

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

AUGUST, 1869.

MIRACLES.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

IN our last, we showed that miracles, in attestation of the authority of any particular person, or in proof of any particular doctrine, may no longer be expected. But that miracles in the Bible sense,—viz., supernatural events brought about by the power of God,—may still be looked for, we do not see how any believer in the Bible can doubt. What, in reality, are answers to prayers but miracles? If, when we pray, every thing goes on “according to the established constitution and course of things,” just the same as they would if we did not pray, there is no propriety in saying that our prayers are answered. If things transpire as we would have them, our wishes may be gratified, but it is absurd to say that our prayer is answered.

Answer to prayer implies that God does something, either directly or thro’ intermediate agency, which He would not have done if we had not prayed.—“Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed

again, and the heaven gave rain and the earth brought forth her fruit.”—James v. 17. Hezekiah prayed, and fifteen years were added to his life.—2 Kings xx. 2-5.

The New Testament contains the most full and explicit promises that God will answer prayer.

What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.—Mark xi. 24.—

Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will, I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.—John xiv. 13.—

If these and similar passages—and there are many of them—mean anything, they encourage us to believe that prayer will be answered,—and this not only for spiritual but also for temporal blessings. We have no right to make limitations to God’s word which He has not made.

The testimony is most undoubted, that God has, in all ages, answered the prayers of His children in such a manner that there was evidently a “deviation from the known laws of nature.”

John Wesley says: “By reflecting on an odd book, ‘The general delusion of Christians with regard to Prophecy,’ I was fully convinced of what I had long suspected, That the grand reason why the miraculous gifts were so soon with-

drawn, was not only that faith and holiness were well nigh lost; but that dry, formal, orthodox men began even then to ridicule whatever gifts they had not themselves; and to decry them all, as either madness or imposture."—Works, vol. iii. page 496. In reference to matters that had transpired under his own observation, he says: "I acknowledge that I have seen with my eyes and heard with my ears, several things which, to the best of my judgment, cannot be accounted for by the ordinary course of natural causes, and which I therefore believe ought to be ascribed to the extraordinary interposition of God. If any man choose to style them *miracles*, I reclaim not. I have diligently inquired into the facts. I have weighed the preceding and following circumstances. I have striven to account for them in a natural way; but could not, without doing violence to my reason. Not to go far back, I am clearly persuaded that the sudden deliverance of John Haydon was one instance of this kind; and my own recovery on May the 10th, another. I cannot account for either of these in a natural way. Therefore, I believe they were both supernatural."—Works, vol. v. page 469.

Mr. Wesley thinks that real miracles have been wrought among devout Catholics, by the power of God, to counteract the influence of error.

He says: "I read, to my no small amazement, the account given by Monsieur Montgeron, both of his own conversion, and of the other miracles wrought at the tomb of Abbe Paris. I had always looked upon the whole affair as a mere legend, as I suppose most Protestants do; but I see no pos-

sible way to deny these facts without invalidating all human testimony. I may full as reasonably deny there is such a person as Mr. Montgeron, or such a city as Paris, in the world. Indeed, in many of these instances I see great superstition as well as strong faith. But 'the times of ignorance' God 'does wink at' still, and bless the faith notwithstanding the superstition. If it be said, 'But will not the admitting these miracles establish Popery?' Just the reverse. Abbe Paris lived and died in open opposition to the gross errors of Popery; and in particular to that diabolical Bull Unigenitus, which destroys the very foundations of Christianity."—Works, vol. iii. page 473.

The accounts given us of the old Puritan divines, show that God often interposed in their behalf in a most supernatural manner. We give a few instances, taken from the life of John Welch, one of the old Scotch Presbyterian preachers, who was born about the year 1570. He was a wild, hopeless boy. Being brought into great distress on account of his sins, he resolved fully upon reformation. He came to his father, "weeping and kneeling, beseeching him, for Christ's sake, to pardon his misbehavior, engaging heartily to be a new man." His reformation was thorough. He became a diligent student, and in due time entered the ministry. Till his death, he reckoned the day ill-spent, if he stayed not seven or eight hours in prayer.—His biographer says, "he was always attended by the prophet's shadow,—the hatred of the wicked." Meeting a young man, dressed in scarlet and silver lace, Welch greatly surprised him by telling him he ought to change his dress and

his way of life, and devote himself to his studies, for he should be his successor in the ministry. This duly came to pass. The city of Ayr in which he preached, was guarded by sentinels.—One day two traveling merchants, each with a pack of cloth, upon horseback, came to the city desiring entrance that they might sell their goods. They brought a regular pass from the town from which they came. But the sentinels stopped them, and called the magistrates. They were in doubt, and sent to their minister, John Welch, for his advice. He came, and putting off his hat, with his eyes raised toward Heaven, continued for a short time in a praying posture. He then told the magistrates they would do well to send these two travelers away, affirming, with great confidence and earnestness, that the plague was in their packs. The magistrates commanded them to be gone. They went to Cumnock, a town about sixteen miles distant, where they sold their goods; which spread such an infection in the place, that the living were hardly able to bury the dead.

He was sent to prison and into exile for Jesus' sake. One night, while a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, while at supper, Welch, as his manner was, entertained the company with godly and edifying conversation, which was well received by all the company except a debauched, popish young gentleman, who sometimes laughed, and sometimes mocked, and made wry faces. Grieved at such conduct, Welch broke out into an abrupt charge upon all the company to be silent, and observe the work of the Lord upon that profane mocker; upon which the wretched man sank down, and died beneath the table, to

the great astonishment of all present. These facts are taken from an interesting work entitled "Scot's Worthies."

We close this article by giving an extract from a letter from an esteemed friend—one who knows God:

"At the bush, God said he gave two signs to Moses, saying, if they will not believe the first they will believe the second. These were given as the credentials of Moses's authority; and He added many more, that they might know that He was God.

"Elijah said, Let it be known that thou art God and that I am thy servant; and in answer, the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice.—Again Elijah said, If I be a man of God, let fire come down from heaven and consume thee and thy fifty.

"These signs or miracles were given in confirmation of Moses' and Elijah's authority, and in attestation of the truth. And of this class were other miracles of the prophets—of Christ and his apostles—including, as I think, what you mention from Mark, 'And these signs shall follow,' etc. Also, those signs mentioned in Hebrews ii. 3, 4, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by our Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him; . . . with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to his own will?'—These gifts of the Holy Ghost, I suppose, are the same as mentioned in 1 Cor. xii. 8-10, viz: To one is given the [miraculous] gift of wisdom—to another, knowledge—faith—gifts of healing—miracles—prophesy—discerning of spirits—tongues—and interpretation of tongues.

"All these, I suppose, were given chiefly as evidence of the authority of God's ambassadors, and of the revelation he was pleased to communicate by them publicly to mankind. As no further revelation is expected, so I expect no further miracles. They are, indeed, unnecessary; for the history of the miracles already given is so handed down to us, that it is just as good, to all intents and purposes, for us, as if we had been actual spectators of them. And he that will not believe the history or record, would not believe though one came from the dead. If we wish to confirm any truth of revelation, we can hand out old miracles in abundance, just as good as new ones,—and in my opinion much better; for we are more likely to be deceived by appearances in reference to the performances of a sign or two, than we are in believing the cloud of witnesses with which we are encompassed. Yes, clouds upon clouds, when we consider the multiplicity of the witnesses of the whole Bible. Glory to God for the perfection of His work! If we are not *all* saved, it will not be His fault.

"But it will be said, Has God ceased to communicate? and since the gifts of His revelation are ended, does He maintain a perfect silence toward us here below? When the last revelations were sent down below, the Holy Spirit came down with them, and has remained here ever since; and whosoever will, may have communion or communication with Him whenever he will,—not less than in former times, but far more abundantly, for He is poured out upon all flesh. And the result is, that sons and daughters prophecy, and young men see visions, and old men dream

dreams,—that is, receive communications from the Holy Spirit, not as formerly, but more abundantly. The Revelation teaches us—and most fully, too, what God will now do with and for us. These are some of the choicest: 'Ask any thing in my name.' 'Ask, that your joy may be full.' 'If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, you shall ask what you will and it shall be done unto you.'

"I cannot see that God's present communications are any less than the miracles were, unless, perhaps, they are more of a private signification. In some cases they are very similar, if not the same. We may *now ask* AND *RECEIVE* wisdom, knowledge, and wonder fully increased perceptions from the Holy Spirit, if they are not actually the discernings of spirits, which were given only when God pleased, and no in answer to prayer, as now, when we may have all that will do us any good; for in this respect, 'Every one that asketh, receiveth,' without fail. Blessed! blessed!"

FEEL WHAT YOU SAY.—The fable of the traveler's cloak is an old and familiar one. The wind, seeking to remove it, blew its fiercest blast; but the traveler only drew his cloak more closely about him.

"I will show you a better way," said the sun; and he shone upon the traveler so bright and warm, that the cloak was gladly laid aside.

Every natural heart wraps about itself the cloak of cold indifference to the claims of the religion of Jesus.—All religious teachings are vain which fail to penetrate or break this icy covering. This is the great difficulty which in some form meets every religious teacher.

SPEAK gently to the erring.

CONSCIENCE.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

WHAT is conscience, and how far are its promptings to govern us?

Mr. Webster refers to it, as an "Internal or self-knowledge or judgment of right and wrong; or the power which decides on our own actions and affections, and instantly approves or condemns them."

Rev. Mr. Butterworth says it is "The soul's opinion of its actions and duties."

Lord Shaftsbury calls it, "The moral sense."

Mr. Watson describes it as, "That principle, power or faculty within us, which decides on the merit or demerit of our own actions, feelings or affections, with reference to the rule of God's law."

Mr. Blair says it is "A sense of right and wrong in conduct, or of moral good or evil."

The great Mr. Wesley gives it as a "silent reasoning of the mind. A tribunal in the breast of men; to accuse sinners, and excuse them that do well."

And the writer would add, that it is that innate principle of the Divine Goodness, stamped upon the soul, that gives the will all proper power of moral perception: That, when unperturbed, will enable all men to love the right and abhor the wrong; to choose the good, and reject the evil. They receive it as a supernatural gift of God, even above all his natural or common blessings.

It is, evidently, "The true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

And the expression of the prophet applies to conscience, when he records the following: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good."

It may well be called that power, by which we can at once judge of our thoughts, words and actions. Yea, it gives us a sense of right and wrong, in beholding the conduct of others. We are almost naturally inclined to approve or condemn, as occasion may require.

But in that relation, it is opinion or judgment, as it bears upon the actions of others, and not ourselves.

However, when it is directed upon our own conduct, it assumes a higher office, and exercises the authority of a judge. It is then most properly termed Conscience. The sentiments and feelings which it awakens in the mind, after the perpetration of a *crime*, are very properly styled *Remorse*!

And it may be borne in mind, that the sense of punishment merited, can never be separated from the dread, that at some time the expected punishment will come.

Did not conscience suggest this natural relation between guilt and punishment, the mere principle of approbation, or disapprobation, with respect to moral conduct, would prove of small consideration.

Then the inquiry may properly be suggested, What is conscience, in the true, Christian sense of the term? In reply we would say that it is, that faculty of the soul, by means of which, by the assistance of the grace of God, we are prepared rightly and truly to see our own tempers and lives, the nature and quality of our thoughts, words and actions.

It is emphatically the rule that is to direct us, in the agreement or disagreement in the sentiments awakened in the soul.

Conscience implies the faculty a man or a Christian has of knowing himself, both in general and particular. It gives him the knowledge of all his thoughts, words and actions,—whether they are public or private, right or wrong, good or bad. Let it be remembered, that in all these offices of conscience, the unction of the Holy Spirit is indispensably needful. The fact is, without that, we could not discern our conformity or non-conformity to any of these rules.

Conscience is very pertinently represented, in its several features, condition and character, in the holy Scriptures. When conscience has been simply perverted, it is called weak or defiled; when that perversion is continued, it is

then referred to as an evil conscience of unbelief; but when that perversion has assumed a persistent, continued and determined course of reckless conduct, then it is called by the severe term of a seared conscience.

It is plainly represented as "Giving heed to seducing spirits, and the doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy."

The apostle says they are "past feeling, having given themselves over unto lasciviousness to work all uncleanness with greediness."

However, when we look at the other side of the picture, and see where the promptings of conscience have been prudently and piously observed, then we hear the approving term of a pure conscience. As the careful conscience of a Christian approximates a little nearer to duty, the declaration is, "A conscience void of offence, toward God, and toward man."

But, elevating the figure a little more, the language of inspiration moves to the subject most beautifully, assuring us, that "Out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience," we have "faith unfeigned."

The apostle informs us, that the blood of Christ, through the Eternal Spirit, can purge our conscience from dead works to serve the living God.

Shakespeare refers to conscience, in his own peculiar style, by the following:

"It is a dang'rous
Thing; it makes a man a coward: a man
Cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man
Cannot swear, but it checks him.
'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that
Moftines in a man's bosom; it fills
One full of obstacles. It made me once
Restore a purse of gold, that by chance I
Found. It is turned out of towns and cities for
A dang'rous thing."

Mr. Young gives it a very solemn reference. He inquires:

"Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous
power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves, another self—
A master-self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave:

How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
Make the past, present, and the future frown?
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long, restless dream, which idiots hug—
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life."

And thus we might continue our quotations to a very great extent, but close by simply adding that, A lively, a tender, a pure and a good conscience, are qualities worthy to be sought, and anxiously, to be retained and nurtured by all.

Then how far are the promptings of our conscience to govern us? That is, our actions, feelings and affections.—Many are disposed to attribute too much to the power of conscience,—while others not enough.

It is not assuming too much to say, that when conscience is left unperturbed, its dictums can all be followed with safety. But, how much of misery has been seen and felt, by the misguided influence of a dangerously-perturbed conscience!

We have only to take a glance back to the dark ages, and for a time witness the scenes of those bloody days. Men under the power of a perverted conscience, could saw human beings asunder; bore their eyes out of their sockets; bind to stakes and burn them to a crisp; or stretch them on racks of torture, and tear limb from limb,—educated to do it for conscience' sake.

Then, upon the other hand, we see the men who could dare the powers who persecuted, bear the insults and injuries thus offered, and rejoice that they were counted worthy to suffer for conscience, yea, for Christ's sake. It was to preserve a conscience void of offence, that Roger Williams was induced so soon to identify himself with the early settlers of the American soil.—It was to continue that same principle untarnished, that he was compelled so soon to be an exile, even in America. And he chose to be termed a *teacher* of some treasonable heresy, sooner than pollute a tender, a pure and a good conscience.

This, to some extent, enables us to see and feel the necessity of keeping

and cultivating a good and undefiled conscience.

There is also a consolation in the fact, that while we may sometimes feel conscience to be a foe, whose only business it is to scourge us for our sins; yet, in truth, it is a friendly monitor, which warns to save, and chastises to reform us.

Even while it is our best friend and most faithful guide, its devotion may be wearied out, and its vigilance thus lulled to sleep. Represented as it is—as being tender, pure and good—it is a consideration worthy of remark, that even a victory of this kind may be gained over it. And while we are flattering ourselves that we are becoming more enlightened and emancipated from the superstitious fears of the past, we are in reality weakening this vital, moral principle of our very nature. How serious the reflection!

May we not now inquire, Have I, have you, or have we a tender, a pure, a good conscience? If so, how can we retain it? The answer is direct.—Obey it! Every act from us, of disobedience, only tends to weaken or deaden it. In fact, it is emphatically and effectually putting out its eyes, and destroying its monitions. But every act of obedience gives to conscience a sharper and a stronger sight, an easier and a better perception of the right and wrong, and a greater anxiety to fear God and keep his commandments.

If you desire, therefore, to have a conscience always quick to discern, and faithful to accuse or excuse you, be sure to obey it at all events. Determine to follow its promptings. What it forbids, see you do it not. It may be pleasing to the flesh, pleasant to the eye, and gratifying to the feelings; but remember, you are to deny yourself. "Except a man deny himself, he cannot be my disciple."

Conscience demands, that we are to watch against the first risings of sin. We are to count no sin small. We are to shun even the appearance of evil.—We are to consider ourselves as living under God's eye,—yea, in his direct or

immediate presence: bearing in mind, that all things are naked and open before him. When we speak, he hears us; when we act, he sees us; and while we keep a good conscience, he approves us.

Well might the good Dr. Annesley exclaim, "Consult duty, not events." And we would say, Consult conscience, not opinions; buy the truth and keep it; pursue the right, and conscience will be easy.

God has imposed nothing but what his precious word calls reasonable.—And there can be no consideration paramount to the obligations we owe our Heavenly Father. They are first, middle and last. Hence, conscience at once dictates, that we must think, speak and do, as nearly as possible, what we believe Christ would do if in our place.

A Christian is expected or required to live an example, sooner than follow one. And we are to do nothing on which we cannot invoke the Divine blessing.

In seasons of prosperity, conscience may, for a time, be suspended. But let a man fall into some deep, unexpected, or severe calamity, and how soon is every sensibility of his soul aroused! How suddenly is conscience all awake! And how rapidly his mind reverts back to some vile act of his, and Conscience, with its thousand tongues, is at once preaching to him at every point! He sees, or imagines he sees, the injured form before him all the time. Jacob's sons felt the injuries inflicted on Joseph, when they were returning to their father without Simeon. As their minds ran back, and the crime seemed to arise before them, no wonder that they exclaimed in the bitterness of their feelings, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother; in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." Then appears the natural disposition almost in every one, as conscience condemns, and guilt is apparent. How anxious we are to shield ourselves, and place the blame on some one else!

Reuben, now feeling his own remorse, pertinently remarked: "Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, also his blood is required."

Thus you see, conscience will constrain men in the day of their distress, frequently, to confess their faults, and often to realize the hand of an angry Judge, already outstretched, to execute the severe penalty annexed to the violated law. Their conscience repeatedly and strongly warns them of approaching danger, a coming judgment, an insulted Saviour, rejected grace, neglected duty, and of accumulating condemnation.

It is, in fact, the paintings of an enlightened mind, the goadings of an accusing judgment, the writhings of aroused fears, the scourgings for unrepented iniquities, and the lashings of a guilty conscience.

To the true, the humble, the faithful, the consistent, the pure, and the good, conscience brings its comforts and its consolations. To such it "is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And even more. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The good man comes forth boldly. He has never seduced the innocent by guilty arts.—He has deluded no one with false promises. Without uneasiness, he can look every man boldly in the face. He can say, with the old prophet Samuel,— "Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? Of whose hand have I received any bribe? Declare, and I will restore it to you."

He who can thus remark, may well say his witness is in heaven. The promptings of his conscience have no limits, no fears.

LOVE.

BY MRS. R. R. PULLMAN.

"AND now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of

these is charity"—love to God and man.

Have we by thoughtlessness, carelessness, or in any other way, said or done, or are we in the habit of saying or doing, that which brings harm to another?

Love worketh no ill to its neighbor; and if we do or say anything by which we injure our neighbor, we have not love, and consequently our other Christian graces profit us nothing. "For though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Oh! shall I speak an unkind, an unsympathizing word against my brother—frail child of the dust as myself? Shall I, by any words or actions of mine, cause his feet to stumble? Shall I not, with that charity, without which we are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, look with pity upon his faults, and love him still? Do we have the love that endureth *all* things? God help us! if we fail here, we are not in the narrow way that leads to life eternal. Oh, the way is so narrow, and so straight, we must renounce and forsake *every* sin—lay aside every weight—or we cannot walk in it.

"What! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O, how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?"

Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, we *can* live without sin—we *must*!

Since I have found the Lord able to cleanse from all unrighteousness, and to fill the heart with pure love, O, how the valleys have been filled, the mountains brought low, the crooked made straight, and the rough ways even! 'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels, and all things yield to love. "God is love"—praise His name! and whose dwelleth in love dwelleth in God—hallelujah!

Beloved, let us put off the works of darkness; let the past suffice wherein we have wrought the works of unrighteousness; let us be like Christ, spotless as he is spotless, harmless as he is harmless.

A CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED.

BY REV. J. A. ODELL.

PRECIOUS SOUL, once more I would call your attention to the all-important subject of salvation. You seem careless and at ease; but you are in awful danger of being lost. Hear what Jesus says to impenitent sinners: "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Again we read: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."—"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." "And whosoever was not found in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."

Precious soul,—careless one,—the course you are now pursuing, if persisted in, will lead you to ruin. Everlasting destruction awaits thee. The last ray of hope will soon forever fly. And thou wilt go away into a land of deep despair, where no heavenly light shall ever shine! Dismal gulf. No gospel sermons heard there. No Jesus there to call you to his arms. O, how awful to be lost! Think of it! Here you have kind friends to administer to you in distress. Not so there. O come at once to Jesus. Your house which is founded on the sand, will soon be swept away. Do you not believe that you are in danger? Hear once more what God says: "Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him."—"The wages of sin is death." "He that soweth to his flesh shall of his flesh reap corruption." "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die." "Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same." "For whatsoever a man soweth, that

shall he also reap." Because I love you, I call your attention to these truths that point out your danger. I dare not deal otherwise than plainly with you. You will be dying soon. I want you to be ready for that dying hour. I call upon you now, while you have opportunity, to prepare to meet God. "Be ye also ready." Do not say that there is time enough yet. Arise now, and call upon God. You have sinned.—You are under condemnation. You have need of pardon and purity. O, seek God while He may be found. Set about this work at once. Hasten to the arms of mercy. You will be dead and damned in a little while, if you continue in unbelief. Yes, precious soul: you, who might wear a crown of unfading glory, and enjoy the society of angels, praising forever the Infinite One, will be moaning with lost spirits very soon, if you continue to reject Jesus. O, cruel unbelief! It shuts us out of heaven!

I feel interested for you. I may never meet you in the flesh, but I want you saved. Jesus sheds his precious blood for you. Will you slight him and die? O, turn and live!

East Schuyler, N. Y.

I SOMETIMES fear that the only age to which we can be truly likened, is the time before the flood, when the sons of God intermarried with the daughters of men, and when there ceased to be a distinction between the Church and the world. It is but the part of candor to acknowledge that there is such a mixture now-a-days, such a compromise, such a giving and a taking of religious questions, that we are like a leavened mass, mingled and united together.—All this is wrong; for God has always intended there should be a distinction between the righteous and the wicked, as clear and as palpable as the distinction between the day and the night.—*Spurgeon.*

God's mercies are as cords to lead us to him; but our sins are as sharp swords that cut those cords.

CHURCH FESTIVALS.

BY REV. PETER WOODS.

Not long since, the following conversation took place between two official members of the M. E. Church :

Brother W.—Do you think there will be a festival in our church this season?

Brother T.—I cannot say as yet; perhaps there will. But I would like to know why you are so much opposed to church festivals.

W.—I am opposed to them, because I firmly believe they are in direct opposition to the teachings of Scripture, which is the standard and rule whereby we should measure all our actions.

T.—But it is a custom which prevailed, not only under the Mosaic dispensation, but in all ages of the Church, the servants of God had their stated and annual festivals.

W.—That is true; but they were very different in their nature from modern church festivals. Under the Mosaic dispensation, the feast of the passover, and the feast of the unleavened bread, were strictly religious in their character. They were annual thanksgivings, commemorative of the special providences of God, in saving them not only from the destroying angel, but also from their enemies and from Egyptian bondage.

T.—But what harm is there in strawberry festivals? Will you specify what is objectionable in them?

W.—In order to show the evil influences and inconsistencies of modern festivals, suppose a young convert, lately brought into the liberty of the sons of God, with a heart full of love, and a holy zeal for the cause of Christ. He is faithful in his attendance on all the means of grace. Suppose him in his place on Sabbath morning. He hears the preacher deliver a sermon from the text, "I love the habitation of thy house, the place where thine honor dwelleth." At the conclusion of the service, the same minister announces that there will be a strawberry festival held that same week, in the same church that was ded-

icated to the worship of Almighty God. On the evening named, the young convert attends and pays his admission fee at the door. As he enters, he sees in a conspicuous place the cream and strawberries, at ten cents a plate. On proceeding a little farther, there is a cake, said to contain a gold ring in it, selling at fifty cents a slice. In another part of the house, a lady wants him to put his hand in the "grab-bag," for twenty-five cents. Surprised and bewildered at what he sees and hears, he asks himself the question, What does all this mean? Can this be right in the house of God? While soliloquizing with himself, he is aroused by a call to attend the auction, where there are abundance of flowers, cakes, etc., sold to the highest bidder. The auctioneer, it may be, is a class-leader; and the platform on which he stands, is erected in the place of the pulpit. Now, I ask, are not such scenes and inconsistencies calculated to chill the fervent zeal of young converts, and destroy their reverence for the house of God? In conclusion, allow me to express my conviction, that church festivals, as they are now conducted, are not only evil, but an abomination in the sight of God.

TRUST.—God loves the trusting soul. "Ye shall become as little children." How unclouded, how perfect the trust of childhood! The uplifted eye, beaming with sweetest confidence; the little hand nestling in your strong one, without one trembling doubt; the little, prattling tongue, telling of childhood's joys and sorrows, or puzzling you with strongest, child-like questionings, and not one dark suspicion lurking in all that innocent, trustful heart. Who would betray such perfect, such beautiful trust?

God will not betray the confidence of His little children. He will greatly love and bless those who trust Him with the perfect faith of a little child. He will never give stones instead of bread, but will give the treasures of His kingdom to those that ask of Him with a perfect, humble trust.

R. A. HUMPHREY.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY RHODA CLAPSADDLE.

It is easy to love our friends. We can do this without the love of God. It requires no effort. But when we have the love of God shed abroad in our heart, we love our enemies, and do good to those that hate us; and pray for those which spitefully use us.

That person is to be pitied who dares to profess religion; but does not love his enemies. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him: If he thirst, give him drink." Let us look at our great Exemplar.—Christ died for the ungodly. This includes His enemies. Love led our Saviour unto the garden of Gethsemane, where He sweat great drops of blood! "His soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!" Saying unto His disciples, "Tarry ye here, and watch with me."

He went a little farther, fell on His face, and prayed, saying: "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" and instantly exclaimed: "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." As he returned to his disciples he found them asleep. He went away the second time and prayed; repeating the same petition, and enduring incomprehensible agony! As He returned again, He found them asleep. Did He reprove them for having so little sympathy for him? Did he accuse them of being only partially saved and possessed with sleepy devils? No, no. To one who had declared, he would die with him before he would deny him, Jesus said: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" but added the apology: "The Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Jesus left them and went away the third time and prayed. As he returned he found them asleep! But there are no reproaches for their want of sympathy. He said unto them, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

The Son of man was betrayed into the hands of sinners, and nailed to the cross. Even then he thinks of the dy-

ing thief, who cries: "Remember me," and answers, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Nor does he forget his cruel murderers, but pleads, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There was no spirit of revenge there.

God is represented in the Holy Scriptures, as being love. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God; and God in him." While we are commanded to love our enemies we ought also to love one another. If one of God's little ones, a brother or a sister, has got into darkness and temptation, it should be our first business to pray with and for him, and with one united faith, hold on to God, until the power of the enemy is broken. "The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

How is it with you? "If men hate you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, can you rejoice in that day? Can you forgive them, love and pray for them? If not let me say to you hasten to your closet, and there plead with God, for more of the Spirit of Jesus, until you feel a burning love for their immortal souls.

Although you may feel many times as did David, when he complained of his slanderous enemies, that, "The mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying tongue. They compass me about also with words of hatred, and fought against me, without a cause."

Then give yourself unto prayer.—Let the inconsistency of others lead you to search well your own heart.—Be very careful what you say with reference to them. Command your tongue to be silent. It is not your work to sit in judgment. O there are wonderful mysteries in this great salvation. No wonder angels desired to look into it.

While it is the consolation of the Christian that God knows his heart, should it not be the terror of the hy-

poerite that his false dealing is seen by the eye of Jehovah?

The Spirit of God searcheth all things. If you have any hatred towards any one, you cannot hide it from God. His all-searching eye will behold it; and in reality you are none of his.

"If a man say I love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" This is impossible. For unless we love one another, God will not dwell in our hearts; neither is his love perfected in us. But there are various ways in which we may manifest our love to the children of men. We may speak kindly to the erring. We may feed the hungry, and clothe the naked.

"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of *compassion* from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him."

O think of the love God has manifested toward us. When there was no eye to pity, He gave his Son to suffer and die for us.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. MARILLA PATTERSON.

I WAS a subject of very early convictions. The blessed Spirit sought to lead me in the path of piety and wisdom in the days of my youth; but I never fully yielded my heart to God until I was married and settled in life. In 1855, my husband and myself sought and found peace in believing in Jesus. But I constantly felt the need of a deeper work of grace in my heart, and would try to seek it in various ways, but did not obtain a satisfying portion until 1864. In February of that year, there was a revival of God's work, and I resolved in my heart to seek until I found the pearl of great price. Every worldly thought was laid aside, and I was in real earnest. I soon found Christ as my satisfying portion, and my Saviour

from all sin. I received full redemption through his all-atoning blood, and could feel an abiding witness in my heart that I pleased God. And so I followed the leadings of the Spirit from day to day, until I felt led to take upon me higher responsibilities than in the circle of my own family. I was called to visit my neighbors, and talk to them about their souls' best interests; and then I commenced to shrink from duty, and darkness that was intense spread itself over my mind. My pen cannot describe the difficulties and sorrow that my disobedience caused me. But God, who had commenced a good work in my heart, did not leave me here, but showed me that I must be fully given up, to be led by him in all his appointed ways.

I always firmly believed there was a highway cast up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in, and I could be satisfied only when I knew I was walking there. Praise Jesus! I am glad that he ever showed me my own heart, and how depraved it was; and that I might not be only partly restored to his image, but that I might have his image stamped on my heart.

The way seems very plain; my sky is cloudless, and the Sun of Righteousness shines in my soul with healing in his wing. I trust in the True Light, and feel like exclaiming, "What am I, that thou art mindful of me?" I am all the Lord's,—wholly given up to him to do his will. By this I know that I am his: the Spirit answers to the blood, and tells me I am born of God. I do feel that the Spirit takes the things of God and reveals them unto me. I see such a wisdom attached to the plan of redemption,—it is so sublime, so perfect in all its arrangements. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world! My soul magnifies his holy name, and sinks into nothing at his feet, and exclaims, I am an unworthy sinner, saved by grace divine!

As cankers breed in the sweetest roses, so pride may rise out of the sweetest duties.

ON DRESS.

"Is there any harm in the putting on, or the wearing of jewelry or costly array?"

As thousands in the Church of God, and many ministers and their families, are drifting away from the old landmarks on this subject, you will allow me to answer you somewhat at length. We present the following objections to this practice:

1st. It is *positively and distinctly* forbidden in the Scriptures.

"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in *modest apparel*, with *shamefacedness* and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or *gold*, or *pearls*, or *costly array*, but (which becometh women *professing* godliness,) with good works." "Whose *adorning*, let it not be that outward *adorning* of *plaiting the hair*, and of *wearing* of *gold*, and of *putting on* of *apparel*." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the *lust* of the *flesh* and the *lust* of the *eyes*, and the *pride* of *life*, is not of the Father but is of the world." "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service, And be not *conformed* to *this world*, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

Aim at obeying, and pleasing God, reader, and all your ornaments, if you have them, will drop off at once.

2d. It cannot be put on or worn in the name of the Lord Jesus, or to the glory of God.

The *command* of God is, "Whatsoever ye do in word, or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." Can any one put on jewelry in the name of the Lord Jesus, and give thanks to God for it? "Whatsoever ye do, do it *heartily as to the Lord and not unto men*."

3d. It is a violation of the Discipline of the Church.

"*Ques.* Should we insist on the rules concerning dress?"

"*Ans.* By ALL MEANS. This is no time to encourage superfluity in dress. Therefore, let all our people be exhorted to conform to the spirit of the apostolic precept, 'NOT TO ADORN themselves with GOLD, and PEARLS, and COSTLY ARRAY.' —1 Tim. ii. 9."

One of the items of prohibition in the "Several Rules," is, "THE PUTTING ON OF GOLD AND COSTLY ARRAY."

4. It is a violation of baptismal and sacramental vows.

"*Ques.* Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, so that thou wilt not follow or be led by them?"

"*Ans.* I RENOUNCE THEM ALL."

It violates the most solemn vows made at conversion, baptism, and at the table of the Lord.

5. It causes a professor of religion to falsify his profession.

Christian people profess that they are "not of the world;" that they are "pilgrims and strangers;" that they "seek a city which hath no foundations;" that they are "crucified unto the world and the world unto them;" that they are "dead indeed unto sin but alive unto God;" that they have no fellowship with the "unfruitful works of darkness;" and that they are not "conformed to this world, but are transformed by the renewing of" the mind. The wearing of gold, and "costly array," in effect contradicts all this.

6. It is both a sign, and a fruit of pride.

A lady once asked a clergyman, "whether he considered such a practice an evidence of pride." He replied, with as much philosophy as point, "Sheep never appear in wolves' clothing, and he that wears the wolf's skin is a wolf."

7. It is a violation of the rule of Christian propriety.

There is not a physical law of our being, or of beauty, modesty, usefulness, or happiness, which demands it.

It chills the sympathies, hardens the heart, degrades the mind, and is evidence either of a vitiated taste, a shallow mind, or a vain and corrupt heart.

8. It squanders the means which God has given for better purposes, and for which He will hold every one to the most strict accountability.

Men have nothing—*absolutely nothing*—in their own right. Every shilling which you save from ornaments of gold, or pearls, or costly array, you may expend in clothing the naked, and relieving the poor, whom “ye have always with you.” Therefore, every shilling which you needlessly spend in decoration, is in effect stolen from God and the poor.

9. It serves to gender pride, excite unhallowed passions, and love for the gilded gewgaws of a depraved world.

Dr. Adam Clarke says, “Were religion out of the question, common sense would say, Be decent, be moderate, be modest.” It not only cultivates and develops the passions of display, but it excites envy, jealousy, evil speaking, covetousness, hypocrisy, hatred, and discontent. It increases fearfully the love of the world. Every action has a tendency to make you love the world more, or Christ better; and no action can increase your love for both. The wearing of gold either increases or lessens your piety. Which does it do?

10. It helps to establish a false and pernicious standard of taste. Christians have no right to conform to the irrational and sinful customs of a frantic world; they should be models of economy, neatness, and plainness.

11. It leads to extravagance, dishonesty, youthful dissipation, and domestic broils. “Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do evil.” This sin is a *distinguishing mark* of the multitude who throng the way to hell.

12. It misspends time. There is sufficient time spent every year, by every person who bows to the goddess of fashion, to pray a dozen souls into heaven. This practice perverts the judgment, creates habits of sinful indulgence, and

eats out all the spiritual vitality in multitudes of professing Christians.

13. It furnishes the world with an argument against Christianity. The world know how Christians ought to live.—They can see a sad inconsistency in Christians decorating themselves with the extravagant trappings of modern fashion. They know the exterior of many professing Christians brands their profession with hypocrisy. Christians should so dress as to show that their minds are occupied with nobler objects. Their external appearance should indicate gravity, simplicity, decency, and modesty. They should dress neatly, plainly, and suitably to persons professing godliness. While we claim that jewelry and gaudy attire are inconsistent with the marks of genuine piety, we do not claim that plainness in dress and freedom from outward adornment constitute the Christian.

14. In conclusion, take the following remarks from Mr. Wesley’s Sermon on Dress:

“I call heaven and earth to witness this day that it is not my fault. The trumpet has not ‘given an uncertain sound’ for nearly fifty years last past. O God, Thou knowest that I have borne a clear and faithful testimony. In print, in preaching, in meeting the societies, I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. I am therefore clear of the blood of those who will not hear: it lies upon their own head. *I conjure you all who have any regard for me, show me, before I go hence, that I have not labored even in this respect in vain for nearly HALF A CENTURY.*”

O, that those ministers and their families who are indulging in this practice, and yet bear the name of *Methodists*, would have respect enough to their venerable and godly founder, to take the advice of his mature age, and indulge no more in these forbidden follies!

The Church is in great danger of drifting away from her primitive simplicity and spirituality, and ought not to receive any license for so doing from the lips or practice of her licensed ministry.—*Wood’s Perfect Love.*

PURE RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

BY DELIA A. JEFFRES.

ST. JAMES, in his Epistle, chap. i. 27, says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

There are many false religions in the world, but there is but *one pure religion*. Every true believer in, and follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, has the true religion; and every one who worships or bows down to any creature less than the Creator, has not the true religion.

Men, in Christian communities, do not bow down to idols which their own hands have made, as the heathen do; yet they are as truly guilty of *idol worship* as the heathen are, when they make an idol of friends, of gold, of earthly possessions, or of *anything they call their own*.

Pure religion and undefiled is "to visit the fatherless and the widow,"—to administer to their wants, sympathize with them in their affliction, speak words of comfort and consolation,—*"and keep himself unspotted from the world."*—In order that he may keep himself unspotted, he must renounce "the devil, and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the flesh," give himself with all his redeemed powers to the service of God, close his eyes to everything sinful, shut his ear to every voice but the voice of the Spirit, and momentarily walk as in the immediate presence of his Judge.

It is upon the heart—the seat of the affections—that the religion of Jesus Christ acts. The blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, purifying, and fitting it to be the abode of the Triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The heart being changed by the operation of the Spirit, the whole man is changed; and power is given him, so that he can, assisted by Divine grace, keep himself uncontaminated in this sin-cursed earth.

Being thus changed, all the powers

of the mind, that had heretofore been at war with each other, and with God, are subdued, and brought into harmony with God; and having Him now enthroned in his affections, all his purposes, desires and feelings, will be toward God.

Such a religion as this, has God for its Author; and he who possesses it, and keeps it in his heart as a living, controlling principle, until death, will be permitted to enter through the gates into the city, and join in the song,—*"Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever, and ever.—Amen."*—Rev. i. 5, 6.

BUNYAN'S ADVICE.

1. GET into the way.—John xiv. 6.
2. Then study it.—Haggai i. 7.
3. Then strip and lay aside every thing that would hinder.—Heb. xii. 1.
4. Beware of bye-paths.—Jer. vi. 16.
5. Do not gaze and stare too much about thee, but be sure to ponder the path of thy feet.—Prov. iv. 25, 26, 27; Matt. vii. 13, 14.
6. Do not stop for any that call after thee, whether it be the world, the flesh, or the devil,—for all these will hinder thy journey if possible.—Eccl. i. 2; Prov. i. 10.
7. Be not daunted with any discouragements thou meetest in the way.—Psalms xxvii. 12; Psalms ix. 23; Duett. xxxi. 6.
8. Take heed of stumbling at the Cross.—Luke ix. 23; Matt. x. 22-25.
9. Cry hard to God for an enlightened mind and a willing heart; and God give thee a prosperous journey.—Psalms xxiii. 3.

THAT is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go away talking to one another, and praising the speaker; but that which makes them go away thoughtful and serious, and hastening to be alone.—*Bernut.*

INCONSECRATED PROPERTY.

THE great mass of property in the Christian church is *unconsecrated* property. It is sought and possessed for selfish purposes; it is not dedicated to God, and used with an eye single to his glory. "The root" of "this evil," is the *love of money*, an *inordinate* love of money, generally termed *covetousness*,—the easily besetting sin of the world,—the great foe of Christianity, exceedingly sly and artful, exceedingly liable to escape unsuspected and unreprieved, even in the bosom of the Church. For, while it is impossible for a profane man or a drunkard to maintain a reputable standing in the church, a covetous man may do this, because the sin is *within*, and, perhaps, because the avaricious man is looked upon by his brethren too charitably; and a sin in which it is believed he is indulging, is not made a matter for admonition and church discipline.

Now that this is a sin peculiarly displeasing to God, is manifest from its repeated and terrible denunciations in the Scriptures. Once did God visibly mark the murderer, (Gen. iv. 15.)—once did he inflict an awful punishment upon the Sabbath-breaker, (Numb. xv. 36.)—once did he cause the visible penalty to be visited upon the head of the blasphemer, (Lev. xxiv. 10, 15.)—but how many fell beneath his displeasure for the violation of the command, *Thou shalt not covet!* Achan saw the Babylonish garment and the golden wedge, and he "coveted them and took them," and for the act was stoned to death.—Lot, out of the love of gain, entered the wicked city, became involved in grossly sinful acts, and finally was stripped of all his possessions. Judas sold his Lord for gain, and how fearful his end! And Ananias and Sapphira, through covetousness and hypocrisy, stained the glory of the primitive church, and were *smitten* down by the wrath of the Almighty. It is a sin which God has classed and made synonymous with the abominations of the heathen world,—*idolatry*. "This ye know, that no

whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." "Mortify, therefore, your members . . . inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness which is idolatry, for which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience." "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." And it is marked as one of the grand features of the final apostasy: "This know, also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers," etc.

Nor is it surprising that this sin is represented as so exceedingly aggravated; for it is the "*monopoly of guilt*," it combines and absorbs into itself all other species of wickedness. "Could we only see it embodied, what a monster should we behold! Its eyes have no tears. With more than the fifty hands of the fabled giant, it grasps at everything around. In its march thro' the world, it has been accompanied by artifice and fraud, rapine and injustice, cruelty and murder: while behind it have dragged heavily its swarms of victims,—humanity bleeding, and justice in chains, and religion expiring under its heavy burdens, orphans and slaves and oppressed hirelings—a wailing multitude, reaching to the skirts of the horizon."*

And yet, our extreme liability to become contaminated by this awful sin, is apparent from those very denunciations; from the history of our race; from the depravity of our nature; and from the many warnings against its insidious approach. "*Take heed*," said our Saviour, "*and beware of covetousness*:" that is, Be on your watch against it; have a singular and special regard to it; as if it were a stealthy foe; like the imaginary demon, which was fabled to slyly approach and suck the blood of persons while they were asleep.

* Dr. Harris in *Mammon*, p. 133.

Alas, that facts should so abundantly justify the necessity of such warnings! Alas, that with them all, so many should fall beneath its power, and pierce their souls through with so many sorrows! What open apostasy has it caused among professed Christians! How many who "did run well," have been "hindered" by the golden bait that fell in their path! There are doubtless many in our churches who are guilty of this sin, and, at the same time utterly unconscious of it. The frosts of autumn and winter creep over the meadow, knit their transparent covering upon the face of the placid pools, and seal up the running streams, so gradually and noiselessly, as to elude all observation. So has this accursed love of money crept upon many a heart, chilled its warm out-gushings, and well-nigh frozen up the very fountains of benevolence; and yet so insidiously has the fearful process advanced, that the individual has perceived it not.

And let it not be supposed that this representation applies to the *rich* alone. It is a common belief that men of wealth, principally, if not exclusively, are exposed to covetousness; and hence the poor, and those of limited means, are more readily drawn into its snare.—The former class may be more liable to indulge cupidity than the latter; nevertheless, a man who has, or desires, but a small sum, may set his heart just as firmly upon those few hundreds of dollars, as does the rich man upon his many thousands. Indeed, the circumstance of limited means, and the necessity of industry and economy, very naturally lead to a parsimonious spirit. Beyond question, a frequent method of approach on the part of this deceitful sin, is by soliciting the poor man, under this very disguise. "It may yoke him as a captive to its car, though he may appear to be only keeping poverty at bay. He need not plunge into the ocean in order to drown himself,—a very shallow stream will suffice, if he chooses to lie prostrate in it; and the desire of the smallest gain, if his heart be immersed in the pursuit, will as surely

'drown him in perdition,' as if the object of his cupidity were the wealth of a Croesus."

With these considerations before the mind, who can doubt but that this immoderate love of ourselves and the things wherewith we are intrusted, and consequently, this robbing of God by not yielding up to him that which is his due, is a most frequent, as well as aggravated sin? And what are the consequences and practical results?—Fearful in the extreme.—*H. C. Fish.*

SIN FOUND OUT.

It will not be remembered by many, that, now thirteen years ago, a man named Jolly, who lived in DeKalb county, was mysteriously made away with after having left his home to visit Nashville. He was tolerably well off, had a beautiful young wife, whom he had married a year previous to his sudden and final disappearance, and whom he had successfully won from a powerful, pertinacious and rancorous rival.—The young couple were deeply attached to each other, spent their honeymoon in Philadelphia, and returned after a month's joyous travel. At the time of Jolly's departure from home, he confessed that he had a strange presentiment of impending evil, and he passionately kissed his infant boy the morning he was leaving, and even shed tears.—His wife was *enciente* with a second infant, which afterward proved to be a girl—born an orphan. When he was away about a week, his wife and friends became alarmed. Nothing had been heard from him—no one had seen him on the journey. After a couple of days' intolerable suspense, search was instituted. No trace of any sort could be found, except that the marks of feet, as if those of struggling men, were found on the banks of the Cumberland, about two miles from a landing, where it was expected Jolly was to take a boat to come down the river. Several small saplings were either torn up by the roots or broken, thus giving evidence of a fierce combat. Save these marks,

nothing that could throw any light on the fate of Jolly was ever discovered.

After remaining two years on the farm, and when her two little children were in a condition to run about, she became wearied of a scene, the contemplation of which afforded her nothing but the most exquisite pain. It was a scene once bright and happy, turned suddenly into desolation and gloom, and the fair young widow and sorrowing mother was losing her health. She, by the advice of friends and physicians, sold out and came to Nashville. In about three years afterward, she married the clever and eccentric Dr. Harper, who died down South during the war. She has since remained a widow, possessed of considerable property and an interesting family of three girls and a boy. These seemingly irrelevant particulars will have a significance when we tell the anxious reader that the early, but unsuccessful suitor to her hand, having never married, engaged in the Southern cause also, and was in the same regiment in which Dr. Harper was medical officer. He got along on apparent good terms with Dr. Harper, but was frequently heard to curse him bitterly in private, and, in fact, the day before his death, had a fierce altercation with him, which was only prevented ripening into a fatal collision by the intervention of superior officers.

For a long time after the death of Harper, the manner of it was considered strange, but the thought of it finally died out of the minds of men. After the war, the fierce but baffled suitor of her young days came to Nashville, and renewed acquaintance with the twice-widowed flame of his youth. Very recently he was on the point of succeeding; in fact, some preliminary arrangements were already made for a wedding, when a derangement occurred in the water pipe which supplied the house of the widow Harper in South Nashville.—Plumbers were set to work on the pipe, but could make no improvement on it. Finally, the street was ripped up to ascertain the cause of the water stoppage. It was found. At the mouth of

the pipe, where it was attached to the main street supply pipe, the skeleton of a hand was found; the fingers were closed up like a knot, firmly jammed into the small pipe. On being taken out, a jack-knife was found clutched in the fingers, covered with rust, of course, but sufficiently sound and perfect in shape to show that it had once been the property of the man to whom the widow was engaged to be married. Upon one of the fingers was found also a diamond ring, which her first husband wore when he left their house, in DeKalb county, thirteen years ago. When these particulars became known, the intended bridegroom hastily left town, and the good lady became sick. An attempt was made to hush up these facts, but they gradually leaked out and came into our possession yesterday. The lady has not yet recovered. She has frequent spells of delirium, and fears are entertained by her physician that her reason has been impaired by the shock of the discovery.—*Nashville Press.*

ALL holy times are peculiarly converting times. The Sabbath is the great day for gathering in souls—it is Christ's market-day. It is the great harvest-day of souls. I know there is a generation rising up that would fain trample the Sabbath beneath their feet: but prize you the Sabbath-day. The time of affliction is converting time. When God takes away those you love best, and you say, "This is the finger of God," remember it is Christ wanting to get in to save you: open the door and let him in. The time of the striving of the Holy Spirit is converting time. If you feel your heart pricked in reading the Bible, or in hearing your teacher, "quench not the Spirit," "resist not the Holy Ghost," "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." Youth is converting time. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Oh, you that are young, seek to be gathered with the arm of the Saviour, and carried in his gentle bosom. Come to trust under the Saviour's wings.—*M'Cheyne.*

HUMILITY.

BY ASAHEL W. PAUL.

THERE are two kinds of humility,—a genuine, God-given humility, and a false humility. There is only one kind that God approves.

How many there are who call themselves humble, who know very little, by actual, personal experience, what humility is! What great danger there is of real, honest saints of God being imposed upon, by the enemy of souls handing out a spurious article for them to accept as genuine coin.

There are many who stand up in the congregation to bear testimony for Jesus—professing to be meek and lowly—following His example—who would blush with shame at the very idea of conforming themselves wholly to the will of God, in the way of giving up wearing costly apparel. When there is anything said upon the subject, or even plain texts of Scripture are quoted, how it will stir them up! They make out that those texts of Scripture do not mean as they read,—that those texts are not to be taken in a literal sense. The truth is, they are in the habit of wresting the Scripture to suit their own fancy, instead of conforming their lives to the word of God. Sometimes we see such persons go to the house of God, attired in the habiliments of a proud worldling, declaiming to an attentive audience that they are all the Lord's, to go the narrow way to heaven; and with tearful eyes and trembling voice, they make some believe that Jesus possesses their whole hearts without reserve,—and at the same time, they are rank despisers of those who are good—of those who dress as Jesus directs. How many times an earnest saint has felt the sting of unkind words and cruel neglect! The truth is, there is no real fellowship between the two classes.

On the other hand, we have those who have been converted to the doctrine—and they are very particular to dress plain, as the Bible directs—but

they do not manifest the spirit of Jesus. They are censorious, harsh, and severe—void of humility, love, charity and faith. They think they are humble, and point to their plainness of dress as being satisfactory evidence of their hearts being right. They stand up stoutly in favor of the doctrines they have espoused; but they do it in such a spirit, that many times they not only prove a hindrance, but actually overthrow work done through the instrumentality of those who are led by the Holy Ghost. Such people are wanting in humility.

Humility is the opposite of pride and self-love. If we have the humility we should, we shall not want to resent injuries; neither will we often find it to the glory of God to reply to the mischievous tongues of a gainsaying world, except the cause of Christ demands it. But let self-will go down, and the life and power of godliness will be in the ascendancy. With a plenty of humility, churches would be more closely united in their membership, and more closely united to God, and the preacher would not feel that he has been crippled and his hands tied by distracting influences and disturbing elements of various kinds. The people would rally to the support of their leader, as he urges on the battle against the tide of iniquity. Differences of a non-essential character would be easily adjusted among the members, and a spirit of forgiveness would take the place of sourness; and if a brother or sister be overtaken in a fault, there would be spiritual-mindedness enough to restore such a one in a spirit of meekness. Quarrels and disputes would be done away, and the love of Christ be the ruling theme.

With a sufficient quantity of humility, our spiritual eyesight may be greatly improved. I believe God is best pleased to give the greatest spiritual discernment to those who keep enough grace in their hearts to prevent their becoming a respecter of persons. We will try to correct the faults of our nearest and best friends, who help us the most, just as quick as we do the faults of those who oppose us and cast

out our names as evil. We will not justify in our nearest friends what we condemn in our enemies. We shall want to see God glorified at all times.

Humility will place us where we shall not get offended when a faithful servant of God—who dares not offend his Maker by lowering the standard of salvation to please men—undertakes to help us try our foundation, that we may know whether we are on the rock. If his earnest appeals and warnings should drive people away, we will not blame him, no more than Christ was to be blamed when the people left him, because they thought he had uttered a hard saying. We will say, Amen! to the truth, if it hits us ever so hard; and where we find ourselves wanting, we will strive more earnestly for victory in that particular. Our aim will be to live for God. The Lord help us to keep clothed with humility!

The Self-Challenge.

Up, drowsy hopes and loves!

So slow to rise,

And pass above this ring of lower air,
To the wide circle of the pure and fair,
God's upper skies!

Wake, sluggish soul of mine!

So slow to break

The fond old dreams of long, long summer-
bloom,

The dear deception of an earthly home;—
Awake, awake!

Laden with life's thick clay,

Clinging to dust,

Thou fightest against Him who fights for
thee,

Thou claspest still thy bonds and misery;
Yet rise thou must!

Thy treasure is above!

Dost thou repine?

Thy dross is changed to gold, thy gold to
dross,

Thy loss to gain, and all thy gain to loss;—
God's wealth is thine!

Thy shelter is the cross!

Thy peace the blood;

Thy light and guide the pillar-cloud above;
Thy resting-place the everlasting love.

Of God, thy God!

Thy covert is the shade

Of heavenly wings;

Thy truest counsellor and bosom-friend,
Who loveth, and will love thee to the end,
Is King of kings.

Foe of thy foes is He;

Thy shield and sword;

He takes thy side against the proud and
strong,

He keeps thee from the spoiler's hate and
wrong,

Thy God and Lord!

No ill can thee betide;

Life's shadiest mood

Brightens to sunshine in love's genial ray,
And sorrow's slowest clouds dissolve in day;
All ill is good.

Cheer up then, silent soul,

Press blithely on;

Watch not the clouds, nor shiver in the
showers,

Heed not the shadows, nor count the hours,
Till heaven be won.

Work and deny thyself;

Take up thy cross;

Follow the Master wheresoe'er He leads,
Be a disciple not in words but deeds;

Shrink not from loss.

Count well, count well the cost,

Nor grudge to pay;

Be it reproach, or toil, or pain, or strife,

Be it the loss of all—gold, fame, and life:

The end is day! —H. Bonar.

SATAN would make a man look anywhere rather than to Christ. There is such a thing as false conversion. Satan sometimes stirs people up to care about their souls. He makes them look to ministers, or books, or meetings, or duties—to feelings, enlargement in prayer: he will let them look to anything in the universe except the one subject, "the cross of Christ." The only thing he hides is the gospel—the glorious gospel of Christ.

SENTIMENTALISM.

It would be difficult to enumerate the substitutes for true Christianity which different ages, and countries, and sects, have invented. Bringing their opinions to the Bible instead of deriving them from that inspired source, men have piled error upon error, till the highest product of the Divine mind which is known to man is buried or obscured by the chaotic mass. So far has this been carried, that one of those who have attempted in modern times to make the truth of God quadrate with what is called, but falsely called, philosophy, has actually written a voluminous work to prove that the very truths contained in the Word of God, are but "early corruptions of Christianity." The Divinity of the Saviour—the atonement of Christ—justification by faith in his righteousness—the work of the Holy Spirit,—in short, all that makes Christianity good news to a fallen race, was treated as a "corruption" by the wisdom of this world.

And while that was the case with the doctrines of our faith, similar perversions have appeared in regard to the application of truth to the soul and the conscience. While the Word of God makes it plain that only his own Spirit can make even his truth practically influential, many have overlooked that intimation, and assumed that by some human process, the Word of God can be made to produce saving effects.—Hence innumerable errors. Hence human speculations substituted for the Spirit's teaching. Hence emotion and excitement taking the place of "the unction from the Holy One." Hence a mutilated revelation. Hence souls misled, and rationalism, or sentimentalism, or Popish corruptions, or Socinian negations, substituted for the revelation and redemption of Christ.

We are now to speak of Sentimentalism. The ravages which it commits, and the various aspects which it assumes, are beyond what can easily be told; but in the end, they all leave man precisely where they found him,

or rather they thicken the folds of that veil which blinds him, and renders his ruin more certain. Of the effects of this phase of religion, we cannot quote a better illustration than that which the life of the poet Burns supplies. He was trained by godly parents, and familiarized at once with the Word and the service of God. Many things occur in his writings to show that he was familiar with the vital doctrines of revelation, and knew what should have been their bearing on the life of man. When he would give solemnity, for example, to certain of his vows, he could inscribe on the blank leaf of a Bible the words, "Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord;" and add, as if to augment the strength of the obligation, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." Truth in one of its forms was thus ascendant in his mind; and were this all that we know of the history of his soul, we might conclude that revelation had acquired its rightful authority there, and that in the noble mind of that wondrous man, grace had added its influence to the gifts which dignified his nature.

It is requisite, however, to study his character more minutely; and in doing so, we find how frail is every barrier, whether it be natural conscience, or rationalism, or sentiment and poetry, against the passions which tyrannize in the heart of unrenewed man. While Burns was yet an obscure youth, and years before he shone forth to amaze and dazzle so many, he wrote to his father as follows:—"I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid adieu to all the pains, and uneasiness, and disquietudes, of this weary life; for, I assure you, I am heartily tired of it, and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it." He proceeds to say, "It is for this reason I am more pleased with the last three verses of the seventh chapter of the Revelations, than with any ten times as many in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusi-

asm with which they inspire me, for all that this world has to offer." Now, all this is full of promise—this enthusiasm would be hailed by not a few as constituting pure religion; and yet we know that he who wrote these sentences lived to outrage the truth which he professed to admire. It was mere emotion,—there was no work of grace, no guidance of that Spirit who leads into all truth, and the whole was therefore the gleam of the meteor, not the shining of the Sun. The melancholy which dictated such sentiments, inspired many of his verses in future years; and one cannot hear the wail of so noble a mind as it closes one stanza with the words,

"But a' the pride of spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow;"

and another, exclaiming,

"When yon green leaves fade frae the trees,
Around my grave they'll wither,"

without detecting the impotency of the mere sentiment of religion when the power and demonstration of the Spirit do not give direction and force to the truth. Gifts the most noble, and genius the most transcendent, only render man a more able self-tormentor when grace does not illuminate and guide him.

But these are only the beginnings of our proof regarding the insufficiency of mere sentiment. The same gifted man, endowed as he was with remarkable versatility and power, was the victim of a sorrow which refused to be soothed. Amid the blaze of his reputation he wrote: "I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life as an officer resigns a commission, for I would not take in any poor, ignorant wretch by selling out. Lately, I was a sixpenny private, and a miserable soldier enough—now I march to the campaign a starving cadet, a little more conspicuously wretched." And again, as if he would open up the very fountains of his chagrin, or display the extent of the moral distemper which continued unhealed in his mind, he says:—"When I must escape into a corner, lest the rattling equipage of some gaping blockhead

should mangle me in the mire, I am tempted to exclaim, What merit has he had, or what demerit have I had, in some state of pre-existence, that he is ushered into this state of being with the sceptre of rule and the key of riches in his puny fist, while I am kicked into the world, the sport of folly or the victim of pride?" Now, the man who recorded these bitter and distempered complaints, was the author of the following exquisite lines:—

"Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command."

Or these:

"But, when in life we're tempest driven,
And conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed in heaven
Is sure a noble anchor."

Now the instructive point here is, that while this gifted man could scatter gems around him like the brilliants emitted by the creations of Eastern fable, he was himself "poor, and wretched, and miserable"—the sport of passion—a thing driven of the wind and tossed. And why? Was there no anchorage for such a soul?—nothing to teach that troubled mind, that, as all things are guided by Him who is love, all things are overruled for good to them that love him? Had he never learned, or was there no one at hand to whisper, that it is possible for man, instead of indulging such violent outbreaks against the ways of God, to say, "I have learned, in all circumstances in which I am, to be therewith content"? Was there no power in the words,—
"Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven"? Alas for man, when poetry, or genius, or sentimentalism, however exquisite, is the only guide of his soul in trouble! In this gifted man's life we read, with the clearness of a revelation, of the impotency of genius, or any natural gift, to restrain the pas-

sions, or promote the real happiness of man. Power, whether intellectual or imaginative, only enables man to go more signally astray, when it is not under the control of a pure conscience and sanctified reason.

But, amid all this gloom and despondency, had Burns no internal guide to enlighten and to cheer him? Had he got no hold of the truth which conducts the soul, amid a thousand perils and trials, to serenity and repose? He had a godly father, and his early training was in the best school of religion.—Had that no effect on his conduct and history? Beyond all controversy, it had; but it was chiefly to deepen his wretchedness, and give a keener poignancy to his sorrow. He was one of those who could admire the drapery of religion, while he neglected itself. Like Sir Walter Scott, and many more, he was shrewd and quick to detect the hypocritical pretence to godliness; but he had no discernment of the intrinsic power of truth—and hence he was tortured to agony amid trials, even till he sometimes wished for death. Had he been utterly ignorant of religion, conscience might have been more easily appeased; but, knowing it as he did, to a certain extent, yet setting it often utterly at defiance, he just heaped woes upon his own soul by his own right hand. The fearful gift of genius, like the fatal gift of beauty, thus helps on man's misery, unless it be controlled by the wisdom which comes from above; and even Dr. Currie was obliged at last to write of the man whom he loved and admired:—"His temper now became more irritable and gloomy. He fled from himself into society, often of the lowest kind. And in such company, that part of the convivial scene in which wine increases sensibility and excites benevolence, was hurried over to reach the succeeding part, over which uncontrolled passion generally presided. He who suffers the pollution of inebriation, how shall he escape other pollution?" He adds, "Let us refrain from the mention of errors over which delicacy and humanity draw the veil."

Yet Burns had a God whom he often professed to revere. He wrote new versions of some of the psalms—he is the author of some poetical prayers, and of some pieces which one can scarcely read without tears; and from these we may ascertain what was the religion of Burns. And at the very most it was the religion of emotion, or the imagination. The holiness of God formed no element in it; and because that was left out, it was a kind of pantheistic figment which was worshiped, and not the true Jehovah. The wondrous Alp-clouds which are sometimes seen at sunset, fringed with gold by his light, are brilliant, no doubt, and gorgeous, but they are not the sun himself; and, in like manner, the ideal creation of men's minds, poetically attractive as they may be, are not the living and true God, though they are often substituted for him. And it is curious how Burns had worn away the idea of God till it became evanescent and unimportant.—By his own confession, "the daring path Spinoza trod," was trod for a season by him; and his views of the great ONE were such as could not restrain a single passion nor stand against a single temptation. In one of his dedications, he prays to the "great Fountain of honor, the Monarch of the Universe," and that was his substitute for the great, personal I AM. In a prayer on the prospect of death, he says—

"If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done,
Thou knowest that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong,
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong."

In other words, the Creator of all—the very Being whom the author of that prayer in the next stanza calls "All Good"—was the origin of Burns's transgressions, for he was the creator of Burns's "passions wild and strong." It is thus that the Eternal is accused by his creatures—it is thus that blame is shifted from the criminal to the Judge. The romance of religion—its "big ha'

Bible"—its patriarchal priest—the simple melody of the songs of Zion,—all these Burns could admire, because there is poetry in them; but He whom the believer knows, was not his resting-place. O, let it be said in pity!—Need we wonder though he who did so had to write, "Regret! Remorse! Shame!—Ye three hell-hounds that ever dog my steps and bay at my heels, spare me! spare me!" Let the following stanza be calmly considered, and then say what is the verdict which truth brings in:—

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play
Misd by Fancy's meteor-ray,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

We have another view of the religion of Burns presented in the following extract:—"Now that I talk of authors, how do you like Cowper? Is not the 'Task' a glorious poem? The religion of the 'Task,' bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and of nature—the religion that exalts, that ennobles man." Had we no record of Burns's life, we might here conclude that, though anti-Calvinistic, he was devout in his piety and pure in his life, like Cowper whom he eulogized; but how completely must all right moral perception have been dulled, when such admiration could be lavished upon a poet who was at so many points the very antithesis of Burns! And again we say, how naturally does such a state of mind lead man to exclaim in the end, as Burns once did, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tossed on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame tremblingly alive to the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?"

Such, then, is an exhibition of the

native impotency of mere sentiment. The poetry of religion—its drapery—its music—its grand ceremonials, or its primitive simplicity—its gorgeous edifices—its ancestral associations—may all be admired; but none of these can charm man into holiness, or so change his heart as to guide to righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The first biographer, and most charitable friend of Burns, was obliged to record, that up to a period distant only a few months from his death, he could proceed from a sick-room to "dine at a tavern, return home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated," and by that process he hastened or developed the disease which laid him in the grave. His conduct, indeed, has drawn forth the high censures of men who were neither prudens nor Puritans. The mere poetry of religion was substituted for the truth, and the result was moral confusion, and many an evil work.

To the case of Burns, we might add the rapid sentimentalism of Rousseau; or dwell on the case of another poet, Keates, who, to the poetic sentiment added the religious in no ordinary degree. Yet his own poetry could tell how well he understood the misery of earth.

From the glimpse which we have taken, it is all too manifest that wisdom and strength from on high are needed alike to make man right and to keep him so. What can genius do but mislead? What can the affections do but blind, and often distemper man? What can science accomplish against his wayward heart and headlong passions?—What can all the gifts which God has heaped on man achieve, without Heaven's own panacea for our spiritual disease—free, sovereign, and almighty grace? All is vain—and the lives of thousands of the gifted prove it—till the wisdom which is first pure become the guide of the will, and the presiding power in the soul. The mere fact that the holiness of God is overlooked by unrenowned man, dooms him to hopeless degeneracy, and endless deterioration.—*The Christian Treasury.*

THE CROSS.

BY LEWIS MENDENHALL.

It is a mistaken idea that the servant of God continually bears a grievous load, and that the commandments of his Master shut up every resource to happiness. God is not a hard master, —He is not a tyrant, but full of love and tender compassion. While He demands obedience, He withholds no good thing.

Those things that are often supposed to be essential to human happiness, are not substantial, but perish with their using. They are not worthy to be esteemed as objects appropriate to set our affections upon. He who seeks for satisfying enjoyment in these, spends his labor for naught. The Saviour invites such to come unto him and find rest, for his yoke is easy and his burden light.

I think Christians often darken the glory of the cross, by representing it as hard to be borne. They either do it through ignorance, or on account of their defective experience, which is not like that of Paul's, who gloried only in the cross of Christ. The love of Christ so constrained him, that he was ready not only to be bound, "but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

The crucified soul does not consider it grievous to do the will of God, but continually cries, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Peter and others, when brought before the Sanhedrim and questioned by the high-priest, replied, "We ought to obey God rather than man." After they were beaten, "they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame." This is hard to be understood by the natural man; and he esteems it foolishness, because he has not spiritual discernment. "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God."

Fairfield, Iowa.

Golden Chains.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

I COULD not parry words that fell
From off a bantering lip;
How dark my heart seemed when had die
That sudden flash of wit!

The thought sharp challenged, very dear
Unto my heart had been;
Yet still not one for argument,
That God doth draw to Him,—

The soul's best treasure, as by chains
Impalpable and fine.
I only answered, He so moves
Upon this heart of mine;

And quickens it to prayer, or praise:
And hidden very deep,
Away among my precious things,
The simple faith I keep.

A child's low answer to the words
That flashed like burnished steel—
And yet, no better form of speech
Could after-thought reveal.

* * * * *
O, lily, thoughts that gladden me
Are trembling on thy lips;
The heart grows brighter that had known
A sudden, dark eclipse!

From thy deep chalice, dewy pearls
On chains of light do run,
Drawn softly from the hidden depths
By warm rays of the sun;

And yet I cannot count one link
That God's own hand hath wrought,
Nor will I strive to analyze
This sweet, yet subtle thought.

We know fine chains, that draw to God,
Are hidden in His hand,
Nor further question what we feel
But cannot understand.
Buffalo, N. Y.

RATIONAL knowledge is like the light of a candle, which enlightens, but does not warm. True and saving knowledge is like the sun, which not only enlightens, but enlivens.

SELF-DENIAL.

BY ELLEN WARNER.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me.—Matt. xvi. 24.

THE soul that has passed from death unto life, loves the way here marked out by Jesus; and loves those of his brethren best who deny themselves most, crucify the flesh and the lusts thereof, eat and drink to the glory of God, and adorn their profession by holy living, and a "meek and quiet spirit." "But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."—Matt. xv. 37. If every professed follower of Christ would come up to the Bible standard, what an influence for good would be exerted! The Spirit could work through humanity, and the cause would be honored. Those who will not do this, ought to hide their faces and clothe themselves in sackcloth, and cry unholy and unclean, and never profess the Holy Name of Jesus again, until they will walk according to the Word, willingly. Eternity work—Lord, let us feel the responsibility of living!

The Word is open before us, yet multitudes are asking an easier way to heaven. Read James ii. 10: "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Also Matt. v. 18: "For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, not one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

Many deny Christ to gratify self, and so work just contrary to the Word, and yet profess to be saved from all sin. When light comes to their hearts, and the way looks narrower, the cross is presented clearer, and God undertakes to answer their prayers, they will begin to reason and try the spirits, until the Holy Spirit is grieved. Then the light becomes darkness, and all is counted as a siege of temptation. And so they place themselves where the rays of light cannot reach them. Sometimes the Lord blesses them a little, or at least

they feel good and touch a hallelujah strain, live on fancy and air castles, and go through on what is called faith, singing their passage through to glory.—They do not love to see people get into an agony of soul and die the death to sin and self. They would rather see them believe and enter in without much crucifixion, or self-denial, or stripping the person of vain adornments for the heavenly race. They may take off the jewelry, and flowers, and a few of the prominent ornaments, but rather not look so singular and plain. Not much self-denial, in doing very nearly as the human heart dictates!

They do not love to hear anything about healing faith for the body, but are ready to cry, Fanaticism! God's wheat is trampled under foot by those who try so hard to take care of His work. They will sing,

"Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,"

and acknowledge Jesus used to cure the sick, and all this, yet deny in deed and heart what is sung in word. Oh, ye lukewarm! hear the Word: "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."—Rev. iii. 16. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."—Rev. iii. 22.

TIME DOES IT.—Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the school and enters upon the career of life, it is painfully amusing to witness his self-sufficiency. He would have all the world to know that he has "learned all." But as he grows older he grows wiser, he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to three-score years, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley, "When I was young, I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

Editorial.

Humble Yourselves.

HUMILITY is not, at present, a very popular Christian grace. It has had its day. Now, when money is so much needed to build splendid churches and hire the first musical and speaking talent, liberality takes the lead. Money given for church enterprises, covers the multitude of sins. The natural tendency of the whole order of fashionable worship, is to foster pride. The edifice itself, and its furnishings, are in the highest style of elegance. Social distinctions are rigidly observed. A monied aristocracy is raised up or kept up in the house of God. He who pays the highest price for his seat has, for himself and family, the exclusive occupancy of the seat of his choice. It matters not how he obtained his money. He may be a gambler or a wholesale liquor dealer. It matters not. His money buys for him a pre-eminence in the house of God.

The worship itself savors more of worldly greatness than of self-abasement; God is approached with less appearance of reverence than is manifested in coming into the presence of earthly kings. In public prayer, kneeling or even standing, except by the minister, has gone almost entirely out of use. The worship appears to have an equal for its object.

Those who manifest a desire to seek the Lord, are at once so flattered and complimented that their vanity is fed rather than their pride humbled. In short, it would appear that man is a very noble being, and that pride is one of the noblest attributes of his nature.

The Bible representation is entirely different. It describes man as a fallen being. He is a slave to sin—under bondage to corruption. Pride keeps him from God. If he would seek the favor of God, he must humble himself. This is an indispensable step. Until this is taken, every other means is unavailing. Ordinances ordained of God will be no means of grace to him, until he gets down in his inmost soul, prostrate before his Maker.

Place a common plate in the camera and

stand before it,—there is no impression made. Wash the plate with the proper chemicals, and go through with the same process, and you have an accurate picture, nicely delineated. So union with the church, nor baptism, nor the Lord's Supper, nor forms of prayer, can save an unhumbled soul. But let a broken and a contrite heart draw nigh to God, and the Divine image is at once stamped upon it.

In reading the Bible, one is struck with the fact that the most profligate sinners,—the worst of backsliders,—were accepted by God and blessed by Him, as soon as they truly humbled themselves before Him, parted with their idols, and served Him in sincerity. Take the case of Manasseh. He was the son of the good Hezekiah. Why it was that the godly kings of Israel were succeeded upon their thrones, generally, by wicked ones, we cannot understand. But such is the fact as it appears upon the page of sacred history. Hezekiah was the son of the wicked Ahaz. But he commenced his reign by putting away all the idolatrous practices of his father, and by promoting a general reformation among the people. In the summary of his reign, it is said that "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that David his father had done." He left his kingdom, united, prosperous, and devoted to the service of God, to his son Manasseh. He had the benefit of his father's godly example and instructions. But Manasseh "did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, like unto the abominations of the heathen whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel." To promote idol-worship, he built again the high places which Hezekiah, his father, had broken down; and he reared up altars for Baalim, and made graven images and worshiped the host of heaven and served them. Every known method of promoting idolatry he adopted. He built idol-altars in the house of the Lord, and set up in it a carved image—"The idol which he had made." He caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the Son of Hinnom; also he observed times, and used enchantments, and used witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit,

and with wizards. And he led the people into all these abominations.

The wrath of God came upon him and his people. He was conquered by the Assyrians and led in chains to Babylon. *In his affliction he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto him.* God had compassion upon him, turned his captivity, and restored him to his country and his home.

We see, in this instance, the benefits that result from humbling ourselves before God. Here was one who had turned from the best of examples, and the best instruction, into all manner of wickedness; yet when he humbled himself before God, He had compassion upon him.

Be not high-minded, but fear. If you are enjoying the fulness of the grace of God and would keep it, see to it that you walk before Him in all humility. Otherwise, you are certain to fall—if not into open sin—at least into dead formality.

If you have lost any of the grace that you once had, there is no possible way to regain it but by humbling yourself before God. Your pride of opinion, of consistency, of position, must be mortified. If you have taken a wrong stand in reference to the work of God, you must be ready to admit it.

If you would grow in grace,—become more, while here, like the inhabitants of another world,—you must humble yourself. The life of godliness on earth is a life of continued self-denials and mortifications.

HE THAT EXALTETH HIMSELF SHALL BE ABASED, BUT EVERY ONE THAT HUMBLETH HIMSELF SHALL BE EXALTED.

Mrs. Martha M. Campbell.

SHE was one of God's suffering saints. Our acquaintance with her commenced about twenty years ago. An almost helpless and hopeless invalid, she was patient, cheerful, and triumphant in God.

She was converted at an early age. Till the close of life, she retained a clear evidence of her acceptance with God.

In August, 1830, she was married to Dr. J. A. Campbell, a practising physician. In November following, she was taken down with a spinal disease, which kept her a helpless and suffering invalid for eighteen years. During most of the time, her sufferings were very severe,—although such was the cheerful and patient frame of her mind, that few if any but her own family were aware that she suffered. As the danger resulting from the violence of her disease passed away, it was evident that the Holy Spirit had wrought a more deep and thorough work of grace in her soul. She said she felt as though every breath of her's should be praise to God. From this time to the end of life, her faith showed itself in a more aggressive form.

Whoever visited, as did very many, during the long period of her confinement, were sure to have religion commended to them; and gentlemen who called to see her husband on business, with whom she did not have an opportunity to converse, were given a tract, from whom she required a promise to read it. After she recovered it was a very rare thing for her to enter a store, or any place where she was brought in contact with strangers, without commending to such the religion of Jesus.

On coming to Lima, in 1831, she found neither Sabbath School nor Missionary Society. She soon encouraged her husband to organize one, which became a large and prosperous school. As soon as the church had increased sufficiently, she urged on the sisters the importance of organizing a missionary society; and they were invited to her house, and a society organized, which educated several young men for the mission field, and aided the cause by raising a large amount of money and clothing for the cause of missions.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion, like the Spartan mother, she gave her only son—and he not 17—to the service of her country. He died in the hospital at Washington, from wounds received in August, 1862. So ardent and active was her patriotism, that she made successful efforts to procure nurses for the hospitals; and, mainly through her efforts, a soldiers' aid

society was formed—and she was chosen President—which contributed largely in provisions, clothing and necessities, for the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers. To accomplish this, much of her time was taken up in soliciting contributions, and in correspondence. Of her it may be said, "Truly, she hath done what she could."

Early in April she was attacked with acute rheumatism in the left arm, shoulder and side of the neck. So severe was the pain, that it deprived her of sleep. She requested her friends not to keep her here a moment by their prayers, as she longed to go home; and she meekly and patiently endured the pain, knowing that she would soon be at rest. So abiding and steadfast was her confidence in the goodness and mercy of God, that the tempter was not permitted to shake her faith for a moment. When speaking of going home, she said her only regret was to leave her companion. Three of her four children had preceded her.

She selected, as the text to be used on her funeral occasion, Romans viii. 37. She retained her reason to the last, although the faculty of speech failed some hours before she expired. She had not given a vocal answer for some time, and we did not suppose she could, as she had been answering by signs; when her husband asked, "Is Jesus precious?" she replied, "*Yes, gloriously so.*" When asked if the way was clear—if it was bright on the other shore—if Jesus made the dying bed soft,—to all of which she promptly responded in the affirmative.

There was no severe struggle at death, but her gentle and happy spirit bid a silent and triumphant farewell to earthly scenes. She died, at Lima, the 18th of May, 1869.

Lightness of Speech.

"Tis not for man to trifle—life is short."

FRIVOLITY in conversation is the leprosy of the age. "Foolish talk and jesting," (which are classed with filthiness, fornication and "all uncleanness"—Eph. v. 3,) is the prevailing sin in the Church and out of it.

"The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."—James iii. 8. "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. xii. 36.

All vain talk—empty, unprofitable, or which does not tend to instruct or edify, is idle. Look at its effects:—It destroys our peace, unfits us for spiritual devotion, lowers us in the estimation of others. Who has any particular respect for a clown, a foolish talker or jester? How much soever persons may praise one for his witticisms or buffoonery, or seem pleased at the time, yet, in their sober moments, they heartily despise such folly. Again, by indulging in lightness and frivolity, we measurably destroy our influence for good. "Familiarity breeds contempt." How exceedingly incongruous to warn sinners to "flee the wrath to come," while in their presence we indulge in levity, or trifling conversation! Who would be likely, on a sick or dying bed, to send for a punning minister or professed Christian to talk or pray with him? A joking minister will seldom have persons coming to him with tears, to ask what they must do to be saved.

When ministers leave their pulpits to lecture in favor of worldly amusements, billiard-tables, jesting or mirthfulness, instead of "holiness to the Lord," "having our conversation as becometh the gospel of Christ," "speaking the truth in love," "that we may grow up into him in all things"—alas for the times! "The whole head is sick, the whole heart faint." Beware of them.

If ever the arch-deceiver is transformed into an angel of light, it is when professing Christians talk, and laugh at, nonsense.

Once more.—Nothing is so contrary to godliness as levity. The example is pernicious. Many precious souls have been led into this folly of saying witty things in imitation of their pastor, or some influential church-member. Better have a millstone about the necks of these nonsensical talkers, and drown them in the depths of the sea, than for them to offend one of these "little ones."

N.

DYING TESTIMONY.

Died, in the township of Millington, Tuscola county, Mich., May 5th, 1869, after a long and lingering illness, which he bore with patience and Christian meekness, Bro. Calvin Crippen, aged 66 years.

The subject of this notice was hopefully converted to God, at the early age of 14, in the town of Penfield Monroe county, N. Y., and united soon after with the M. E. Church, in which he remained nearly thirty years, acting as class-leader for a number of years, which office he filled with satisfaction. In the year 1847, he left the church of his choice—for reasons known to every true child of God—and united with the Wesleyan Methodists, in the town of Ridgeway, Orleans county, N. Y. In this church he remained about ten years, holding the office of class-leader nearly all that time. In the year 1856, he removed into the wilderness of Michigan—Tuscola county. There being no meetings of any kind within our reach, we had meetings once in four weeks at our house. In a short time, the new school-house was completed, and stated meetings established once in two weeks.—God blessed the efforts of his children of different denominations, and many souls were converted. A Wesleyan class was formed, of nine members, and Bro. Crippen was chosen as leader, in which capacity he acted for five years.

His last hours were peaceful. He said, "All is well. I am ready—only waiting to cross over." He died like a soldier, with his armor on. In this dispensation of God's providence, the church has lost a prominent member, the community a true friend, my children an indulgent father, and myself a very kind companion. But I mourn not as those who have no hope,—I look forward to a blissful re union.

MRS. CALVIN CRIPPEN.

Millington, Mich.

DIED, at her father's residence in the town of Ash, Wayne county, Mich., Miss Jane Bell, aged 24 years.

Sister Bell was last converted to God, January 3d, 1869, one Sabbath morning, around a family altar. There she again

found that peace that passeth all understanding. Her trials and conflicts during her short experience were great. But in the midst of them all, she held on to that strong arm that alone could save. She often made the remark, that she would willingly give her life to see her sister saved, whom she had been the means of causing to backslide. She had been a great lover of the world and its fashions, and on this point she was severely tested. But He whose grace always proves sufficient, enabled her to overcome; and on her dying bed she bore testimony against them by requesting her sister to forever lay them off. On the Thursday before her death, she gained a complete victory in her soul, and was made to rejoice in Christ her Saviour. Her sufferings were very great. She would gasp and scream for breath, and would expend it in praising God, and exhorting her friends to meet her on the other shore.—She would break out in singing such hymns as these: "Shall we gather at the river," and "I want to cross over," etc. Her happy spirit took its flight on Sabbath morning.

A. V. LEONARDSON.

ANDREW BOLTON was born in Upper Canada in the year 1835; was accidentally drowned while bathing, at Chicago, Ills., June 26th, 1869.

Brother Bolton joined our F. M. Band by letter, the second Sabbath previous to his death. He bore the stamp of the genuine Christian. For some months he had been in possession of the great pearl of perfect love, and was a clear witness of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. Having held positions of usefulness and importance in the church from whence he came, he was at once recommended for a license as local preacher, and received the same on the camp-ground, the week following his admission to the church. Beloved by all who knew him; and well calculated to win the ungodly, we had hoped much from his aid and counsel. But the Lord of the vineyard has taken him home, and we know that our loss is his gain.

The afternoon of his death, he was peculiarly happy. Though previously he had labored under some strange exercises of

mind, these were now all removed, and he triumphed as one who had gotten much spoil. And indeed, he might do so; for right by his side, though hid from his mortal eyes, were the horses and chariot to convey his ransomed spirit home. He went down into the waters, and a moment later, realized that bliss for which his soul had been preparing many years. "Open the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in."

Chicago.

J. C. LAWTON.

LOVE FEAST.

ASAHEL W. PAUL.—I am going through in the narrow way. I am all the Lord's, to do His will. I am on my way to Paradise with the glory in my soul. Hallelujah!—How many times He has hedged up my way from going down to hell—bless His name forever! The farther I go, the better I love the narrow way. I love the cross, because Jesus went that way. The joy of the Holy Ghost is more to me than all that the world calls great or good. God blesses my soul with perfect peace. I esteem it a great privilege to bear the whole cross, with all its reproach, for Jesus's sake. I am going to keep on the whole armor and battle for the truth. I have given all for Christ, but have not lost anything by it.—I am at Jesus's feet, clothed, and in my right mind. Glory be to God in the highest!

North Norwich, N. Y.

PHILO M. PLUMMER.—I can say, like one of old, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Glory to God on high! The way the holy prophets went is a glorious way,—the way that brings peace to my soul. Hallelujah to my Jesus!

Kings Mills, N. Y.

MRS. EMELINE WHITNEY.—I love Jesus this morning. His Spirit witnesseth with mine that I am His child. He keeps and upholds me, far away from earthly friends. Blessed be His holy name!

Guthrie, Iowa.

MARY E. DEMPSEY.—To-day the love of God fills my soul, and I am committed as never before to follow Jesus. I am free.—The blood of Jesus is now applied to my heart. Every weight is laid aside, and I am running the race set before me. How precious Jesus is to my soul! I delight to do the will of the Lord, and in His law do I meditate day and night. "Holiness to the Lord" is on my banner, and I take the narrow way.

Rose, N. Y.

L. BREWSTER.—For about eight years, I have been proving the power of God to save; and my experience is, there is power in Jesus's blood to cleanse and keep me clean. I do feel that I have the kingdom within, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

"A country I have found,
Where true joys abound;"

and I have no desire to go back into the land of Egypt. I find

"A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile."

Praise the Lord forever! He is truly a satisfying portion to my soul.

Rose, N. Y.

L. FISHER.—I was converted at a series of meetings held by Bro. Underwood, near Dublin, the latter part of September, 1867. I had wandered to a great distance from God, and had become addicted to strong drink. In short, I was led captive at the will of Satan. I used to think I could break off the habit of drinking, but good resolves in my own strength failed; for as soon as I got where drinks were to be had, all was forgotten. But glory to God!—when Christ was formed within the hope of glory, the appetite was gone, and from that day to this I have had no desire for strong drink. I find the way delightful—glorious. I feel happy in the Lord, and I am determined to fight on so long as I live.

PETER WHITNEY.—I have been a firm believer in Spiritualism, but did not know that any claiming to be Spiritualists denied the Bible, or even pretended to deny that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. But last

December, I signed for the *Banner of Light*, a leading Spiritualist paper. My paper came, and the first that attracted my attention was an article denying the Bible.—Next, it denied that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Blind guides! May God have mercy on them!

Jesus saves me—praise his holy name forever! I soon found myself under conviction. Everything to me was dark. I went to God in prayer. I was led to the feet of Jesus. I prayed to God for Jesus's sake to pardon my sins, and give me light. I felt some better in mind, but was not satisfied. About this time, Bro. Frinck was holding a protracted meeting in our town. I was led to him for counsel. Conviction soon brought me to meet with the people of God, where I gave myself up to God, and prayed Him for Jesus's sake to pardon me, and cleanse my soul from every sin, and make my guilty conscience clean. I was soon enabled to say, Jesus saves me. Praise His holy name! I am now happy in the Lord, growing in grace; and I pray God to ever keep me humble. I can say, I take the narrow way.

With a warning voice to all who believe in modern Spiritualism, I beseech you, as one that loves your souls, to renounce this false theory, and get to God, who will have mercy for Jesus's sake. It is the blood of Jesus that cleanseth from all sin. Come to Jesus: this is the only way to get to God and heaven. I pray you, do not try to climb up some other way any longer, but come to Jesus. He will save you—praise His holy name!

I am now taking the *Earnest Christian*, and I praise God for it. I find many things there that will feed a hungry soul. It is often a love feast to me. I would not be without it for four times what it costs me. Would to God that I could be the means of circulating it among some Spiritualists, who would read it and profit by it, in learning the truth as it is in Jesus.

MARY CANNON.—Glory to the Lamb!—The Lord forgave my sins last winter, at a protracted meeting that was held on the Military Road, and I was happy night and

day. But the tempter came, and I neglected to do my duty, and I backslid. I was ten times worse than if I had not started at all, and I said that I would not go to the Free Methodist meetings any more. But the Lord, in his great mercy, did not take his Spirit from me; but his Spirit strove with me at times, and I have given my heart to Him, and am the Lord's.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MRS. L. C. EDELER.—Some few weeks ago, when Bro. Terry was with us, we had some precious, little meetings. Jesus gave me a renewed evidence of His salvation; and since then, I have realized a gradual, but steady growth in grace. I am writing now from a sick bed. It was quite a trial to me to be willing to submit to be sick, and to be separated from the meetings, and my brethren and sisters; yet Jesus sweetly blesses my soul, and keeps me in perfect peace. The past few days, have been days of rich, almost uninterrupted communion with Him. I see where I have had a great deal of self-will; but have been helped to keep down a little lower, and lay my case in the hands of Jesus. I feel willing to be sick or well—to be anything. I have often been wilful in regard to going to certain places, or in doing this or that, to find the Lord; but He is *here*—praise His name!—I find Him in giving up all. I try to *keep* all on the altar; and He gives me from day to day an evidence of His salvation. Glory to God! I would rather have Jesus, than all the world beside.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

POLLY KENDRICKS.—O, how I love this holy religion, that has Christ for its foundation, and the Holy Ghost for its teacher! Praise God! it has been victory and peace ever since the Camp Meeting. In taking up the cross—in going from house to house—O, how Jesus blesses me! He says, *Feed my lambs*. Jesus does wonderfully open the Scriptures to me. He pours the light upon me. O, what a power there is in Christ to save! I am going straighter than ever before for Jesus.

Deerfield Prairie, Ill.