

# The Earnest Christian

AND

## GOLDEN RULE.

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### RELIGIOUS EMOTIONS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

A GREAT injury is done to the cause of Christ by persons pretending to religious emotions, when their lives plainly declare that they walk as other men walk, according to the course of this world, obeying the dictates of the carnal heart. It does immense injury for a close-fisted, hard-hearted man to talk about communion with God.

But the tendency is in an opposite direction. The commercial spirit prevails. All who can, get rich, and those who cannot, want to. Selfishness, just in the proportion that it prevails in the heart, roots out every other passion and affection. As the tiger preys upon every other animal, both wild and domestic, so does selfishness exterminate every other emotion, that it may reign undisturbed in the soul. A supremely selfish man is not easily moved by any thing. His friends may die, and he follows them with unmoistened cheek to the grave, and returns with unabated eagerness to his pursuit after wealth. A community composed of such materials is hard to be moved. A deep excitement in the heart absorbs every other. Religion degenerates into a

cold and frigid formalism. Any exhibition of religious emotion is stigmatized as fanaticism and enthusiasm.—It is not because of our superior intelligence, that eternal things move us so lightly, but because of the intense passion that rages for personal aggrandizement. Daniel was one of the wisest men of his day, yet at a manifestation of the glory of God, he says, "There remained no strength in me: for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength."—Dan. x. 8. Mr. Flavel was an educated man, and a highly honored minister of the Presbyterian church, yet he tells us that one time when travelling alone, "such was the intenseness of his mind, such his ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such his full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost all sight and sense of this world and the concerns thereof:" and for some hours knew not where he was, nor what he was about."

*We may safely affirm that the essence of true religion consists very much in the right state of the feelings.*

It does not consist in the observance of the forms and ordinances of Christianity. These should be duly regarded. How can one be a Christian and neglect positive ordinances of Christ?

But these may be observed by one who is as far from God as wicked works can carry him. A man in a city of Russia murdered and robbed a lady. On being asked why he did not take some pies she had in a basket, he replied that "they might contain meat, and he was too good a Christian to eat meat in Lent." There is a strong tendency to rest in forms. We know of a Presbyterian Church which requires its minister to preach in robes. Forms are easily observed. One may become greatly attached to them. Their observance is rendered necessary by habit. Dr. Johnson said of a friend, "That he was the most pious man of his acquaintance, for though he had not been inside of a church for twenty-five years, he never passed one without taking off his hat."

Forms are the body, but the soul may have fled. They are the trunk, but the sap may have dried up.

Pure religion does not consist merely in living by principle. Principle is needed. There can be no religion without it. He who can be dishonest and tricky, no matter what his feelings are, has no saving piety. But a man may live by principle, and by good principles too, and yet be far from God. "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. Understand us. A man or woman may be transported to the seventh heaven in imagination, but if they are deceitful, carnal or worldly, their religion is in the imagination merely. But on the other hand, there may not be a blot in the outward life; and still one may be nothing but a Pharisee. True religion

must consist then in a right state of the feelings.

*The kingdom of God is within you.* There can be no saving religion without repentance. "God now commandeth all men every where to repent."—But is there no feeling in repentance? Hear David. Ps. xxxviii. 1–8. Ps. xxxi. 9, 10. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble: my eye is consumed with grief, yea, my soul and my belly. For my life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing: my strength faileth because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed."

So the Church of England in its Homily on Fasting says, "When men feel in themselves the heavy burden of sin, see damnation to be the reward of it, and behold with the eye of the mind the horror of hell; they tremble, they quake, and are inwardly touched with sorrowfulness of heart, and cannot but accuse themselves, and open their grief unto Almighty God, and call unto him for mercy. This being done seriously, their mind is so occupied, partly with sorrow and heaviness, partly with an earnest desire to be delivered from this danger of hell and damnation that all desire of meat and drink is laid apart, and loathing of all worldly things and pleasure cometh in place. So that nothing then fitteth them more than to weep to lament and to mourn, and both with words and behavior of body to show themselves weary of life!"

The Scriptures represent religion as implying the fear of God. They that feared the Lord spake often one to another."—Mal. iii. 16. Ps. lxi. 16.—Come and hear all ye that fear God and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Of the wicked it is said, "There

is no fear of God before his eyes." But fear is feeling. If there can be no religion without the fear of God there can be none without feeling.

Faith is essential to true religion.—But saving faith implies feeling. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." "Faith," says President Edwards, "is feeling."

Joy, holy joy, is a great part of true religion. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.—Ps. xvii. 12. "Rejoice and be exceeding glad."—Matt. v. 12. "Rejoice evermore."—1 Thess. v. 16. "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice! The self-deceived may have a transitory joy arising from delusion. When the telegraph first announced that Richmond had fallen, there was as great rejoicing in the Northern cities, for a time, as though the coveted information were true.—So one who is led to believe that he is a child of God, when he is not, will have natural joy as a matter of course. But it is delusive and unsatisfying.—Trials kill it. But the joy which the Holy Ghost imparts is more than a match for poverty or persecution. Its language is, "I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation."

Do not, then, in your religious experience rest satisfied with being merely orthodox. Dead, dry, formal orthodoxy can never save you. Even "the devils believe and tremble." On other matters in which you take a deep interest you manifest as much emotion as persons generally. You need to be religiously awakened. Stop criticising others who manifest some earnestness in the cause of God, and stir up yourself. Do not flatter yourself that your cold propriety in wor-

ship, public and private, on all occasions is the result of your superior education or refinement. If you have endowments superior to others you ought to feel more than they do in things Divine. As President Edwards says, "Eternal things are so great, and of such vast concern that there is great absurdity in being but moderately moved and affected by them."

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IS YOUR SOUL INSURED?—"Pa," said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee, and looked into his face as earnestly as if he understood the importance of the subject, "pa, is your soul insured?"

"What are you thinking about, my son?" replied the agitated father.—  
"Why do you ask that question?"

"Why, pa, I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured, and 'your life insured; but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it: won't you get it insured right away?"

The father leaned his head on his hand, and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered by insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had, the day before, taken a life-policy for a large amount: yet not one thought had he given to his own immortal soul. On that which was to waste away, and become part and parcel of its native dust, he had spared no pains; but, for that which was to live on and on through the long ages of eternity, he had made no provision. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" was a question he had cared not to ask. Now, as he sits in silence, his soul is stirred within him; and he mentally exclaims:

"What shall I do to be saved?"—  
*Christian Banner.*

## REMARKABLE ANSWERS to PRAYER.

In the private journal of the late Rev. Asa Kent, for many years an able and honored member of the New England Conference, there are recorded many very interesting illustrations of special answers to special prayers. From among them I select two, which I give to your readers in his own language:

"Bro. Isaac C.'s daughter, Fanny, had been for some time afflicted in her eyes, and greatly feared she would be blind—entirely so. At this time (Bro. Kent's quarterly meeting,) her sight had left her, and her father was in great agony, and spake in the love-feast of his daughter's affliction—at a time when there was a great deal of feeling among us. He said, 'I cannot bear the thought of my child being blind for life, and it seems to me, if we should all kneel down, and our Presiding Elder (Bro. Kent,) should pray for her, the Lord will answer prayer.' We all knelt and I prayed. A gracious influence rested on us, and I found great liberty in coming before the mercy-seat, and freedom and power to ask that her sight might be restored. I felt the Spirit was in this helping my infirmities, and teaching me what to pray for, and made intercession according to the will of God; and if we ask according to his will, he will do it. A shower of salvation came upon us, and Bro. C. on his return home, found Fanny's eyes quite well, and they remained so. I saw her thirty-three years after, and they remained so then. I think it was in answer to prayer."

The other case is related more at length, and some very judicious remarks are added by this devout man of God. He tells us he had prepared an account for publication, which was accidentally lost, but now makes the record from his distinct recollection of the leading facts, as follows:

"There was a remarkable answer to prayer last year (1814,) in the Winchendon society, which I think ought to be recorded. (Winchendon is a township of Massachusetts, some fifty miles

north-west from Boston.) A worthy sister, Nancy Warner, was instantly restored to health, and she walked the room—which she had not done for years before. Her father was a pious man and an exhorter, but poor, and his family had but very little opportunity for learning, and the means of instruction in those days were very limited. Nancy was very much devoted to God; but when, I think, about twenty years of age, became very painfully afflicted with rheumatism. All means resorted to for relief seemed useless. It gradually so affected her joints, that her wrists, hands, ancles and feet, became greatly distorted. It was not long before she could not walk or work, and suffered great pain. Various doctors were applied to, but all remedies failed. But the Lord sanctified the affliction to her, and filled her soul with perfect love. She saw God in all this, and rejoiced in him evermore. I think she suffered about five years, the last two or three of which she could never walk alone, and the bones of her hands, shoulders, hips and ancles were strangely out of joint. While thus afflicted, it was strongly impressed upon her mind, that she might be healed in answer to prayer. She spoke of it, but it seemed to others as only a notion. However, her confidence became so strong, that she made a particular request that Bro. Elisha Streeter, who was on the circuit, and six brethren, whom she named, would come on a certain evening and have a prayer-meeting at her father's, and, she repeated, the Lord would cure her. This being known abroad, some of them did not like to go, as they might be laughed at for going to work a miracle. A part were present and prayed, but no answer came. She told them they must come again and the others must come with them. The time was fixed and all were present. She was dressed and lying on the bed in the room. They began praying and an uncommon spirit of prayer came upon them—a spirit of intercession, which increased until a tremendous shock

seemed to shake the place, and a number of them fell to the floor in an instant. Nancy started up, took her feet in her hands and wheeled them off the bed. Her mother, keeling close by, saw her, and laying hold of her said, 'Nancy, what are you going to do?' 'Let me alone mother,' said Nancy, 'I am well—I can walk,' and across the room and back she walked, and then sat upon the bed, while shouts of glory filled the house. Being so overwhelmed with salvation, but a part of the company knew that Nancy was walking. It was some time before they were sufficiently composed to hear anything except 'glory.' Nancy said when the shock fell upon them, she felt it strike her head and run through her whole body, placing every bone in its socket as it passed. As it went off at the ends of her fingers and toes, she knew she was healed, and immediately started up, praising the Lord. No one could doubt it, for she showed them her hands that had been distorted for years, now in perfect shape; and she could use them with ease. The report spread, and many called to see for themselves. A number of doctors who had attended her, I think four or five, came to see her, and were satisfied. They were requested, and did sign certificates setting forth her helpless condition, and that they were satisfied no medicine could have restored her.

"Nancy was free to tell them how she was cured, and whatever their views of answers to prayer, they had no objection to her declaration and that of the family. She gave me a copy of the doctor's certificate with her statement of her case. Her piety was undoubted by all who knew her. Her modest humility and meekness of spirit was calculated to endear her to the hearts of all the lovers of Jesus, and surely I could find no reason to doubt the truth of what she affirmed.

"Apostle John, says—1 Epis. v. 14—"This is the confidence—that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that

we desired of him." In order to retain this promise we must know that our petition is according to the will of God. It is often difficult to know what the will of God is in a given case. His will is revealed in his word, or indicated by his providence in many particulars; but we are passing through such a variety of scenes, we may find ourselves sometimes involved in a strait in which neither the word nor providence of God, enables us to determine *the will of God in this particular matter*. If it be a favor desired, or an evil dreaded, we are directed to pray, and we may be conscious that 'the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what to pray for as we ought'—as we are not sure what the will of the Lord is in this case, but this same Spirit indicates his will by making intercession for the saints according to the will of God. By this the soul is brought very near the mercy seat, and faith fixes its eye upon the blessing and uses a language of extraordinary boldness, for it is the Spirit that intercedes for us. Yes it is God the Holy Ghost pleading in us, unto God the Father, through God the Son, for the very things desired—then we know that he heareth us, and faith claims the promise ours. But in such praying there is a special danger to be guarded against. The principle of self-seeking may lurk in the heart, and when we desire an object, it may be that in which self has a special interest and it may help us to pray and make intercession also in our selfish hearts, and all our sincerity will avail nothing, even if we think we have it, we do not obtain. The faith which asks and receives in this extraordinary way must exclude all self-choosing and centre in God alone; indeed we must have a consciousness that self is dead, and all our soul is filled with God, then can we say, in the fullness of the soul, "thy will be done."—*Methodist Home Journal*.

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THERE is joy in God's gracious presence, but in his glorious presence there is fullness of joy.

## TRIED AND TEMPTED.

BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God.—Zech. xiii. 9.

*God will have a tried people!* How often have I heard this expression, and how many times have I thought I fully understood its import. But God has been showing me, lately, that what I had hitherto learned were only preparatory lessons. I thought I had frequently before, felt the fierceness of the furnace heat; but it yet remained for me to pass through the furnace heated "one seven times more than it was won't to be heated," and O! how I shrank when the real test came.

I had prayed to be refined and purified, made like unto pure gold for my Master's use, fitted to successfully labor in His vineyard.

"To garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin."

The Lord had graciously permitted me to feel the worth of immortal souls, and the one intense desire of my heart was, to be made instrumental in His hands, in the salvation of others. To this end, I prayed the Lord to put me in any furnace—to pass me through any crucible that would be calculated to prepare me to glorify Him, and successfully point sinners to the Lamb of God.

My consecration was tested in many ways, but I was enabled to keep all upon the altar, and could submissively bow my head, and say, "The will of the Lord be done." I thought I was tested in almost every possible manner, and to the very utmost of my endurance—but the flames were increasing—a fierce test was coming.

*My faith in God*—in His promises, in his faithfulness—remained to be fully tested. Instead of trusting wholly to God, I had leaned too much upon other supports—the Church, the means of grace, the society of Christians, the sympathy of friends, etc. One by one,

these props were taken from me, and trials and persecutions gathered thickly around me; but the light of God's countenance shone upon me, and I felt that "underneath were the everlasting arms." I was fast learning to look up more to Him, to trust more fully in *Him alone*. But would I believe His *naked word*—walk out confidently upon that in the absence of every thing else? and would I firmly and confidently stand upon that for months? This remained to be proved.

I was driven, as it were, into the wilderness, alone with the tempter.—God withdrew, for a season, the light of His countenance—hid, behind a frowning providence, His smiling face, and left me with no other weapon, no other comfort or support than—"It is written." Outward trials were almost lost sight of, at times, in the fierce conflict that raged within. At intervals, all the powers of darkness seemed to be let loose upon me. Old doubts and skepticism, that I thought had left me forever, came back with renewed vigor and power. Subtle arguments, and wily reasonings would, now and then, come rushing into my mind, and, like him, too, I frequently failed to discern their source, and then the tempter would whisper,—"You are lost! God has surely forsaken you, or you would not have such thoughts and feelings as these." But you remember that when Christian was nearly overcome, a suggestion of the enemy only enabled him to grasp again, the sword which he had dropped in the conflict—viz: the promises of God. So it was, frequently with me. And when this was suggested, I could say, "Get thee behind me, Satan. It is written, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'" Oh! how often have I clung to this one precious promise—how often has it sustained my head above the waters, when I thought I was sinking, and was just ready to cry out, "All thy waves and billows have gone over me!"

But this was not all yet; my Christian integrity and faith in God were to be still further tried. How have I

thought of Job, when he was delivered over, for a season, into Satan's power. Overwhelmed with earthly bereavements and sorrows, suffering from bodily affliction, reviled and laughed at by his enemies, the scoff and byword of fools, estranged from his best friends, and apparently forsaken by his God.—Surely, if ever any one needed sympathy, it was Job. But did he receive it? No! Those who had nothing but words of praise for him while he was prosperous, and who should have been the first to offer words of consolation and sympathy, reproached him with being the cause of his own misfortunes. They accused him of sinning against God, and thereby bringing upon himself the displeasure of the Almighty, and they would have him believe that God was only punishing him for his sins. Yet when tempted, yea, even urged to curse God, he could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." And, though looked upon with cold suspicion by his former friends, and accused of sinning against the God he so firmly trusted, yet, conscious of his own integrity of purpose, he boldly maintained his innocence, and with firm resolution, declared, "Till I die, I will not remove my integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go."

When almost overwhelmed with temptation, beset by persecution, mistrusted and misunderstood by friends, reviled and slandered by enemies, our good evil spoken of, our motives perverted and maligned by those who can never see any thing but evil in others, O! *then* it requires a strong earnest faith to trust in God, and rely upon His promises, in the absence of all spiritual comfort—*then* it requires an almost desperate resolution to say, "My integrity I hold fast, and *will not let it go!*"

But the Lord will have a tried people! May all His tempted little ones be able to say, with Job, "When He hath *tried* me I shall come forth as gold."

There are many precious promises for the tempted. Hear this: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for

when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."—Jas. i. 12. And this: "Behold, we count them as happy which *endure*. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."—Jas. v. 11.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isa. xliii. 2.

O, my Heavenly Father! help me to remember that Thou dost

"Kindle for my profit purely,  
Afflictions glowing, fiery brand;

and meekly bow beneath the chastening rod. Then I can pursue my way, with calm trust and confidence, and patiently watch through

"This one dark hour before the eternal dawn."

"The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
Thy child."

THE ACCOUNT NOT READY.—"What makes you so dull to-night, Harry?" said one clerk to another.

"I'm so bothered about my accounts. I can't get them right. I have been to a great many places to-day collecting, and I have not so much money as I ought to have."

"Oh, never mind. Don't think about that now. What's the use of worrying over it any more? Put it by till to-morrow."

"It's all very fine to say that, but I *can't* put it by; I have got to give in my book to the governor the first thing in the morning. How can a fellow help thinking about it, when his accounts are not right?"

Are *your* accounts all right, reader? Are you ready to meet your Master? He never forgets any thing; and He may call on you to give in your account before you expect it.

## SOFT-CUSHION PIETY.

BY REV. GEO. W. ANDERSON.

THERE has been for many years past a growing tendency among professing Christians, especially among those who have prospered temporally, to lower the standard of Christian duty. The doctrine which Christ taught of self-denial is so explained as to tolerate practices which the church formerly regarded as quite irreligious in their nature and tendencies. Latitudinarianism and antinomianism are both on the increase. A morning attendance at church is followed by a sumptuous dinner, a nap, and an evening of worldly conversation. This is seemingly considered to be a satisfactory observance of the Sabbath. Wines, and in some cases strong liquors are not unfrequently on the table in so-called Christian houses and at the numerous church parties now so common throughout that institution called the "visible church of Christ." Attendance at the Theatre and Opera is no longer classed among sinful amusements. The sons and daughters of Christian parents are trained in the dancing school, permitted to have juvenile balls, taught to play checkers, chess, croquet, billiards, and even cards. Opposition to these and kindred vices, (white-washed and sugar-coated as they are) is branded as Puritanism and old-fogyism. Christianity is made so tolerant a thing, in short is so flowered and jeweled over, that such Scriptural, time-honored phrases as self-crucifixion, death to sin, keeping the body under, holiness of heart, separation from the world, joy in the Holy Ghost and the like, are to be cast out of the Christian vocabulary as showing a want of refinement in the person using them. The follower of Christ must no longer declare himself, "a soldier of the cross," a hater of sin, "on the field of battle," "enlisted for the war;" he is to present religion in an attractive form, clothed in gay colors, silver-slippered, on a velvet-cushioned pew. The road to Heaven

is to be traveled in gorgeous railway cars, with ample accommodations for the world, pride and fashion.

Some may be ready to ask, is this a true picture of the church? We know that it is a true picture of the church in and about this populous city, and it is true in proportion of all the churches in all rural districts. This spirit of self-indulgence, pleasure-seeking, worldly conformity, and external parade is on the increase, and only the winnowing fan of God's judgments can sweep those out of the church who are promoting and strengthening it.

Now all this is evidently contrary to the spirit and genius of the Christian religion which proposes bringing the animal, the intellectual and the affectional part of man into subordination to the moral and spiritual. Its grand aim is to make Jesus Christ *Lord of both soul and body*. Hence anything that hinders the cultivation of the spiritual that gets our eyes and affections off from Jesus ever so little, is anti-Christian. This Latitudinarian, carnally prudent, accommodating spirit is opposed to Christian simplicity, peculiarity and separation from the world; especially are the amusements opposed to *soul-growth*. Is the atmosphere of the Theatre and Opera, the associations of the ball-room, the card table, and the croquet company favorable to piety? Do we feel much like praising God and exhorting sinners to repentance at the fair, oyster supper and church party? Do the fumes of wine and of tobacco smoke excite love to God and zeal in his cause? Does a man grow holier by eating sumptuous dinners, reading secular papers, and by indulging in trifling conversation on God's holy day? Do we get souls genuinely converted by making ourselves *one* with the followers of Satan and the slaves of fashion? Nay, verily.

All this, which is peculiar to the modern church, is wrong or the church fifty years ago misinterpreted the gospel of Jesus Christ. Primitive Christians and early Methodists either had too much religion or Christians of this

generation have not enough. The conclusion is inevitable. This spirit must either be subdued or it will subdue the church. Indeed it is doing this rapidly to the sorrow of angels, the grief of the few who will not depart from old and heaven-approved landmarks, and to the satisfaction of Satan.

Do you agree with us in these views? Then be true to your convictions and boldly join us in protesting loudly against the anti-Christian spirit. Why fear to show your colors? Let all understand what we believe, and what we mean: that we contend for gospel interpretation of the Bible—for gospel self-denial—gospel separation from the world—gospel liberty—and gospel joy. If we cannot keep back the tide of evil let us at least *keep out* of it.

"Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith. Stand like a hero, and battle till death."

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

### NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

BY MRS. D. E. FREEBY.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

Can we say we are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ? Perhaps we can before assembled multitudes proclaim the name of our blessed Lord, but can we come out and stand alone if needs be? Are we willing to be a mark of ridicule for luke-warm professors and worldlings? How do we reach the point where our name is cast out as evil? Is it by formal prayer and precise speech; by attending a fashionable church by keeping the form of godliness alone? It is only when we accept the power of God; when we will humble ourselves in dust and cry mightily to the Lord that persecution will come. We are commanded to be instant in season and out of season, to speak forth the words of eternal life. If we were wholly consecrated to God's service, we would not be afraid to be heard speaking the name we love, sing-

ing psalms wherever we are, in the street, or at home. We are told that our Lord never cried or lifted up his voice in the street. "Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street."—Isa. xlii. 1, 2.

What was the mission of Jesus?—Was it not one of love? He did not desire to have worldly honor. He knew how vain and empty it is. When he performed an act of charity he commanded the recipient of his mercy—"See thou tell no man." He never vaunted in the street of the blind he made to see, of the lepers he cleansed. He never blew a trumpet before him. How can we take that in any other sense, when in the eleventh verse of the same chapter we read, "Let the wilderness and the cities lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." Should we fear to have our voices heard? Let us rally for the Lord. Let us lay aside the old man and his pride and take Jesus Christ for our master.

TESTIMONY OF PHYSICIANS.—"A desire is excited," says Dr. Rush, "by tobacco, for strong drinks, and these lead to intemperance." "Chewing and smoking tobacco," says Dr. Stephenson, "exhaust the salivary glands, producing dryness and thirst. Hence it is, that after the use of a cigar and the quid, brandy or whisky is called for." Dr. Woodward says, "I have supposed that tobacco was the most ready and common stepping-stone to intemperance."

Good actions avail nothing, if the soul be unrenewed. You may stick figs, or hang clusters of grapes upon a thorn bush; but they cannot grow upon it.

## GOD'S ORDER.

BY NANCY M. JACKSON.

THERE seems to be a disposition on the part of some who are seeking sanctification to reverse God's order and bring Him to their terms. *He* has made faith the condition on which we receive the blessing; we make *feeling* the condition on which we will believe. God has said, he that believeth hath the witness; but the seeker says, how can I believe when I do not feel that I am saved; thus refusing to believe the word of God, unless they have proof that it is true. Oh for shame, do not profess to be a child of God fully consecrated to Him, and *trying to believe His word*. Oh what inconsistency!—Can it be that a soul wholly given up to the Lord, fully consecrated by the help of grace, is not able to believe that God accepts through Christ? Do we claim to be more faithful in doing our part, than our covenant-keeping God is in fulfilling the promises of His word? He has said: "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." This requires us to put away all our idols and separate ourselves from all uncleanness, to be wholly the Lord's; and then He says, *I will receive you*. But here the seeker stops and says: how can I know that He receives me? If the word of God is not enough you never will know it, for it is only by believing, that you can have the witness. Only by faith can you have the experience; this is God's plan for saving souls, and you can not bring Him to any other, to accommodate your unbelief.

This is God's order; first an entire consecration of soul and body, with all we have and are; a complete surrender of our own will, that God's will may be done in us, and His will is our sanctification; if His will is done we shall be sanctified, soul, body and spirit, and be preserved blameless until death; for faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do it, but according to our faith shall it be. Let not that man that

wavereth think that he shall receive any thing. When we are thus consecrated according to the light we have, by the help of grace, or rather by a gracious ability which He always gives we have only to step out on the promise of God, to be made free. It is our *duty* as well as privilege to reckon ourselves dead unto sin, but alive unto God, and if we do this, believing that *now* the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin, we will soon know by a *blessed experience* that we have received. Oh yes, praise the Lord, he that believeth *hath* the witness. It is in the present tense, a present faith for a present salvation. Yes and the joy comes, the perfect peace, and the perfect love that casteth out fear, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Oh what a fullness, what a satisfying portion in Christ, but we *cannot have a taste*, except by faith. Let us remember that we *retain* this blessing as we receive it, by faith, not by feeling.

It is the will of Christ that *His* joy remain in us, and that our joy may be full, and it was *His* joy to do the will of the Father, and this *joy* remains in the heart that *continues* to believe in Him to the cleansing of the soul from all sin. Oh praise the Lord for the way of faith. It is a good way, a blessed way. *Why all things are ours, and we are Christ's*. Glory to God, that is enough, we need nothing more than that. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

Meadville, Pa.

It is to be feared there is little intercession among Christians now. The high-priest carried the names of the children of Israel upon his shoulders and breast when he drew near to God—a picture of what Christ now does, and all Christians should do. God and your conscience are witnesses how little you intercede for your children, your servants, your neighbors, the church of your fathers, and the wicked on every side of you. How little you pray for ministers, for the gift of the Spirit, for the conversion of the world.

## MY EXPERIENCE.

BY LOUISA A. BROOKS.

In February of 1864 I was prostrated by severe illness, which continued until the following September; the larger portion of the time I was confined to the bed, suffering the most excruciating pain; and depriving my husband of the loved privilege of attending to his pastoral duties. My constitution became very much impaired; my physician saying I would never again be well.

After a few months, however, I so far recovered as to be able to resume the duties of my position; entering with renewed zeal upon the labors of the "vineyard," striving to bring the "lost sheep" to the fold of Christ.—We were permitted to see many precious souls saved through the mercy of God, many proving the efficacy of Christ's blood to cleanse from *all* sin. Sweet, hallowed hours of labor; may their results be seen in eternity."

I continued in the "harvest field," reaping as far as my feeble health admitted, until January, of 1868, when it failed entirely, and I was again prostrated by disease.

I lay for months hovering between life and death, suffering such agony and pain of body as no language can describe, no pen portray. My physician, Dr. J. M. Palmer, of this city, than whom none more kind or skillful can be found, despairing of helping me, called five others to his aid, but *all* said that there was no help for me, that I must die, no earthly power could save me from the grave. My friends oft gathered round my bed, expecting my hourly departure, and once said "She is gone."

Oh the bliss, the glory that filled my soul as I neared the "River's Brink!" The sting of death removed, the grave had lost its boasted victory. Light from the "Sun-bright clime" illuminated the passage over, dispelling the gloom, dispersing every cloud, and revealing to my enraptured vision the "Rest

which remains to the people of God."

During all my afflictions, grace had enabled me to bow in perfect submission to the will of God. His love and presence had been my constant consolation. The "Everlasting Arms" had been my support, and I could not repress that "song in the night," which, though coming from a stricken soul, still praised the ways of "Him who doeth all things well." But not once had I prayed the Lord to restore me to health. I had not felt that this was His will, His purpose concerning me; but rather that I should suffer His will, glorify Him by patiently, cheerfully bearing affliction, and to crown it at last by showing to the world how a child of God could triumph over death through the blood of the Lamb.

Being perfectly resigned to the Divine will, I was rejoiced to think my steps were so near the Celestial City, I could welcome death, for 'twas but the gate to endless joy." Still, had I felt that He desired my longer stay on earth, I was just as willing to remain. I felt that I could always suffer if Jesus would be so sensibly near and precious.

The year passed away, at last, during which a few days at a time, I would be able to be around a little, but with the change of the year an unfavorable change took place in the disease, and all had given me up to death. Some had even taken their leave of me forever, supposing that never again would we meet on mortality's shores. I was still enduring untold misery; my physician saying that in twenty years practice he had never witnessed such sufferings; and the weak flesh longed, how earnestly, for the rest and quiet of the grave. There was such an inflammation and soreness that I could not be moved without causing great pain; ulcers had eaten until two veins had opened; abscesses gathered and broke sometimes as often as once a week, and distress and pain prevented me from obtaining often more than two hours rest in twenty-four.—But my soul was borne above the "deep waters," and kept in "perfect peace," proving the truth of that glorious pro-

mise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." For me to live was gain. I lay passive in His hands, waiting to be released, or willing still to suffer if it were His righteous will."

At this time I began to find a change taking place in my feelings, and in the impressions of my mind. Praying earnestly for the direct teachings of the Spirit, I was soon shown, convinced, that God's name might be better glorified by an immediate restoration to health, by a long life spent in His service, (for I am still young) than even by a triumphant death.

His love and kindness had been so great to me in affliction, that I could not doubt His willingness to give me every good gift, so I was led to pray for health, and to expect that, did He see it best, it would be granted. My mind sympathizing to some extent with the weakness of the body, I could not bring my faith to the point of saying, "Lord, thou dost now heal." Some months before this I had heard Bro. J. F. Brundage, of this city, tell of being healed of a severe injury, received in an accident, by the prayer of faith.—Let me say here, that He is not a clairvoyant spiritualist, but a man of God, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. I sent for him to come and instruct me in the way more perfectly, and to pray for my restoration. He came, and after learning the exercises of my mind, while wrestling in prayer before God, his faith took hold on the promises of the Lord, and my faith claimed the offered blessing. While waiting, momentarily expecting the fulfillment of God's Word, in an instant it was fulfilled, and I WAS HEALED. Light Divine from the upper sanctuary burst upon my soul and filled me with such an overwhelming sense of His love, mercy, and condescension, that I lay in the dust at His feet.

At once I was free from pain, the soreness entirely removed, the ulcers stopped eating, the inflammation was subdued. I arose, dressed myself, and after a few moments walked the room, praising God for His love—for His

wonderful mercy to the children of men. This was on Sabbath, the 31st of January, 1869. For five years I had enjoyed scarcely an hour's freedom from pain, but since that happy day I have felt well, and I trust God to keep me until the day of life is past, and my labor done, when He will receive me to himself, unworthy, yet washed and made clean in that blood which purifies the soul from ALL unrighteousness.

I feel that my life and health are given me anew for the purpose of extending the triumphs of Christianity. Henceforth, be all my ransomed powers devoted to the work of saving souls, and teaching them the way of salvation by faith in Christ.

May the Spirit of God direct my feet in the path of duty; His grace strengthen me for the conflicts of life and fulfillment of all its obligations.

Dear fellow-disciple, does sickness and distress invade your trembling house of clay? Is pain and anguish your daily portion, know that Jesus is the Great Physician, "who 'bearth all our infirmities, who healeth all our sicknesses.'" Do not doubt His love or willingness to save the bodies of His children. Did He "so love the world that he gave himself a ransom for our souls, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" If his love can do so much for the soul, will it not reach to the body, the shrine of the soul? Most assuredly it will. It requires no more faith to believe that God will heal our bodies, when such a work is for his glory, then to believe to the saving of the soul. It requires the exercise of no greater powers for God to heal the body, than it does to cleanse, and save a soul, all polluted, disfigured, and steeped in iniquity. Be encouraged, therefore, suffering child of God, to cast your all, soul, body, time, talents, influence, life, happiness, for time and eternity upon Him, for He careth for you. Oh blessed assurance! He careth for you, for me. Can you not repose implicit confidence in such wondrous love, such divine compassion?

Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I am led to write this account, from a sense of duty, of obligation. 'Tis God the work hath wrought. "His praise should be before all people."—My diffident nature shrinks from publicity, but shall I "hide my light, received from heaven, under a bushel, or set it on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house."—"They that confess Christ before men, He will confess before his Father and the holy angels.

For the good of souls, the strengthening and encouragement of believers, but above all, for the glory of God's name and power, I send this forth "upon the waters." God's blessing will cause it to accomplish that whereto it is sent. He will grant it for his mercy's sake.

*Corry, Pa.*

### FREEMASONRY.

BY A. EVANS.

It is sometimes asked why such men as Prof. Finney who knew the evil and renounced it, did not come out against it before, or at the time of the Morgan murder. No doubt it was for the same reason that the subject of slavery is not more agitated now. Freemasonry proved itself to be a murderous system, and so many left it that it was considered dead, and thought to be of no use to fight a dead carcass—but now it has revived, and is sweeping with a deadly influence through the church to corrupt it by setting up a faith as opposite to the gospel of Jesus Christ as darkness to light, or as Christ to Belial. To those who take the awful oaths and keep faithfully the secrets of Freemasonry, it promises salvation and heaven.—Is not this bringing another gospel which we are forbidden to receive; and ought not every lover of truth and believer in the gospel of Jesus Christ to resist it, and lift a warning voice against it?

*Tioga, N. Y.*

### APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

SOME years since, says *The Pittsburg Dispatch*, we alluded to the famous apostrophe to water which John B. Gough, the eloquent lecturer on temperance, has repeated to electrified thousands in America and England.—We stated that it originated with Paul Denton, an itinerant of the Methodist Church in Texas, and that it was delivered at a barbecue which Denton had prepared, and to which he had invited the Rangers. It has been years since we read the incident, and we now find it in an exchange credited to a Texas paper.

The smoking viands were arranged on the tables by scores of waiters, and the throng prepared to commence the sumptuous meal, when a voice pealed from the pulpit loud as the blast of a trumpet in battle, "Stay, ladies and gentlemen, till the giver of the barbecue asks God's blessing!" Every heart thrilled, every eye was directed to the speaker, and a whisperless silence ensued; for all were alike struck by his remarkable appearance. He was almost a giant in stature, though scarcely thirty years of age. His hair dark as the raven's wing flowed down his immense shoulders in masses of natural ringlets; his eyes black as midnight, beamed over a face pale as Parian marble; calm, passionless, spiritual, and wearing a singular, indefinable expression. The heterogeneous crowd, hunters, gamblers and homicides, gazed in mute astonishment.—The minister prayed, but it sounded like no other prayer ever addressed to the throne of grace. It was the cry of a naked soul, and that soul a beggar for the bread and the water of heavenly life.

He ceased, and not till then did I become conscious of weeping. I looked around through my tears, and saw hundreds of faces wet as with rain.

"Now, my friends," said the missionary, "partake of God's gifts at the table, and then come and sit down and listen to his Gospel."

It would be impossible to describe the sweet tone of kindness in which these simple words were uttered, that made him on the instant five hundred friends. One heart, however, in the assembly, was maddened at the evidence of the preacher's wonderful power.

Colonel Watt Foreman exclaimed in a sneering voice, Mr. Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"

"There," answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a shout like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth.—

"There is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for his children—not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure, cold water, but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it; and down, down in the deep valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing, and high on the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder tones crash; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music and the big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God,' there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And every where it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turning to living jewels, spreading a golden vail over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon, sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail shower, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, weaving the many colored iris, that seraph zone of the sky whose woof is the sunbeams

of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, that blessed life water. No poison bubbles on its brink, its foam brings not madness, no blood stains its liquid glass, pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths, no drunkard's shrieking ghost curses it in words of eternal despair. Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink—alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered, "No!"

Critics need never again tell that back-woodsmen are deaf to the Divine voice of eloquence; for I saw at that moment that the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in the hollow of his hand, and the popular feeling ran in a flood so irresistible that even the duellist, Watt Foreman, dared not venture another interruption during the meeting. The camp-meeting continued, and a revival attended it such as never before or since was witnessed in Texas.—*American Baptist.*

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NOT FOR MYSELF ALONE.—A young New Zealand girl was once taken to England and educated, and became a true Christian. When she thought to return home, her companion undertook to dissuade her.

"Why go back to New Zealand?" said she. "You have been accustomed to England. You love its green fields and its shady lanes. The climate suits you. You might be shipwrecked on your return. You might be murdered and eaten by your countrymen. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What," she replied, "do you think I have received the Gospel for myself alone? Do you think I can be content, now that I have obtained pardon, peace and eternal life, without going back to tell my father and mother how they may secure the same. I would go, even if I had to swim all the way."

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TRUST in God, and do good.

## FRUITLESS PROFESSOR.

THE day of grace ends with some men before God takes them out of this world. Now, then, I would show you by some signs how you may know that the day of grace is ended, or near to ending with the barren professor.

First sign. The day of grace is like to be past, when a professor hath *withstood, abused, and worn out God's patience*: then he is in danger; this is a provocation; now God cries, "Cut it down."

There are some men that steal into a profession, nobody knows how, even as this fig-tree was brought into the vineyard by other hands than God's; and there they abide lifeless, graceless, careless, and without any good conscience to God at all. Perhaps they came in for the loaves, for a trade, for credit, for a blind; or it may be, to stifle and choke the checks and grinding pangs of an awakened conscience. Now, having obtained their purpose, like the sinners of Zion, they are at ease and secure, saying, like Agag, surely the bitterness of death is past: I am well; I shall be saved and go to heaven. Thus in these vain conceits they spend a year, two, or three; not remembering that at every season of grace, and at every opportunity of the gospel, the Lord comes seeking fruit.

Well, sinner, well, barren fig-tree, this is but an evil beginning. God comes for fruit. What have I here? saith God. What a fig-tree is this, that hath stood a year in my vineyard, and brought me forth no fruit! I will cry unto him, professor, barren fig-tree, be fruitful; I look for fruit, I expect fruit, I must have fruit; therefore bethink thyself. At these the professor pauses, but these are words, not blows; therefore off goes this consideration from the heart.

When God comes the next year, he finds him still as he was, a barren, fruitless cumber-ground. And now again he complains, Here are two years gone, and no fruit appears; well, I will defer mine anger for my name's sake.

I will yet wait to be gracious. But this helps it not, this hath not the least influence upon the barren fig-tree: Tush, saith he, here is no threatening; God is merciful, he will defer his anger, he waits to be gracious; I am not yet afraid. O, how ungodly men, that are unawares crept into the vineyard, how do they turn the grace of our God into lasciviousness!

Well, he comes the third year for fruit, as he did before, but still he finds but a barren fig-tree; no fruit. Now he cries out again, O thou dresser of my vineyard, come hither: here is a fig-tree that hath stood these three years in my vineyard, and hath at every season disappointed my expectation; for I have looked for fruit in vain. Cut it down; my patience is worn out, I shall wait on this fig-tree no longer.

And now he begins to shake the fig-tree with his threatenings: Fetch out the axe. Now the axe is death; death therefore is called for. Death, come, smite me this fig-tree. And withal the Lord shakes this sinner, and whirls him upon a sick-bed, saying, Take him, death; he hath abused my patience and forbearance, not remembering that it should have led him to repentance and to the fruits thereof: death fetch away this fig-tree to the fire, fetch this barren professor to hell. At this, death comes with grim looks into the chamber, yea, begins to lay hands upon him. He smites him with pains in his body, with headache, heartache, backache, shortness of breath, fainting qualms, trembling of joints, stopping at the chest, and almost all the symptoms of a man past all recovery. Now, while death is thus tormenting the body, hell is busy with the mind and conscience, striking them with pains, casting sparks of fire in thither, wounding with sorrows and fears of everlasting damnation the spirit of this poor creature. And now he begins to bethink himself, and to cry to God for mercy: Lord spare me; Lord spare. Nay, saith God, you have been a provocation to me these three years. How many times have you disappointed me! How many seasons

have you spent in vain! How many sermons and other mercies did I of my patience afford you; but to no purpose at all. Take him, death. O good Lord, saith the sinner, spare me but this once; raise me but this once. Indeed I have been a barren professor, and have stood to no purpose at all in thy vineyard; but spare, O spare me this one time, I beseech thee, and I will be better. Away, away you will not; I have tried you these three years already; you are naught; if I should recover you again, you will be as bad as you were before. (And all this talk is while death stands by.) The sinner cries again, Good Lord, try me this once; let me get up again this once, and see if I do not mend. But will you promise me to mend? Yes indeed, Lord, and vow it too. I will never be so bad again, I will be better. Well, saith God, Death, let this professor alone for this time: I will try him a little longer; he hath promised, he hath vowed, that he will amend his ways. It may be he will mind to keep his promises. Vows are solemn things; it may be he may fear to break his vows. Arise from off thy bed. And now God lays down his axe. At this the poor creature is very thankful, praises God, and fawns upon him, shows as if he did it heartily, and calls others to thank him too. He therefore riseth, as one would think, to be a new creature indeed. But by that he hath put on his clothes, is come down from his bed, and ventured into the yard or shop, and there sees how all things are gone to sixes and sevens, he begins to have second thoughts, and says to his folks what have you been doing? How are all things out of order! I am, I cannot tell how much behindhand; one may see if a man be but a little laid aside, that you have neither wisdom nor prudence to order things. And now instead of seeking to spend the rest of his time for God, he doubleth his diligence after this world. Alas, he saith, all must not be lost; we must have provident care. And thus, quite forgetting the sorrows of death, the

pains of hell, the promises and vows which he made to God to be better, because judgement was not speedily executed, therefore the heart of this poor creature is fully set in him to do evil.

These things proving ineffectual, God takes hold of his axe again, sends death to a wife, to a child, to his cattle. I will blast him, cross him, disappoint him, cast him down; and will set myself against him in all that he putteth his hand unto. At this the poor, barren professor cries out again, Lord, I have sinned; spare me once more, I beseech thee. O take not away the desire of mine eyes; spare my children, bless me in my labors, and I will mend and be better. No saith God, you lied to me last time, I will trust you in this no longer; and withal he tumbleth the wife, the child the estate, into a grave.

At this the poor creature is afflicted and distressed, rends his clothes, and begins to call the breaking of his promise and vows to mind; he mourns and prays, and like Ahab, a while walks softly at the remembrance of the justness of the hand of God upon him. And now he renews his promises: Lord, try me this one time more, take off thy hand and see; they go far that never turn. Well, God spareth him again, sets down his axe again: "Many times he did deliver them, but they provoked him with their counsels, and were brought low for their iniquities." Now they seemed to be unthankful again, and are as if they resolved to be godly indeed. Now they read, they pray, they go to meetings, and seem to be serious for a while; but at last they forget. Their lusts prick them, suitable temptations present themselves; wherefore, they return to their own crooked ways again.

Yet again, the Lord will not leave this barren professor, Luke 13: 6-9, but will take up his axe again, and will put him under a more heart-searching ministry, a ministry that shall search him and turn him over and over—a ministry that shall meet with him, as Elijah met with Ahab, in all his acts of wickedness: and now the axe is laid

to the roots of the tree. Besides, this ministry doth not only search the heart, but presenteth the sinner with the golden rays of the glorious gospel: now is Christ Jesus set forth evidently, now is grace displayed sweetly: now, now are the promises broken, like boxes of ointment, to the perfuming of the whole room. But alas, there is yet no fruit on this fig-tree. While his heart is searched, he wrangles; while the glorious grace of the gospel is unveiled, this professor wags and is wanton, gathers up some scraps thereof, tastes the good word of God and the power of the world to come, drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon him, but bringeth not forth fruit meet for him whose gospel it is; takes no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart, but counteth that the glory of the gospel consisteth in talk and show, and that our obedience thereto is a matter of speculation—that good works lie in good words, and if men can finely talk, they may think they bravely please God. He thinks the kingdom of God consisteth only in word, not in power; and thus proves ineffectual this fourth means also. Well, now the axe begins to be heaved higher, for now indeed God is ready to smite the sinner: yet before he will strike the stroke, he will try one way more at last; and if that misseth, down goes the fig-tree.

Now this last way is to labor and strive with this professor by his Spirit. Therefore the Spirit of the Lord is now come to him; but not always to strive with man, Gen. vi. 8; yet awhile he will awaken, convince, he will call to remembrance former sins, former judgments, the breach of former vows and promises, the misspending of former days. He will also present persuasive arguments, encouraging promises, dreadful judgments, the shortness of time to repent in; and that there is hope if he come. He will show him the certainty of death and the judgment to come, yea, he will pull and strive with this sinner. But behold, the mischief now lies here; here is laboring and striving on both sides. The Spirit con-

vinces, the man turns a deaf ear to God; the Spirit saith, Receive my instruction and live, but the man pulls away his shoulder; the Spirit shows him whither he is going, but the man closeth his eyes against it; the Spirit offers violence, the man strives and resists: he has "done despite unto the Spirit of grace."—Heb. x. 29. The Spirit parleyeth a second time and urgeth reasons of a new nature, but the sinner answereth, No; I have loved strangers and after them will I go.—Amos iv. 6—12. At this, God comes out of his holy-place, and is terrible; now he sweareth in his wrath, they shall never enter into his rest.—Ezek. xxxiv. 13. I exercised towards you my patience, yet you have not turned unto me, saith the Lord. I smote you in your person, in your relation, in your estate, yet you have not returned unto me, saith the Lord. "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"—Bunyan.

THE DUST-COVERED BIBLE.—Some years ago, a clergyman in Ireland took for his text one Sabbath morning, "Search the Scriptures." In the course of his sermon, he quoted a passage from John Wesley, to the effect that the Bible "sometimes had dust enough on its cover to let you write 'damnation' on it." One of his hearers was struck by the remark, and on her return home repeated it. She was overheard by her brother, who had causelessly absented himself from church that day. The startling thought fixed itself in his heart like an arrow. He retired to his room, and took down his Bible.—Looking at its dust-cover, and scarcely knowing what he did, he traced on it the appalling words of the preacher.

He looked at them, read them again, and, bursting into tears, flung himself on his knees, and, confessing his past sins, sought grace that he might prize it more in the future. The Bible became his companion, and to his dying hour he bore witness to its sustaining power, and his joy in the God it reveals. See how much came from a seemingly random word.

### FAINTNESS AND REFRESHING.

"And Elijah arose, and did eat and drink and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights, unto Horeb, the mount of God."—1 Kings xix: 8.

THE GREATEST BELIEVERS ARE SOMETIMES SUBJECT TO FAINTING FITS.

Elijah was "a man of like passions with us." This fact was made very clearly manifest on the occasion to which our text refers. Otherwise he seemed in most things to be superior to the ordinary run of men, a sort of iron prophet—what if I call him THE PROPHET OF FIRE—the man whose whole life seemed to be a flash of flame—a mighty, burning, ecstatic love and zeal towards the cause of God. But Elijah had his flaws, even as the sun has its spots. Strong man though he was, he was sometimes obliged to faint, even as the sun sometimes suffers an eclipse. His fainting, too, took a form which is very common among the saints of God; he cried "Let me die; I am no better than my fathers."

A desire to depart, when it arises from wisdom and knowledge, and from a general survey of things below, is very proper; but when a wish to die is merely the result of passion, a sort of quarrelling with God, as a child sometimes quarrels with its parents, it has more of folly in it than wisdom, and much more also of petulance than of piety. It was a remarkable thing, that the man who was never to die, for whom God had ordained an infinitely better lot, the man who should be carried to heaven in a chariot of fire, and translated, that he should not see death—should thus pray, "Let me die; I am no better than my fathers."

We have here a memorable proof that God does not always answer prayer in kind, though He always does in effect. He gave Elijah something better than that which he asked for, so he really did hear and answer his prayer. But strange it was that Elijah should have asked to die, and blessedly kind was it on the part of our Heavenly Father, that He did not take his servant at his word, and snatch him away

at once, but spared him, that he might escape the sharpness of death.

There is a limit, beloved, to the doctrine of the prayer of faith.

We are not to expect that God will give us everything we choose to ask for. We know that we sometimes ask, and do not receive, because we ask amiss. If we ask contrary to the promises—if we run counter to the spirit which the Lord would have us cultivate—if we ask contrary to his will, or to the decrees of his providence—if we ask merely for the gratification of our own ease, and without an eye to his glory, we must not expect that we shall receive. Yet, when we ask in faith, nothing doubting, if we receive not the precise thing asked for, we shall receive an equivalent, more than an equivalent, for it. As one remarks, "If the Lord does not pay in silver, He will in gold; and if He does not pay in gold He will in diamonds."

If He does not give you precisely what you ask for, He will give you that which is tantamount to it, and that which you will greatly rejoice to receive in lieu thereof.

However, Elijah's faintness took this particular form of a desire to die; nor is this very uncommon, especially amongst the hard-worked and most eminent servants of God.

This fainting-fit is easily to be accounted for. *It was the most natural thing in the world, for Elijah to be sick at heart, and to desire to die.*—Can you see him standing alone upon the mountain? There are the priests of Baal surrounding the altar; they wax warm with excitement; they cut themselves with lances and knives. With laughter and irony, the prophet bids them call aloud to their god, and by and by the solemn moment comes; he pours water on his altar, and into the trenches, and over the bullock; and there he stands, a lonely man believing in the invisible God, and believing that the invisible God can do what the visible Baal cannot do.

He puts the whole matter to the test of the one thing—"The god that

answereth by fire, let him be God."

Great must have been the excitement of the flaming soul. If one could have felt his mighty heart beating just then, one might have wondered that the ribs could hold so marvelous an enigma.

When the fire came down, conceive, if you can, his rapture, his joy; and think of him in the fury of the moment when he cried, "Take the prophets of Baal; let not one escape." And then he took them down to the brook, and with his own hands began the slaughter of the men condemned by the Mosaic law to die, because they had perverted the people of Israel from the worship of the most high God. And now do you see him as he goes to the top of Carmel, and engages in prayer?

He has conquered God once by bringing fire from heaven; he has overcome Baal and his prophets, and left their dead bodies, heaps upon heaps, by the brook's side.

Now he goes to conquer heaven once more, not with fire, but with water. He prays, and seven times he bids his servant go and look for the answer. At last a little cloud is discerned; the heavens begin to blacken; Elijah goes down to see Ahab, tells the king that the rain is coming, girds up his loins, and then runs before the king, as though he were as young of heart and as active of limb as ever. With such a hard day's work, such stern mental toil, such marvelous spiritual exercises, it is a wonder that the man's reason did not reel; but instead thereof there came on that reaction which as long as we are mortal men, must follow strong excitement; and he now feels depressed and heavy, and a woman's threat crows him who could not once have been cowed by armed hosts. He who looked to heaven, and was not afraid of all its fires, is now afraid of Jezebel, because she swears that she will put him to death. It is not marvellous that it should have been so, for it is just like human nature. Peter is so bold, that he cuts off the ear of Malchus; and yet, when a little maid comes in and accuses him of being a

friend of Jesus, he denies it with an oath. The boldest warrior will tremble sometimes, and it may easily be accounted for on natural principles.

Do you notice how *very opportunely these fainting fits come?* Elijah did not faint when God's honor was at stake at the top of the mountain.—There he stands, as if nothing could move him. He did not faint when it was time to slay the priests of Baal.

With quick eye and strong limb, he dashes at them, and accomplishes his mighty victory. He did not faint when it was time to pray—who ever does faint on his knees? But he does faint when it is all over and when it does not much matter whether he does or not. There is no particular reason why he should not; he may well learn more of God's strength and of his own weakness: he may well be laid by now that his work is done. Have you ever noticed, dear friends, that God well times the seasons when He allows you to fall into depression of spirits. He does not touch the sinew of your thigh while you are wrestling with the angel, but he makes you limp when the victory is over, and not till then. "I thank God," many a Christian may say, "that when I have been cast down and dispirited, it was at a time when it did not work such fatal mischief to me, and to the cause of God, as it would have done if it had occurred at another season."

Is not the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," a very suggestive one?" When you have a heavy day's work there shall be much strength, but when there is a day of rest there shall be no strength to waste. There shall be no vigor given to spend upon our pride, or to sacrifice to our own glory. The battle is fought, and the strength to fight it is taken away; the victory is won, and therefore the power to win it is removed, and God's servant is made to go and lie down and sleep under a juniper tree, which was, perhaps, the best thing he could do.

And these fainting-fits to which God's

children are subject, *though evil in themselves, prevent greater evils*. Elijah would have been something more than a man, if he had not felt conceited and proud, or at least, if there had not been in him a tendency to elation of spirit, when he thought of the greatness and the splendor of the deeds he had wrought. Who amongst us, at any rate, could have borne so much honor as God put upon him, without lifting our heads to the very stars? So he is made to faint. He is constrained now to admit, what I am sure he always knew and felt in his heart—that all the glory must be given to God, and not to the poor frail instrument, which He was pleased to use. Graciously did God, perhaps, send this fit to check him in what would have involved him in a far more serious fall.

This depression of spirits, doubtless taught *Elijah a great lesson*.

It needed strong teaching to instruct him. Elijah was not a man to be taught by ordinary teachers. If he walked into a place where any of God's servants were ministering, methinks they would all sit down and say, "Nay, let Elijah speak; who amongst us could teach him?" The mightiest of God's servants will be silent before him; and therefore God teaches him Himself. Some servants of the Lord are taught by God in a way which is quite unknown to others. There is a path which the eagle's eye hath not seen, and which the lion's whelp hath not traveled—a path of secret chastisement, as well as of secret revelation.—Those whom God honors in public, He often chastens in private: those men who shine most as candles of the Lord's own right-hand lighting, are sometimes made to feel that they would be but a snuff, if the grace of God should depart from them. God has ways of teaching all of us, in our bone and in our flesh, but He specially knows how to do this with those upon whom He puts any honor in his service. You must not marvel if God should be pleased to bless you to the conversion of souls, that he should also make you some-

times smart. Remember, Paul, with all his grace, could not be without "a thorn in the flesh." There must be "a messenger of Satan to buffet you, lest you should be exalted above measure." And may you learn to submit cheerfully to a discipline which, though painful to you, your heavenly Father knows to be wise.

Moreover, those fainting-fits to which God's servants are subject *are profitable, not only to themselves, but to others*. To compare small things with great—a foolish idea sometimes gets cast down. Young converts sometimes think that old saints can never know such contentions within, such doubtings, such humblings of spirit as they feel. Ah! but whether they are dwarfs, or giants, the experience of Christian men is amazingly alike. There are lines of weakness in the creature which even grace does not efface. "When the peacock looks at his fair feathers," says old Master Dyer, "he may afterwards look at his black feet." And so, whenever the brightest Christian begins to be proud of his graces, there will be sure to be something about him which will remind others as well as himself that he is yet in the body. I forget how many times it is that Ezekiel is called in the book of his prophecy "the son of man." I counted them the other day, and I did not find the same title applied to any other prophet so often as it is to him. Why is this? Why, there never was another prophet who had such eagle wings as Ezekiel; it was given him to soar more loftily than any other; hence he is always called, "the son of man," to show that he is but a man after all.—Your highest people, your most elevated saints, are but sons of fallen Adam, touched with the same infirmities and weaknesses as their fellow creatures, and liable, unless grace prevents, to fall into the same sins as others fall into.

I think these are good and sufficient reasons why the strongest believers should experience the most oppressive weakness.

II. Now let us turn to a second

thought, WHEN BELIEVERS DO HAVE FAINTING-FITS, THEY WILL RECEIVE EXTRAORDINARY REFRESHMENTS.

Elijah had often been fed in a remarkable manner; ravens had ministered to his necessities at one time, and at another time an impoverished widow had boarded him; but on this occasion he is to be fed by an angel. The best refreshments are to be provided for him at the worst season, and he might well have said, "Thou hast kept the best wine until now, when I needed it the most." The food that he ate at Cherith had to be brought to him every morning and every evening, but the food which was given to him now lasted him for forty days and forty nights; and though the widow's cruse did not fail, yet he needed constantly to apply to it; but in this case one meal or rather a double meal, shall be sufficient to last him during six weeks of journeying. He was supernaturally awakened; he found food convenient for him—a cake and a cruse of water all ready to his hand, he scarcely had to rise and take it. Now, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ—for I now speak only to you—have you never found that, in times when heart and flesh have both failed, you have been privileged to receive some special help of heaven? Sometimes it has come to you in the form of a full assurance of your interest in Christ. Your heart was very heavy; the work you had before you seemed to be much too arduous for you; your spirit quailed before your enemies; the weight of your trouble was too much for you. But just then Jesus whispered softly into your ear that you were his. You had doubted before whether you really were Christ's, but you could not doubt it now; the Spirit bore witness with your spirit that you were born of God, and you could

"Read your title clear  
To mansions in the skies."

It is singular how this acts two ways. It is the great cure for us when we are soaring too high. "Nevertheless," said the Saviour, when the disciples had

cast out devils, "rejoice not in this, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." And this, too is the cure for us when we fall too low. Mourn not over this, but still rejoice, for your names are written in heaven." Many an old saint sitting in a chimney corner under an accumulation of aches, and pains, and weaknesses, and sorrow, has sung:

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Let earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world."

Bless God for the full assurance of faith, for it will yield you food in the strength of which you may go on for forty days and forty nights. May God give us to feed on it constantly! But sometimes, He gives us the richest meal of it just when we are in our weakest state, and are ready to give up in despair.

We have known the Lord feed his people sometimes with another truth, namely, *the doctrine of his own greatness and grandeur*. A sight of the greatness of God is a very blessed stay to us under a sense of our littleness. You lie, broken and bruised like an insect that has been crushed. You look up, and the light flashes through the dark cloud and you behold something of the greatness and the glory of God, and you think, "What are my troubles? He can bear them. What are all my griefs? They are only as the small dust of the balance. Why should I grow faint or weary when He fainteth not, neither is weary upon whom I lean? Underneath me are his everlasting arms; He is mighty, though I am a thing of nought; He is faithful, though I am doubting and trembling?"

"The more his glories strike our eye," the less apt shall we be to die of despair; we shall feed upon this food as on a cake baked upon the coals, and go in the strength of it for forty days. Sometimes, too, we have known the

blessedness of feeding upon *the assurance that the cause of God will be ultimately triumphant*. I remember when, like a broken, bruised, and worthless thing, I seemed set aside from Christian service, and from my work for God, which I loved. It seemed to me as though I should never return to preach the word; I marveled how the work of my hands under God would fare, and my spirit was overwhelmed within me. I made diligent search after comfort, but found none; my soul took counsel within herself, and so increased her woes, but no light came. I shall never forget the moment when, on a sudden, these words came to me, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." At once I thought, "What matters it if I, the soldier, fall upon the battle-field, if the Captain is safe? Jehovah reigns; Christ is exalted," when I seemed to look upon mine own being set aside, my shame, my reproach, my death, or anything else that might befall me, as not being worth a moment's thought, because the king stood yonder, and the blood-red flag waved in a breeze of triumph. O God, thy truth must conquer the end; thy foes must fly. What if they gain some petty advantage here and there along the line?—What if they do make a breach here and there, in the bulwarks of our Zion? They shall fly like chaff before the wind, in the day when Thou appearest: the battle is thine, O Lord, and Thou wilt deliver them into our hand ere long! Let the ultimate triumph of the truth solace you when you are discouraged, because you have seemed to labor in vain, and spend your strength for nought. Be of good cheer: the Conqueror, who comes with dyed garments from Bozrah, is still in the

midst of his Church. This cake baked on the coals has often given food to poor fainting Elijahs.

*A conviction, too, of the sympathy of Jesus Christ with them* has often been very dainty food and precious cordial to mourning spirits. This is, perhaps, the very first doctrine we teach the bereaved or the sick. We tell them that "in all their afflictions He was afflicted." And probably there is no verse that is sung oftener and with greater sweetness than—

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine:  
Did Christ the Lord suffer, and shall I re-  
pine?"

Oh! it makes pain so glorious when you think that the very same pain shoots through Him as through you, that there is not so much pain truly in the finger as there is in the head, that the head is indeed the true seat of all the sensitiveness. It is not so much Christ's people who suffer, as it is Christ Himself suffering in them? Does it not make the cross glorious when you bear it, with the thought, that it is Christ's cross you are carrying?—To suffer poverty for Christ's sake is a very different thing from suffering poverty in the abstract. To be despised for the gospel's sake is a very different thing from being despised for any other reason; for to be reproached for Christ is honor, and to suffer for Christ is pleasure. A mother will sit up night after night to nurse her darling child; she would not do it for any one else for any money you could offer her; and though she grows very uneasy, yet she goes to her work again, and does for her child what she would do for no other. So some of us would do for love, what we would not think of doing for gain; and when we know we are doing and suffering for Christ, and feel that Christ is with us in it all, it becomes a very blessed cordial, and we "rejoice in deep distress, since Jesus Christ is with us."

And how often has God given

much comfort to his people, when they were ready to give all up, *by a vision of heaven*. Did you ever have such a vision? Softly will it sometimes steal over the spirit, especially in sickness, when heaviness and uneasiness seem to bring you to the very gates of the grave. You do not hear the bells of heaven with your ears, nor do stray notes of angels' harps salute you, nor do you see the white-robed hosts with your natural eyes, but your soul sees and hears it all. God sometimes brings his people into "the land of *Beulah*," before they fairly reach it in the order in which John Bunyan puts it in his allegory. Oh, some of us have been to the gates of heaven; and if we have not entered, we have stood where the gates would have been if they had been shut! We have had such foretastes of a heaven, and we feel we can now fight the fight, and can cheerfully wait—

"Our threescore years and ten,"

because the crown is so glorious; and that we can journey through the wilderness because the Canaan is worthy of all that we can do or suffer that we may enter it. Beloved, a vision of Christ Jesus and a vision of heaven will be enough to solace the most downcast among you: and when you fain would hang your harp upon the willows, if Jesus Christ shall appear to you, and his Father shall smile upon you, and his Spirit shall actively work upon your hearts and heaven's gate shall be opened, then will you snatch up your harp, and wake it to the sweetest melodies in praise of sovereign grace. You Elijahs, who are now saying, "Let me die," change your note, for there is a cake baked on the coals provided for you, and do you arise and eat it.

III. Let us observe, in the third place, that WHENEVER GOD THUS GIVES TO HIS CHILDREN VERY REMARKABLE ENJOYMENTS, IT IS IN ORDER THAT THEY GO ON IN THE

STRENGTH OF THOSE ENJOYMENTS FOR A LONG TIME.

Elijah was not fed that he might get strong and then waste his strength. There are no sinecures in God's service. All his true servants are real workmen, and when they have strength, it is not that they may show what fine fellows they are, but that they may toil in the Master's cause. The soldier is a smart looking fellow on parade in days of peace, and long may it be ere he shall have cause to do anything more than show himself at such times—but God's soldiers are always on active service, and as sure as ever the Master gives them a double round of ammunition, He means them to fire. If ever He gives them a new sword, it is because they will soon want it, and whenever He is pleased to furnish them with fresh armor it is because He knows they will require the sacred panoply. There are no superfluities in the provisions of God's grace.

Now, what had Elijah to do? Having fed upon his angels' food, *he had to go a long, solitary journey*. I wonder whether you can imagine it, a journey of forty days and forty nights? It does not seem to me, from what I gather from the story, that he ever stopped; certainly he did not stop to take refreshments, but went right away into the wilderness, having probably left his servant at Beersheba the whole time. He never saw the face of man all the while. He fasted more wonderfully than Moses did, who fasted on the mountain in peace and quietness; this mysterious prophet fasted, and at the same time he was taking giant strides in the lonely wilderness, startling the beast of prey, treading the unfrequented tracks of the wild goats and the gazelles with onward foot; on through the day's burning heat, and the night's black shade, never pausing for forty days and forty nights! A strange march was that, but sometimes God calls his people to some-

thing very much like it. Strange, weird-like, and solitary is your soul, and nobody can walk with you; you have to take strides that will suit no one else. You have to go a way that has not been trodden heretofore by any. The Master has called you to special suffering if not to labor; you have no pioneer and no companion.

I suppose every person who is called to serve God in a remarkable manner, or to suffer for him in a particular way, must have noticed the solitariness of his own life. Do not tell me about solitude being only in the wilderness; a man may have plenty of company there; the worst solitude is that which a man may have amongst millions of his fellow-creatures. Look at the solitude of Moses. When Moses had his cares upon him with whom could he hold any communion? With seventy elders? As well might an eagle have stopped to have communion with so many sparrows. They were infinitely, I was about to say, beneath him; they had not hearts large enough to commune with the great-souled Moses. You will say, perhaps, that Aaron might have done. Aye, truly, a brother's heart is a very cheering one when it beats to the same tune as your own, but Aaron was a man of altogether another stature from Moses, and nobody would think of comparing the two men together. Moses is like some of those colossal figures that are cut in the Egyptian rocks, or stand amidst the ruins of Carnac; he seems to have been one of those great spirits of the grand olden time before the stature of men had declined, and he is all alone. He bears the people on his bosom, and throughout his life is a solitary man.

Such, too, was the case with Elijah. Now, perhaps, you will have special feasting upon Christ, because in your trial or in your labor you will have to learn that there is a secret you cannot tell to any but your God, that there is a bitterness with which no other heart can intermeddle, that there are heights

and depths through which you will have to pass, and will have to pass alone. Do not wonder, dear friends, if these words should come true to you in days to come. Do not marvel if that *verse* we sometimes sing should happen to be suitable to this quiet, peaceful evening:

"We should suspect some danger nigh,  
When we perceive too much delight."

If God feeds us with angels' food, He means us to do more than man's work.

But I meant you to notice, in the next place, that whilst Elijah was thus fed that he might go a long and lonely journey, that *he was sent on that journey that he might be brought more in sympathy with God than before*. Why forty days and forty nights in the wilderness on the road to Horeb? It is said that it was not more than eighty miles, and it certainly does not appear to have been a hundred. Such a long time was not necessary for the distance, why, therefore, did Elijah take it? Do you not see it is a day for a year? "Forty years long," saith Jehovah, "was I grieved with this generation in the wilderness." Forty days and forty nights, therefore, must the Lord's servant walk over the very tracts, where Israel had pitched their tents, and God seemed to say to him, "O Elijah, doest thou lose thy temper and turn away from Israel, and ask to die, when I had to bear forty years with my people, and yet, notwithstanding that they now inherit the goodly land, and have come to Lebanon?" Beloved, the servants of God must frequently meet with ingratitude, and unkind treatment, and bad speeches from those whom they try to serve, and sometimes God's own people are a greater plague to God's ministers than are all the world besides. Well what of that? Does not the Lord seem to say, "Now I will teach you what my patience must be; you shall have forty days' walking in the wilderness to make you understand something of what I felt when for forty years I bore with the ill manners, and rebellions, and idolatries of this crooked and perverse people?"

Is it not a grand thing, my brethren

and sisters, to be made to have sympathy with God? I do not think many Christians understand this, to be made to feel as God felt, so that you are enabled, as it were, to see things from God's standpoint, and to begin to understand why He is angry with the wicked, and to magnify that matchless grace which bears so long with the sons of men.—It may possibly happen, my brethren, that the Master has been feeding you upon some special and dainty viand at his table, or under the ministry, or in communion, or in meditation, in order that in future you may have greater sympathy for Himself by treading in your measure the same path that He trod in years gone by.

There is always a reason when there comes a special mercy, and so, to conclude, *the Lord gave his servant benefit because he intended to give him a very special rebuke.*

"What doest thou here, Elijah?"—was not the sort of language Elijah had been accustomed to hear from his God. He could use such language himself to his fellow men, as he did when he spoke to Ahab, but he was not accustomed to hear such words spoken to him by God. Softer sentences had hitherto greeted his ear, but now God is about to rebuke him for running away from his work, for playing the coward, and for setting an example of unbelief; but before He rebukes him He supplies all his needs, and gives him forty days' strength. The Lord does not chasten his children when they are weak and sickly, "without," as one says, "sustaining them with one hand while He smites them with the other." You cannot do without the rod, but shall be enabled, on the strength of the meat which He will give you, to bear up under it without your spirit utterly fainting.

Possibly God may have in store for some of us a special rebuke. He may intend to make some thundering passage in His Word come with terrific power to our souls, He may mean to lay us upon a bed of sickness, and, therefore, now, by giving us strengthening food, He is preparing us for it, that even

when in the furnace we may be enabled to sing His praise.

I leave these thoughts with those of you who know the way of the wilderness. Those of you who do not, will not care much about them; but I pray God that the sinner who knows nothing of these faintings may be made to faint utterly till his soul dies within him with spiritual despair, and when he so dieth then the Lord who killeth will make him alive. When thou hast no power left, if thou canst throw thyself beneath the shadow of the cross, though thy flesh may make thee sleep there as Elijah under the juniper-tree, yet thou shalt hear a voice which shall bid thee arise, and in the great atonement of the Saviour, thou shalt find a cake baked on what hot coals I will not now undertake to say. Thou shalt find it such food to thy weary spirit, that when thou hast partaken of it, poor sinner, thou shalt dare to go to the Mount of God, even to Horeb, and face the terrible law of God, and ask, "Who shall lay any thing to my charge?" Feeding on Jesus, mysteriously sustained by believing on his precious blood, thou shalt go on till thou shalt see God face to face in his holy mount of glory, in the strength of Him who said, "For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." God bless every one of us. AMEN.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

ALL the words of men and angels cannot describe the dreadfulness of being Christless; and yet it is to be feared we do not speak to those who are so with anything like sufficient plainness, frequency and urgency.—Alas! how few ministers are like the angels at Sodom, mercifully bold to lay hands on lingering sinners.—How few obey that word of Jude, "Save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

God takes notice of every particular man as if there were none else; and yet takes notice of all as if they were but one man.

## A MIRACLE EXPLAINED.

The following definition of a miracle by a Scotchman, is very well put, and the illustration is also an apt one, which may relieve some minds perplexed by the cant phrases of sceptics :

"Well, you may say what you please," said Smith, "I cannot believe God will first impose laws on nature, and then go and violate his own laws. What would be the use of making them, if they are to be so readily set aside?"

"I do not know, sir, what God may do, or what he will not do; but I don't regard a miracle to be a violation of the laws of nature. There is no violation of the laws of nature, or rather the laws of God, that I know of save the wicked actions of wicked men," said uncle very reverently.

"And what then do you take a miracle to be?" asked Smith.

"I regard it to be merely such an interference with the established course of things as infallibly shows us the action of a supernatural power. What o'clock is it with you, sir, if you please?" said uncle.

"It is half past twelve exactly, Greenwich time," replied Smith.

Pulling a huge old time-piece from his pocket, uncle said: "Well, sir, it's one o'clock with me; I generally keep my watch a little forward. But I have a reason now for setting my watch by the railway; and so, see you? I'm turning the hands of it around. Now you say I had violated the laws of the watch? True, I have done what watchdom with all its laws could not have done for itself, but I have done violence to none of its laws. My action is only the interference of a superior intelligence for a suitable end, but I have suspended no law, violated no law. Well, then, instead of the watch, say the universe; say God acting of himself, and we have all that I contend for in a miracle; that is the unquestionable presence of an Almighty hand working the Divine will. And if he sees fit to work miracles, what can hinder him? He has

done it oftener than once or twice already; and who dare say that he'll not do it again?"

## Might have Saved.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

The waves are crested, white they show,  
To-day, a hand lost years ago,

Uplifted once again.

The hand so eloquent, though mute,  
It well could sign its keen rebuke,  
At my mean fear of men.

The hand of one so sweet and pure,  
We all had thought her foothold sure;

Yet in unguarded hour,

The waves swept wildly o'er the strand,  
What seemed a rock proved only sand,  
To save was in my power.

A little fear of my good name—  
A hesitating, foolish shame—

The CHANCE to save had passed.

I see the long dark hair to-night,  
The face glance out so fair and white,  
O, had I firmly grasped!

I might have saved! O take these tears,  
Recording angel, wept through years,

And wash the stain away!

But e'en thy hand cannot restore,  
To me is lost forever more,

A gem of purest ray!

O waves of time! ye safely hold  
Within your depths, so dark, and cold,

All treasured though we weep,

No conflux of thy tide shall bring,  
Our golden chance to save, to wring  
Our jewels from thy keep.

You may say, and say truly, that preaching seems a weak and foolish instrument for such a work; God himself has called it "the foolishness of preaching." You may say, and say truly, that ministers are but earthen vessels—that they are men of like passions with yourselves; God himself has called them so before you. But you cannot say that it is not God's way of converting souls; and it is at the peril of your own souls if ye despise it.

## REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

BY N. BLATCHLEY.

THE devils believe and tremble, and the angels sing glory to God in the highest. One, fearful of the just displeasure of the Most High, and the other exulting in the position of the Presence they love so well. O, how happy to be thus blessed!—forever blessed! The place which is the reward of the righteous is described by a favorite taken to the third heaven, as indescribable—not possible to utter—and what is still more transporting, the joy of it will never decline, but doubtless increase forever—every one of the holy, even now exults at the thought of it with joy unspeakable—such blessedness is a reward indeed, beginning even here. But on the other hand the pains of perdition are no less terrible than heaven is joyous—described as fire, the most powerful element of destruction known to us, with superadded brimstone as the chief agent of punishment, connected with everything undesirable. And what is worse than every thing else it is *eternal*. Who that has any wisdom will not use it to escape such a condition? God has established his system of rewards and punishments upon the highest grade—nothing can exceed the rewards, and nothing can measure the punishments, for they are both everlasting. “Terror and grandeur joined in their extremes.” This is the Divine government—no wonder angels sing and devils tremble. But pray what is man, between the devils and angels, doing meanwhile? It was never objected that the joy and glory of heaven, the rewards of the righteous are too great—never! But the greatness of the pain of hell is objected to, by thousands who never made an effort to escape it—when without trouble and even with pleasure they might do so, and obtain the glories of heaven besides.

But why should we complain of hell, when no one but the devil and his friends desires us to have any thing to do with it—especially when we can

avoid it better than not—for “the way of the transgressor is hard,” and “the ways of wisdom are pleasantness.”

But hell is objected to as unjust and not proportioned to our crimes—especially eternal punishment for acts done in time during our short stay here. If it is unjust or disproportionate to our crimes God will never administer it. But what is unjust? If I destroy ten dollars worth of my neighbor’s property, what ought I do to be just? Pay him five? No; that is not enough. Pay him twelve. No; but ten is just right—this is justice. What is punishment? Pain inflicted for a crime—this is the definition. Now if I willingly and wickedly injure my neighbor causing him pain for ten days, and I am to be punished in proportion to the crime, what should the punishment be? Six days of pain equal of course in degree to my neighbor’s? No; but ten days will be just proportioned to the crime, and just as much as I gave my neighbor, no more and no less. Now if I could by any means take away from my neighbor, and forever deprive him of the unspeakable joy of heaven and his eternal happiness therein, what punishment must Christ inflict on me to be in proportion to my crime? I have destroyed the eternal happiness of my neighbor, and he is Christ’s property—purchased by his own blood, not a nominal purchase and ownership, but a real one as ever existed. According to Christ’s teaching, inasmuch as I have done it to my neighbor I have done it to Christ. Christ knows how great the punishment should be, for he is the appointed judge. According to the crime the punishment must be eternal at least, for the loss is an eternal one.

Now though it is not in my power to destroy my neighbor absolutely, yet it is in my power to destroy my own happiness and blessedness in heaven which Christ died to procure for me, and I am Christ’s property just as much as my neighbor is. I am not my own—and have no more right to destroy myself, my soul, my body, or my happiness, or any part of it, than I have to

destroy my neighbor if I could—happiness is God's property, it is all the property he has, and misery is Apollyon's and all he owns—one is a Saviour, the other a destroyer—the destruction of happiness is sin, for it is against God and his law—if I destroy my eternal happiness by neglecting so great salvation, God will punish me eternally, just proportionate to the evil I have done—no matter who doubts; it will happen to all who make the trial.

### HOW MEN DIE.

A NUMBER of years ago, in upper Hindostan, the Rev. John Ireland, a faithful minister of the Gospel, yielded up his spirit to the gracious God who gave it.

Surrounding the dying pastor's bed were members of the society of the station; some civilians, a few military men, together with some of the swarthy natives—servants devotedly attached to the self-denying master whom they were now to lose.

But ere Mr. Ireland's eyes closed forever on this world to open in an eternity of bliss, he essayed to speak to those around him. His words were few; but long years after he had gone they were remembered by men who, that time young and thoughtless, have since embraced Christ as the Saviour.

"I have preached many sermons to you, my friends; but before leaving you I should wish to say, if all is forgotten; let this be remembered: 'Oh! what a joy it is to die!'"

In the same station, but at a later period, a thrill of uneasiness passed through many hearts among the European residents when it became known that malignant cholera had attacked Mr. L., a popular young planter, a native of M., in Scotland. He had supped at a late hour at one of the station halls, and was seized with the malady after retiring to his hotel. The skillful services of the medical officer of the native regiment were promptly at hand; but a few hours told the mournful tale, that though remedies

might alleviate the sufferer's pains, they could not be expected to prevail. The poison of the terrible scourge had done its work with fearful rapidity, and death must soon ensue.

The scene which arose when the sorrowful opinion, "No hope," was given can better be imagined than depicted. The anxious surgeon, with bared arms, aided by native assistants, rubbed the youth's cramped limbs, and a sparkling stimulant was occasionally applied to his lips when he complained of thirst. A friend nervously penned the last will, and a minister, kneeling, with earnest voice offered prayer. But ever and again, until the final scene closed, an agonizing cry arose from the dying youth:

*"I'm dying! I'm dying! Oh! how hard it is to be obliged to die!"*

In a small patch of burying-ground in that distant land the dead rest until the resurrection-day shall break upon this world. "And many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."—*British Messenger.*

### UNSUCCESSFUL WORKERS.

DESPOENDING Christians do not make successful workers or valiant soldiers. "Feeble-hearts," and "Ready-to-halts," and "Little-faiths," win no battles, and wear no crowns. They are so occupied with themselves, with their own experiences, their own evidences, their changing moods and feelings, that they have no time for manly, noble service.—They are so busy in trying to perform "acts of faith," and having performed them, they are so intent on analyzing them, in order to ascertain whether they be all of the exact quality or quantity which will recommend them to God, that they leave no space for "joy in believing," and no room for the free, large-hearted labor, which joy cannot fail to lead to. Tossed up and down on the waves of unbelief, like Paul's ship, they are in fear of perpetual shipwreck, and have no heart to work.—*Bonar.*

## Editorial.

### Faint Not.

THERE is much to discourage one who is wholly consecrated to God, and who, of course, devotes his life to doing good. He cannot compromise. When sin and holiness, right and wrong, are concerned, half-way measures do not satisfy him. He is a radical from principle. Compromises are out of his line. He never makes any. Of course, he has not only the hatred of all lovers of sin, but the opposition—often fiercer—of time-serving reformers. They find fault with everything he does, and of his manner of doing it. His motives are called in question, and his actions misrepresented and misunderstood. It matters not how disinterested a life he may lead. The more of true benevolence he may manifest, the more thoroughly will he be hated. He who is governed by self-love, will go only as far as he can with safety to his reputation; but he who is working for the Lord, does not stop in measures of reform when he finds he can go no farther without jeopardy to property or standing. A temperance man may be in favor with rum-sellers, if he stops with moral suasion. A professed Christian, who never reproves sin, and who engages freely in worldly amusements, will not be persecuted. But he who lets self go, and aims simply at doing good, will meet with stern resistance at every step.

Another fruitful source of discouragement will be found in the want of success. He who works for the Lord can never fail. In spite of earth and hell, good will result from his labors. But the apparent fruit of his toils will not be what he looked for or expected. Others will, to a discouraging extent, undo his labors. Souls saved thro' his instrumentality will backslide. It was so in our Saviour's day. Many went away and walked no more with him. It was so in Paul's day. Some who would, if it had been possible, have plucked out their eyes and given to him became his enemies. Some of Wesley's best societies sometimes ran down from hundreds of

members to a handful. To labor to get men saved seems very much like drawing water in a sieve. Before your bucket reaches the top of the well the water is all gone. The goodness of many upon whom you depended turns out to be like the morning dew—a few days of prosperity—and it is all gone. Self gains the ascendancy.

O, ye weary disheartened workers for God, heed well the Apostle's exhortation, *Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.*

The more precious the harvest, the longer is the period of waiting from sowing to reaping. It is quite a year from the time the farmer commences to toil for "the finest of the wheat" until the golden sheaves reward his labors. It has to encounter the fierce frosts of winter and the cold winds of March before it can come to perfection. So he who would gather fruit unto eternal life must do his work thoroughly, and then wait long and patiently, and in the unending years of eternity he shall reap the fruit of his toil—he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied.

If you put your confidence in men you will give out before the day's work is ended, but unwavering faith in God will carry you through in holy joy unto the end. Moses had all the discouragements you can meet with. He encountered the ingratitude of those he would serve—the mutiny of subordinates—the envy of his co-laborers—the chilling effects of hope deferred during the forty years of wandering in the wilderness to accomplish a journey for which a few days were all that were needed; but *he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible, for he had respect unto the recompense of reward.*

Do you begin to faint? It is not to be wondered at. The best of men have taken sometimes a day's journey into the wilderness, and set them down under the juniper-tree, and longed for death. But awake from the sleep of despondency, and the Lord shall send His angel, and give you meat in the strength of which you can go forty days and forty nights unto the Mount of God.

Then put on courage. Let nothing discourage you. Keep your eye fixed on God. You are running for an incorruptible crown, and do not faint by the way.

### "Taking the Shout Out."

A MINISTER, who aims to preach the Gospel in all fidelity, spent a Sabbath with a wide-awake, lively society. Under the morning sermon, there was a good deal of shouting. In the evening, though the minister was quite as free, and preached with a good deal of feeling, all were still and quiet. After the services, while talking with a brother, a member of the society, he asked him what made the difference—why there were no responses in the evening. The brother replied, "Your evening sermon took the shout all out of us. We never shout when a minister preaches upon either of these subjects—confession and restitution—evil-speaking, or giving. Your sermon being upon one of these subjects, we could not get happy over it."

We like genuine, hearty, Holy-Ghost shouting. But we want you to live where no Scriptural preaching—no matter how pointed it may be—can take it out of you. Dry, dead sermons—no matter how true they may be—will make a real saint feel more like groaning than shouting; but if you walk closely with God in all respects, plain, pointed sermons, preached in the Holy Ghost, will not disturb you.

### God's Judgments.

It is never safe to defy the Almighty.—He is long-suffering, but there is a limit to his forbearance. You may reach that limit ere you are aware. The Titusville, Pa. Reporter records the following incident which occurred in that place:

"A young man barely twenty one years of age, who came to this place from Canada, a few weeks since to operate in oil territory, died on Sunday, 27th ult., under the following circumstances: He was passing the evening with his customary associates in a private room, and in course of conversation he remarked that by the time he was

forty years of age he should be worth a princely fortune, and should then retire.—One of his companions suggested that he might not live to be forty years of age.—The Canadian replied that 'they were not yet ready for him down there,' pointing downward. Some one asked him for one of his favorite songs, and he complied, beginning with the words, "I've come home to die." Scarcely had he completed the sentence, when his head fell upon his breast, and he became motionless and rigid. His companions rushed to his side and found that he was pulseless—dead."

### Mrs. S. P. Briggs.

When William C. Kendall was stationed at the M. E. Church, in Albion, N. Y., in the fall of 1854, the Church was spiritually in a low condition. It was before the money dispensation was fully inaugurated. The churches at that time, in country places, had not generally put on the style of the world, and hence when piety was low, church enterprises lagged. The year before Mr. Kendall went to Albion, the pastor said that the Church was in a lower state in every respect than it was twenty years before. Wm. Kendall preached the plain, unvarnished truth in demonstration of the Spirit. Most of the official members, encouraged by the Presiding Elder, opposed the work. But it went on in wonderful power, and many honest souls in the Church, as well as out of it, were saved. Among those fully saved, who belonged to the Church, were Dr. Briggs and his wife. Sister Briggs had been a consistent member of the Church for eighteen years. But, like many others in her position, she had yielded to a spirit of worldly conformity, and lost her hold upon the Lord. But she welcomed the light, renounced the world, and became a devoted follower of Jesus. When the Free Church was organized she was one of the first to join, and remained an active member until stricken down by disease. The very day she was struck down with the palsy she gave one of the choicest testimonies we ever heard to the power of Christ to save.

She suffered much in mind and body for several years, until released by death. The Bible was her companion and her rule of life, and salvation was her theme to the last. Her family had removed to Delaware; but she was on a visit to her daughters, in New Jersey when the summons came. Her life was that of a Christian, and she has gone, we doubt not, where the weary are at rest.

### Rose Camp Meeting.

This meeting was an interesting and profitable one. We never heard or saw anything so much like Pentecost, as the meeting on Monday. The congregation was small—numbering only about one hundred and fifty. The wealthy men of the circuit were generally absent. A subscription was taken up for our school. We never saw people so blessed in giving. The power of God rested on the people in a wonderful manner. Many fell and others were overwhelmed with glory. The meeting lasted from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. Each one gave according to his own convictions—from one dollar to a hundred. Fifteen hundred dollars were pledged for the school, of which about three hundred were paid down. It was a memorable season.

### Chili Seminary.

We hope to have the school building ready to be opened, so that the school will commence about the first of November.—God is helping us. Some one in Rochester—we know not who—has sent us a draft for fifty dollars. The note was signed, "One for whom the Lord has done much." May God do still more for him.

Funds are still needed. Those who have subscribed, please send on as soon as possible. And any who have not, and have a mind to help us in this work, are cordially invited to do so.

### LOVE FEAST.

MRS. M. WHITE.—I realize that I am not my own, but that I am bought with a

price. I wish to glorify God in all I do. I would speak briefly of some of the dealings of God to me. Bitter indeed has been the cup he has given me to drink, but grace has sweetened it. With every earthly anguish the Spirit-sight grows clearer.

Fourteen years ago I was called to part with all that made life dear—a devoted Christian husband. He died away from home, among strangers, which made it still more fearful, but he died in the Lord. Yet there was one tender bud left for me to cherish, and how dearly I loved and pressed him to my bleeding heart, a darling boy. I thought my Father would spare him to me—my all of earth. But no; the furnace must be made a little hotter. He was away to school, developing very fast, just budding into manhood. A telegram was sent to his mother, "George is dead." I must go four hundred miles to look upon his lifeless remains, and bury them with all my earthly hopes forever in the grave. My heart then said, "Let me go. Why should I tarry? What hath earth to bind me here. This was four years ago. No chastening for the present seems joyous.—Nevertheless, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Glory be to God. What he wills is best. My soul is like a weaned child.

I praise God for the precious privilege I had of attending Harpersville Camp-meeting. The memory of it is sacred. It was truly a Bethel to my soul. I trust the good I received there will remain, and still increase to the end of life. I can say I am sanctified through the truth. I am done with the world, and I will serve Jesus any way, any where he bids, I go.

CHARLES H. LEE.—I feel that without holiness of heart I will be unable to give an account of my stewardship at that great and dreadful day of the Lord. I am seeking for more of the praise of God in my soul, and I earnestly desire the prayers of all who read *The Earnest Christian*.

Venango City, Pa.

RACHAEL IRWIN.—I am happy in the love of Jesus this morning, and love him

with all my heart. I left my father's house on the 16th of November, 1866. I do not know what I left for, only this, I wanted more of this world's pleasure. For three months after I came to this city, as far as my state of health would permit me, I entered into the world heartily. I then found no greater pleasure than in the company of the gay; dancing and novel-reading were my chief delight. I was a novel-reader eight years, but I am going too far back. Soon after I came here I met with Christian friends who talked to me about my soul, but it had no effect on me at that time. One brother I can never forget. I have reason to bless God I ever saw him. He talked so kindly to me about my soul that though very wicked myself I wished to be like him. I did not go to Church. I spent my Sabbaths in other ways. When I was three months in this city I went to visit a friend across the river on the Lord's day. I did not feel happy coming home. In the evening I thought I was going to be lost; the boat being old, but as soon as I got on shore I said I should never cross the river on the Sabbath as long as I live, and I have not since that time. That night I went with a friend to Sullivan street Free Methodist church, and before I came out I was made free in Christ. Glory be to his holy name. While hearing the Rev. James Mathews preach I thought every word was addressed to me. I trembled like an aspen leaf. My proud nature would not bend, to the last minute, but I could hold out no longer, and I cried, I am lost. I tell you, my sins rose up like mountains before me, but I brought them to Jesus to wash my stains away in the blood of the Lamb.—Glory to God, I have had some things to contend with since then, but there is no change in Jesus, and to-day I love him better than ever. My feet are firmer on the Rock than ever. I am more determined than ever by the grace of God to go through the narrow way with Jesus. The world has no charms for me. Jesus saves me, and he is able to save every one who comes to him. Glory be to his holy name. I am homeward bound.

*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

JASON STEENROD.—I am the Lord's this morning. I am all given up to do the will of the Lord. Glory to his name. Jesus saves me, soul, body and spirit. Praise his name! I am in the narrow way, and am determined to walk therein. His yoke is easy and his burden is light. O how good the Lord is. Praise his name forever.

*Hancock, N.Y.*

MARY BEARDSLEY.—The Lord sweetly and gloriously saves me to-day. My feet press the solid rock. Glory be to God. I have the witness within that Jesus saves me. Bless his name. I can look up and say, my Father, I am his child. I belong to the Lord. A daughter of the highest.

*Union Springs, N.Y.*

REV. M. V. CLUTE.—My soul is wonderfully drawn out to God in love. I think I never had so ardent a desire to see my Heavenly Father face to face; and know more of his perfections, and glorious character than now. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after the living God." Praise God. "There is union in Heaven, and there is union in my soul," and I am on my way to glory bright, with Jesus for my leader. I have a faith that works by love, and purifies the heart. The blood cleanses, and God is reconciled. I find the narrow way, a good and a safe way. Many lions prowl by its side, but none get therein. I find great comfort in the fact that God knows all hearts, and soon the secrets of all hearts will be revealed. My constant aim and effort is, to have all my thoughts, words, and deeds, of such a character, that when the revelation is made, it will be such as will cause angels to rejoice, instead of devils to blush. Pray for me.

*Whitewater, Wis.*

MRS. JANETTE SANDERS.—Jesus saves me. All glory to his name. My feet press the solid rock. Glory be to Jesus for what he has done for me. Jesus is mine, and I am his. I am so glad that I do know that there is power in Jesus' blood to cleanse us from all sin. Praise his name.

*Binghamton, N.Y.*