

The Earnest Christian

AND
GOLDEN RULE.

JULY, 1869.

MIRACLES.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

THERE has always been a strong opposition to miracles. Hume maintained that they were impossible. He demonstrated, to the satisfaction of infidels, that no amount of human testimony could establish the fact that a miracle had ever been wrought.

All Christian writers are agreed that miracles were performed by Christ and His apostles, by Moses and the prophets. Catholics maintain, while many Protestants deny, that miracles still are wrought. Which is right? The answer to this question depends upon the definition that is given to the word miracle. Webster defines a miracle to mean, in theology, "an effect or event contrary to the established constitution and course of things, or a deviation from the known laws of nature; a supernatural event."

Watson says, "A miracle is an effect or event contrary to the established constitution or course of things, or a sensible suspension or controlment of, or deviation from, the known laws of nature, wrought either by the immediate act, or by the concurrence, or by the permission of God, for the proof

or evidence of some particular doctrine or in attestation of the authority of some particular person."

In this sense, we do not suppose that any miracle has been wrought since the days of the Apostles, or will be again until the close of time.

The canon of Scripture has closed; there is no new doctrine to be revealed; we may never expect another person to be clothed with authority from the Most High to make known His will to the children of men."—Rev. xxii. 18; Gal. i. 8.

But as the word is defined by Webster, or as it is used in the New Testament, we think that miracles may still be expected. There are two words in the New Testament, in the original, which are translated miracle. One is "*dynamis*." It is found in the New Testament 115 times. Nine times it is translated "miracle." In other places it is translated, "power," "mighty works," "strength," "ability."

The other is "*seemion*." It is found 69 times. It is translated "miracle" 22 times, "wonder" 3 times, and "sign" 44 times. But in most of these places, the word "miracle" would make equally good sense, and in all of them supernatural, miraculous power is implied. This then is, more properly, the Greek

word for miracle. It is found in John ii. 11, 23, Acts iv. 16, Acts vi. 8, and many other places.

That in this sense of the word the age of miracles is not passed, we think we can plainly prove from the Word of God.

1. It teaches that, in the latter days, devils would work miracles. Rev. xiii. 14—"And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast." This has, we think, reference to the papacy.

Rev. xvi. 14—"For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles."—This has, in our opinion, reference to modern Spiritism. The devil has too deep an interest in these two institutions not to exert all his power to uphold them. That there have been many pretended miracles, both among the Papists and the Spiritualists, there is no doubt. But all the claims to the supernatural among them, are not to be disposed of in so easy a manner as to ascribe them to imposture and delusion.

2. If God suffers the devil to work miracles to deceive those who love to be deceived, it is in the highest degree absurd to suppose that He would not Himself exert equal power in behalf of those who serve Him with fidelity. The words of Jesus on this point are very clear and explicit. "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any

deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."—Mark xvi. 15-18. There is no intimation anywhere in the Bible, that these "signs"—or "miracles" as it is in the original—should be confined to the apostolic age. There is just as much authority for limiting to that age the application of the truth, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Scripture must be taken with Scripture limitations, and with them only.

Let us notice this important passage.

1. It does affirm that every one that believeth shall be saved; but it does not affirm that *every one that believeth* shall have power to work miracles. It was not so in the apostles' days. It never was. It never will be. There is no promise to this effect in the Bible.

2. It does not state that the power to work miracles will result invariably from the most devoted piety. It is not to be prayed for: it does not come from seeking. "But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he"—God—"will."—1 Cor. xii. 11.

3. Nor does it affirm that those through whom miracles were actually wrought, could exert this miraculous power whenever they pleased. "These signs shall follow them that believe," whenever and under just such circumstances as God, in His Sovereign wisdom, shall judge proper. In one place it is said, "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."—Acts xix. 11, 12. And yet on another occasion we

hear this same Paul saying, *But Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick.*—2 Tim. iv. 20. Is it to be supposed that he would have left his friend in that suffering condition if he could have helped it? Would not Paul's compassion have prompted him to relieve him at once, if it had been in his power?

He who could lift a burden yesterday, can lift it to-day under equally favorable circumstances; but the supernatural endowments of the Spirit may or may not be repeated. They are at the disposal of an All-wise God, who giveth no account of His matters.

In our next we shall show the views of several eminent divines upon this subject.

TOUCHY PEOPLE.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

SOME cattle were standing quietly in a farm-yard, on a cold, frosty morning. They were chewing their cuds in a sleepy mood. At length one of the cows, in moving her head, hit one of the others with her horn. She was a touchy cow, and quick as thought, kicked her next neighbor, who jumped and kicked also. The next did the same, and in about five seconds the whole herd were kicking, jumping, running and hooking, and all because there was one *touchy* cow among them to start the movement.

There are a great many touchy people in this world, and a great deal of trouble do they occasion.

You find them sometimes in the domestic circle,—for these touchy folks will get married. Pity the poor fellow who has a touchy wife. Be gentle to the poor woman who has a touchy husband. Such matrimonial tinder is half the time on fire. One touchy child will keep the whole family in an uproar.

Touchy people often join the Church. Then look out. As you would be careful how you approached a powder magazine with a lighted candle, so must

you be careful of your words and looks when near these touchy Christians (!) for sometimes they take fire even at a look. Pity the minister who has some of these touchy people in his society, and especially in his official board. If he don't get *kicked, hooked, or blown up*, he is a lucky man.

You will sometimes see these touchy people on the Conference floor, in the garb of ministers, stiff as buckram with ministerial dignity. How easily they scent out a personal insinuation in the most general remarks! How easily such men can get up a general row, where nought but peace should prevail!

These touchy people keep the world moving and buzzing. A touchy ruler, or prime minister, has, ere now, set half the world in a blaze of war.

What is the cause of this touchiness? A secondary cause is nervous disorder, in connection with a weak mind. But the chief cause is *inbred sin*—depravity of heart. And though some of these touchy people may be professors of religion, and even ministers, yet you may be sure that there is some of the old leaven hidden away in the heart. When the highest degree of spiritual life is imparted to a soul, it is sweetened through and through. Perfect love so lubricates the very nerves, that the petty annoyances of life produce no friction. I have known professors of religion that were as touchy as tinder, under a mighty baptism to become patient, loving, and steady. O, how we all need this blessed baptism! May God send this honey-dew of salvation upon every soul!

Few, yea, very few of those that live in the pleasures and prosperity of this world, escape everlasting perdition.—“It is easier,” saith Christ, “for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.” Chrysostom said, “I should wonder if any of the rulers be saved.” How many have been coached to hell in the chariots of earthly pleasures, while others have been whipped to heaven by the rod of affliction!—*Flavel*.

ON SPIRITUAL MINDEDNESS.

BY H. H. BARTLETT.

To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.—Romans viii. 6.

THE term, "to be minded," has reference to the affection which a person sets on any given object, and the pains he uses and the sacrifices he makes to obtain it. Thus, in the 3d chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians, where the expression occurs, "Set your affections on things above," it is an equivalent to the common phrase of setting one's heart on a thing.

The minding of the flesh, therefore, or the things of the flesh, is the employing our thoughts and time in gratifying, and in providing for the gratification of our carnal desires. On the other hand, the being spiritually minded, is an earnest seeking after those things which are invisible,—a determined opposition to everything which may interfere with the soul's communion with God,—a steadfast walking by faith, and not by sight.

The result of adopting this latter course, is life and peace. Peace, even amid the afflictions of this life, and eternal happiness in the world to come.

But to be carnally minded—to mind the body to the neglect of the soul, is death, and can only end in everlasting misery and perdition. The doctrine here set before us, is repeated so often in the Bible, and lies so entirely at the foundation of Christian morals, that it may seem to many an exhausted subject. This would be true, if men acted up to their convictions. Unhappily, however, this is not the case. We admit the evil and danger of a carnal mind, but we remain carnally minded still. We acknowledge that to be spiritually minded, is life and peace; but we live on, as if life and peace were not worth having. We are exhorted to set our affections on things above, and not on things on the earth; and to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven; and we are reminded that our conversation and citizenship are in heaven.—Let me explain. Suppose you had

sold your property where you now live, and had purchased a home in some distant city. You would at once begin to make preparation for your removal.—From the time you bid farewell to your old friends and associates, to the time you arrived at your destination, your conversation and citizenship would be in your new home. So it is, if you have renounced the world, and all its pomp and pleasures, and are striving to live a holy life. Then your conversation and citizenship are in heaven.—But if you are simply professing to be striving after holiness, and are not doing the things necessary to that end, then I must ask you a question which will reveal to you your real condition: What would you think of a man, who should tell you he had purchased a fine farm in some distant state, and intended to remove at once to his new home, and yet went on from day to day, the same as he had done for years before, making no preparation for the journey? You would certainly think that the man was not in earnest.

Our Saviour intimated to the Pharisees, that there was utter inconsistency between their words and their actions. He gave them to understand, that language such as theirs could only be the index of a thoroughly depraved heart. "Either," said he, "make the tree good and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt; for the tree is known by his fruit." So a man's words are the signs of the disposition of his heart. If your words and your actions do not accord with your profession, better, a thousand times, make no profession.

We all, more or less, think of holiness of heart as a grace, to be attained at the end of life, rather than one which is an indispensable accompaniment of its whole course. It is indeed true, that the higher a person advances in practical holiness—the nearer he goes on unto perfection—the more spiritually minded will he become; so that the dying saint, who has been serving God faithfully through a long career, may at last be only a little lower than the angels.

But it is worse than vain to suppose, on that account, that spiritual mindedness will grow up somehow, out of the dregs of carnal mindedness. The fact is, people blind their eyes to their real condition. They indulge in the very common fallacy of keeping obligations, to which they are already pledged, out of sight. Some professors of religion will take upon themselves vows of temperance, apparently never reflecting that they made such a vow when they identified themselves with the people of God. And this same fallacy, I say, frequently appears in the case of those who profess to be striving after spiritual mindedness. It does not occur to them, that the very adoption of Christianity has pledged them at the outset, to that which they are disposed to look upon as one of the latest and highest acquirements of the Christian.

Yet, if any will turn to the Epistle from which I have quoted at the head of this article,—or, indeed, to any of the writings of the apostles,—they will find that the inspired writers assume, as a matter of course, that they who have been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, will be striving to live holy lives. The apostles addressed those to whom they wrote, as saints, as sanctified in Christ Jesus, as elect, as washed, as redeemed, as justified—as if, in short, they were serving God both in soul and body, and as if they had forever renounced the world, with all its pomp and pleasure. It is upon this ground that the apostles exhort their converts to continued exertion. "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord, walk as children of the light. Remember that ye, in times past, were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenant of promise, having no hope and without God in the world." "But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." "I therefore beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal

priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light; which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God; which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy." "And these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works."—It is evident from all these passages, that the apostles expected that they who had been adopted into the family of God, would be spiritually minded.

But how was so great a change to be effected? Will the mere act of uniting with the Church, and vowing to live a holy life, accomplish the object? Most certainly not. For St. Paul says, "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." It follows, then, that nothing short of an entire surrender of everything—a thorough reformation—an unqualified turning from sin unto God, will answer the purpose.

Let us now consider wherein spiritual mindedness consists, and what are the aids we all have toward attaining it.—I would describe spiritual mindedness, then, as consisting in a following of God's will instead of our own; a subjection of the body to the spirit; a deliberate seeking after things eternal instead of things spiritual, and this under all circumstances. He who is spiritually minded, will be a man of prayer; for prayer alone will fix his thoughts on the world unseen. He will live in habits of self-denial. He will cultivate a spirit of meekness and patience under the most trying circumstances. He will be diligent in self-examination.—He will be very careful whom he selects for his companions and familiar friends. He will choose the pious and the good, and, like Israel's sweet singer, will say, "In them is all my delight." His light will shine before men, that others, seeing his good works, may be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven.

The great mass of Christians, it is to

be feared, owe what they have of religion to accident, rather than to any other cause. They do certain things, because it is the way of the world to do them. They abstain from others, because the habits of society seem to require it. Convenience, expediency, personal gratification, an unwillingness to be singular,—these are the motives which influence them. The gospel has no hold upon them personally.

But the spiritual minded man acts upon principle. God's law is the rule of his life. His actions are done as in God's presence. When he speaks, he remembers that angels are listening. He never allows himself to think that anything which he does is of no consequence. There is a right way, and a wrong way, of doing everything. Everything may be done to the honor, or the dishonor, of God. Accordingly, he tries to keep this thought before him, not only when matters of importance are to be decided, but amid the little details of every-day life. To the spiritually minded man, God will be everything, and the world nothing.

As to the aids which we all have toward attaining such a disposition of mind, as we are assured by the word of God will be life and peace, we will mention—First: The Holy Spirit, which is given us to teach us all things, and to bring all things to our remembrance,—to enlighten, guide, cheer and comfort us. The next great aid is the privileges of the Church. O, how diligent should we be in the use of the means which God has provided, that they prove not to any of us a savor of death unto death, instead of life unto life! There are other aids, such as prayer, watchfulness, self-denial, meditation, which are indispensable to the attainment of that state of which this article treats.

Life and death are set before you. If you are a Christian, you have chosen life. On the strength of that choice, you have been adopted into the family of God. Are you walking worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called? Are you seeking to have the fruits of

the Spirit, and that in an enlarged degree? Are you leaving the mere elementary principles of the doctrine of Christ, and going on to perfection? If so, let me assure you, you are in the way of life and peace.

I have been induced to write these lines, in view of the growing tendency there is among professors of religion, and even ministers, to follow in the way of the multitude.

"O, how judgment is turned away backwards, and justice standeth afar off, truth has fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter.

"Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye stony foundations of the earth, for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel."

Thy Sweet Will.

CLOUDS that gather round my head,
Seem the wings of God outspread;
Hours of thought and worldly care,
Full of sweetest comfort are;
Words of bitterness and sneer,
Fall like music on my ear.

Once I could not thus partake,
Of each cup for Jesus' sake.
But I learned one bitter day,
To look up and meekly say,—
"Thy sweet will, dear Lord, not mine,
Thy sweet will, and only thine."

As the dear Christ on the sea
Hushed the billows—so to me
Did he speak, and gently say,—
"Peace, my brother, peace alway;"
And upon my soul He breathed,
I the peace of heaven received.

Like a quiet, little child,
Striving to be meek and mild,
Day by day I try to take
All that comes for Jesus sake.
On this thought my soul doth rest,
"God for me will do the best"

O how easy now to see
All things are for good to me;
Pain and loss, or smile and cheer, a
Christ in all is very dear;
For my heart is whispering still,
"Thy sweet will, Lord, Thy sweet will."

A SKETCH OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. B. R. JONES.

FROM my earliest remembrance, I have been the subject of religious impressions. When but a child, I sought and found the Saviour. I ran well for a season. Prayer was the delight of my soul. I thought Jesus lived in the sky, and to look in that direction seemed to cheer my heart. But soon, by the allurements of Satan and the influence of my school-mates, I began to neglect my duty, and finally became as wicked as any of my associates. I remained in this condition for several years.—But the Spirit of Him who “rejoiceth not in the death of any that dieth,” never left me. As I advanced in years, my sense of guilt and responsibility to God seemed to increase. I looked in various ways for enjoyment, but God stood in every door. Every earthly prospect seemed to be blighted. None but God understood the concern I had for my soul. The hour for family devotion seemed almost beyond endurance—not because I was opposed to religious worship, but the prayers which my parents offered for their children pierced my heart.

Here let me say to parents: Do not neglect the family altar. An influence is there brought to bear upon the minds of your children, the effect of which, eternity can alone reveal. I longed to yield, but feared the consequences.—The cross seemed too great; and at times, I thought I would rather be damned; and not until God, in His mercy, laid His afflicting hand upon me, would I submit to Him.

In February, 1865, while attending school a few miles from home, I was seized with wonderful convictions.—God was about to make another effort for my salvation. During this time, a series of meetings were in progress at G—, under the charge of Bro. Wilson. I tried to study, but could not. Consequently, I concluded to go home and attend the meetings. God was in the place, and the truth made a lasting

impression upon my mind. Cold chills swept through my body, as sinners were invited to seek the Lord. I sat mourning and trembling, not knowing what to do. Every evening found me nearer the pulpit. O, how I longed for some one to invite me to the altar! It seemed as though no one cared for my soul. Finally, however, with streaming eyes and an anxious heart, my beloved mother approached me, and entreated me—as none but a mother can entreat—to then and there give my heart to God. After a short pause, I made my way to the anxious seat, to the surprise of many lookers-on. Here the struggle commenced. My feelings vanished, and it seemed as though the fiends of hell were let loose upon me. A rough and thorny way was presented to me. I saw the necessity of taking an uncompromising stand, and separating myself from ungodly companions. Here I remained for several days, not knowing what course to pursue. God was anxious to save me, but Satan was struggling for the mastery.

At length, “when nothing else would do,” I fell upon my knees, resolved on victory or death. My consecration was made complete, but I could not rest satisfied short of the direct testimony of the Spirit. My restless soul was impatient to be freed from its load of sin. I could see Jesus at a distance,—but O, how hard to believe him a present Saviour! My determinations were strong; my faith increased, and—blessed be God!—on the 10th day of March, 1865, at my father’s family altar, God spoke peace to my soul. And O, what a change! A few moments before, I was struggling under the agony of a guilty conscience,—could hear the thunders of an angry God, and see the sword of justice as it flashed above my head; but now, guilt and condemnation were removed,—the light of the “Sun of Righteousness” came to gild the scene, and the smiles of a reconciled God decorated that heart which was once a dungeon of woe. That my sins were pardoned, could not be questioned by myself nor those present. I knew

that I had "passed from death unto life." In this happy state I lived for several days. It seemed as though I had entered upon a new life. Soon, however, I felt the risings of evil passions. My old besetments began to press hard upon me, and I felt a tendency thereto, but could not yield without renouncing Christ. I was conscious there were higher attainments for me, and I resolved to "go on unto perfection." I had victory over sin, but inbred foes were not removed.

To seek purity was a great undertaking; but I dared not limit the power of God. To say that I could not be saved from the pollutions of sin, would, virtually, be saying that the atonement was incomplete, and that Christ failed to accomplish the work for which He came into the world, namely, To "save his people from their sins." I knew that pride, anger, jealousy, self-will, etc., were contrary to the "mind of Christ," and if I was void of that I was "none of His." I could retain my justification only as I obeyed the Spirit. My greatest ambition was, to be wholly the Lord's. I was given to God without reserve, and I was confident that if I asked anything "according to His will," He would hear me. It was His will that I should be holy. I besought Him for it,—a look of faith was sufficient,—I knew I had the petition that I desired of Him, and upon a wave of glory I entered the heaven of "perfect love." Sin was cast out, and the kingdom of God was set up within me, which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." I felt a greater love for God and His cause than I hitherto possessed. I was willing to endure anything for Jesus.

My consecration remained to be tested. I had often felt that if I became a Christian, I should have to preach the gospel. This threw a dark shade over the picture previous to my conversion, but it seemed to have been hidden from me during my struggles. A little over a year after my conversion, by permission of the Church, and authority from God, I commenced to fill vacant ap-

pointments on the circuit. The Lord blessed me in these feeble efforts, and I began to flatter myself that there were many reasons why I should be suffered to fulfill my mission in this capacity. But a greater trial was near at hand. The question, Are you willing to leave a pleasant home, a kind father and mother, brothers and sisters—all—and launch out into a dark, bleak world, and point sinners to the world's Redeemer? settled with irresistible weight upon my mind. To utterly refuse would be equivalent to breaking my solemn pledge. After many long and severe struggles, I could but say, "Thy will be done." I believed that if God was not fully satisfied with my present efforts, He would set before me an open door that no man could shut. I waited God's time.

In the fall of 1867, the Lord opened my way to come to Michigan. My parents were unwilling that I should go. None but God knew the agony I endured. I would conceal my feelings in the presence of my friends. My faith was strong in God, and I laid the case before Him. It was my earnest prayer that, if the Lord willed that I should leave home, He would prompt my parents to consent,—I believed He would do it. The next morning, as my mother met me, she said, "If you think the Lord wants you in Michigan, you can go." All doubts were removed, and I could hear Jesus saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

It pleased the Lord to provide a place for me on Coldwater circuit, with a most excellent brother,—W. D. Bishop. I found many kind friends to encourage me on in my allotted vocation; and the present finds me in the enjoyment of a pleasant home on the bank of the beautiful Raisin, having the consciousness that I am about my Master's business, and marching triumphantly on to the fellowship of that innumerable company of angels, who are "without fault before the throne of God."

NONE so high and glorious as Christ, yet none so meek and lowly.

NEGLECTING DUTY.

BY ORPHA PELTON.

I WAS attending a four days' meeting. The Lord was with me, and I was greatly blessed in testifying of his power to save, till the last night of the meeting. The house was crowded, and there was present a large number of unconverted persons.

After the preaching, testimonies were given in as usual, and I was deeply interested in them; yet without a thought that I should have anything to say, till a sister—a perfect stranger—sitting by me, said, "After he gets through talking, you speak, and it seems to me there will be something done here." "O, I do not feel any leading of the Spirit to," was my quick response. But no sooner were the words spoken than I felt the cross come upon me *so heavy*. But, I do not know what to say, or how to begin; besides, they are about ready to close the meeting. And so I reasoned to myself, forgetting the experience I had had sometimes before, when I had stepped out on the naked promise of God, opened my mouth, and had it filled. Very soon the benediction was pronounced, and O! how I felt as I arose and it came home to me, That I never would have another opportunity of warning those people again. Hot, burning tears rolled down my face, all the way to the place where I was staying; and I went to bed, but not to sleep, for I tossed and groaned in an agony, while the Lord gave me a view of what the meeting would have been if I had done my duty.

The experience, the exhortation, much that I would have said had I spoken, passed through my mind. Then came the glory with which I would have been filled, and the break in the meeting; a spiritual song was sung, and the house filled with the presence of God.

You would not think I would ever have had this lesson to learn over; but it was repeated, or one very similar, at our G. Q. M. The Saturday of it, I remained at home so that others could

go. I was so blessed, and went about the house praising the Lord and exhorting to myself, while doing my work. I seemed filled with the Spirit, and said, finally, "O, Lord, may I not talk this out at the meeting?" and He told me to "make my boast of his redeeming power." After prayer had been offered for those who had come forward to be prayed for, I felt a faint impression to talk. This time I was almost entirely lifted above the cross, and was so blessed and happy, that I felt a desire to speak. I hesitated, and this gave the enemy a chance at me; and I did not know his voice, as it came to me that the impression was not strong enough, and that I had some will of my own about it, and strange to tell, I never thought of the experience I had during the day; and I was so afraid this was so, that I said nothing. I did not mean to do wrong, and did not know I had till after the meeting closed.

Again did I go home with a heavy heart. Again did the Lord show me, what burning words would have fallen from my lips; how blessed I and the people of God would have been, if I had spoken the word of the Lord faithfully. There were many young people there that I knew, or had known; and I felt that there were none in the world that I would love to tell what the Lord had done for me, and try to get saved, so much as these.

For two weeks or more the Sun of Righteousness was so clouded, not one bright beam found its way to my poor, benighted soul. The chastening of the Lord was indeed grievous; but it has yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness; and it is my prayer, that those who follow after and chance to read these lines, will take warning, and not come short of God's glory, as I did, or neglect to obediently follow their leader, and thus be saved this painful experience.

WHAT sin is there, which grace cannot pardon? What heart is there, which grace cannot soften? What soul is there, which grace cannot save?

MY VISION.

BY ROSALIE JONES.

I WAS converted at the age of eleven, and lived religion nearly three years. Then I wandered from God, and lived in a backslidden state nearly a year.—The Free Methodists held a camp-meeting in our neighborhood, beginning the 19th of August, 1868. I attended, and was re-converted on Saturday evening, before service. Sunday night a friend of mine—Lydia A. Lockwood, who was also a backslider—went to the altar seeking religion. I knelt down beside her, and soon went into an agony of soul for her. They carried me to the tent and laid me upon the bed. My friend followed, sat down upon the bed beside me, and took my hand in hers.

I then, with my spiritual eye, saw her state and standing in the light of eternity. She was sitting on the brink of a precipice, and the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, was just above her head, hovering over her, and pleading with her to yield and be saved; but she would not give up all. It approached nearer and nearer to her, and, at last, alighted upon her head, and I knew it was her last call. And then I saw, written over the awful abyss below, how many moments she had in which to repent and yield up all. They were but few—she had not an hour—only a few moments—and I plainly saw that it was her last call, and that she must give up all for Christ within that time, or be forever lost.

Then I saw my situation, as it was the previous night, before I had yielded all for Christ. I was sitting on the brink of a precipice, and my feet were hanging over, down into the terrible abyss below. I was slipping down, faster and faster, from the edge of the precipice, and the Holy Spirit was hovering over my head, and pleading with me for the last time. I plainly saw that it was the last call of mercy I would ever have, and if I had not yielded that night I should have been lost forever, because I had sinned against great light and

knowledge, and had so often resisted the strivings of the Holy Spirit. I was clinging to the vain and transitory things of earth, unmindful of my horrible situation in the sight of God.—There I sat, adorned with jewelry and vain dress, while the flames of hell were blazing up toward me from the yawning gulf; but I would not yield. I kept slipping down, down, still faster and faster, as I continued to resist the strivings of the Spirit, until the flames touched my feet. I was on the very edge of the precipice, and was about to drop off into the flames, when I said, "I will yield." At that instant, just as I was making the fearful plunge down into hell, the Holy Spirit reached out and grasped my hand, snatching me as a "brand from the eternal burnings," and, encircling me with his wings, he carried me away from that horrible place.

Then I was recalled from this view of the past, back to the present. I looked up and saw a large light, at a great distance from me. It grew brighter and brighter, and I gradually approached nearer and nearer to it. At last I saw Jesus with a beautiful crown on his head, and clothed with a pure white robe. O, how beautiful he looked! and he spoke to me with such a heavenly smile on his face,—and I entered into Heaven. And there I saw the golden walks, and the holy angels, all clothed in long white robes, without spot or wrinkle. I could not see their feet—their robes were so long that they trailed upon the ground. They all had snowy wings, and crowns upon their heads, and harps in their hands; and they were all playing upon their harps, and singing, and praising God. Their faces seemed to be veiled—and not really veiled either; but I could not distinguish them: I tried to do so, two or three times; but something seemed to tell me it was not the Lord's will that I should see exactly how they looked; but I could see that they were very beautiful. But there were none so beautiful as the Saviour, sitting on his large, white throne, with a circle of light

around his head. By his side stood a table that had the appearance of marble, on which lay open, in the Old Testament, the Holy Bible—the Book by which we are all to be judged—and his right hand lay, shut up, upon the right side of the Book, as it lay open, ready to judge the world at any time when the Father should speak the word.—Near the throne, I saw the Cross.

At this time, I approached the Saviour and shook hands with him. Then I saw a soul enter Heaven. She had lived a Christian life while upon earth, and now the Lord had called her home; and I saw her when she entered the gate, rejoicing that she was done with earth's trials, and was safe home at last; and all the angels rejoiced with her, and sang, and praised God, and there was indeed a rejoicing all over Heaven. It all seemed to be one large, square room, with jasper walls; and the soul that entered Heaven came in through one of the gates on the western side.—Rev. xxi. 13. I saw the crown which is to be mine if I prove faithful. It was beautiful, and had gold stars in front. I saw Gabriel with his trumpet. He was flying around, as also were other angels. All could fly, who choose to do so. There were flowers there, which never fade. Earthly flowers are nothing in beauty, compared to those I saw in Heaven. It was very light there, and Jesus was the light of the place.—Rev. xxii. 5.

Then the scene changed. O! too awful to describe! I seemed to be on that awful precipice again, and I looked down, down into the abyss below. Then I descended, as a spectator, into the fiery lake. Nothing harmed me, for I was saved; but what a scene met my eyes! There were millions of people weeping, and wailing, and gnashing their teeth, in the lake of fire and brimstone. There were a great many souls in Heaven, but they were few compared to the vast number that were groaning in Hell. Everything was dark and gloomy. The fires did not light up the darkness, as earthly fires do. Neither did they look like earthly flames. There was as much

contrast between them, as there is between natural fire, and water. They were of a dull, dingy, red color, and thick with brimstone, which looked yellow, and the smoke which ascended from them was blue and black. The flames were of enormous size, and the whole scene was hideous and frightful, beyond description. I saw all classes of individuals there except Christians. Among them, I saw backsliders, sinners, dancers, fiddlers, blacksmiths, grocers, merchants, cold-hearted professors of religion, and preachers. On every one's forehead was written, in large, black, capital letters, what he was on earth. The letters were so large that they reached from the hair down to the eyebrows. On backsliders it was written, BACKSLIDER; on sinners it was written, SINNER, etc. Every one was encircled with flames, and there was a look of pain and anguish on every face. There were places like aisles in a church, and the devil was in spirit in every aisle, compelling them to do whatever was their business upon earth. The air was thick with flames, and the spirit of the devil. There I saw a merchant measuring off yards of goods. He had no customers, but that made no difference; he had to keep at work as fast, and as hard as he could; and such a look of distress was stamped upon his features, while the horrid flames encircled him, and upon his forehead was written, MERCHANT. He had stood behind the counter, until he was so tired he could hardly stand up; but he could never stop. There he must remain in that awful torment forever. I saw the grocer, weighing out groceries; and he, too, had the mark upon his forehead, and was enveloped in flames. And then I saw preachers, preaching and talking as fast and as loud as possible. But pen cannot describe the anguish they were in. They had made a lie of their profession while on earth, and now they were reaping their reward. Blacksmiths were pounding hot iron, and they were in the flames, themselves. And there were the dancers, dancing in the flames of hell.—

They had danced, and danced, until they were all tired and worn out; but they could never, never stop. There they were, and there they must remain to all eternity, in terrible sufferings. There were the fiddlers, all seated on a long, black bench, playing on large, black violins, each one encircled with flames. All classes looked tired, and were writhing in extreme agony.

Language fails to describe the dreadful realities of Hell. God forbid that any who read this should ever enter that place of torment. There they are in terrible torment forever! There was one preacher with whom I talked. He had not long been there. "O!" said he, "I cannot be lost! I cannot be lost!" All the reply I could make him was, "You are lost, already. You are in Hell now, where you must stay forever." "O!" said he, "go back to Heaven, and plead with Jesus, to come and take me out of this horrible place of torment." "Christ cannot save you now," I replied; "you are in Hell, and here you must stay forever, and suffer this awful agony." Then he told me that he was a preacher when he was on earth. "But," said he, "I did not preach the truth. I did not live up to my profession; and now, I am here, reaping my reward, and I know it is just, but how can I be lost!" Said I, "But you are lost, and you know it." "Yes," he said, "I know it; but I can never become reconciled." Then he began pleading with me, again, to beseech Christ to forgive him, while, at the same time, he knew it was useless. I told him I could do nothing for him, nor could even Jesus Christ, himself. He had rejected him while in the body, and had deliberately made his choice; and now he had awaked in hell, and in hell he must forever remain, without one ray of hope to cheer him. With this, he vanished from my sight and presence, in deepest despair. Then I saw a soul drop into hell. He fell right into the flames, and immediately became encircled with them, and received the black mark upon his forehead, BACKSLIDER. I talked a little with him.

He was in the deepest despair imaginable. He said he had once been in the strait and narrow way, but the Enemy had allured him into by and forbidden paths; and now he was suffering the terrible realities of hell, shut out from the presence of God forever. Then I saw three more, in succession, drop into the flames.

Some of the people were in more torment than others. They were all judged according to the deeds done in the body. There was one class that was in greater torment than any of the others. They were so enveloped in flames that I could see only parts of them. Sometimes I could see their heads, sometimes their arms, and sometimes their limbs. I was not permitted to know what class they were. Perhaps they were Infidels, or Spiritualists, or something of that sort. But whatever they were, they were writhing in the utmost agony. There were no children there, only those who had reached the years of accountability. Neither saw I any heathen there, who had never had the light of Revelation to sin against. Every soul that I saw in hell had sinned against light and knowledge. Language can but poorly describe the terrors of Hell, or the joys of Heaven.

Again the scene was changed, and I was in Heaven again. It looked the same as before, only more beautiful.—I first saw Jesus, and then the angels. I saw everything that I saw before, and a great many things beside. When I looked at the Cross, I saw the crown of thorns hung over the top of it, and on the largest part of it was written, in large, golden letters, **REPROACH**.—The letters glittered beautifully upon the white Cross. I saw my crown again, and my robe. It was long and white, without any spots upon it. And then I saw my harp. It was a golden one, like all the others. I also saw my seat. It seemed like a bed of roses. They were all white, with a very light tinge of pink, and they were far more beautiful than earthly flowers. I looked around to see if there were any whom I had known upon earth; and in a few

moments discovered Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, who had formerly lived in our neighborhood, both of whom died in the triumphs of living faith. They were sitting side by side on beds of roses. They were very happy, and very beautiful. They looked a very little as they did when upon earth, only so much more beautiful. I had some conversation with her, but I do not remember what was said on either side.

Then Jesus spoke to me, and said, "She is saved: I have saved her,"—referring to my friend, Lydia, for whom I had received the agony of soul. Just here my vision was slightly interrupted, and I was partially recalled to earthly things, and I spoke aloud, "She is saved. Jesus says he has saved her." At the same moment she received the witness, and replied, "Yes, he has saved me, Rosell," and shouted three times, "Hallelujah!" I dimly realized her shouting once. The moment she said she was saved, all the angels in Heaven shouted, clapped their hands, and praised the Lord, that one more wanderer had returned to her Father's house. There was more rejoicing in Heaven, over her return, than when that soul entered Heaven. Then I saw the seat prepared for Lydia, if she proves faithful. It was by the side of mine, and just like it. I also saw her robe, harp and crown. They were all like mine, and, also, like mine, suspended in the air, over the back of the seat. I saw no high seats in Heaven; but some were nearer the throne than others, and these were occupied by the children. The older persons sit farther back. I saw the twenty-four Elders sitting in a row, searching the Scriptures. They all had crowns upon their heads, and their crowns were all alike.

I saw my friend, as she will appear in Heaven. She was sitting in her seat, with her robe and crown on, and her harp in her hand, upon which she was playing—and I can never forget how she sang. She was beautiful—and so is every one in Heaven. I saw Jesus standing before her. She had ceased singing, and was talking with him. I

looked again, and she was gone; and I saw myself, as I will appear after I leave earth, if I am faithful. I was standing in front of my seat, and Jesus was standing before me, with his face toward me. I was arrayed in my pure, white robe; my crown was upon my head, and my harp in my hands. Like all the others, I looked happy and beautiful, as I stood there, talking with Jesus. Then I saw Jesus sitting on his throne again, with his back toward the table; and he held out, in his hand, something like a sealed envelope, in which was something concerning Lydia's sins being forgiven; and he permitted neither myself, nor any of the angels, to break the seal and read it.

Just then, it seemed as though something were about to take me back to earth again; and I asked Jesus to let me stay in Heaven. I told him that I did not want to go back to earth—that I would rather stay there; but I said, "Thy will be done." Said he, "Your work is not yet done. Go back and finish your work; and then"—pointing to my harp, robe, crown and seat—"if faithful, these shall be yours, and this your home. But go back and finish your work, and then I will call for you." I said, "Thy will. But let me shake hands with thee again, before I return." He then reached out his hand, and shook hands with me.

And here my vision instantly passed away, and I came back to earthly scenes again. And I knew then that I was sanctified; for my robe would not have been pure and spotless, if I were only in a justified state.

Quincy, Mich.

Is your soul like a withered branch, dry, fruitless, and withered, wanting both leaves and fruit? Cleave you to Christ; be joined to him, and you shall be one Spirit. You will find it true that Christ is the life; your life will be hid with Christ in God. You will say, I live; "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

LAY THE AXE AT THE ROOT.

BY REV. G. R. SNYDER.

HAVING called attention to the manner in which the civil authorities are dealing with the deadly rum upas, let us now see how the people use the axe. There is strong feeling in the public mind against what are called "low groggeries;" and this is proper, for they are low and vile enough. But is there a like feeling against the so-called respectable taverns and saloons? Is this distinction real, and is there any sense or justice in the discrimination thus made? Are not palpable facts thereby overlooked? Do persons of character and respectability ever attend or patronize the low groggeries? Does anybody form the fatal appetite there? Are they anything more or less, than places where those who are ruined elsewhere, are sent to be finished off and put out of the way?

The case was well put by a keen, earnest Quaker. He said, "I once crossed the mountains of Pennsylvania in a stage. Three or four of us became engaged in an earnest conversation on the temperance question. One passenger did not join with us. He was coarse and burly in appearance, but was well dressed. He was restless and uneasy, and after shifting and twisting for a time, he could endure it no longer.—Assuming a magisterial air, and a commanding tone, he thus delivered himself: 'Gentlemen, I wish you to understand that I am a liquor-seller. But I would have you know that I keep a respectable house. I don't sell to drunkards, nor allow loafers to lounge about my premises. I sell to respectable people, and to no others.'" Said the Quaker in reply: "Friend, that is the most damning part of thy business.—If thou would'st sell only to drunkards and loafers, and thus help to kill off the race, we would soon reach an end,—But you take the unfallen and unsuspecting, and make drunkards of them. And when their character and money are gone, you kick them out and hand

them over to the low groggeries." This reply may have been less elegant than forcible, but it truly represents a most important phase of this subject.

Places where the traffic is carried on, become dangerous just in proportion as they rise in grade and challenge public favor. So long as this continues, the axe of public censure is used only in the top of the tree, without, at all, reaching the source of its growth and strength. And though this has been the case for generations, yet many wise and good people fail to see it, and are blind enough, or thoughtless enough, to continue the abortive attempt to render rum-selling respectable! Surely, this farce has been played long enough.—Let it cease, and a little common sense be brought to the subject. Lay the axe at the root.

2. It is now well understood, that the liquors in common use are wickedly tampered with, and vilely drugged.—The better part of the public mind is turning strongly against these burning, villainous drinks, but not very strongly against the mild and pleasant beverages. Even many pledged men, who wholly abstain for the sake of their example, stigmatize severely the use of the distilled, and especially drugged liquors, but are not so hard upon wine, cider, beer, and the fancy drinks and tonics. Even in the Old Bay State, many temperance men have discovered special virtues in cider and lager, and have joined the friends of free rum, in having them exempted from the rigors of the prohibitory law. What preposterous folly! Who begins a career of intemperance upon the condemned liquors? No throat can endure them, till it is coated by long use of the favored drinks. Then, after the fatal appetite has been formed by their use, who stops short of free and ruinous indulgence in the fiery beverages? This will not do. It has been tried too long already. The source of the evil must be reached.—Lay the axe at the root.

3. The very laws which license the means and foster the work of drunkard-making, are severe against drunkards.

The public sentiment, educated by this absurd system, condemns the excessive, but favors the temperate use of intoxicating liquors. But whence comes intemperate drinking? Is it not from the temperate? Are any drunkards before they are moderate drinkers?—Do not a large percentage of this class fall? Are not the fallen, victims who have been betrayed and deceived? Did one of them intend or expect to fall, or even fear the danger of it? Is not every victim a wrecked vessel, that tells of shoals and breakers—a beacon, that warns of danger? The fallen do not lead others astray; they exert no influence to induce any to begin or continue drinking habits. Their influence is directly the opposite of this. But can the same be said of respectable, temperate drinkers? Is it not strange that good, thoughtful, intelligent people can be so perversely, stupidly blind to this palpable fact?

I once heard a Church officer and Sunday-school superintendent, strain his vocabulary in condemning any and all who are low and weak enough to get drunk. Yet I learned that he was an annual signer of a petition for a tavern license, and that he would buy and drink at the bar, and also in the beer shop. Now he exerted a wide influence, which was increased by his position in the church. This influence he employed to provide the means and foster the work of drunkard-making, and to render it both lawful and respectable. To ascertain, ten years hence, how many of the children of his own Sunday-school have become drunkards by attempting to follow his example, would furnish a sad comment upon human weakness and folly. He is entitled to our contempt and censure, and the poor drunkard to our pity. With all his holy horror of drunkenness, he is a drunkard-maker. Must another generation go under the flood, before even the Church of Christ shall open its eyes to see that temperate drinking, by respectable and Christian people, is a chief support of this whole rum iniquity?

We thus find three tap-roots to this fatal upas, viz: lawful and respectable rum-selling; the plea that the mild and fancy liquors and tonics are harmless; and the sanction to moderate drinking furnished by the circles of wealth and fashion, not excepting even professing Christians. Till these roots are cut, this tree will not only live, but flourish, and continue to send out its deadly virus. No lopping of branches will weaken its growth. To do this, and especially, to cut it down, the axe must be laid at the root.

FRAGMENTS.

God will not allow thee to judge of him by his providences; he points thee to *his Son*; and this is the lesson he would have thee read: "He that spared not his Son."

The Lord never wastes his medicines, the deep probe is needful for thee.—Didst thou part with thy trials, thou wouldst part with some of thy choicest blessings. Not that trials are in themselves blessings, but it is the pathway in which the Lord walks *when he comes to bless*.

"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." Yes; but the *long-suffering* of the Lord is not from everlasting to everlasting. Awful truth! The hundred and twenty years passed, and then came the flood and destroyed the world of the ungodly. The forty years passed, and carcase after carcase fell in the wilderness, until the whole had perished except Caleb and Joshua. The fifteen hundred years passed, then came the destruction of Jerusalem, the slaughter, the captivities—and where are the Jews now? The long-suffering of God is *not* from everlasting to everlasting! "Because I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hand and no man regarded, therefore I will laugh at your calamity—I will mock when your fear cometh!"

This subject is deeply abasing, and deeply encouraging too—abasement and encouragement are *not so far apart as some think*.—J. H. Evans.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY IRA F. WARD.

It was in the month of February, in the year 1866, in the town of Wheaton, Illinois, that God converted my soul. My experience before that time, during sixteen years in the service of Satan, I need not relate. I might at least say, I was a great sinner, "led captive by the devil at his will." The evidence of my acceptance with God was so clear and tangible, that I have never been made to doubt its genuineness. I felt the witness of the Spirit of God within me, that I was accepted of God—had passed from death unto life, and had been brought out of nature's darkness into the marvelous light of God. I walked with Jesus. O, how well do I remember the sweet comfort and peace that Jesus gave me when I first loved him! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever!

I lived in this blessed state some time, with trials, and temptations from the devil. He was angry when I gave my heart to Jesus; so he tried many times to pull me back, but did not succeed; for, when in trouble, I would go and tell Jesus, and he would help me—bless his name! Sometimes, I felt very sensibly the workings of "inbred sin" in my heart. This was very annoying to me. It troubled me very often. Sometimes, the things I would do I found very hard to do, and at times would not do them at all. And again, the things that I would not do, I found very hard to keep from doing, and very often would give way and do them. Yet I loved Jesus, who had done so much for me, and I wanted to obey and serve him. Whenever I sinned against him, I was sorry, and grieved, and would often fall at his feet, and get forgiven.

I knew there was something in my heart that was continually wrong, and I wanted it out; but I was taught that there was no freedom from inbred sin in this life, or so long as we tabernacled in the flesh; that our hearts were sinful; that there was "none righteous,

no, not one;" that the best men that ever lived would sin sometimes; and that, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous;" that his mercy is so great, that although we commit sin seventy and seven times, he will forgive. But this was not satisfactory to me. I felt then to honestly inquire, "What shall I do to be saved" from this inward foe—this enemy to my Jesus? How many there are who would, if they only had some Caleb or Joshua to lead them while their hearts are so tender, step over into the land of promise, accept full salvation, and be saved from all sin! Yet, alas! they are left, as soon as they are converted, to hunt for themselves for any higher state of grace; and even when inquiry is made, the truth as it is in Jesus is often perverted, and thus many, many, are left to grovel in sin and darkness; and I fear that many, thinking themselves to be saved, will, when arraigned before the Judge, be pronounced unclean,—find themselves deceived, and unsaved! O, that God may help the Churches to awake from their sensuality and formalism!

But I thank God that he did lead me into the light. I was led into the society of some of God's people known as the Free Methodists, and under their influence and Brother Terrill's preaching, I was enabled to see Jesus as one able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto him; that "his name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins;" and that, if we "walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." I found it to be the will of God that I should be even sanctified—be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord. The Lord convicted me immediately for the blessing. I struggled on, through doubts and fears, until the June camp-meeting, held at St. Charles, Ill. I went to that meeting, much to the displeasure of my Baptist brethren. The Holy Ghost was there—the sanctifying

power of the Lord attended the efforts put forth by his people there for the advancement of the cause of holiness. I trust some were led into the enjoyment of the fullness of God. This I know, that the Lord sanctified my poor soul there. Yes—glory to Jesus!—I sought and found, to the joy and satisfaction of my soul. I was brought to lay all at Jesus's feet. I was enabled to make the consecration. Jesus took me, and I took Jesus—hallelujah! He washed me clean, and I felt as I never did before the Holy Ghost was given unto me. I obtained the victory over the world, self, and the devil, and it seemed as though I was shut up in Jesus. O, glory! I was all the Lord's, soul and body. When I came home, I was so happy in Jesus! I told my friends what God had done for me, and the Lord gave me boldness to testify publicly, upon every suitable occasion, to the saving efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin.

I soon felt that Jesus had a special work for me to do. The command, "Go, work in my vineyard," seemed to thunder in my ears. I felt unqualified, and too young to enter the ministry; therefore I began studying at the Wheaton College, with a fixed purpose of getting "an education." But the Lord would have it different, as I now clearly see, by the workings of his all-wise providence.

"He moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

I had not been at school long, before something arose, which was well calculated to thwart my plans. A letter from my father, who had been absent from his children (myself and an only sister,) for the long space of fifteen years, was received, requesting me to come to him, away in Washington Territory. This caused me to reflect deeply. It was certainly my duty to go, and I must obey. Then the question arose in my mind, Must I leave my dear brethren and sisters behind me, and go out from them into a cold and unfriendly world? leave the nursery, as it were, where so often I have been watered,

and refreshed, to stand alone, with none to counsel, none to encourage, none to cheer? and me, a weak babe in Christ, a tender plant never exposed to the cold world, but always nourished and sustained by the influence of the older ones? Then I thought of my consecration—how many times I had promised the Lord that I would follow him.—Then I said, "Yea, Lord, even so if it be thy will." By grace I was resigned to the will of God, and feeling as a dependant child, I could say, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done." I loved the Free Methodist Church, yet I could leave her for the sake of Jesus.

The appointed time for my departure arrived. There was no shrinking—glory to God! I felt "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might;" and, accompanied by my poor, invalid, afflicted sister, I took my leave. As I committed the dear ones to God, and gave them the parting hand, it seemed that Jesus was with me. Afterward, when we were upon the mighty deep, among an ungodly company of men and women, I could hear his blessed voice, speaking unto me in this language, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Blessed be God, he was with me, every day, during our journey. I felt that my soul was now united to Christ, the living vine, and that no changes of season or place could make any change in my mind. The Lord watched over us, and brought us, after a long time, to our destination. When we landed, I was in a strange land, and among strangers, acquainted with none but God. Again the Lord called, "Arise, get thee hence into the land which the Lord thy God has shown thee, for he has much people there, that thy hands may be strengthened." But instead of obeying, I conferred with flesh and blood, grieved the Spirit, and then the Lord gave me up to my own way. But it was only a crucible unto me. Yes, I went through as it were fire. God chastised me severely, until I was glad to obey. O, hallelujah! what a school is that of Christ! and O, how stubborn have I

been about learning! The Lord has brought me down lower than ever before. He has shown me myself, as I am by nature. O, how corrupt, how sinful, how sensual! O, it means much to be crucified with Christ! to have self, and creature love, sensuality—the natural, carnal, sinful inclinations—all buried with him, and to be resurrected, risen with Christ. O, yes, it means much. I believe that God has done this glorious work for me, for I feel dead, dead indeed unto sin. Creature love is swallowed up in the love of God. Self is crucified with Christ. Carnality, sensuality, the natural desires, propensities, and appetites, have been burnt up; and I am, through Jesus, a free child in Christ Jesus! Glory to our God and Christ forever!

The life that I now live is not one of emotional excitement and feeling; but it is a life of faith, having Jesus for its centre, and the everlasting, abiding truth of God for its foundation. Men and devils may oppose me in my upward course, but they never can take my portion from me; and with that portion, which is Christ alone, I shall forever be satisfied. I am glad the way is so narrow that none but those who are stripped of self and the world, can walk in it. God says, the unclean shall not pass over it; but the "redeemed of the Lord shall walk there;" and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

GO TO WORK!

BY REV. W. T. ELLIS.

Who? Why, you, dear reader.—Go to work immediately for Jesus. No one can live in Christ who does not work. The great trouble with the Church to-day is, they do not work.—The mass of professing Christians are of the negative, do-nothing sort. God intends that every Christian shall be a channel through which He will convey

grace to other souls. He puts the light there for the world to see; and when they look and behold darkness, they have a right to complain. When this light is shut in—this grace kept to consume upon our lusts—the light goes out, the grace disappears. The Church, instead of being a host of laborers in God's vineyard, as it should be, would be better represented by a summer resort, where imbecile do-nothings congregate to squander their substance, and pamper their poor bodies in revelry and dissipation.

That lady is sick in body, because she does not work. It would benefit her much more to exchange places with her cook for a month, and pay her wages to the missionary cause, than to go to Saratoga and spend five hundred dollars for the pride of life. *Six days shalt thou labor!* You will be punished if you disobey.

That "dear sister," who nods so much and wants so much to talk with Dr. So-and-so,—is so deeply interested in the subject of holiness,—will learn more of divinity and real holiness, if she will simply get under conviction enough to hear Jesus say, "Go work in my vineyard!" Let her go out among her fashionable friends for an hour and cry, "The friendship of the world is enmity to God!" and she will be likely to repent and be converted.

Let any dead backslider begin to talk faith in Jesus and mean it; let even sinners stand for the truth, and the truth will get hold of them and make them free, just so sure as they continue to work without guile for the truth.

I knew a backslider of twenty-eight years' standing, who began to contend for the truth through sympathy for an abused preacher. She had no feeling for herself—did not expect ever to be a Christian again; and yet, in a short time, she was happy in God.

God has no ladies and gentlemen in His Church to do nothing, or only *nice little jobs*. All are laborers. I believe every Christian could bring one soul to Christ, and many scores and thousands would be converted.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

OF MRS. E. S. GRAVES.

OVER twenty years ago, we moved to this place—Clyde, N. Y. Four weeks after we arrived here, the Lord took from us a loved one—a little, adopted girl. We loved her, and I wanted to meet her in heaven. To be able to do so, the Holy Spirit taught me there must be a preparation of heart for that holy place. Soon after, there was held in the M. E. Church a protracted meeting. I went forward when sinners were invited, and did the best I knew how, and as others told me to do. I felt better at times, and took conviction for conversion. I was asked to unite with the church. I told the minister that I felt unworthy to do so; but he put my name on the church book. Then I felt that I must attend class-meetings. It was hard work to speak. I would think to myself, What shall I say? I would fix up something, but there was no salvation in it. Praise the Lord! he did not leave me to myself. He knew I was honest. There would often come doubts in my mind, whether I was a child of God or not. In that way, I lived over four years.

Fourteen years ago last winter, I went to a watch-meeting, and there I saw others happy. I felt they had something I knew nothing about. I got under such conviction that I did not stay until the meeting was out. I went home, resolved, if there was any such thing as having a clear experience, I would have it. When I got home, I went to praying in good earnest. This was Friday night. Saturday and Sabbath—O, what deep convictions and burden of sin I felt! Monday morning, I was going to washing. I felt so bad I went into another room, kneeled down before the Lord, told him I would do anything he required of me,—then said, "Here, Lord, I give myself away; it is all that I can do." Right there—praise his name!—he gave me the witness that my sins were forgiven. I was truly made a new creature in Christ Jesus. I have not had one doubt of

my conversion since that time. Glory to God for a right starting-point! I longed to have Thursday evening prayer-meeting come, so that I could tell them at the church what the Lord had done for me. I did not have to fix anything up to say. I had an experience of my own—thank the Lord!

Since that time, he has been leading me by his own hand, in a way I knew not. I find it a self-denying and a cross-bearing way.

Eight years ago last August, I attended a camp-meeting. While there, Brother Wm. Davis came in the tent and talked with me. What he said, stirred my heart so that I felt bad. I did not know what to make of it. I believed that I had walked up to all the light that had been given me. The morning before the meeting closed, I was feeling bad. It was raining. I got up before daylight, went to another tent in which they were having a meeting. I told them, as well as I could, how I felt; but felt no better. I came back to the tent where I was stopping. Then the great deep of my heart was broken up. O, how I did weep! They talked and sang for me, but it did no good. I told them to hand me the Testament. I took it and opened in Hebrews, where we are told that the blood of Jesus should purge away our sins. While I was reading, my heart was cleansed from all sin. I had such a sense of being made clean and pure! Next morning, I went to a tent where the slaying power of God was manifested. As I came up, I stood with those that were looking on. I felt it my duty to say that I had been cleansed, but had not been filled, but that I wanted to be. As soon as I got through asking, I did receive such a fullness that I could not stand. After I could stand, I went out to the love feast to witness for Jesus. I got another filling up.

The joy of the Lord is the strength of the soul. Since my heart was cleansed, as the light has been given, I have been led to make consecrations and take crosses that were crucifying to the flesh, but I have come out like gold tried in

the fire. At Clarkson Camp-meeting, I was led to take Jesus for my physician. A short time after, I was tested by having the small-pox. I leaned on him as my physician. He brought me through all right—praise his name. But after that, when I did not feel well, I was tempted and took medicine. The same kind that had done me so much good before, did not then do me any good. I lost Jesus as my physician of body. Nearly two years ago, at Spencerport, when sister Cady was sick, these words kept running in my mind, "to the intent ye may believe." The next day after she was healed, I confessed and took Jesus back as my physician.—Since that time, I have taken no medicine. When I am sick, I go to the Lord and trust in him. He keeps me, soul and body—praise his holy name!

LIFE MISTAKES.

BY CLARK P. HATHAWAY.

A SHORT time ago, while riding on the Central road, I heard these words pronounced in a sad voice, and accompanied by a deep sigh: "That was my life's great mistake. O, that I could live my life over again!" I turned and looked the person in the face. One rapid glance was sufficient. I saw a woman who had not passed half of the allotted three-score years and ten; and yet she looked old and worn. Sorrow had sharpened her features, and graven sharp lines on her face. Her appearance betokened disappointment and vexation. There was none of that chastened and subdued air produced by sanctified afflictions. Evidently, her's was the sorrow that worketh death.—She was in the condition of one who, too late for remedy, has discovered a fatal error.

My mind kept pondering those words, "Life's great mistake," trying to fathom their import. In vain my imagination toiled to grasp the secret cause that led to the wish, "O, that I could live my life over again!" But one thing was sure: some error had been made,

or a false step taken, the consequences of which were embittering her life and wrinkling her brow with premature age.

I looked through the car to see if I could perceive another upon whose features was written as clearly the result of a life mistake. Some were reading the papers—scanning closely the business reports, gold quotations, or the news column, according to their different occupations or dispositions. Some were perusing the despicable trash called novels, peddled by the news-boy to the exclusion of all worthier reading. Others, with eyes fixed on vacancy, seemed intently studying some important problem; but all wore an air of unrest,—a shadowy dissatisfaction seemed to be upon each.

Whether any one had made such a failure as to ruin his peace and hope or not, one thing was sure: few had countenances that indicated satisfaction and contentment.

My mind returning to the one who had so regretted her course, I could not keep from thinking how many, like her, had a past fruitful only in bitter recollections,—a burning Sahara, over which the winds of memory waft but unavailing regrets; how many that have ruin as clearly stamped upon their features, as the curse of God was imprinted on the brow of Cain.

Society is full of those who have made more than a fatal blunder; yet men, blind to the fate of this class, will follow in the same road, trifle with the same sins, and ultimately meet the same fate.

It is sad to look about us and see so many fallen into intemperance and its kindred vices. It is enough to make one weep to see the multitudes that, night after night, walk in those paths, and frequent those places, that lead swiftly downward.

In married life, and single; in political affairs and private conduct; in the customs of society and in all the phases of life, we see much to deplore, and which argues a fearful mistake in selection, judgment, honesty, or virtue,—a mistake incommensurable in the vast-

ness of its evil consequences. If we examine the cause of the actions of different individuals,—in the inebriate and debauchee,—we will find that it springs from a mistaken idea of pleasure. One thinks he finds it in the cup that for a time sweeps care into oblivion; the other deems it gained when he robs innocence.

So we might go on and enumerate the different delusions and errors that lead men to pursue their respective courses; but we wish to find the grand error of errors—the mistake of mistakes. Water appears to come from lakes, rivers, springs, and clouds; but these all have a common origin—the sea. Man's evil deeds result from depraved appetites, envy, malice and lust; but these have their source in the "Black Sea" of iniquity—human nature. Hence, the grand mistake of life is the refusal to give the heart to God in order that it may be changed, and receive in return the divine nature.

To the great mistake of neglecting religion in youth, many can trace sorrows and losses innumerable. How many mourn, too late, the consequences of an irreligious life, and even here on earth, take up the endless refrain of woe,—whose condition, though utterly wretched and hopeless, shadows forth but dimly and indistinctly their future state.

Like the act which

"Brought sin into the world, and all our woe."

What misery is entailed, what joy lost, and what souls ruined, by disobedience to the commands of God, one of which, if heeded, would make earth a paradise, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

LAY-AGENCY.

TWENTY years ago, in the city of Hamburg, a band of seven brethren assembled in a shoemaker's shop, laid their hearts together upon the altar of God's service, and formed themselves into a church, of which Mr. Oncken was chosen pastor. Now behold the

results! The little church of seven members has multiplied itself into fifty churches! Ten thousand souls have been hopefully converted; fifty millions of persons have heard the true gospel; and eight millions of pages of tracts, and four hundred copies of the Scriptures, have been put into circulation.

How has this work, under God, been accomplished? Let us learn from the pastor's own lips: "All our members were initiated and instructed into a regular system of operations. *Every man and woman* is required to do something for the Lord, and thus the Word of the Lord has been scattered. We have now about seventy brethren in Hamburg, who go out *every alternate Sabbath*, two by two, preaching the gospel; and by this means the whole of the city has heard the precious name of Christ." "A list of the brethren who can speak is kept, and they are sent to villages to preach on the Sabbath, and they go out as the church directs. Then apart from these laborers and from the labors of the female members, we have an interesting machinery which has worked well, and costs nothing,—and that is the traveling apprentices. It is the custom of apprentices to travel after learning their trades, and many come to Hamburg. They are supplied with tracts, which they distribute at home and abroad. In Vienna and in Pesth, thousands of tracts and Bibles were distributed during the revolution, the way for which had been prepared by these young men." It is stated that there is scarcely a female member of the large church in Hamburg, who has not two or three Bibles and a parcel of tracts to distribute; and that, in a single year, through the six hundred members of the church and its pastor, every family in that city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants was visited, for the purpose of religious conversation, and the distribution of books. And though these devoted men and their brethren in other parts of Germany, form less than fifty churches, yet they keep up preaching at nearly four hundred stations!—*H. C. Fish.*

A STRANGE THING.

BY NANCY M. JACKSON.

Six thousand years ago, God said to man, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Satan said, "thou shalt *not* die." Man believed Satan, disobeyed God, and fell. From that day to this, the heart of man is prone to believe the father of lies, rather than the God of truth. That this should be the case with the world that lyeth in the wicked one, is not so very strange; but that those who have been adopted into the family of God, should be so prone to doubt His Word, and be so easily deceived by the enemy of their souls, is a matter of astonishment.

Jesus tells us, that if we would be His disciples, we must deny ourselves and take up our cross daily. Satan tells us, 'there is no need of self-denial or cross-bearing, and multitudes of the professed followers of Christ believe and act upon this lie.

God's Word teaches us, that without holiness we can never enter heaven.—Satan tells us, there is no necessity for such a *high Christian experience*: a membership in the church, and a moral life, are a sure passport to glory. If we cannot resist the conviction that it is necessary we should be cleansed from all sin and made pure in heart if we would see God, then our enemy has another lie ready, with which he has been quite successful; and that is, that the hour of death is going to do a great work for us.

The Word of God teaches us that nothing but the blood of Christ can cleanse from sin; and are we to suppose that will be any more efficacious in a dying hour than at any other time? As we must receive the cleansing by faith, can we expect to be more able to exercise that faith in a dying hour than now?

Is it not a *strange thing*, that when we have the Word of God in our hand, and are not ignorant of Satan's devices, that we are so easily persuaded to believe a lie, and so prone to doubt the

truth? It is often a matter of wonder to Christians, why it is so difficult to persuade sinners to come to Christ.—No appeal will move them,—they seem determined to go to destruction, in spite of prayers, and tears, and every effort made to bring them to the Saviour.—It would seem that the angels in heaven might be astonished at this. But is it not a stranger thing, that those who know by experience that Jesus has power on earth to forgive sins, and profess to believe God's word, should doubt His power or willingness to do what He has promised in His Word? How can they tell sinners that Jesus can save to the uttermost, when they refuse to believe the truth for themselves?

Oh, that we were consistent, and while we offer to sinners salvation by faith, *have faith ourselves*—that active, living, appropriating faith, that keeps Christ in the soul and sin out.

It is a great and glorious privilege for sinners such as we, to be permitted, through the merits of Christ, to reckon ourselves dead unto sin, but alive unto God. One would suppose that every pardoned soul would joyfully avail themselves of such liberty; and yet, how few are free! May the Lord send the *convicting Spirit* into the Church!

Meadville, Pa.

WORLDLY PROSPERITY.—Keep down thy vain heart by this consideration, that *God values not a man a jot the more* for worldly prosperity. God values no man by outward excellencies, but by inward graces: they are the internal ornaments of the spirit which are of great price in God's eyes. He despises all worldly glory, and accepts no man's person; "but in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him." Indeed, if the judgment of God went by the same rule that man's doth, we might value ourselves by these things, and stand upon them. But as one said when dying, "I shall not appear before God as a doctor, but as a man:" so much every man is as he is in the judgment of God, and no more.—*Flavel.*

SUFFERINGS FOR RELIGION.

A SPECIAL season calling for diligence to keep your heart, is when sufferings for religion come to a height. "All these are the beginning of sorrows. Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake. And then shall many be offended." When sufferings for religion grow hot, then blessed is he that is not offended in Christ. Troubles are at a height when a man's nearest friends and relations forsake and leave him, Micah vii. 5, 6; 2 Tim. iv. 16; when it comes to resisting unto blood, Heb. xii. 4; when temptations are presented to us in our sufferings, Heb. xi. 37; when persons eminent for professions turn aside, and desert the cause of Christ, 2 Tim. ii. 18; when God hides his face in a suffering hour, Jer. xvii. 17; and when Satan falls upon us with strong temptations, to question the grounds of our sufferings or the souls interest in Christ. At such times it is hard to keep the heart from turning back, and the steps from declining from God's ways. How then may the heart be kept from relapsing under the greatest sufferings for religion? If the bitterness of sufferings at any time cause thy soul to dislike the way of God, and indulge thoughts of forsaking it, stay thy heart under that temptation, by solemnly propounding to it these eight questions:

Question 1. Can I consent to *pour reproach and dishonor upon Christ and religion*, by deserting him at such a time as this? This will proclaim to all the world, that how much soever I have boasted of the promises, yet, when it comes to the trial, I dare hazard nothing upon the credit of them; and how will this open the mouths of Christ's enemies to blaspheme? O better had I never been born, than that worthy name should be blasphemed through me. Shall I furnish the triumphs of the uncircumcised? Shall I make mirth in hell? O, if I did but value the name of Christ as much as many a wicked man values his own

name, I could never endure to see it exposed to such contempt. Will proud dust and ashes venture death, yea, hell, rather than a blot upon their names, and shall I venture nothing to save the honor and reputation of Christ?

Question 2. *Dare I violate my conscience to save my flesh?* Who shall comfort me when conscience wounds me? What comfort is there in life, liberty, or friends, when peace is taken away from the inner man? When Constantinus threatened to cut off Samosatenus' right hand, if he would not subscribe somewhat that was against his conscience, he held up both his hands to the messenger that was sent, saying, "He shall cut off both rather than I will do it: farewell all peace, joy, and comfort, from that day forward." "Had Zimri peace, that slew his master?" said Jezebel. So say I here, Had Judas peace? Had Spira peace? And shall you have peace, if you tread in their steps? O consider what you do.

Question 3. Is not the *public interest of Christ and religion infinitely more than any private interest of my own*? It is related of Terentius, captain to the emperor Adrian, that he once presented a petition to the emperor that the Christians might have a temple by themselves, to worship God apart from the Arians. The emperor tore his petition and threw it away, bidding him ask something for himself and it should be granted; but he modestly gathered up the pieces of his petition again, and told him, if he could not be heard in God's cause, he would never ask any thing for himself. Oh, if we had more regard for the cause of the Redeemer, we should not have such cowardly spirits.

Question 4. Did JESUS CHRIST serve me so, when for my sake he exposed himself to far greater sufferings than can be before me? His sufferings were great indeed; he suffered from all hands, in all his offices, in every member, not only in his body but in his soul; yea, the sufferings of his soul were the very soul of his sufferings—

witness the bloody sweat in the garden, witness the heart-melting and heaven-rending outcry upon the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And yet he flinched not: "He endured the cross, despising the shame." Alas, what are my sufferings compared with Christ's? He hath drank up all that vinegar and gall that would make my sufferings bitter. When one of the martyrs was asked why he was so cheerful at his death, "O," said he, "it is because the soul of Christ was so heavy at his death." Did Christ bear such a burden for me, with unbroken patience and constancy; and shall I shrink back from momentary and light afflictions for him?

Question 5. Is not *eternal life* worth the sufferings of a moment's pain? If I suffer with him, I shall reign with him. O how will men venture life and limb for a fading crown, swim through seas of blood to a throne; and will I venture nothing for the "crown of glory that fadeth not away?" My dog will follow my horse's heels from morning to night, take many a weary step through mire and dirt, rather than leave me, though at night all he gets by it is but bones and blows. If my soul had any true greatness, any spark of generosity in it, how it would despise the sufferings of the way for the glory of the end. How would it break down all difficulties before it, while, by an eye of faith, it sees "the Forerunner" who is already entered, standing, as it were, upon the walls of heaven, with the crown in his hand, saying, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Come on then, my soul, come on; there is eternal life laid up for them that "by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality."

Question 6. Can I so easily cast off the society and company of the saints, and give the right hand of fellowship to the wicked? How can I part with such lovely companions as these have been? How often have I benefited by their counsels; how often refreshed, armed, and quickened by their com-

pany; how often have I fasted and prayed with them. What sweet counsel have I taken with them, and gone to the house of God in company. And shall I now shake hands with them, and say, Farewell, all ye saints, for ever; I shall never be among you more: come drunkards, blasphemers, persecutors, you shall be my everlasting companions? O rather let my body and soul be rent asunder, than that ever I should say thus to the excellent of the earth in whom is all my delight.

Question 7. Have I seriously considered the *terrible scripture threatenings* against backsliders? O my heart, darest thou turn back upon the very point of such threatenings as these? "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord: for he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh," Jer. xvii. 5, 6; that is, the curse of God shall wither him root and branch. And "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."—Heb. x. 26, 27. And again, "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him;" as if he should say, Take him, world, take him, devil, for your own; I have no delight in him. O who dare draw back, when God has hedged up the way with such terrible threats as these?

Question 8. Can I look Christ in the face in the day of judgment, if I desert him now? "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." Yet a little while, and you shall see the sign of the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. The last trump shall sound, the dead both small and great, even all that sleep in the

dust, shall awake and come before the great white throne, on which Christ shall sit in that great day. And now, do but imagine thou seest the trembling knees and quivering lips of guilty sinners. Imagine thou hearest the dreadful sentence of the Judge upon them, "Depart, ye cursed;" and then a cry—the weeping, wailing, and wringing of hands, that there shall be. Wouldst thou now desert Christ, to protract a miserable life upon earth? If the word of God be true, if the sayings of Christ be sealed and faithful, this shall be the portion of the apostate. It is an easy thing to stop the mouth of conscience now, but will it be easy to stop the mouth of the Judge then? Thus keep thy heart, that it depart not from the living God.—*Flavel*.

SEPARATION.

Whenever the church has been thoroughly distinct from the world, she has always prospered. During the first three centuries the world hated the church. The prison, the stake, the heels of the wild horse, these were thought too good for the followers of Christ. When a man became a Christian, he gave up father and mother, house and lands, nay, his own life also. When they met together they must meet in the catacombs, burning candles at high noon, because there was darkness in the depths of the earth. They were despised and rejected of men. "They wandered about in sheeps' skins and goats' skins, destitute, afflicted, tormented." But then was the age of heroes; The ship never sails so gloriously along as when the bloody spray of her martyrs falls upon her deck. We *must* suffer, and we *must* die, if we are ever to conquer this world for Christ. Was there ever such a surprising miracle as the spread of the gospel during the first two or three centuries? Within fifty years after Christ had ascended to heaven, the gospel was preached in every known part of the world, and there were converts to Christ in the most inhospitable regions. Further than the ships of Tarsh-

ish had the gospel flown; the pillars of Hercules had not bounded the industry of the apostles. To wild and uncivilised tribes, to Picts and Scots, and fierce Britons, was the gospel proclaimed. Churches were founded, some of which have lasted in their purity to this day. And all this, I believe, was partly the result of that striking, that marked difference between the Church and the world.

Certainly, during the period after Constantine professed to be a Christian, changing with the times, because he saw it would strengthen his empire—from the time when the Church began to be linked with the state—the Lord left her, and gave her up to barrenness, and Ichabod was written on her walls. It was a black day for Christendom when Constantine said, "I am a Christian." "By this sign I conquer," said he. Yes, it was the true reason of his pretended conversion. If he could conquer by the cross it was well enough; if he could have conquered by Jupiter he would have liked it equally well. From that time the Church began to degenerate. And coming down to the middle ages, when you could not tell a Christian from a worldlyling, where were you to find piety at all, or life or grace left in the land? Then came Luther, and with rough grasp he rent away the Church from the world—pulled her away at the risk of rending her in pieces. And then "The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel together, against the Lord and against his Anointed;" but he that sitteth in the heavens did laugh at them; Jehovah had them in derision. The Church went forth conquering and to conquer, her main weapon was her *non-conformity* to the world, her coming out among men. Put your finger on any prosperous page in the Church's history, and I will find a little marginal note reading thus: "In this age men could readily see where the Church began and where the world ended." Never were there good times when the Church and the world were joined in marriage with one another.—*Spurgeon*.

Editorial.

Religion of Circumstances.

THERE was a period, while the Reformation was being established, during which the English nation changed their religion to accommodate the preferences of the reigning monarch. Under Edward, priests, bishops and people were Protestants; under Mary, Papists; under Elizabeth, Protestants, and under Henry VIIIth, Papists, with the King for a Pope. Such was the facility with which they adapted their religion to their circumstances, that a careful observer remarked "that the English would turn Turks if the king told them to."

The same accommodating spirit still prevails largely among professing Christians. They are reflectors, and not lights. They shine only as they are shone upon. They echo the sounds that fall upon them. They are the creatures of circumstances. It was with reference to this class that the Saviour said, *Have salt in yourselves.*

Saving grace comes from God alone. It is always the same in its nature, and in its effects.

1. It gives victory under temptation.—Many are strong in virtue until they are thoroughly tested. They condemn others who do better than they themselves would in a similar position. But he who has the real grace of God in his heart, maintains his integrity when everything is favorable to his yielding to the solicitations of the enemy of his soul. Many, who at home have maintained a character of strict honesty, have, in Congress or in the Legislature, yielded to the tempting bribe and sold their votes for filthy lucre. The true child of God is honest, whether honesty is the best policy or not. He is governed by principle, and not by self-interest.

Many were plain when they were poor. They professed that it was because the Word of God required it. But it is evident that they made a virtue of necessity. In reality, pride was at the bottom of their plainness. Just as soon as their circumstances warranted it, they went into pride and fashion as deeply as their neighbors.

Their apparel is now as costly as that of sensible people in their own condition of life, who make no profession of religion.—They believed in plain churches and free seats, in their low estate; but as soon as they are able to vie with other denominations in splendor, they build as magnificent houses of worship as their means will allow.

Some twenty years ago, in Western New York, one of the leading preachers—a Presiding Elder—made an issue in his Conference against secret societies. He professed to believe that they were infidel in their character and pernicious in their influence. He opened the controversy which resulted in the expulsion of several preachers, and of many church members, who had stood by him. When the crisis came, he was transferred to the Pacific coast. Becoming a candidate for an office in the gift of the General Conference, he joined the Masons! As water conforms to the shape of the vessel which contains it, so the principles of many who profess to be Christians, are controlled by their surroundings.

Beloveds, is this the case with you? Are you floating along as the current carries you? Are you controlled in your religious associations and principles by the influences to which you are subject? If so, you have no more right to expect to go to Heaven than has a Mohammedan or a heathen!

In Christ is life; and if we belong to Him, He makes us partakers of His life.—We control circumstances, instead of being controlled by them. The elements that make a dead tree decay, cause a live one to grow. So, if we are true Christians, with our lives hid with Christ in God, the temptations and the trials which result in the complete overthrow of false professors, will only establish us more firmly in the faith.

LET EVERY MAN PROVE HIS OWN WORK;
THEN SHALL HE HAVE REJOICING IN HIMSELF ALONE, AND NOT IN ANOTHER.

If we could see the end as God does, we should see that every event is *for* the believer. When we get to the haven, we shall see that every wind was wafting us to glory.—*McCheyne.*

Be Kind.

BROTHER, you are too harsh. Jesus says, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." This is what you are trying to do, but you make poor work of it. You not only fish with the bare hook, without bait—which is bad enough—but you throw it in so violently, and jerk it about so vigorously, that you frighten all the fish away. You catch none yourself; and you hinder more skillful fishers from catching any within the circle of your influence.

If you would do people good, you must treat them kindly. You must feel kind and tender toward them; then your words, your tones, and your whole manner will be kind. Paul was successful. He was no trimmer—no time-server. He was faithful to his hearers. But did he use bitter denunciation against sinners? He says,—*Knowing therefore the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men.* He employed argument and persuasion, but never descended to fierce invective. He gives us a rule to restore the erring: *Brethren, if any of you be overtaken in a fault, ye who are spiritual, restore such an one, in the spirit of meekness.* Let not the cold, formal professor undertake this work. Even the spiritual must attempt it only in the *spirit of meekness*. Harshness will only drive them farther away.

If one who professes religion, and whose life is without reproach, is seeking the Lord, it will do no good for you to ascend the judgment-seat, and publicly declare to such an one, that he has no religion. A word of encouragement would be far more appropriate, and would be likely to do good instead of harm. If souls who have turned their faces Zion-ward, are not getting along as fast as you wish, be careful lest in your eagerness to drive them on, you turn them back. Try leading. We once saw a man endeavoring to ride an intelligent pony into the lake. It was afraid of the motion of the water, and all his whipping and urging could not make it go in. He dismounted, took the halter, and waded in before it. The docile creature readily followed. So if you lead the way into the

waters of salvation, some will be sure to follow. But do not drive.

Do not lead another meeting, or deliver another exhortation, public or private, until you get this spirit of kindness. God can give it to you. He can make you kind, and at the same time uncompromising.

Aim at the Mark.

WHEN we come to God for salvation, it is important that we should have a clear idea of what we are to be saved from.—Fletcher says, "If you would hit the mark, you must know where it is. Some people aim at Christian perfection; but, mistaking it for angelical perfection, they shoot above the mark, miss it, and then peevishly give up their hopes. Others place the mark as much too low; hence it is that you hear them profess to have attained Christian perfection, when they have not so much as attained the mental serenity of a philosopher, or the candor of a good-natured, conscientious heathen."

It is said that Jesus *shall save his people from their sins*. Every disposition and every appetite that is in itself sinful, you may be saved from. The appetite for strong drink and for tobacco is not natural. It is sinful—acquired only by sinful indulgence. You may look to be saved not only from the indulgence, but from the appetite itself. We have given, in these pages, the testimony of many who have thus been saved. Pride, hatred, and covetousness in all their modifications, are sinful. **GIVE THEM NO QUARTER.** Lay the axe at the root of these unholy tempers, and have them utterly exterminated.

Other appetites and affections are sinful when they become inordinate, or seek indulgence in an unlawful manner. Keep a strong hand upon these. Keep them in strict subjection. If kept under, they are useful servants. If they gain the ascendancy, they are the worst tyrants that ever domineered over a human being. It was with reference to these that Paul said, *But I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest after having preached to others, I myself should become a cast-away.*

Fox River District Camp-Meeting.

THIS meeting was held near Lodi, Kane county, Illinois. There were about forty tents on the ground. The weather was unfavorable for a large attendance from the neighborhood. It rained every day. Everything at the West is on a grand scale. They have large prairies, large farms, large hearts, and their storms are on a magnificent scale. The thunder and lightning, and wind and rain, are truly terrific. One man—a Roman Catholic—was struck by lightning, and himself and team killed, between the camp ground and the depot.

Last year, the Free Methodists in Illinois purchased a large, new tent, fifty feet in diameter, to hold meetings in from place to place. Much good has been done in it, through the labors of Bro. Edson Kimball, of Elgin, Ill., and the Rev. C. E. Harroun, assisted by others from time to time. This tent came in place at this meeting. No matter how hard it rained, the meetings could go on in it without interruption. We heard some who had contributed ten dollars toward it, say that they got the worth of their money in that one meeting. It held a large congregation, and the meetings were glorious.

It was the opinion of many, that this was the best camp-meeting we ever held at the West. There were, we should judge, over fifty conversions. A still larger number professed to receive the blessing of holiness; the saints were quickened, and conviction rested on the minds of the people generally. There was an earnest attention, a tenderness, a readiness to yield, which showed that God's Spirit was powerfully at work.

The Love Feasts were all good; but in the one held on Tuesday morning, occurred a scene such as we never witnessed. Mrs. Roberts was led to speak of the necessities of our school at Chili;—of the want of a school where our young people could be encouraged to enjoy religion; and of our present embarrassment in endeavoring to establish such a school. She said but little, but the Lord was in it. A brother arose immediately, and said the Lord wanted him to pay twenty-five dollars for that

school. A sister said she would pay fifty dollars. Brother Terrill said the colored people at the South took up collections by singing some lively hymn, and inviting the people to come forward and make their contributions. He led off in singing; the people came forward with alacrity to the stand, and in a few minutes five hundred dollars were pledged for this enterprise.—One hundred and seventy-five dollars were paid in cash at the time. Some were so blessed while making their offerings, that they could hardly stand. Never was our unbelief so rebuked as on this occasion.—Our wants were very pressing; but the times are hard, and we did not expect to raise anything. But God has wonderfully encouraged us to trust in Him.

The meeting closed Tuesday evening, about midnight. On Wednesday morning the sun shone out brightly, and we made our way under a clear sky, but over roads almost impassable by mud—such mud as can be found only in the rich prairies of the West—to the depot, and took the cars for the Michigan meeting. We trust that those who shared the blessings of this Pentecostal occasion, will spread the holy fire, and thus keep it burning continually in their hearts.

Chittenango Camp-Meeting.

THIS meeting was, in every respect, decidedly a successful one. The woods were the best we ever saw for a meeting. There was a good attendance. There was a good deal of digging down, and as a consequence, the saving power of God was wonderfully manifested. A goodly number were converted and sanctified, and believers were generally quickened. A healthy influence was left upon the community. Everything was orderly and harmonious. The Spirit of God had free course among His children.

A ZEALOUS SOUL without meekness, is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecking. A meek soul, without zeal, is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast to its harbor as it ought.

Coldwater Camp-Meeting.

THE work in Michigan is doing well,—God is blessing the labors of the preachers to the salvation of the people. The rain seriously interfered with the meeting, for it rained every day; but good was done, and souls were saved. We never saw people so willing to stand in the rain and listen to preaching. It rained Sunday most of the time, yet five sermons were preached out of doors to attentive audiences. There were about a dozen tents on the ground, and a good attendance from the country around.

Measures were taken, and a subscription opened, to purchase a large tent, to hold meetings in from place to place.

The Murray Camp-Meeting.

WE reached the ground on Tuesday, and found that here, too, the rain had greatly affected the meeting. But the people were in good spirits, and in the tents a good work was done. There were, we should judge, about thirty tents on the ground.—Better weather would, no doubt, have secured a larger attendance and greater results. A large tent is greatly needed in this Conference.

Chili Seminary.

FOR years, the conviction has rested upon us, that there ought to be a school under more decidedly religious influences than most with which we are acquainted. For the purpose of establishing such a school, a farm was purchased some three years since, at Chili, ten miles west of Rochester, on the N. Y. Central Railroad. Last summer, a brick building, forty feet by sixty, and four stories high, was erected. Of those who felt as we did, and upon whose co-operation we relied, two have died, and others, by neglecting to do their duty when they should, have since been unable to do anything. All the money that has been received, has been expended to the best advantage. The building is now ready to plaster. To get it along as far as we have, we have ourselves become

personally responsible to the amount of some four thousand dollars. For a portion of this sum we have given bank notes; and the rest is borrowed money. It needs, to finish the building, about two thousand dollars. This makes in all about six thousand dollars. We have assets, subscriptions and pledges, belonging to the school, which we consider good for over one-half of this amount; though some of it may not be realized for some time. We could use three thousand dollars to good advantage; but if two thousand dollars were paid in soon, we could finish the building so as to get the school in operation this fall.

Ask the Lord if He would have you help us; and if He would, do so promptly. It is not the will of the Lord that we should bear this heavy burden alone.

The Earnest Christian.

WITH this number we commence a new volume. We shall bend all our energies to make it the best we have ever issued. Many of our subscribers tell us they cannot do without *The Earnest Christian*. We shall do all in our power to make it indispensable to every one who is determined to walk in the narrow way.

We want all whose subscription expires with the July number to renew promptly. We also ask our friends to make a vigorous effort to get one thousand new subscribers to commence with the July number. It can be done. Great good would result from it. Shall it be done? Will you do all you can towards it?

Some of our subscribers have not paid for the current year. If you are one of them will you please forward us the pay at once. We need it now. In all cases in sending us money send a money order on the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y., if possible. In all cases, in writing us on business, give P. O. address and State. If you wish to have the address changed, give the name of the office from which as well as to which you wish it changed.

May God bless you, dear reader, and enable you to live wholly for Him, and lay up for yourself treasure in Heaven.

LOVE FEAST.

REV. JAS. H. YOUNG.—I was reared by religious parents, but did not become religious until I was about twenty-one years of age. My conviction was deep and pungent, and truly I felt that the pains of hell had got hold of me. But the Lord heard my cry, and did take my feet from the horrible pit, and did put a new song in my mouth, even praise to my God. I was truly happy for a length of time; but when the Lord wanted me to blow the gospel trumpet, I found that I was not willing to say, "Thy will be done." I began to make excuses. I told the Lord my talents were but small. Then He said to me, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." I was truly alarmed; I lost my enjoyments in a degree, and when I would pray to the Lord to restore unto me the joys of His salvation, duty would present itself again. I then thought that I was not all right. I read in the Bible concerning the doctrine of holiness, and I began to seek for it in good earnest. Sometimes, it seemed as though the good Lord was holding it out to me, and told me to present my body a living sacrifice, and I would receive. There was a period of four years that I was seeking. Sometimes I felt well, and at other times I felt bad. At last, at a camp-meeting held by the United Brethren in Christ, near Aurora, Ill., there were a few Free Methodists there, and they helped me into the pool. Praise the Lord! I made the surrender, placed the sacrifice upon the altar, and fire came down and consumed all impurities. O, what a change! I felt that my feet were in a large place.—It has now been over nine years, and the most of the time I have felt holy fire burning upon my poor heart. Then I could say, "Here am I, Lord: send me." I have been preaching ever since, and the Lord has been with me. Yet I do not find that this holy living is a very popular theme; but let this be as it may, I expect to contend earnestly for the faith that was once delivered to the saints. I solicit the prayers of the beloved in the Lord. Praises to the Lamb forever!

New Bedford, Ill.

C. CARDE.—I praise the Lord, and thank Him for the kindness He has done to me. It has not been long, since I started in His cause. I am sorry that I did not give my heart to Him sooner. The *Earnest Christian* is with me nearly all the time, and I don't know what I would do without it. I was in the habit of reading other books, such as novels; but I don't have any desire for them now. I was at a prayer-meeting, a few nights ago, out of town, and I found that the Spirit of the Lord was working there. Pray for us, that we may be faithful, and be the means of winning souls to Christ.

Williamstown, Mass.

Z. B. COLLINS.—I would give my testimony to the power there is in Jesus' blood to cleanse from all unrighteousness. I feel that cleansing power all through my soul this morning—hallelujah! In December last, I attended a General Quarterly meeting at Binghamton, and while there the Lord set me free, and by His grace I have been enabled to keep free to the present time. I find that whom the Lord makes free is free indeed—praise His name! I had always been one of the fearful ones—afraid to follow Jesus in the way that I saw at times so plainly marked out. It was so different from the path that the multitude of professors take; and I saw that it was a way everywhere spoken against, and I could not bear the reproach. But I find that perfect love casts out all fear, and makes me bold to declare what the Lord has done for me; and enables me to walk in the ways of His commandments, and to count it all joy when reproached for Christ's sake. In the name of the Lord I have set up my banner and written thereon, "No compromise with the world, the flesh, or the devil."

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

Owego, N.Y.

MISS CLARA CLAPSADDLE.—The Lord truly saves me from all my sins—praise His name! I am one of the Lord's converts

He leads me, and I follow on. The 13th of January last, I became sick of sin, and the Lord had mercy on me: and I can say that my choice is made, to go through in the same narrow way that leads to eternal life. Glory to God! my way grows brighter and brighter. I am so glad that the Lord sent Bro. Burgess among us, and that he was so faithful in warning us of our danger, and pointing us to the Saviour that has taken away my sins, and has sanctified my soul.

Porter, N.Y.

MRS. H. E. HAYDEN.—I am walking in the clear light. My face is set as a flint Zionward. My heart is fixed to do the whole will of God. Hallelujah to the Lamb! It is more than my meat and drink to do my Father's holy will. I am constantly learning new lessons in the school of my blessed Saviour.

Warren, Ills.

MRS. ANN E. CHESBROUGH.—I have often felt the drawings of the Spirit to write my feeble testimony for the *Earnest Christian*. I profess to be an *earnest Christian*—believe I am. I do know that all the aspirations of my soul are heavenward. Jesus saves me from coveting the things of the world. Its praise, riches and honors, are but dust in the balances, when weighed with eternal things. O, how I hate the things I once loved, and love the things I once hated!—He most gloriously saves me, too, from joining hands with any who go down to Egypt for help. The land in which I dwell is a goodly land, flowing with milk and honey. Its fruits are delicious. The Anaks therein are as grasshoppers. I quit serving my taskmasters twelve years ago, and by the grace of God, make no more brick and mortar for them. Blessed be God!

"His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart."

These words have run through my mind frequently of late: "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." Yea, Lord; I'll watch against it with all my redeemed powers.—By the grace of God, it shall not make any inroads into my soul. Thus far He has

kept me by His power, through faith unto salvation. My trust is in Him for the future. O, I am daily looking for grace to enable me to take no thought for the morrow, what I shall eat, or where withal I shall be clothed, but cast my care fully on Jesus, who careth for me. I am getting the victory. It shall be mine,—yea, it is mine. Hallelujah! "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the things of this world, that it may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." Pray for me, that the God of love and mercy may enable me to endure unto the end; and at last, with all the blood-washed army, wear the palm of victory throughout the countless ages of eternity. Amen and amen.

Meadville, Pa.

S. A. CUER.—Jesus the Conqueror reigns—praise His name! No other help I know. To-day He saves me by his blood. O, glorious hour! peace within and peace without. Jesus has led me many years, but it has not always been by the side of still waters. No; I have heard the billows roar, and seen the tempest foam; but my hope is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast—praise the Lord!

Kidder, Mo.

MRS. M. MANZER.—My soul burns with zeal, that is, according to knowledge, to declare what God is doing for me. I have professed religion over twenty years. About six years past, have been the best of all my life. The knife of crucifixion has been applied. I have indeed entered the more excellent way; and although I find it a way of suffering and death, yet it gladdens my heart to realize this way was prepared by the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I stand in this covenant, and God has indeed accepted and set his seal, and I do really welcome all that comes. I am borne onward, and upheld alone by His omnipotence. I have the whole armor on, and want nothing beside my God.

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free."

South Gilson, Pa.

NETTIE CLARK.—I rejoice to day that I can testify to full salvation. There is power in the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin. Glory be to King Jesus! He has given even me some of the joys of this full salvation. My once proud heart has submitted to be crucified to the world. I have renounced the devil with all his works, the world, its vain pleasures and fashions, and have taken Jesus and Him crucified as my satisfying portion. Glory be to God! my feet have found the solid rock. The past week has been one of the best weeks of my life. I have enjoyed sweet communion with Jesus. I am glad that there is a highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in—a way of holiness. It is my firm determination to walk in this way while life shall last. And I expect finally to join with the redeemed in praising God through an endless eternity.

Perry Center, N. Y.

SARAH E. CUER.—I feel that I am the Lord's. O, praise His name! He saves me by His blood—glory to His name forever! Though we pass through great trials, the Lord keeps us—O, glory to His name! O, how I feel when I see the neighbors in sin! It pains my heart. I cannot help weeping over them. The conflict is raging—'twill be fearful and long. We will gird on the armor the tighter, and go through with our Captain. Pray for us, that we may meet above.

Kidder, Mo.

W. WENTZ.—My experience at this hour is, that I am saved—wholly saved. To God belongs the glory. I am in favor of a strict, practical adherence to the Word of God, and the teachings of His Spirit. Practically, it gives me peace, joy in the Holy Ghost, supplies all my wants, and generally leaves a surplus of a little of earthly means, not to be misapplied. I am very poor. I am very dependent. At times I feel inexpressibly rich. I am only a steward. All of my mind, all of my body, public or private, is only safe, when I know it is under the control of the grace of God—kept by the Lord. Praise His name!

GEORGE JOHNSTON.—I love the *Earnest Christian*. It comes richly laden with good things, to refresh and cheer, to stimulate and strengthen the pilgrim on his journey to the skies. I am now on the decline of life, being 67 years of age. I was converted in Ireland at the age of fourteen; came to this country shortly after; united with the M. E. Church; lived in her communion until 1843; left in consequence of her support of the sum of all villainies; united in forming the first Wesleyan Church in our section, and am still battling for the right against every unfruitful work of darkness. Although some of our leaders got tired of the tug of war, and tried very hard to carry us back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, yet we still live, with increased zeal and vigor to contend for a pure gospel. Reasons are accumulating why we should do so, in this time-serving age, when high dignitaries of different churches have become novel-writers—bishops not excepted—leading multitudes in the way of Baalam the son of Beor, who loved the wages of wickedness, truckling to the time-serving spirit of the age, strewing flowers on the road to eternal ruin. It is time every lover of God should awake and put on the whole gospel armor. While I write, my heart is full of love to God and all mankind.

Raymond, Iowa.

JOHN W. ESTEP.—I was converted eight years ago, at a New Year's meeting held in Wabash Co., Ind. In four or five days after my conversion, I heard a man preach on the doctrine of holiness. I was waked up to the truth at that time. I sought it, more or less, all along, and, I believe, enjoyed it at times. Last year, I came to the conclusion I must know I was fully saved. My resolution was this: "Live or die, sink or swim, hell or heaven, I must have the blessing." On the day of the Presidential election, I could say, "I believe thou hast saved me;" finally could say, "I know thou hast saved me." I have not lived in the full enjoyment of it as I wish. I long to be full of the Holy Ghost. I am a United Brethren preacher.

Clarinda, Iowa.