear; [load,
My hands might firmly grasp
The sickle bright, and labor thro' the day;
Or in the contest for the truth and right,
My feet might lead the way.

My heart would joy to bend
To the lone caverns of despair and pain—
Lift the benighted to the light, and bid
The hopeless smile again.
My feet would gladly haste
On missions of sweet mercy to the lost,
And win to blessed sunshine back again,
Flowers chilled by winter's frost.

But thus to wait, wait, wait—
To fold my arms and sit within the shade,
While thronging multitudes go hurryingly
In battle garb arrayed. [by,
Alone to watch and wait,
To see the flowers I fain would pluck, decay;
Celestial visions I would bring to earth,
Fade from the skies away.

To see earth-palaces
Crumbling to utter ruin in their fall;
The stars of hope that lit the smiling heav'n,
Darken to blackness all.
To hear my good defamed, [riven;
And speak not, tho' the aching heart be
Hatred and malice for my love returned.
Curses for blessings given.

Patience, O God! my lip
Would murmur, but anon I softly hear
Thy voice within my solitude, and know
That thou, unseen, art near.
And I will watch and wait, [still,
Passive, and trust thy wondrous wisdom
Until this human heart, thro' grace divine,
Hath suffered all thy will.

Kenyonville, N. Y.

LAY THE AXE AT THE ROOT.

BY REV. G. R. SNYDER.

WE have strong authority for comparing moral evil to a tree; and that the common sense, direct, and indeed only way to remove it, is to cut it down.—Matt. iii. 10. This doctrine runs through the whole Christian economy. The tree of sin in the human heart, is not to be killed by cramping its growth, or by lopping off the dead or exuberant branches. "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out," and "ye must be born again," point to God's way of curing human depravity.

The rum power is an evil tree—a deadly upas. It is of such conspicuous position, vast proportions, and blighting effects, as to have been pronounced, everywhere, a public nuisance. The law-making bodies of every civilized country, assuming this, have enacted laws to cramp its growth and circumscribe its poisonous effects. Yet how absurd have been the measures adopted for this purpose! The blow has not been even aimed at the root of the tree. Excepting a few minor cases, there has been no effort to cut it down. To prevent the worst possible effects, is all that has been proposed. What preposterous folly is this! First assume that a thing is an evil, and then license it as a means of curing, or at least, of diminishing it! He would be counted a blockhead or a madman, who, to kill, or even to dwarf a tree, should feed and water its roots, and carefully prune its top. Yet precisely this is the treatment this upas has received at the hands of our law-makers. The license system assumes that the rum traffic is a bad, dangerous tree; else why not allow demand and supply to adjust themselves, as in the case of legitimate articles of traffic? We concede, that the design of this system was to dwarf this upas, and diminish its fruit. It should have been to cut it down. But are its provisions adapted to secure its design? Enough places are opened, under the law, to supply all who desire

liquor. It imposes no restraint on the drinking propensities of any but children and drunkards. It does not even contemplate that those who are in danger of falling, shall be denied. When one is so diseased that the craving for alcohol is created, and so depraved that the will-power is destroyed, then, forsooth, he is to be refused liquor! Then it is too late. He will procure the means of feeding this fatal appetite, if to do so is within the range of possibility.—His ruin has been effected before the law proposes the least restriction. If all are not stricken down by the fatal poison of this upas, it is not because of any restriction in the license system. That provides ample facilities for ensnaring and ruining all the people, where it prevails. If to effect this had been the proposed object, means to this end could not have been more wisely adopted.

The traffic is licensed; and thus authorized and sanctioned, and those engaged in it endorsed and shielded, they do a lawful business. An ample supply is thus provided. None but respectable citizens are to be licensed, and they are to be endorsed by respectable freeholders, and to receive the license at the hands of the courts, councils, or boards of excise. The bloated and debauched victims of this licensed traffic, are not to be allowed to lounge about the places where their appetite is formed and fed. That would be offensive to customers who are yet unfallen, and might warn them to desist. If one of those who may be crazed by what he has obtained at a licensed bar, should become turbulent or pugilistic, he is to be seized and treated as a criminal. If another, wrecked in fortune, character and hopes, should show affinity for swinish habits, he is to be treated as a vagrant. Thus the system embodies every conceivable expedient for making rum-selling respectable—for misleading the thoughtless and ensnaring the unwary. By thus clothing it with all possible respectability, the roots of the tree are watered and manured, and its growth fostered. By keeping out of sight, as far as possible, the specimens

of its products, and treating those specimens as criminals or vagrants, provision is made for careful pruning. And these are the means relied upon for dwarfing this deadly upas, and circumscribing its poisonous effects! And this is the wisdom and humanity of statesmen and law-makers!!

Now this effort to regulate rather than suppress—to clothe with all possible respectability, rather than reproach by stigma—the abominable iniquity of rum-selling, is the very *tap root* of this fatal tree. Blows must be directed here if the axe is laid at the root, and to do this is essential to even the weakening of its strength.

And has not the time fully come to lay the axe at the root of this foul tree? Has not the experience of ages demonstrated the folly of expecting its destruction, or even dwarfing, by such absurd means as the license system employs? Kill a tree by nourishing and trimming it! What nonsense! Lay the axe at the root.

HATRED A COSTLY LUXURY.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

JOSEPH's brethren hated him; and, prompted by hatred, they sold him into slavery. But it was to them a costly hatred. It cost them some sharp twinges of conscience when they saw their father's distress, as he looked upon Joseph's bloody coat. It cost them years of disquiet, ere they met him in Egypt; for thoughts of their enslaved brother would come, though unbidden, to the mind. It cost them shame, remorse, and agony of soul, when Joseph made himself known to them, and showered his tears of forgiveness upon them. And after their father's death and burial, how miserable they were under the fear that now, as Jacob no longer stood between them and Joseph, he might after all take vengeance upon them for the wrong they had done him so many years before. Conscience, with her scorpion sting, would not let them rest. Theirs was a costly hatred.

And what was the cause of their

quarrel against Joseph? A little many-colored coat, and two dreams! How great a matter a little fire kindleth!—Quarrels that have drenched battle-fields in blood, and rent empires in twain, have originated from causes as small. And churches have been torn and divided, and the cause of God kept back for years, to the loss of many souls, by trifles even less than a little coat.

The writer knows of one church that was almost ruined—has not even yet recovered, though the event took place several years ago—by a dispute about a cushion on a seat! Trustees had solemn meetings—the entire membership excited and agitated—men and women of average intelligence leaving the church in holy horror (!)—and all the real interests of the church forgotten; and all because some one had laid a cushion on a seat to sit upon! Poor human nature! What an awful straining over a gnat, while the camel slips down like oil!

If you think you *ought to quarrel* a little for the loving Jesus' sake, don't quarrel about little things. But Jesus never said, "Go ye into all the world and quarrel for me."

Remember, too, that a *little* wrong done unto your brother, may produce a *large* harvest of sorrow for you.—Neither is there any excuse for wrongdoing—even though some one may have grievously wronged you.

"Why do ye not rather suffer wrong one of another?"

Trenton, N. J.

WHEN travelling alone we may choose the shortest and most convenient road, though it be somewhat slippery and dangerous, provided we are conscious we have prudence enough to guard against those dangers. But he must be a merciless and unfaithful guide, who, knowing that a number of weak, thoughtless children would follow in his footsteps, should choose a path, safe to himself, but in which it was morally certain that the greatest part of his followers would stumble and fall.—*Ers-kine*.

WILLIAM CAREY.

NORTHAMPTON, Eng., with its neighboring villages, is famous for shoes and shoemakers. Its shoes are worn in many parts of the world; and we are now to tell of one of its shoemakers, whose faith is spoken of throughout the world. William Carey was born in the village of Paulerspury, August 17, 1761. His father was a school-master, and gave his son a fair English education. At fourteen years of age he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker at Hackleton. But although he went to church, and knew a good deal about religion, he had not that knowledge of the gospel which gives peace to the conscience, and correctness to the conduct. He had many serious thoughts, but could not cease from sin. He was addicted to lying and swearing, and though he often determined to leave them off, he was not able; for he did not know the wickedness of his heart, and his need of a Saviour.—When in this state of mind, he was led to commit a trifling act of dishonesty. It was discovered, and the detection startled him. It made him feel how corrupt was his heart, and if God did not change it, there was no end to the crimes he might commit. He was in this way led to cry earnestly for mercy, and he began to read the Bible with an eager wish to understand it. Between what he knew beforehand, and what the Lord now taught him, it was not long before he was brought to depend on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation; and though comfort did not flow into his mind very fast or very plentifully, to his burdened conscience it was relief unspeakable to be able to “lay his sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God.” Though it would not be right to speak as if he had become all at once an angel, it is only truth to say that from that time forward he was a new creature. His master might have trusted him with untold money, and his tongue lost the evil talent of telling lies. His master died, and being by this time an industrious young man, the apprentice took

the business. He also married the sister of his master's widow. This was a mistake, for he was only twenty, and had laid up no money. Besides, if he had waited longer, he might have made a better choice. Trade, however, was at that time brisk, and the young couple commenced housekeeping in a neat cottage at Hackleton; and for a little while all went as smooth as usual.—There was a honeymoon, and after that, the serene domestic weather, such as reigns where furniture is new, and young folks have not had time to prove the rough realities of life. But trade soon took a turn. Business grew slack; accounts were not paid; and a large order, on which many projects had been founded, was returned on William Carey's hands. His little daughter, Ann, was carried off by a fever. He caught it himself, and only recovered to be seized by an ague. And so, leaving his lonely wife in the little cottage, with sore feet and a sore heart, the sick tradesman tramped his long rounds in the neighboring country, selling off the remainder of his returned order.

In the mean while, he had begun to follow another calling. As early as the days of his apprenticeship he gave signs of his superior powers; and after his conversion attracted the attention of some Christian friends.—From reading his Bible, and a little book called “Hall's Help to Zion's Travellers,” he had become a good theologian; and this his acquaintances knew very well, though he was not himself aware of it. But his singular modesty was united to equal pliancy, so that if urged to do a thing of which he himself never would have dreamed, he could not refuse to try. At the time we speak of, when still working for his master at Hackleton, it was his greatest treat to go and hear eminent preachers. He loved the truths of God, and it was a feast to his spirit when they were able and affectionately set forth. On one such occasion he had gone to Olney to hear Mr. Fuller and another minister, and not having a penny in his pocket, he could not

procure any dinner, and fasted all day. But towards evening some pious acquaintances invited him with them, and gave him some refreshment, and then asked if he would come on the Lord's day and preach to them. The proposal was very startling, but the friends who made it belonged to the same religious body with himself, and urged the point so eagerly, that his scruples were overborne, and to his own wonder he found himself addressing a small Baptist congregation at Barton. And thus, without any ambitious aspirations on his own part, the young shoemaker found himself suddenly promoted into a preacher.

The gift of which friendly violence first made him conscious, young Carey continued to exercise with much good sense and simplicity. He had no fancy, and little fluency; but he knew the good-will of God in the gospel: he knew that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; and he could describe the devout, and pure, and benevolent life which the Christian ought to lead. And as his whole soul was full of the subject, he expressed himself in words plain and easily understood. Crowds never ran to hear him, but his homely teaching was welcome to many sincere and earnest people.

Mean while, the piety which took the pleasure from sin, was filling his mind with elegant tastes and intellectual energy. A minister lent him a Latin grammar, and it was not long before he acquired the power of reading books in that language; and then, in order to read the New Testament in its original, he set himself to conquer Greek.—When a boy, he had learned to delight in flowers, and used to fill with them every unoccupied corner in his father's garden; and now he had continued to learn a great deal about their different properties and beautiful relations. So that, as he wended along the miry roads, hawking his home-made shoes, but sometimes examining a rare plant which he had culled from the hedge-row, or sometimes conning a page of a Roman classic, and still more frequently revolving a Bible text, no prince in his palace was

conversant with matters so sublime as the poor pedestrian.

While so engaged, he was invited to become the pastor of a Baptist Church at Moulton, and also the teacher in its school. The people were very poor, and his privations were very great.—For a month together, he and his children would never taste animal food, and although he had abundance of knowledge to communicate, his school did not prosper; for he had never been taught the art of teaching. Here, however, besides the deeper well-spring of comfort he possessed in the faith of the gospel, he found a solace among his favorite flowers. His dwelling had no garden attached to it; but with the help of some neighbors he removed the rubbish of an old barn, and soon saw the enclosure covered with useful vegetables and blooming parterres.

And here, too, the idea came into his mind which is destined to render his name as perpetual as the annals of philanthropy. To his apprehension the gospel was identical with benevolence. Faith was the benevolence of God, admitted into the heart in order to create benevolence there. Christianity was the love of heaven let down into the soul, in order to go up again in gratitude to God, and to go out in good-will to man. And although many men had warmer emotions, few have been more entirely pervaded by the sentiment of the angelic anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." But when he began to explain geography to his pupils, and observed how small a speck is Christendom, he was oppressed with the thought of our world's overwhelming heathenism. And still more, when he fell in with the voyages of Captain Cook, and there found what idolatry really is, his spirit was stirred within him. Throughout all these mighty regions God was not glorified, and no man was blessed: while he still read in his Bible the Saviour's unrepealed commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." That command now laid like an incubus on his conscience, and the

desire to do something for the heathen became his master-passion. It was many years ago, when no missionary institution existed; and therefore it need cause no wonder that his proposal to send preachers to the pagans was received with much surprise, and a little mockery. However, the man is invincible who has a truth of God for his weapon, and a precept of the Saviour for his impulse. Thus strong, Carey was calm. He did not rush forth, like old Peter the Hermit, with screeching voice and streaming banner, proclaiming a crusade; but when he met with Christian friends, or was asked to preach before meetings of ministers, in mild and serious words he set before them the Master's neglected injunction.—And the consequence was, that first one conscience and then another was touched, till the Baptist ministers of Northamptonshire and its vicinity resolved to make a beginning. Accordingly, at Kettering, in October, 1792, a committee was formed, and the first modern collection towards the evangelization of the world was made. It amounted to thirteen pounds two shillings and sixpence.

By this time Mr. Carey had become the minister of an important congregation at Leicester; but the brethren, who were now imbued with his own zeal for missions, proposed that he should himself be the first to go forth on the great enterprise. It would appear that this was a distinction to which he had not ventured to aspire; but when the proposal was pressed upon him, the same compliant humor which made him a minister, now made him a missionary. As he declared in later life: "I could never say, No. I began to preach at Moulton, because I could not say, No. I went to Leicester, because I could not say, No. I became a missionary, because I could not say, No." Happy is it for men of easy tempers when such are the worst things they are asked to do!

But after Mr. Carey had agreed to go, the next difficulty was how to get away. The field selected was Bengal; but at that time the whole of Hindos-

tan belonged to a corporation of merchants, called the East India Company; and this Company had a notion that Christianity would endanger their Indian possessions. So nervous did they feel about the instruction of the natives, that they would not give Mr. Carey and his brother missionary a passage in any of their ships; and they were even warned, that if they ever got to India, they would most likely be ordered home again. Notwithstanding, Mr. Carey and Mr. Thomas resolved to take their passage in the *Earl of Oxford*, without the Company's permit, and hoped that they might be allowed to proceed unmolested. But this was not Mr. Carey's only trial; his wife refused to go with him. She did not share the missionary zeal of her husband, and positively refused to be a partner of his Utopian expedition. This was painfully perplexing. However, in the belief that she and the children would soon follow, and if they did not, resolving to return for them, Mr. Carey went on board; but while the ship was lying at anchor near Portsmouth, the captain received an anonymous letter from the *India House*, saying that he had received passengers without the Company's leave, and that if they were not instantly landed, information would be lodged against him. Consequently the missionaries were compelled to go ashore, and take all their luggage with them. Here was a sad damper; for a passage in a Company's ship was now hopeless, and, owing to the lateness of the season, it was not likely that any foreign trader would touch at the English coast that year. So, leaving their luggage at Portsmouth, the disconsolate missionaries returned to London. Here their first inquiry was whether any Swedish or Danish ship would sail from Europe to India that autumn, and to their astonishment and unspeakable relief, they found that a Danish Indiaman was hourly expected in Dover roads. They hastened down to Northampton, and now prevailed on Mrs. Carey to come with them. In twenty-four hours the whole company had packed up, and in two

post-chaises set out for London. Arriving there, they were thankful to find that the vessel had not yet arrived; and being only able to muster three hundred pounds among them, which was barely sufficient for the passage-money of two persons, while there were eight, they felt that God had given them favor in the eyes of the agent, when he cheerfully accepted it. "Within twenty-four hours after our arrival in London," writes Mr. Thomas, "Mr. Carey and his family embarked for Dover, to catch the ship in passing, while I set out for Portsmouth to fetch the baggage. It would be too late if I brought it by land; and it was so dangerous to go by water, that the boatmen refused large sums, saying the channel was full of privateers from France, which came hovering close on our coasts. At last, one man undertook to go in an open boat for twenty guineas. Terrified as I was lest the ship should pass, yet I refused to give this sum; and I spent two whole days in searching for a man, till a fisherman took me for nine guineas. In twenty-four hours more I arrived at Dover, having run through all the privateers in the dark, if there were any there, and met my brother Carey with great gladness of heart; and without any evil occurring, embarked on board the *Kron Princessa Maria*. There, indeed, we could not expect the captain to treat us all as passengers, or to be very well pleased with such a crowd of people, and so little money. But who can cease wondering or praising, to find the captain gladly receive us all with the utmost tenderness and concern, admitting all to his table and furnishing us all with handsome cabins?"

So poor were Mr. Carey and his companion, and so long was it before any money came from home, that for a long time they needed to support themselves by a small salary which an indigo planter gave them for superintending his laborers. It was hard to have so much time taken from the great business which brought them; but they felt happy because they were at last among the heathen, and even in their

indigo laborers they had a large congregation.

It was in the year 1793 that Mr. Carey landed in India. At that time he found two fearful obstacles to the conversion of the Hindoos: One was the wickedness of Europeans. The poor natives fancied that all Englishmen were Christians, and so it was very natural for them to fancy that Christianity was the same thing as ferocity, and drunkenness, and debauchery. Another obstacle was the opposition of the Government. Partly from hatred of religion, and partly from indifference to the welfare of their conquered subjects, the rulers of India resisted all attempts to spread the gospel; and the Governor threatened, that if he caught the missionaries, he would send them on board ship instantly. In order to give the natives right notions of Christianity, Mr. Carey thought the first thing he ought to try was a translation of the Bible into their several languages. And in order to escape the molestations of the English authorities, he retired to a little speck of territory a few miles from Calcutta, and belonging to the Danes, called Serampore.

In this asylum, and aided by the friends who successively joined him, Mr. Carey accomplished a work for which every missionary, and by-and-by the many millions of India, will bless his memory. Day after day, for nearly thirty years, he was engaged in rendering the word of God into the dialects of India,—Bengali, Sanscrit, and other languages, very strange and difficult. And in order to lessen the toil of succeeding missionaries, he prepared grammars and dictionaries of Bengali, Telogoo, Karnata, Punjabi, and other tongues. And then having got types and printers out from England, he erected a mission press, and, on native paper chiefly, threw off large editions of his Bibles and other books.—You would think it dull work to spend the long years in writing lists of words, or correcting proof sheets of barbarous print; and it was hard work to do it all on the banks of the Hoogly, where

the hot air withers the heart, and drinks up the freshness of the frame. Sometimes, too, he was tried by vexatious accidents; as, for instance, when the printing office took fire, and he had twelve months' work to do all over again, in re-writing the manuscripts which the flames had consumed. But in his "college" at Hackleton he had learned perseverance and patience; and, cheered by the blessed object in view, he toiled away, and never fainted, till he had seen the Scriptures safely transferred into about thirty Eastern languages. No doubt his aptitude for languages was remarkable, but still more wonderful was his industry. Although so yielding to the entreaties of his friends, he was inexorable to the entreaties of his own flesh, and worked on, though never so weary. In his own humble estimate of himself, he once said to his nephew, "Whoever gives me the credit for being a plodder, will describe me justly. Any thing beyond this will be too much. I can plod. I can persevere in any definite pursuit; and to this I owe every thing." So Herculean was his energy, that it required three relays of native secretaries to assist him in his daily tasks.

But it was not only by preaching the gospel and printing the Bible that Dr. Carey sought to benefit India. Like a large-minded Christian, every thing was important in his eyes which was likely to promote the welfare of its people. He was one of the first who moved successfully in order to put an end to those native enormities,—the sacrifice of infants to the Ganges, and the burning of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands. And in order to develop the resources of the soil, and increase the comfort of the people, he originated an Agricultural Society, and was for some time its president. So minute was his care in such matters, that he was constantly entreating his friends in England to send him out boxes of roots and seeds; and the pious scholar to whom India owes its Bibles, was also the florist and farmer to whom Bengal owes many of the vegetables and fruits of Europe.

"Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men." Time passed on, and the inquisitive lad who used to collect flowers and insects in the lanes of Northamptonshire, was a Fellow of the Linnæan and other learned Societies, and associated with the greatest of Eastern naturalists.—Time passed on, and the young cobbler who used to exhort the villagers of Barton and Olney was a Doctor of Divinity, and Professor of Sanscrit in the College of Fort William. Time passed on, and the humble artisan who learned Latin from a borrowed grammar, found himself the greatest of Oriental scholars. Time passed on, and the obscure missionary, who was required to skulk like a felon from the threats of authority, was the guest of governors, and one of the most noted names in India. Time passed on, and the penniless apprentice, who used to listen with lowly thankfulness to the unlettered preachers, had become the Evangelist of India, and the father of modern missions! What an example to our young readers, and what an encouragement to all,—especially those who have to struggle through poverty, obscurity, and difficulty! How truly might Dr. Carey have adopted the motto of his contemporary, the Rev. John Newton,—who, like himself, had been raised from a life of vice and wretchedness to "glory and virtue,"—"Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee."

But in the midst of all his fame and usefulness, he remained as simple and humble as if he still occupied the shoemaker's stall at Hackleton. He was conscious of his mercies, and on his dying bed said, "I have not a wish ungratified." But humility and thankfulness are as nearly related as pride and peevishness, and far from filling him with self-conceit, the goodness of God only filled him with surprise. In his will he directed that nothing should be inscribed on his grave, except the date of his birth and death, with the words,—

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

He died at Serampore, June 9, 1834,
aged 73.

WOMEN LABORING IN PUBLIC.

BY REV. J. FETTERHOOF.

UGHT women to take part in public worship?—to pray, and exhort, encourage others to love and serve God? We believe that it is not only their privilege, but also bounden duty so to do.

1. It must be admitted that under the Mosaic dispensation women were owned as Prophetesses, and took part in the worship of God, and gave counsel as God directed them. Miriam, the prophetess, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her. And Miriam answered them, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."—Ex. v. 20, 21.

2. The Lord made Deborah to have dominion over the mighty.—Judges v. 13. She was called a prophetess, and judged Israel.—Judges iv. 4. And the children of Israel came up to her for judgment, (verse 5.) She rose a mother in Israel.—Judges v. 7.

3. Huldah was a prophetess in Israel. The king told his nobles and the priests to inquire of God for him.—2 Kings xxii. 13, and they went to Huldah the prophetess, verse 14, and she said unto them, thus saith the Lord, verse 15, the Lord influenced her to speak, and directed her what to speak.

4. Anna was a prophetess. She departed not from the temple, but served God, with fastings and prayer, night and day. She gave thanks unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.—Luke ii. 36-38. Thus we see that under the old dispensation God gave of his Spirit to women, and made prophetesses of them, and directed them how to speak, and God's will through them, was made known to men, and God was honored. And truly God doth respect women as much under the gospel as he did under the

law. Therefore we see that in the days of the Apostles, there were women that were prophetesses. Philip's four daughters were called prophetesses.—Acts xxi. 9. Viz: they were teachers in the church. So says Dr. Clark. It is also said by the Lord that in the last days, (that is under the gospel,) he (God) would pour out his Spirit on his hand-maidens. Hence we see that God in giving his Holy Spirit, gave it equally to females, as well as males, and said they shall prophesy.

2. What did those women do, of whom Paul said, that they labored with him in the gospel; how could they have labored with him in the gospel, if they did not do of the same work, he (Paul) was engaged in, that is, urge the people to leave their sins, and receive Christ?

Of women employed in this work, were Phebe, Priscilla, Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persas, Euodias, and others, Syntyche, &c. See Romans xvi. 1, 2, 3: ix. 12, and Phil. iv. 2, 3. These women were assistants to the Apostles, and Persis it seems excelled some of the others. Of her it is said that she labored much in the Lord.—Rom. xvi. 12.

We learn from this, that Christian women, as well as men labored in the ministry of the word. In those times of simplicity, all persons, whether men or women, who had received the knowledge of the truth, believed it to be their duty to make known to others the work of salvation, and no preacher can do more than to exhort, edify, and comfort, for this is the prime end of the gospel ministry. But it may be said that if women are allowed to pray and prophesy in the churches, why did Paul forbid them,—(1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35, and 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12) to speak in the church. Answer, Paul did not forbid them to pray, or prophesy in the church, he only forbade them to speak, and usurp authority over the men. Praying or prophesying was not named.—The church at Corinth had got into a practice of speaking in an unknown tongue, 1 Cor. xiv. 2, it was not profitable, ver. 9, he did not want them to

be children in understanding, ver. 20, and especially he did not want women to engage in this work, ver. 34, but they may all prophesy, ver. 31, you may all prophesy.

Again, if Paul was not willing that women should pray or prophesy in the church, why did he give them directions how they should wear their hair, and dress, when they prayed or prophesied.—1 Cor. xi. 5. Would Paul contradict himself thus? O No. Therefore he says, "Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head.—1 Cor. xi. 5.

To prophesy under the gospel dispensation is to speak of the influence and joy of the Holy Ghost, and of future prospects.—1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25. It will cause wicked persons to fall. "And so falling down on his face, he will worship God, and report that God is in you."

Often have we seen the power of God manifested, under the pious labor and influence of holy women, hard-hearted sinners were brought to cry out for mercy, through the blood of Jesus. They have their influence, and may do good. O that all, male and female, that have experienced the power of the Holy Ghost in their souls, would stand up for the Redeemer's cause, in the church, in the streets, in the social circle, yes, every where!

Chambersburg, Pa.

IN CONFIDENCE.

It is a difficult question in casuistry—how far a man is bound to betray confidence for general good. Let it be considered what consequences would follow from a man's disclosing all the evil he knows. The world would become a nest of scorpions. He must often mistake, and of course calumniate. Such is his incapacity to determine what is really evil in his neighbor, and such are the mischiefs frequently arising from the disclosure of even what should in truth be evil, that he seems rather called on to be silent till circumstances render it a case of duty to re-

main silent no longer. But if this be his general rule, it will be his duty to observe silence much oftener in cases of confidence. Professional men—a minister, a lawyer, a medical man—have an official secrecy imposed on them. If this were not the case, a distressed conscience would never unburthen itself to its confessor. Incalculable injuries to health and property must be sustained, for want of proper advisers. This applies in a very high sense to a minister considered as a confessor—a director of the conscience. An alarmed conscience will unfold its most interior recesses before him. It is said Dr. Owen advised a man, who, under religious convictions, confessed to him a murder which he had perpetrated some years before, to surrender himself up to justice. The man did so, and was executed. I think Dr. Owen erred in his advice. I thought myself right in urging persons who have opened their hearts to me, deep humiliation before God for crimes committed in an unconverted state; but, as it had pleased Him to give a thorough hatred of those crimes to the mind, and a consequent self-loathing and humiliation, and yet to allow in His providence that they should have remained undiscovered, I judged that the matter might be safely left with Him. Yet there may be cases in which general consequences require that confidence should be betrayed. Such cases usually relate to evil in progress. To prevent or counteract such evil it may be necessary to disclose what has been entrusted in confidence; yet the party should be honestly warned, if its purposes are not changed, what duty your conscience will require.—*Cecil.*

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.—*Rufledge.*

STUDY to make the whole of your carriage and discourse amongst men so engaging, as may invite even strangers to love you, and allure them to love religion for your sake.—*Watts.*

THE HARVEST PAST.

MORE than sixteen years have now passed away since the occurrence of which I am now to write made its first impression upon me, but I am still unable to recall the scene to my mind without the most painful emotions.—There was something in that whole scene too horrible for description. And I would much rather, were I to consult my own feelings, pass it over in silence, and let a veil be drawn over it for ever, than have the recollection revived by copying the notes made respecting it. But several of my friends have urged the publication; and I yield to their judgment.

I was hastily summoned to the bedside of a sick man, by the urgent request of his mother. He was yet a young man, about 26 years of age, was married, and the father of one little child. I had never spoken to him. I knew there was such a man, but I did not know him personally. His mother, who was a communicant in the church, had often mentioned him to me; and his wife, who was a woman of very serious turn of mind, though very modest and reserved, had sometimes mentioned to me her husband, in a manner that showed me that his treatment of the subject of religion was a matter of sorrow to her. But I had no personal acquaintance with him. Whenever I visited the family, he had been absent from home, or intentionally kept himself out of my sight—which, I suppose, he had often done. Sometimes, but very rarely, I had seen him at church, not knowing at the time who he was; and I did not suppose he had ever been in church for years, till, when I saw him on his sick-bed, I recognized him as one whom I had seen in church, and had taken for a stranger. He was an industrious man, prosperous in his business, and as a man of the world bore a good character.

His father was a Universalist, and the son had imbibed his principles. I had known this before. His mother had mentioned it to me with much sorrow. She had also requested me to

converse with the old man, her husband, and I had more than once attempted to do so; but he very soon excused himself by pretending that his business was urgent, and he could not spend the time. I had also known him to leave the house and go off into the field, when he knew that I had called to see his family, and when he had good reason to suppose that I would request to see him. I have no doubt that he did this on purpose to avoid me. His son, who was now sick, had also, as I suppose, avoided me in the same manner. He still resided in the house with his parents, who had also another son, a lad about twelve years of age. These persons, with an infant child of the sick man, made up the whole household.

As I approached the house, I was startled at the groans of the sick man. I could hear them distinctly in the street. As I entered the door, his mother met me, calm in her deportment, but evidently in the most heart-rending distress. She looked the very image of woe. She briefly told me how her son was; and it was very easy to perceive that she expected he would die. She did not wish him to know that I had come at her request. She had not told him that I was coming. But she desired me to go in immediately, and converse with him, and pray with him.

As I entered the sick man's room, and as she called my name and told him that I had come to see him, he cast a sudden look at me, appeared startled, and turned his face towards the wall, without uttering a word—as if he regarded me with horror. I approached him familiarly, and kindly offered him my hand, which he seemed reluctant to take, and, feeling his feverish pulse, aimed to sooth him as much as I could.

He had been taken suddenly ill with a fever, accompanied with violent pain in the chest, back, and head. He was in the most excruciating agony, tossing from side to side, and his groaning and shrieks would have pierced any heart. He was a large, robust man, and his whole appearance indicated a vigor of constitution seldom equaled. His gigantic frame was yet in its full strength,

and as he writhed in his spasms of pain, I thought I had never seen such an instance of the power of disease. This man of might was shaken and tossed like a helpless leaf.

When he became a little more quiet, I inquired about his sufferings, and aimed to soothe and encourage him, expressing the hope that he might soon be relieved. In an accent of intolerable agony, he exclaimed—"O! I shall die! I shall die!"

"I hope not," said I, "by this sickness. I see no reason why you should not get well. And I think the doctor will be able to relieve you in a few hours."

"The doctor has done what he could," said he, "my time has come! I cannot live! O! I shall die!" And raising himself up suddenly, leaning for a moment upon his elbow, he threw himself back upon the bed and drew the covering over his face, holding it there with both his hands.

I again attempted to soothe his agitation, gently requesting him to be as quiet as possible, and assuring him I did not think that the doctor regarded his case as hopeless. Whether he gave any attention to my words, I could not tell; for he kept his head buried in the bed-clothes, and firmly resisted the gentle attempts of his wife and his mother to remove them. In this manner he lay for several minutes, still groaning as in agony. I asked him several questions, but he made me no answer.

Thinking that perhaps he might feel embarrassed at my presence, after speaking to him for a few moments, I took my seat in another part of the room, and conversed familiarly with his wife and his mother, aiming to remove his embarrassment, if he had any, by proposing something for his relief, and by such an ease and familiarity as should lead him to regard me as a friend. This had the desired effect. He gradually removed the bed-clothes from his burning face, and attentively listened to our conversation. With an imploring and despairing look he stared at his wife, and then his mother. Time after time, his fixed gaze was turned from the one

to the other; but I noticed his eyes never rested on me. He seemed to avoid looking at me. If his mother or his wife spoke, his eyes would turn upon them at the sound of the voice; but if he heard a word from me, he did not notice me at all.

I had retired from his bedside and taken my seat by the window, as I thought that would be a more delicate mode than to stand by him, at least for a few minutes. He became more composed, and entirely still. After he had uncovered his face and listened for a few minutes, I rose to approach him. His mother, anticipating my design, and as I thought sensible of his reluctance to speak to me, rose and approached him before me. Calling him gently by name, she told him that I had come to see him, and inquired if he "would not like to have me pray with him." Instantly, stretching both his hands towards the heavens, he raised himself on his bed, and holding his hands still aloft, as far as he could reach, he uttered the single syllable, "Oh!" with a dreadfulness of accent and a prolongation of the sound, which made my blood curdle in my veins. His wife and mother turned pale—the former sinking into a chair from which she had just risen. This sudden and singular action of the sick man led me to believe he was in an agony of mind. It did not seem like the action of bodily distress. It was altogether different.—Thinking it the best way to induce him to express his feelings to me, I inquired:—

"Has your pain returned?"

Still holding his hands aloft, and without looking at me, he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, "Oh! oh! oh!"

"Are you in great pain?" I asked.

Another groan was his only answer.

"I am sorry to find you so ill," said I.

He uttered another groan—a dreadful shriek!

His wife, sobbing aloud, left the room.

I then said to him, "God is merciful. He is the hearer of prayer; and if you are"—

"Oh!" was the dreadful sound from

his quivering lips which interrupted me; it was a shriek, which rang through the house; and every one of the family hurried into the room where he was.—Among others was his little brother, who was the only one he seemed to notice. He glanced once or twice at him, and thinking he was about to speak to him, I remained silent. As he sat erect in his bed, with his hands stretched aloft to the utmost of his power, his eyes fixed on vacancy before him, and his lips uttering only his dreadful monosyllable, as a scream apparently of horror, he was the most pitiful object my eyes ever beheld.

"Shall I pray with you?" said I.

He flung himself back violently upon his bed, turned his face from me towards the wall, and again drew the clothes over his head. We knelt by his bedside, and continued sometime in prayer. He had not spoken to me at all; but it appeared to me that his agony was quite as much mental as bodily; and I aimed to pray in such a manner, that he might be soothed and encouraged by the idea of the mercy of God towards sinners, through our Lord Jesus Christ. During prayer he remained entirely still; but I could distinctly hear his deep breathing, and feel the bed shake, as a long breath rushed from his lungs. I continued in prayer some six or eight minutes, I suppose, longer than I should have done, had not this exercise appeared to quiet him, and had it not been the only mode by which I appeared to be able to make any religious idea find access to his mind.

When we arose from our knees, his face was uncovered; and turning his eyes upon me, then upon his mother, then back upon me again, he seemed to be on the point of speaking to me, and I stood by him in silence. With a look and tone of decision he exclaimed, as he fixed his eyes firmly upon me—

"It will do no good to pray for me, sir."

I waited for him to say more, but as he did not appear to be inclined to do so, I replied:—

"God is the hearer of prayer: he has encouraged us to pray to him—he has not said that it will do no good to pray."

"My day has gone by!" said he.—
"It is too late for me!—it is too late!"

"No, sir; it is *not* too late. If you want God's mercy, you may have it. God himself says so; 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'—You ought to think of the death of Christ for sinners, of the mercy of God."

"*Mercy! Mercy!*" he vociferated; "that is what makes my situation so dreadful! I have despised mercy! I have scoffed at God! I have refused Christ! If God was only *just*, I could bear it. But now the thought of his abused mercy is worst of all! There is *no mercy* for me any longer! For years I have refused Christ! My day has gone by! I am lost! I am lost!"

"You think wrong," said I, "God has not limited his invitations. Christ says, 'Come unto me *all ye* that labor and are heavy laden.'"

"My day has gone by!" said he.

"No; it has not," I replied, in a voice as firm as his own, "behold *now* is the accepted time—*now* is the day of salvation."

"That is not for *me*!" said he: "I have had my time and lost it! I have spent all my time for nothing! I have been a fool all my days, and now I am dying! I have sought for nothing but this world! I have refused to attend to God, and now he has taken hold of me, and I cannot escape!" (The family, much affected, retired from the room.)

"You have time still to seek him, to repent and flee to Christ. You have time *now—to-day*. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Pray to God. You may be saved."

"You think so," said he; "but I know *better*—I *know* better! It is too late! I am dying, sir!"

"Christ accepted the dying thief," said I. "God is so rich in mercy, that he pardons sinners at the eleventh hour."

"The eleventh hour is past!" said he. "This is the *twelfth* hour! God's

time of vengeance has come! I have had my time and lost it! It is all gone! I have loved the world only, and now I must leave it! Oh! fool! fool! What is the world to me?—Oh! how could I live so? I have been a fool all my days!"

He uttered these desponding expressions in the most firm and decisive tone. And as I was aiming to convince him of the mercy of God, and referring to the Scriptures, all I could say did not seem to weigh a feather with him.

His wife and his mother hearing our conversation, had returned to the room, and seated themselves in silence at a distance from his bed. And just as he was uttering some exclamations about his love of the world, and his folly, his father entered the room, and hearing his expressions for a little while, he approached the bed, saying to him:—

"Why, you need not feel so bad: you have never done any hurt to any body."

"*Don't talk to me, father,*" said he, in a tone of authority, or rather of hatred and anger. "You have been my worst enemy! You have ruined me! You led me to disobey God, and neglect the Bible! You led me into sin when I was only a little boy! You took me off to fish and hunt, Sundays, and stroll around the fields, when mother wanted me to go to church. You told me there was no hell, that all men would be saved. *And don't come here to try to deceive me any longer! You have done your work! You have been my ruin!* Oh! if I had minded mother, and not you, I should not have come to such an end! Don't cry, mother, don't cry so"—(he heard her sobbing.) "You are a good woman; you have nothing to be afraid of. God will take care of you. Don't cry so. Oh! I would give a *thousand worlds*, if I owned them, to have your religion—or any part of it—or any thing like it! I am lost! You told me, father, there was no hell, and I tried to believe it. I joined you in wickedness, when I knew better. I have laughed at hell; and now hell laughs at me! God will punish sinners! He has taken hold of

me, and I cannot get out of his hands!"

His father attempted to say something to him; but the son would not allow him to finish a single sentence. The moment he began to speak, the son exclaimed:—

"*Quit, father! Don't talk to me!* Your lies cannot deceive me any longer! You have ruined my soul! Where is my brother?"

As he made this inquiry, his wife rose, and coming near to the bedside replied:—

"He is out in the garden, I believe. What do you want of him? shall I call him?"

"Yes; call him. He is young. I want to tell him not to believe what father says to him—not to be influenced by him. He will lead him to hell. Now, when he is young, I want him to know that what Universalists say is false. I don't want him to be led into sin, as father led me. I want him to believe what mother says to him, and read the Bible, and pray, before praying is too late, and not break the Sabbath-day, and attend church; so that he may not die as I am dying."

"His father, looking at me, remarked:—

"He has had so much fever and pain his mind is not regular."

"Father! *I am no more crazy than you are!* You need not deceive yourself with that notion! But you are not deceived. You know better. You try to deceive yourself, just as you try to believe there is no hell. You pretend that all men will be saved; but you don't believe it. You led me to talk in the same way, and laugh at the warnings in the Bible against sinners. When I was a little boy, you began to lead me into sin! Don't come here to torment me with your falsehoods now when I am dying!"

At this moment, his little brother, about twelve years of age, whom he had asked for, entered the room. Calling him by name, and looking tenderly upon him, vastly different from the look he had just bent upon his father, he said:—

"Come here, my brother. I am go-

ing to die very soon; and I want to tell you something. I want you should remember it after I am dead. You are young now, and I want you to begin to live in the right way, I have been a very wicked man. Don't do as I have done. Read the Bible. Never swear, nor take God's name in vain. Always go to church on Sundays. Always mind what mother says to you. Father will lead you into a very bad way, if you are not very careful. He led me into sin when I was a little boy like you. He has led me to ruin, because I was fool enough to yield to him. If I had done as mother wanted me to, I might have died in peace. She is a good woman. Don't cry, mother, do not cry so:—(sobbing aloud, she left the room.) "If father ever says there is no hell for the wicked, don't believe him. There is an awful hell! Remember that I told you so, when I was dying! If father ever says, that all men will be saved, never believe a word of it. The wicked will be turned into hell! Dear boy! It is a pity that he should be led to ruin. Never believe what the Universalists say. Believe your mother; and don't let father lead you into sin. Be a good boy. If I could live, I would tell you more another time. But I must die!"

The young brother had stood by him weeping, manifestly struggling hard to control his emotions, till, entirely overcome, he cried aloud in a burst of grief, and rushed out of the room.

While he was talking to his little brother, the father listened for a time, apparently unmoved, and then, with a sort of stealthy tread, went out.

It was one of the most affecting scenes. His mother, who had returned again to the room, his wife, and myself, subdued to tears, sat for some time in silence. It was enough to melt a heart of rock. But the sick man never shed a tear. I had hoped, when he spake so tenderly to his mother, and when he began to talk so affectingly to his little brother, that his own sensibilities would have been excited in a tender manner, and be a means of overcoming the stern and

dreadful stubbornness of his resolute despair. But there was none of this. His voice never faltered. His eye never moistened. His burning brow never quivered.

I again attempted to converse with him; but he manifested no disposition to hear me. He did not even reply to any question. Recollecting how he had appeared a little while before, when I prayed by his side, I proposed to him, that I would make a short prayer with him, before I left him.

"Not here," said he, firmly. "Pray in the other room, if you wish to pray. Do not pray here. I cannot pray, and I will not pretend it. I am beyond praying. My day is gone by! The harvest is past! Mother, I wish you would go into the other room, if you want to pray."

We retired to another room where we found his father, who had probably heard all we had said. The old man appeared to be unaffected. And when I spake to him about the necessity of preparation for death, he seemed as indifferent as a stone. As the rest of us kneeled in prayer, he sat looking out of the window.

Before I left the house, I returned again to the room of the sick man.—He appeared very uneasy and restless, but I did not think his pain was bodily. The doctor came in, felt his pulse, asked some questions, prescribed for him; and saying he thought he would be better to-morrow," left him.

"I shall be dead to-morrow," said he, firmly, without changing his position, or appearing to regard the presence of any one.

Briefly assuring him of the mercy of God, the readiness of Christ to save him, and exhorting him to prayer, I bade him good-bye (to which he made no answer), and left him.

After I was gone (as I afterwards learned), he remained very silent, seldom even replying to any question, but from time to time tossing from side to side, and groaning aloud. His father brought him a paper (as I was told), which he wished him to sign as his will. He refused to sign it. Again

the father brought it. It was read to him. Witnesses were called. He refused to sign it. Again the father brought it. "Father," said he, fiercely, "you have led me into sin, into the snares of the devil; you have ruined me for ever! And now you want me to sign that paper, to take away from my wife and child all their support! *You know* it would not be right for me to sign it. Take it away!"

Repeatedly during the night his father urged him to sign that will. He steadily refused to do so, and sometimes stated the reasons for his refusal. But at last the son signed it, wearied out with the ceaseless importunity, unconscious of what he was doing. Be this as it may, the will was set aside afterwards by the court.

Early the next morning I returned to see him. The doctor had just left him, still giving his friends encouragement that he would recover, though he said he had "not expected to find him so bad as he was, but his symptoms were not unfavorable." I suppose he formed his opinion without regard to the state of the sick man's mind; and on this ground I have not a doubt his opinion was right.

As I entered the room, I was struck with his altered appearance. He looked ten years older than when I left him the previous afternoon. He was evidently fast approaching his end. His voice was sunken and husky—his breathing short and labored—his strength diminished—his look wild and delirious. He talked incoherently, his words running upon all strange matters by turns, as I understood had been the case with him at times through the whole night.

He had manifestly some lucid intervals. In one of them I attempted to converse with him, but he did not appear to regard me at all. I offered to pray with him, and he answered:—

"Prayer comes too late now—the harvest is past!" He immediately turned himself on the bed with a distressing shriek, and lay with his face towards the wall: and a moment afterwards his lips were vocal with delirious ravings! I may not here record

what he said in his delirium; but it may be remarked, that his thoughts seemed to run much upon his father, in an unhappy manner.

I stayed in his room for a long time. When he had a lucid interval, I conversed with his mother and wife, hoping that he might attend to what was said, as he had apparently the day before; but he did not seem to notice it.

I particularly noticed his manner towards those who were around him, as I had done the day before. When his mind was not wandering, he appeared the same as on the previous day. He would not speak to his father but with great reluctance, as if he detested him. He appeared unwilling to have him in his presence. He would follow him with his eye, as he came into the room or retired from it, with a look of hatred. Towards his mother, his manner was entirely different. He spake to her affectionately. He would gaze upon her for minutes together, with a look of tenderness and intense interest. If he saw her in tears, he would sometimes strive to comfort her. He was manifestly affectionate towards his wife and his little brother. His eyes would rest upon *them* with a look of fondness, but fix upon his *father* the look of a fiend.

After I had retired from his room for a few minutes, we returned again, and I found him sinking so fast, that I thought it my duty to tell his mother and his wife, that I did not believe he would live out the day. They seemed surprised, and immediately sent for the doctor. When he came he found him dead! He had survived about three hours after I left him, growing weaker and weaker till he breathed his last, with the words of delirium upon his lips.

"When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sab-
And Jesus invites thee no more; [bath morn,
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare;—
Sinner, how canst thou hear the deep wallings of woe!
How suffer the night of despair?"

When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes, in the fullness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love;

Say, oh sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure;
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?
 Or bear the impenitent's doom!"

It does not belong to us to decide upon the condition of this departed man; but who would wish to die like him? "Let me die the death of the righteous; let my last end be like his."

I have no reason to suppose, that the religious character of the father was ever essentially altered. At the funeral of his son he appeared very much affected, and I hoped that his affliction, and the serious exercises of that solemn and tender occasion, would have an abiding and salutary impression upon his mind. But when I visited him the next day, I found him occupied with the papers of his son, and the will which he had induced him to sign on the night before his death; and though his wife expostulated with him against such an employment at such a time, he still kept on. And afterwards, till the day of his death, I never found any reason to believe that he ever became a different man.

But it was not so with that little brother, to whom the dying man gave such a solemn and affecting caution.—The boy seemed to have treasured every word of it in *his heart*. He was very respectful and obedient to his father in all things but one. In all that pertained to religion he was fixed as a rock against his father's influence. He would not be induced to neglect church or violate the Sabbath by any influence or authority of his father. Without explanation or words of any sort, he would quietly disobey him, when he thought his requirements were contrary to the law of God; while in all other things he was most respectful and obedient towards him. I knew him well for years. His Bible and his mother were his counsellors; the Sabbath was his delight. He sought the Lord and found him. And when giving me an account of the manner in which his mind had been influenced in respect to his salvation, he referred to what his dying brother had said to him. But he made

this reference with evident reluctance and pain, weeping in bitterness of spirit. I have every reason to believe, that both he and the widow of his departed brother are the children of God, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.—*I. S. Spencer, D.D.*

PLAIN FACTS.

BY R. A. HUMPHREY.

AN EVANGELICAL preacher remarked to me the other day, that he knew it to be a fact, that the life and power of religion was dying out of the Church. That the Church was too much given to boasting and vain-glorying. "See our fine churches! See our prosperity!—See the vast numbers who flock to hear us preach! See our colleges, our schools, our wealth, our influence!"

This, he admitted, was the strain in which they talk—himself as well as others. But he never preaches against these things. He sees the Church drifting to destruction, and lifts no warning voice. Why do not the preachers who realize this terrible fact, cry out with a loud voice? Why do they not set their talent, their power, and their influence, strongly against this incoming tide of corruption? Because they love self better than Christ.

Cannot the pure spirit of Christ leaven the whole lump in these latter days? We have no longer what Christ *said*, but what He *meant*. It is said, Money is power, and the Church must have wealth. Is it well to barter away purity, and the rugged strength which comes from humble godliness, for position in the world? "Ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world."

Shall we oblige God to raise up another Wesley, or another Luther, to keep pure Christianity alive in the world? God will take care that His truth and glory fail not among the children of men; but shall the Church become a hissing and a by-word, because she does not worship God in the beauty of holiness? God forbid!

Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

COMPULSORY VIRTUE.

OUR astute "friends, the enemy," very jealous of their liberties—rum-un-liberties, they might be called—sometimes put us through the "queries," as rigidly as the high-seat Quakers would a shaky member. "Shall a man be made virtuous on compulsion? Will you drive the grace of God into him with the butt-end of a penal law? or scourge him into the kingdom of heaven with a raw-hide?"

Very pertinent are the queries, O rummy friends! but their right answer is not one to justify the confidence with which you ask them. You anticipate a decided negative, and in that negative see the triumphant inference that all penal legislation against the vice of drunkenness, and the crime of liquor-selling, is an absurdity and an outrage. The decided negative you will get. We cheerfully acknowledge, that to beat any grace into you would be a hopeless task. But do not flatter yourselves that, because we may not compel you to be virtuous, we ought not to compel you to quit the practice of vice. What you are, or may be, is out of the province of statute law to determine; but what you may do, is precisely its function to regulate.

We do not propose to drive divine grace into you by penalties; but though you may serve the devil in your hearts beyond the reach of enactments, we would make it at your personal and pecuniary peril to do his service in society. You may think rum, and talk rum, and believe in it as in your guardian spirit; but when you come to selling it, the law should have you in its fangs.

Our laws do not seek, nor pretend, to enforce right thinking, nor right feeling, but right conduct toward our fellows and things dependent on us. We cannot legislate the sin out of your mind; but it is the duty of law-makers to wring it out of your fist. A man can keep his vile thoughts and libidinous fancies in his bosom—their own dirty nest—and brood them till he rots; but when he puts them into the market

to poison others, the hand of a faithful police is on him, and the fire purifies his obscene trash. The gentleman of the star and baton has done very little toward setting the scoundrel on the road to heaven; but he has done his duty, and protected the innocent from the lures of perdition.

Every organ to its own function; every man to his own trade. Penal law is not a doctor of divinity, and the bench is no pulpit; but, though the scoundrel is not whipped into heaven, he shall not, therefore, go unwhipped. We snap up the thief, not because he has wrong ideas concerning property, but because he has pernicious practices. His erroneous opinions will be attended to by proper instrumentalities; but moral growth is slow, and meanwhile we must make sudden interruption of his pernicious practices. The law must rough-hew him, before the moralist and divine can polish him off.

The villain who seduces unsuspecting innocence, or takes upon him the fearful responsibility of two or three wives at a time, is not brought to the dungeon and penal servitude for entertaining erroneous opinions on the subject of matrimony, but for putting his infamous ideas into practice. Against the sin of the heart the Almighty has set His penalty, and we will leave the victims there; but against the open act, we are to protect ourselves by adequate repression.

If men were more moral than brutish, the moral law would need no outward coercion to enforce it, and temperance would be purely persuasive. But while murderers and pickpockets and rum-sellers are in the brutal plane, and will not be persuaded, the iron grip of compulsion must restrain them. Fair words will go no further with a liquor-dealer, who, in the light of all history and science, continues his destructive traffic, than they will with any other criminal, any other destroyer of peace, property, and virtue; and why he should be exempt from penalties, and the rest of his vile brotherhood be subjected to them, is a problem of partial dealing that puzzles the honest man of sense.

Law does not arrogate to itself the title of moralist or reformer, but is only protector and repressor. It can not take the murder from a felon's heart, but it can take the dagger from his hand. It says, "I am well aware, O dexterous pickpocket! that you will not be a fit candidate for holy orders, when I have put a handcuff on your wrist; but, my mistaken citizen, you will, for the present, keep those sly fingers out of the breeches-pockets of my honest men; and meanwhile, it will give you time to reflect." Thus to these light-fingered gentlemen, and we say, Amen.

"Very far from the kingdom of heaven are you, my genteel burglar, though one of the cunningest, when I have you under lock and key, compelled to desist from your ingenious practices; and I do not propose you for immediate church-membership, but rather for the humble service of the State, in works more useful than agreeable, without consulting your fastidious tastes, though sincerely hoping it will be for your good."

So says the law to the burglar; and most men, perhaps all men not in the trade, say it is just. There is no cant about legislating him into virtue—a thing which no human law could accomplish.

Character alone determines your place in the moral world, but conduct must determine it here. The man who makes himself a nuisance is eminently subject to abatement, though his vicious liberties are restricted. Pre-eminent among nuisances is the dealer in intoxicating drinks. Society begins to rot around him, like potatoes in a bin round one that is decaying. Every crime in the calendar is nursed by his traffic—every misery augmented; and while he takes millions from the commonwealth, he adds not a penny; while he ruins millions, he makes no man better, or stronger, or happier. What sensible reason can be offered for punishing theft, incontinence, murder, arson, that has not equal force for punishing the fruitful incentive of all these crimes, and the source of a thousand-fold more wretch-

edness than these produce? No valid objection can be urged against penal laws for the suppression of man-killing by rum and gin, that would not apply with equal force to man-killing by steel and lead. The tools do not make the essence of the crime; nor does even the personal malice. Mere wantonness and reckless disregard of consequences, are as fatal pleas as *malice prepense*.—A man may scuttle a ship with no personal dislike to a soul on board, but only to get the insurance; but he would be a poor casuist who should urge his want of malice as a proof of innocence of murder. It may be a more cruel act to kill by slow poison than by swift steel; but the penalty for the milder form being extreme, there can be no discrimination against the more atrocious, since we have no charter to torture and rack the guilty. The rum-traffic murders by slow poison, and if not by *malice prepense*, still with utter recklessness of consequences to life, seeking only the gain. You hang the wretch who scuttles his ship and drowns his passengers, just for the insurance on the cargo and craft, but are seized with a sudden alarm for your liberties if he would simply wrest from the rum-dealer his power to kill and ruin.

If one sets fire to a house full of sleeping inmates; not one of whom he knows or cares for—without motive of hate, but only for plunder—you think a gallows is tender mercy for him; but if he only set fire to the bodies of the victims, and kept the house to pay for the ruin of the inmates, the transaction is respectable and the homicide is not responsible?

Now, we ask for impartial laws, that shall suppress crime, whoever be the perpetrator, and whatever the tools of his nefarious trade; that shall abate nuisances of every degree of grossness, especially the greatest of all—the deadly, poisonous, man-killing, woman-cursing, baby-blighting, and all-plundering liquor-traffic.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

God repented that he made man, but never repented that he redeemed man,

A PLEA FOR THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

"At the present day, the ten commandments are having a hard time of it," suggested a friend recently. It was an odd way of putting it, but the idea is important, and worth considering. Are these old mandates obsolete? Have the tables of the law become fossils? Is it to be deemed a piece of old fogysm to regulate our conduct by the ten commandments?

That young America does not like these antiquitated leading strings is sufficiently patent. Money and Fashion and Pleasure are very popular divinities, foisted idolatrously into the place where the first commandment puts the living Jehovah. The good old precept about honoring Father and Mother is tabooed utterly in many home circles. The Sabbath is kept holy after a very queer sort of keeping, and in a way that reveals the vaguest and loosest notions of sanctity. "Thou shalt not kill," as interpreted in the New Testament, finds many violators of whom our laws take no cognizance. And "Thou shalt not bear false witness," is conveniently ignored by many who would be shocked if their Christian integrity were to be directly questioned.

Would it not be well to give these commandments a little more airing in our papers and pulpits? Do they not need re-exposition and practical enforcement? Surely their observance has a very close connection with piety. Indeed, piety is out of the question, without faithful and constant effort to observe them. Yet we fear there are multitudes of professed Christians, who have little conception of the binding obligations of the commandments, and are utterly unaware how "exceeding broad" they are. Take this matter of bearing false witness. How fearfully prevalent it is in society. Downright falsehoods—deliberately uttered lies, embrace not a tithe of the violations of this law of God.—Truth withheld is sometimes a worse deception than a direct mis-statement. The essence of a lie is not in what is said, but in the *intent to deceive*. Ly-

ing hearts are just as much an abomination to God as lying lips. We may be liars, when every word uttered is the exact truth. We may be liars, and yet say nothing. A look may be a lie. Silence may be a lie. If we make false impressions, with intent to deceive, purposing to deceive, we are guilty of falsehood.

Yet think what trickery, what guises, what shame, what pretense, what withholdings of truth, what flippant misrepresentations, what so-called "whitelies," there are in the world! As if a lie could be washed to purity because it concerns a trifle? All lies are as black as the devil, who is the father of them. All liars, unless penitent and forgiven, shall have their part with him who first deceived the woman in Eden.

Yes: let us ventilate these old commandments. They are serviceable yet. If they are "having a hard time of it" in these days, let us see to it that their claims are more faithfully pressed to the conscience and the heart, and they doubtless will be given greater heed. The "go-easy" piety that makes profession of faith and love, without obedience, is of the garnished and sepulchre sort, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Send the ten commandments sweeping down through our hearts and lives, and many of us might feel to our hurt and healing, the force of their strong, broad negatives.—*American Presbyterian.*

THE HIGHER LIFE.

I MAY from new experience, speak of Christ to you. O, that you saw in him what I see! A river of God's unseen joys hath flowed from bank to brae, over my soul since I parted with you. I wish that I wanted part, so you might have, that your soul might be sick of love for Christ, or rather satiated with him.

Every one hath his set measure of faith and holiness, and contenteth himself with but a stinted measure of godliness, as if that were enough to bring him to heaven. We forget, that as our gifts and light grow, so God is gain, and

the interest of his talents should grow also; and that we cannot pay God with the old use and wont—as we used to speak—which we gave him seven years ago; for this were to mock the Lord, and to make price with him as we list.

O, what a difficulty is there in our Christian journey! and how often come we short of many thousand things that are Christ's due! and we consider not how far our dear Lord is behind us.

Happy are they for evermore who can employ Christ, and set his blood and death on work, to make clean work to God of foul souls. I know that it is our own sin that would have sanctification on the sunny side of the hill, and holiness with nothing but summer, and crosses not at all. Sin has made us as tender as if we were made of paper or glass.

Nothing, nothing, I say nothing but sound sanctification can abide the Lord's face.—*Rutherford.*

PRECIPITATION.

PRECIPITATION is acting without sufficient grounds of action. Youth is the peculiar season of precipitation; the young man's motto is "Onward!"—There is no such effectual cure of this evil as experience, when a man is made to feel the effects of his precipitation, both in body and mind; and God alone can thus bring a man acquainted with himself. There is a self-blindness in precipitation; a precipitate man is at the time a blind man. "That be far from thee!" said St. Peter; "this shall not happen to thee." "As the Lord liveth," said David, "the man that hath done this thing shall surely die."

There is great criminality in precipitation. A man under its influence is continually tempted to take God's work out of his hands. It is not a state of dependence. It betrays want of patience with respect to God, and want of faith. "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." It discovers a want of charity; in a rash moment we may do an injury to our neighbor which we can never repair.

There are few who do not feel that they are suffering through life the effects of their own precipitation. "He, then, that trusteth his own heart is a fool." In precipitate moments we should learn to say, "I am not now the man to give an opinion, or to take a single step."—*Cecil.*

A Quiet Mind.

"My peace I give unto you."—John xiv. 27.

I HAVE a treasure which I prize,
Its like I cannot find;
There's nothing like it on the earth:
'Tis this—a quiet mind.

But 'tis not that I'm stupefied,
Or senseless, chill, or blind;
'Tis God's own peace within my heart
Which forms my quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the cross;
And there, to every kind
Of weary, heavy-laden souls,
Christ gives this quiet mind.

My Saviour's death and risen life
To give it we're designed;
His love's the never-failing spring
Of this, my quiet mind.

The love of God within my breast,
My heart to Him doth bind;
This is the Peace of heaven on earth—
This is my quiet mind.

And what may be to-morrow's cross
I never seek to find;
My Saviour says, "Leave that to me,
And keep a quiet mind."

And well I know the Lord hath said,
To make my heart resigned,
That mercy still shall follow those
Who have this quiet mind.

I meet with pride of wit and wealth,
With scorn, and looks unkind;
It matters not, I envy none
While I've a quiet mind.

I'm waiting now to see my Lord,
Who's been to me so kind;
I want to thank Him, face to face,
For this, my quiet mind.

Editorial.

Worldliness.

WATCH against it. There is danger of its stealing upon us unawares. You may love the world, without being rich.—No matter how poor you are, you will drink in the spirit of the world unless you absolutely guard against it. Remember that, respectable as worldliness is, even in the Church, it is nevertheless a damning sin. The Bible says, *If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.* This is plain. Again it is affirmed, that *No covetous man who is an idolater hath the eternal life abiding in him.* But no one can doubt but that the love of the world is common among professors. We are liable to be carried away by the current. How may we know whether we love the world or not?

If worldly motives exert a stronger influence over us than love for God and His cause does, it is a sure sign that we love the world. Why will the invalid leave family and friends, and at a great expense visit some famous physician, and submit to take unpleasant remedies, and endure great self-denial? It is because life and health are prized more than ease or money. So, if one will give money for the rent of a pew which he would not give to have the Gospel preached freely to all, it is because he loves social distinction more than he does the souls of his fellow-men. So, church festivals are justified, on the ground that more money can be raised in that way than in any other. What is this but an acknowledgment that professed Christians love their own appetites more than they do the cause of God?

We always seek most earnestly for that which we love most. So, if you find yourself seeking after gain more intensely than you do after God, you may rest assured that you love the world. If you are ready to make sacrifices of ease and convenience to promote worldly interests, which you would not make to promote the cause of God, without doubt you love the world.—If you will take risks and assume responsibilities for the prospect of gain, which you

would not take in the cause of God, it is because you love the world. God is a sure paymaster; but the worldling, whether in the Church or out of it, does not trust Him.

Again: you may know whether you love the world, by the gratification which you feel at its possession. If worldly prosperity elates you, and adversity depresses you,—if your religious enjoyments fluctuate with your outward circumstances,—you are evidently a stranger to the joys of salvation. If you grieve more over the loss of property than you do over the withdrawal of the favor of God, it is of no use for you longer to profess religion. You need convicting and converting.

Examine yourselves carefully, then, at this point. It is a point likely to be overlooked. But it is, nevertheless, of the utmost importance. You cannot afford to lose your soul for the baubles of earth, which endure but for a season. Remember, then, that Jesus says, *Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*

Dedication at Brooklyn, N. Y.

JESUS requires every disciple of His to labor in His vineyard. He has no use for idlers. He calls some to preach, and others to procure preaching-places; some to labor as missionaries, and others to support missionaries. If all would obey the requirements of God, His work would move on in power. But many do not. They fail to do the work God would set them at, and so the devil keeps them busy, and the cause of God languishes. Many, possessed of means, instead of appropriating them where they will do most good, employ them where they cater to pride. They will expend a sum of money for a steeple to ornament a church in which the word of God is perverted to suit the tastes of the rich, which would, if properly employed, pay for a house in which the Gospel could be preached to the poor.

Brother Joseph Mackey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," is working in real earnest to do all he can to spread the Gospel in its purity. He has purchased

a church in South Brooklyn, the seats of which are to be free for all who may wish to attend upon the means of grace. It is a large, plain, convenient building, capable of seating, we should judge, some five hundred people. It was dedicated on Sabbath, the 9th of May. The editor of this magazine preached on the occasion, and the dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. Gould, Chairman of the District. The congregation was large and attentive. The meetings throughout were full of interest. There appeared to be deep conviction resting upon the minds of the people, and some made a start for Heaven.

The cost of the property—including an excellent parsonage and two vacant lots—was \$19,000. We learn from a letter from the pastor, Rev. George Anderson, that the church was well filled on the following Sabbath; a Sunday school was organized, and the prospect was very encouraging.—May God's blessing signally rest upon this enterprise.

The Earnest Christian.

The *Earnest Christian* comes regularly, and I would not be without it. I am a member and deacon in the Reformed Protestant Church, and think the *Earnest Christian* would do anybody good who desires to be a true Christian. Some think it comes out too strong; but as long as it speaks the doctrine and words of Christ and the Bible, how can it be wrong? I say, Let us have the whole truth, whether men will hear or forbear. We want it, plain and unvarnished, that it may carry us straight to heaven. There is indeed no half-way about this. "Whoso is not with me is against me," says the Saviour.

W. K. S.

Literary Notice.

THE OLD PATHS: or Ancient Sacred Harmonies, adapted to Congregational Singing, Camp-meeting Worship, Conference, Class and Prayer Meetings. Original and Selected. By Rev. WM. JAMES SELBY.

This is a new and excellent collection of old hymns and tunes. It is specially adapted for the use of those who worship God

in Spirit and in truth. The compiler says:

"The merits of this unpretending volume, over similar recent publications are: 1. A few of the best old tunes not otherwise published. 2. A still larger number, not otherwise published in a convenient form for general use. 3. Some of the sweetest ancient melodies, with their full harmony. 4. A choice selection of different metres, adapted to congregational singing. 5. A few original harmonies that have not before been published. 6. A few of the best modern melodies, not otherwise published."

It is neatly gotten up in muslin binding, containing 152 pages, and is sold at 75 cts. a copy. Let all the lovers of sacred song send for a copy. Address Rev. W. J. Selby, Syracuse, N. Y.

DYING TESTIMONY.

At his mother's residence, in Raisinville, Monroe Co., Michigan, a few days since, Isaiah, son of Isaac and Margaret Regal, passed away at the age of 28 years. He served in the United States army three years, and being wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and not receiving proper care, fell a victim to consumption. During the last year of his illness, he felt that it would be an insult to the majesty of Heaven to seek salvation through fear of death; but as his end drew near, his mother was moved with a spirit of wrestling, like Jacob of old, and so mightily did she wrestle with God as to prevail. Deep conviction at once arrested the sufferer's attention; and, thro' the counsels and prayers of devout Christians, he was able to cast his soul on the blood of Jesus. From his conversion to his end, he manifested great love for the followers of Jesus; and at his departure, his hope of eternal life was bright and cheering.

H. L. JONES.

Ida, Mich.

LOVE FEAST.

HENRY S. FORNCROOK.—O, how I praise the Lord that He ever converted my soul and gave me to feel His pardoning love!—I have tried to enjoy religion for several

years, but never got along half so well as I have since I joined the Free Church. I did not leave the Old Church until the good Lord led me to leave it. I had been praying the Lord to lead me, and my class-leader exhorted me to be sure and follow the Lord, and I said I would, by His help. Little did I think it would be in this way. I said, "Any way but this;" but at last I resolved to take the cross, though the devil hated to give me up. About that time, while riding along with my pastor, he began to talk in this way: "The devil is always around, trying to lead us astray." I said, "That is so, Bro. N.;" and said he, "The only way is to follow the Lord and let Him lead us." I said, "That is so; and I feel that He leads me over to the Free Church, and I would like a letter if you will give me one."—Now I feel that I can never praise the Lord enough for the grace and victory He gave me in that hour. Glory to God! I can say,

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to His bleeding side."

The good Lord is with us in Clyde—praise His name!

Clyde, N. Y.

MRS. M. A. WILLIAMS.—I am still in the narrow way. God blesses me just now.—My heart is cleansed from unrighteousness. I am glad that sanctification is free. I am free in Jesus to-day. I thank God for the *Earnest Christian*. It bears glad tidings to my soul. O, I praise the Lord for the old stamp of religion—a religion that "casts out fear." My soul is filled with glory—praise His name! 'Tis Jesus that has done it all. I cannot tell what Jesus is doing for my soul. I have a foretaste of heaven sure. I pray the Lord to let His power so rest upon the hearts of the professors, that the old cloaks may be laid aside, and their hearts filled with the Holy Ghost, and thus not be afraid to say, Amen! O, Lord, let thy power rest upon professors! Refining fire has gone and is going through my heart. I know he saves me.

West Windsor, O.

J. L. PALMER.—I am a Methodist of the old stamp. I feel to-day that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all unrighteousness—glory, hallelujah! Holiness is

my motto—glory to my God! I love the narrow way. It is a glorious road to travel in—glory, hallelujah! My feet are on the solid rock—glory to God! I shall preach holiness as long as I live—glory to God! While I am writing, I feel the witness in my breast that I am sanctified throughout, soul, body, and spirit—glory to God! Oh, how I can walk and talk with God, "Every moment, every day." Praises be to God for a complete Saviour.

Camden Mills, Ills.

W. M. PARRY.—My soul doth make her boast in the Lord. Though in the midst of conflict, I will trust and not be afraid: for the LORD JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He is also become my salvation. The Lord is with His saints on this charge. The holy fire is spreading, diffusing light and heat. Satan is stirred. Formal professors persecute the saints, and oppose holiness; yet we esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all this world can give. Hallelujah! Amen.

Windsor.

CATHERINE R. LAWTON.—I can testify this morning that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin—bless His holy name. I want everybody to know what great things the Lord has done for me. He has sanctified me, soul, and body, and spirit. How glorious it is to feel saved every moment! and oh, this well of water springing up in the soul! On the tenth of March, Jesus said to me, "Be thou clean;" and immediately the leprosy departed from me—glory to Jesus! Do you know how I obtained this great salvation? I will tell you. "This is my victory, even my faith." Now I am all the Lord's, to do or suffer His righteous will. The past is to me as though it had never been. I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. I tell you, brethren and sisters, this is a land that floweth with milk and honey. The giants are all driven out. Come up! You are fully able to possess the land. Bless God forever! I feel good in my soul. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his mighty acts, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Chicago, Ills.

MRS. SOPHIA C. CHILDS.—Through the goodness of my precious Lord, I am enabled still to give a positive testimony to His power to save to the uttermost. He is enabling me still to retain the lessons I have learned in the school of Christ in former days. Yea, I find the way just as narrow—everything excluded that will soil my white robes. The crowning is yet to come, but, praise God! we may be clothed in fine linen, clean and white, here, and be kept unspotted from the world. I sink down at the feet of Jesus in wonder, love, and praise, when I consider the manner in which He is keeping me in these days, deprived almost entirely of the fellowship of saints. Yet I do have fellowship with the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It is settled now for me, I will fully follow the Lord. Dear brethren and sisters, remember me at a throne of grace—especially those that will look on my name and recognize it.

Geneva, Kansas.

J. C. LAWTON.—Over at last. Passed through the Jordan of consecration, and entered the promised land on Sunday last, March 7th. Since that time, it has been victory and praise. The enemy assails me, but I am kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. "The altar sanctifieth the gift."

MARTHA P. AVERY.—Thirteen years ago, God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins. Glory be to God for all His goodness to me! I have been trying the best I know, to do His holy will. I feel that He saves me to-day. I have many friends out of the ark of safety, and I would beg as a favor the prayers of the Earnest Christian band, that God will have mercy upon them before it is too late. Who dare limit the power of God? If they are hundreds of miles away, God can touch that wicked young man and that proud young lady.

Buffalo, N.Y.

HARRIET HARVEY.—The blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin—glory be to God! I am happy in God to-day. I feel like going through with Jesus, with the glory in my soul.

WM. H. JAMES.—The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and is blessing the children of men! We do not have many luxuries here, but God has blessed us with a large secret closet among the pines of Isabella county. Jesus says, "Pray to my Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." I have proved Him to be true. When Satan, the Tempter, has come in like a flood to discourage and drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, how the Father has heard my cry! We have had a glorious time. The power of God has been manifested in the salvation of many souls, and still the work goes on.—Our incessant labor for the last four months has worn hard on the body—more so than when we halted on the banks of the Tennessee, after our long, hard march in pursuit of Hood. But Jesus is fitting us up for a new campaign. We have got the armor and the sword, and when our Captain gives command, we expect to move forward. We get our pay on the march. We'll end this war down by the river side.

Viola, Mich.

MARGARET WEIK.—The Lion of the tribe of Judah does prevail and breaks every chain, and gives me the victory—puts every foe to flight, and bids me undismayed go on, strong in the strength which God supplies. I do glory in nothing save the cross of Christ. I have the glory and triumph in my soul—hallelujah! I feel my dependence on Jesus as never before, and am proving him to be a very present help in every time of need. He is my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. I have the fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. I am one of those that shall come up thro' great tribulation, having washed my robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Oh, the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! His ways are past finding out, and yet how glorious! I am in the war to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life. The sacrifice is bound with cords, even to the horns of the altar. Praise God!

Lyons, N.Y.

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