

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

ANTICIPATION AND REALIZATION CONTRASTED.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

ANTICIPATION is represented as a foretaste: a previous view or impression of what is to happen afterward.—As for instance, what we call the anticipation of the joys of heaven.

Mr. Thodey refers to it as "The happy anticipation of a renewed existence, in company with the spirits of the just." It may be termed the awakened feelings, all alive for future profit, pleasure, or good.

Realization is by Mr. Webster called,—The act of making real. Reality, being a distinction from mere appearance. To realize, is to bring home to one's own case or experience. Relative to that Mr. Glawville says: We realize what Archimedes had only in hypothesis, weighing a single grain of sand against the globe. When we set in opposition, with a view to discover the difference,—we call it contrasted. It is the same, when we exhibit the advantages or excellencies of one over that of the other. Mr. Clark, in his great sermon the 4th of July, 1814, said, "To contrast the goodness of God with our rebellion, will tend to make us humble and grateful!"

Anticipation is nearly allied to hope. Hope is represented as confidence in some future event. It is termed the highest degree of well founded expectation of some future good.

A well founded hope on Scriptural,

and proper principles, in our religion, is said to be a source of pure happiness. And anticipation partakes of many of the same desires, feelings, motives, interests and expectations.—

While reality takes possession, receives the comforts, enjoys the benefits, and carries continually all the sweets, beauties and blessings arising from both.—

Between anticipation and realization, there is a wide distinction. The one keeps us in the constant expectation of some coming good, the other realizes the power of possession, and the joys experienced in calling them ours.

The man of God, who calmly trusts in all his Providences, anticipates in his religion the prospects of future bliss. But realization is not anticipating, it is enjoying all that that experience affords and possession promises.

Anticipation makes it obligatory for us to appreciate the satisfaction that it renders. Realization as fully demands our gratitude for the possession of expected favors, and the joys thus afforded.

Around us, and on every hand, we behold the peculiarly busy multitude. They are restless, dissatisfied, anxious and fretful in their present situation.—They are incessantly employed in trying to produce some change. But as soon as their wishes are granted, that they so anxiously anticipated, realization affords them no pleasure; a knowledge of their possession produces almost immediate dissatisfaction.—Where they anticipate a paradise, they find a desolate desert. How often does

the man of business sigh for leisure and the leisure for which he so anxiously longed, proves an irksome gloom. For want of employment he frequently languishes, sickens—dies! The man of retirement, fancies no state to be so happy, as that of active life. But soon he learns, when engaged in the tumults, business, and contests of the world, that it is only to look back with regret on his past private, and pleasant life, and to realize the folly of the feelings that induced him to action. Beauty, wit, eloquence and fame are eagerly desired by persons in every rank of life. They are the parents fondest wish for their children: they are frequently the strongest ambition of the young; and the peculiar admiration of the old.—Yet, in what numberless instances have they proved to those who possessed them, no other than shining snares.—Emphatically, seductions to vice; instigations to folly; and in the end, sources of misery and wretchedness!

Possibly, they might have passed their days pleasantly had they been less conspicuous. The very distinctions which brought them forth to notice, may have conferred splendor, but they at once destroyed their happiness. Anticipations of better, brighter and happier days, have often caused persons to make the seemingly innocent request of long life. Yet how many times have we seen those who in this, have most sadly erred! There was a period when they might have quitted the stage of life with honor and in peace. But by living too long, they outlived their reputation; outlived their friends; outlived their comforts; outlived their family; and in fact outlived all who cared for them. And finally to reap nothing from their continuance of days, save to feel more fully the pressure of age; to drink the bitter dregs of life; and to realize a greater, and a severer compass of human woe and want.

But the contrast on the opposite side is better. We look at the power of anticipation on the mind and feelings of the great and the good Washington. He seemed to realize the strength of

Liberty; the force of Republicanism; and the precious benefits to be enjoyed in a land called the home of the free.

Anxious anticipation enabled Fulton to concentrate the power of steam; Franklin to tame and control the rapid lightning: Boone to brave the long and lonely dangers of the forest, and Field to finally finish the Atlantic Cable.

It was the anticipated good that so eminently enabled Luther to face the thunders of the Vatican.

Wesley annually to travel thousands of miles, preach hundreds of sermons, suffer severe persecutions, and to be in labors abundant. The same anticipated hope, prepared Howard to be found in the Lazar-house—the prison and the dungeon.

Columbus anticipated a new world, and after meeting numerous discouragements, organized opposition, terrible trials, and anxious years, he finally realized his anticipations.

Abraham grapples with his peculiar position; the promise enables him to anticipate a better and a brighter day. The scenes seem to darken around him, accumulating difficulties try him, until the trying moment of Mount Moriah is to test him by Divine direction. The object of his truest affections must be sacrificed. The hour was dark, the command mysterious, but Divine orders are to be complied with. At the severest point, he realizes the deliverance wrought by an Almighty and All-wise hand!

We look at Joseph, the loved of his father; we mark the jealousy of his brothers—we see him sold among strangers. A mysterious Providence permits his persecution, his unholy imprisonment, and final humiliation.

He maintains his integrity—anticipates a deliverance, and confidently expects an ultimate and triumphant victory.

Deliverance comes, honors follow, he rises to eminence—possesses authority—and enjoys the true realization of Brothers humbled and kind: and is again under a father's strongest, sweet-

est and holiest affections. Sweet recollections.

Our anticipations may indulge some heavenly attractions. They may draw our feelings from earth away. The patient man of Uz said, "I would not live away." And John the beloved remarked, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be!" But realization grasps the promise and fills the sentence, "but we know when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." These exhibit some of the powers and attractions of anticipation.

In our imagination we anticipate the employment of angels. We seem to hear their heavenly music; we join with them in saying—Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts!

We feel that heaven and earth are full of His glory. And if it affords such joy while in anticipation—what will it be to be there!

There our union will be delightful, perfect, and perpetual. We have many precious friends here, but in heaven more. There we shall have the ancient patriarchs, the holy prophets, the devoted apostles, the faithful martyrs, and the good of all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples! Here we have but a faint anticipation of all the glories and beauties of the better land. There we shall realize the presence of the holy angels—of the just made perfect—the shining Jerusalem—her golden streets—flowing river—the tree of life—and our freedom from pain, sorrow, sickness and death! There we shall be privileged to range the elysian fields, pluck the ambrosial fruit and drink of the river of God.

Anticipation is but in part: realization is to know as we are known. Anticipation sees through a glass darkly: realization brings us face to face. And it is a fact we must steadily keep in mind. All anticipations may fail, realities never. Strange as it may appear, with all of our hopes and fears, our expectations and fond anticipations: so many earthly objects engross the at-

tention. Earthly desires fill the heart: earthly schemes excite the soul!

We occasionally think of heaven as a place of pleasure, and hell as a place of pain, but ah! how soon forgotten!

Anticipations with us will soon cease and terrible realities will be ours.

"We are now the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be." For we shall soon see him as he is—Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, who hath set nobler objects before us than simple anticipation, as by the death and resurrection of Christ he hath begotten us to a lively hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that *fadeth not away* reserved in heaven for us.

Morning Hymn.

BY R. A. HUMPHREY.

Morning breaks! The night is past;
Clouds and darkness flee away.

All the radiant east is bright
With the sun's refulgent light;
Making glad the incoming day.

Sun of Righteousness, arise!

Shine into my inmost soul.
Every shadowy doubt consume;
Burst the buds of faith to bloom;
Shine! Illuminate the whole.

Penetrate each noisome place

With thy burning, shining light;
Purify! O Light Divine,
Gladly, sweetly, brightly shine!
Chase away the shades of night.

Hark! The air is jubilant

With the song-birds caroling,
Loud the hallelujahs raise,
Join the morning's song of praise,
Glory, glory to our King!

SOME pieces of wood will burn much more easily than others; some pieces are green, and do not readily catch the blaze, but a dry piece of wood is easily kindled. Prayerless souls are dry pieces of wood—they are ready for the burning.

THE REAL CROSS.

BY P. P. WERNER.

How few there are in these times of popular Christianity, to take the consecrated cross. There is too much sentimentality in our religion. We have a sentimental Saviour, a sentimental cross, and make sentimental prayers, a Saviour without reproach, a cross without sacrifice, and prayers without a Holy Ghost. The loveliness of Jesus attracts us; he comes to be worshiped by the throng, and we bow before Him in an attitude of devotion. We see Him in His risen glory, and adore; we worship a Christ on the throne, exalted, glorified, rather than the lowly Nazarene, the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. How few of us follow Him with the twelve and the Galilean women, as He goes about doing good, and share His sacrifices and reproach. How few feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and in the ministration of love bind up the broken-hearted. Where are the many who watch by the bed of the sick and dying, when it is spread in lowly hovels and secluded garrets: or when in the haunts of lowest vice, the death messenger comes to claim his victim, who of us is there to point the lost one to Jesus, the sinners' friend? We have come to worship his cross! We bear it upon our persons, and ornament our dwellings with its representations. But who of us, like Simon, carries it when it is heavy, and when to bear it is to share its crucifixion? It is pleasant and soothing to bear it in our sanctuaries, to speak of its wondrous power, but who carries it to the place of vileness, where fit is despised and trampled under foot! It is delightful to talk of its blessedness with those who acknowledge and know its saving power, but who takes it to the mansions of the gay and wealthy where it is scorned and slighted, and is a mark of weakness and fanaticism? Who of us bears it in all its ruggedness, and in all its bloodiness, with its suffering victim extended as the only hope

of the ruined world. A cross crowned with glory and wreathed with victory is not the only cross of the Christian. A cross despised and rejected is to be borne in this age by all who truly follow Jesus. An every-day, ever-present cross, that is never laid down or borne unsteadily, but raised high in sight of all the people, borne in conscious dependence upon its divine power, so that, while we bear it, it shall bear us, and when it is reproached, we shall be reproached, and when it triumphs, we shall share its glory.

Apparently, we have become a nation of worshippers, a people of prayer. We bow with the multitude in lowly attitude and utter the words of confession and supplication; we use elegant formulas and repeat prayers with seeming satisfaction; we believe and recognize the general mercy of God. He is our Father and we, the children of his care; but do we apprehend Christ as the medium of approach, and our present Saviour from sin? We pray because we fear, we worship because our nature demands some shrine. We enter our closets, but the greatest delight we find is the knowledge of the fact that we have performed our worship and satisfied conscience. We utter the language of devotion, but have we the knowledge of its deep import? We float on a dead sea of words, and hope they will bear us to the fountain head. We plead and supplicate, we urge and argue, we wrestle and importune, but there comes no response from the throne. We wonder at the silence, we begin to doubt God's willingness, we question the justice of delay; but have we realized the conditions? have we met the requirements? do we search within for the cause? Ah! many of us can answer our own prayers; we can remove with our own hands the obstructions; we can tear away the idols that keep us from the mercy seat.—We ask God to fill us with His spirit, but are we doing the many little things around us, running on errands of mercy, devoting a portion of our time to the interest of the church, and the calls of

humanity, or do we go because it is expected of us, and others will not, duty compels and conscience will not allow us to refuse.

We talk to the perishing of the power of God to save; but do we know He saves us. We labor, but we see little or no fruit, we toil, but gather few if any sheaves. In conclusion I would say to all true followers of Jesus, if you ever expect to be efficient laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, you must tarry in Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high. Tarry, making prayer and supplication that all will not be denied, and a consecration absolute and eternal, in exercise of faith that brings the baptism of power, the only efficient preparation for you work for Jesus.

Barnerville, N. Y.

THE DEVIL DEALING IN COAL.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

God, in his goodness, stored in the mountains, coal in abundance for the use of man, and just when wood had, in this country, become scarce, taught men how to use it. To this coal all men have a right, and though some have titles to the land, it is their *duty* to mine it, and send it forth to warm the homes of the people who should pay the owners and miners a *fair* price for it. The same God who made the cold, the frost and the snow, made the coal for fuel, that his creatures might be warm. But grasping *avarice* has incited capitalists to buy up large tracts of coal-producing land, and to obtain control of the railroads leading from the mines. They have put a price upon this article, so necessary to the comfort of the people, so great as to make it almost impossible for many to buy it. Winter will soon be upon us, and many a poor widow will shiver with cold, and from it will die before spring, little children too will cry from very cold, and suffer every day until spring returns. And all this while there is plenty of coal in the mountains, where

God put it for all, but never gave any one the right of monopoly in it. In the mean time these monopolists will be happy. Having princely incomes from the mines and railroads, and palatial residences well *warmed*, the winter will have no terror for them. Of course *they* will not hear the cries of the widows and orphans. They will hear no wails from the thousands of poor, who are now slaves to the money aristocrats and monopolists, that manage always to make clothing, bread and fuel scarce, notwithstanding the munificence of the Heavenly Father. The wives of many of these coal tyrants, will, however, make figures in Dorcas societies, and various other benevolent institutions—gaining much credit for feeding, warming and clothing the poor people that their husbands are trying to freeze and starve. These same coal tyrants, too, many of them, are members of churches, and much courted for their *financial* ability. Their names figure largely at the head of the list of missionary contributors; and among the laymen, they lead in all the godly enterprizes of the church, and help to make up the godly judgment of the same on important questions. And yet, they are wringing the very life-blood from the poor and helpless, by enhancing the necessities of life and by their covetousness actually *killing* their fellow creatures. These are candidates for the best places in Heaven! Poor, blinded, deluded souls!

In the meantime, the pious, faithful poor have need to cry day and night to God for help against their enemies. All the necessities of life are enclosed with rings of monopolists who will have their price, even if thousands starve and freeze.

How long! O Lord, how long!

A CHRISTIAN may triumph in the death of Christ! "Oh death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? O hell! where is thy terror? O world? where is thy malice? O sin! where is thy strength? O my soul, where are thine accusers?"

GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

BY DELIA A. JEFFRES.

"THE world in many and all its forms, cannot satisfy the desires of one human soul; give it all the elements of earth, sea and air, moulded into every possible form, and it will grasp the whole and thirst and famish still, and pant for higher bliss; there is still an aching void which God alone can fill."

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise."

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance."

"Many of the chords of religion are untouched in times of prosperity, when they are fanned by balmy zephyrs, and regaled by rare perfumes; but when God plays upon them with violent tempests, then the deeper tones sound forth, and they roll out majestic strains of music."

Genuine friendship is exceedingly rare, but it is to be prized if found.—It has its basis in pure hearts, and is rich in its love to all, but especially to those who reciprocate it. "And there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—II Tim. 2. 19.

Duty is above all consequences, and often at a crisis of difficulty, commands us to throw them overboard. It commands us to look neither to the right, nor to the left, but straight onward.—Hence, every signal act of duty is altogether an act of faith. It is performed in the assurance that God will take care of consequences, and will so order the course of the world, that whatever the immediate results may be, his word shall not return to him empty.

He who possesses genuine faith acts in a manner corresponding to what he

believes. Having exercised his mind on what purports to be a revelation from his Maker, and having become fully satisfied that what is announced as his will is his will, relies upon it, and regulates his life accordingly.—Faith brings present what is future.—It is a glass through which things unseen become visible to the soul, imparting a will and strength, both to do and suffer. It "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

"The river is an emblem of power, strength, force. It flows irresistibly on; surmounting all obstructions. So the peace of a holy man, supplied by the Holy Spirit, supported by abounding grace, surmounts all the vexations, perplexities, afflictions, bereavements, trials, and persecutions of this poor world." "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousnessness as the waves of the sea."

"Though we cannot now see the Lord Jesus, yet we "walk as seeing Him who is invisible; and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," knowing that he is ever near us.

"Let sickness blast, let death devour;
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains."

THE late Duke of Hamilton had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption, when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family seat, near. After prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his pillow, and turned to 2 Tim. iv. 7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept my faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and added, "This, sirs, is all my comfort." When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but *I shall be a king.*"

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

BY REV. C. M. DAMON.

"Exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Peter, i. 4.

I HAD lately entered "The land of rest from inbred sin," and as yet held the promise of purity, by faith, with a trembling hand. The spirit had imparted the consciousness of present holiness, but there was a long journey before reaching heaven.

The adversary had great power and many devices; the world many allurements and snares, and who could trust a human heart? "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." I thought, and the thought bordered on fear, if I shall live many years, perhaps I shall be faithful most of my life, but in some evil hour before its close I may be overthrown, all my labor lost and my soul ruined at last. Then these promises were applied, "And I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, (long enough.)"

Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." "And unto him that is able to *keep you from falling*, and to present you *faultless* before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, etc."—1st Thess. v. 23-24; Jude. 14.

Since then, fear of falling has given place to trustful confidence in God.

In the path of duty a very important change of relations was contemplated. By it the whole future of life would be affected. If it be of God, to draw back is to incur his displeasure, and to run the gauntlet of worldliness and death. If it be not of God, to advance is to endanger usefulness and success. Here two ways meet, and an error cannot easily be corrected.

Painful separation lies in the direction indicated. Kind friends will be grieved; sincere Christians will disapprove. The heart sad and heavy, knowing not which course to take, dreads to take either lest it prove unwise and fatal. How precious now

the assurance, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall *direct thy paths*."—Psalms xxxii. 8; Prov. iii. 6.

The work of the Ministry is "an holy calling." Eternal interests are involved in the discharge of its duties. Solemn, awful are its responsibilities.

The servant of God must *study* to show himself approved; "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He needs to be "thoroughly furnished."

Infinite wisdom and knowledge are not too great for such a work. How then shall he dare enter upon it with less than a thorough college education? Read Prov. ii. 1-11; specially, "The Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up *sound wisdom* for the righteous. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and equity; yea, *every* good path. *Discretion* shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee."

So powerfully were these "precious promises" applied to my heart by the blessed Spirit a few weeks since, that, as I stood in front of a mansion in one of the finest streets of a large city, and looked upon the vast wealth around me, I felt myself to be its richest inhabitant.

Glory to God! "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Said one, "The whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, has but one word for the sinners, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' But O how different the language it speaks to the Christian.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." If ye *abide* in me. An unsteady, wavering, unfaithful life destroys one's confidence in the promises, not in God, but in his own right to appropriate them.

"If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love."—John iii. 22

To the wholly sanctified soul the

promises unfold a far greater richness, and fulness and power, than to the partially saved.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." In them no spectre of deformity rises up to throw doubt upon God's word. They stagger not at the promise of God through unbelief, but are "strong in faith, giving glory to God."

In difficulty and affliction they are assured "that all things work together for good to them that love God." Do all apparent means of earthly support fail, they rely upon the word, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

God's "verily" is more to them than the wrath of man or devils. Do friends all forsake and foes all unite? "Then the Lord will take them up."

The Lord is their portion, and "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

LOVE YOUR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARY A. MORSE.

MOTHER do you love your children? To be sure I do! what mother does not? But let me ask, have you ever tested the love you bear toward your children? Will it abide through time, and eternity? or is it but a mere animal affection, that dies with time, that looks only at the outward adorning? Is your highest aim to seek what they shall wear; to make them appear gay before the public? How you will have them a little wiser than the children of some other person? I tell you, of a truth, that if this is your ambition, you are preparing your children to weep and wail with the lost. You are certainly planting within their young hearts the seeds of pride that has swept millions, and is now sweeping millions down to hell. Oh, mothers, fathers, is this love? Is that hand guided by

love that would take that innocent child and lead it in yonder burning flame? And yet it is so, thousands, both in the church and out of it, are certainly preparing their offspring for an endless eternity of suffering and torment in those hellish flames. We have the Bible to prove it. And yet they say they love them! Oh, parents do you know that you are robbing God, in that you are spending those earthly blessings He has bestowed upon you, for that which is worse than useless. And not only in this are mothers greatly in fault. Much of the existence of children is wasted in frivolous conversation, which is encouraged by the parents, joking, jesting, and evil talking. This is sin. All will be accountable in the day of reckoning, for the time thus wasted. Then is it not needful that your love be thoroughly tested? Apply the probe. Be quick—be earnest—be decisive—be firm. Stop not short of a thorough work. O remember, this work does not end with our probation, but extends on to the Judgment, and thence throughout an endless eternity.

In rearing up these little lambs for the fold of the great Shepherd, all things should be strictly done to the glory of God. You should be very careful in soothing their troubles not to excite their anger. Again be careful in their apparel. As soon as your children are old enough to comprehend your views, show them it is the Lord that commands, not you.

In making them a garment, do not put trimmings on it, the cost of which would buy two more. It is the Lord's money. In purchasing a hat, do not get flowers and ribbons enough on it to pay for one. Never deck them out with jewelry, but let all things be done decently, and in order. We believe in good taste, in neatness and in order, but not in violating God's commands. O how very careful we must be in getting these young minds in the channel of truth. We should ever bear in mind the command of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and

forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In view of the awful responsibility, I talk thus earnestly.—I know how to sympathise with you in your sacrifice of pride. The Lord brought me through the same furnace. Praise his name. Awake all ye daughters of Zion, and witness against this great evil. *Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life.*
Iona, Michigan.

A LEAF FROM MEMORY'S SKETCH BOOK.

BY JENNIE E. GOFF.

MANY would perhaps have thought it a matter of little importance; a trifling thing, to be decided by inclination only, but to me it was a peculiar and strong temptation. Proud independence was struggling against the dictates of prudence. My brain was throbbing wildly, my heart swelling with a sense of injustice, my whole frame trembling with excitement.—Stealing softly over the troubled waves, came the words—

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue,
The narrow way, till him I view."

Lowly I repeated them. "Jesus"—I saw the lowly bed in the manger, the agony in the garden, the crucifixion, the ascension, the throne, and there, beside the Father, interceding for erring ones, Christ our Saviour and elder brother. "My all"—Memory whispered of a time when earthly treasures were swept away, when my trembling soul fled to Christ for refuge from the storm, and found him all in all.

"To heaven is gone"—I saw the pearly gates, golden streets, pure white robes and glittering crowns, and listened to harps swept by angel fingers.—Jesus was there, preparing a home for me, and rest and peace would be mine at last. "He, whom I fixed my hopes upon"—Again memory told of bright earthly hopes laid low in the dust, of hours of darkness and suffering, and

then she pointed to the bright star of hope that had risen in my soul, when through the darkness of sorrows' night, I saw the glory of the cross, and recognized a loving Saviour's voice in the storm. That hope was still my own. "His track I see"—Yes, in that dear old book which had been my guide so long, I trace the record of his daily life, and that record was left for my instruction, and encouragement. "And I'll pursue the narrow way, till him I view."—Long years had passed since I entered that narrow way. Very often I had turned aside, but God in his tender pitying love and mercy, had led me away from danger I was trifling with and gladly I had said, "My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth."

Should I now, forgetting all the lessons he had taught me, turn back again, stumble at words spoken (perhaps in careless haste) by one who had been a dear friend and sister in Christ? No, the fierce excitement was all gone now, and my heart made a new covenant with God, as I again repeated "And I'll pursue the narrow way till him I view." I had been kept safely thus far, and, trusting in God, I would work bravely on. My motives might be misunderstood, the world judge me harshly, friends desert me, but God would know all, and overrule all things for my eternal good. He would lead me safely home, and there the mysteries of this shadowy life would be explained. I had heard that stanza sung in splendid churches, when costly instrumental music mingled with scores of well trained voices, and I had heard loved ones, now waiting for me on the other shore, sing it with all the exalting joy of new born souls, but never before had I realized its meaning, or felt the power of those simple words. Thank God for allowing them to be written, and for recalling them to my mind when temptation came.

Wadham Falls.

REMEMBER, a moral sinner will lie down in the same hell with the vilest.

HUNGRY FOR SALVATION.

BY REV. T. T. STEWART.

THERE came a man to my house to-day, a class leader from a circuit some twenty miles away, to obtain assistance in a revival meeting. He said, "We want you to come and preach for us, for we are hungry for salvation." "We want some salvation preaching," said he, "the field is white for the harvest, but we have not the right kind of preaching. Our preacher came to us, and commenced delivering a course of lectures, which were very learned and polished, but we told him we wanted salvation; yet he replied, I have good lectures, and have spent a great amount of time to prepare them; so I think I will deliver them. And so the poor hireling minister let the hungry souls go unfed, and sinners go to hell under his learned lectures.

But this is not the only place where people are hungry for salvation.

A few weeks since, a class leader from another charge came to me uttering the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us for we are dead, and we want salvation preached to us." How many throughout the land are hungry for salvation. Church members are perishing for salvation preaching; while a giddy, thoughtless world are rushing to endless ruin, for want of pointed, burning sermons from the ministers of the gospel.

Many ministers of the present day appear to think it incumbent upon them to read to their people upon any subject but salvation, free and full in Christ. The heavens, earth, and sea; with every field of science are ransacked for themes of discourse, while Christ and him crucified, and salvation in him, are nearly, if not entirely ignored.

We are hungry for salvation preaching; how those words ring in my ears, how they pierce my inmost soul; and move my heart of hearts. Souls hungry for salvation, and none to break the bread of life. Souls starving, dying, perishing, with none to lead them to Christ!

The Grave Yard.

BY N. BLATCHLEY.

When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.—Job xvi. 22.

Hail! graveyard, the place of my slumbering rest,

When a few more short years with their sorrows pass by;

When Jesus shall say to me, thou art but dust:

And child, though I love thee, yet thou too must die.

While I sleep with the millions who have passed on before,

The world once my home has now nothing for me,

The voice of a friend or a foe's heard no more.

Death's chamber is silent as silence can be.

The tempest in anger howls over my head,
The lightning and thunder their terror display,

Yet nothing can wake from the graveyard's lone bed,

The thunder and tempest are silence to me.

Till the earth pass away, and the heavens be no more,

Securely unmoved in the grave shall I rest,

Till the angel shall stand on the waves and the shore,

And the earth and the ocean shall give up their dust.

Then graveyard, I'll bid thee forever good bye,

Just when the archangel's dread trumpet shall roar,

Though once 'twas appointed for mortals to die,

Yet now I shall waken to sleep never more.

How strange it is that anxious souls do most of all doubt the willingness of Christ to be their Saviour; yet these should least of all doubt him. If he is a willing Saviour to any, O surely he is a willing Saviour to a weary soul.

THINGS KNOWN OF FREE MASONRY.

BY REV. L. N. STRATTON.

"You don't know anything about Masonry, you have never been in a lodge." These were the triumphant words of a lodge man to me. Yet as we talked some time on the subject he revealed some things to me. For example, a member of the Masonic Fraternity had desired, a year before, to join our church; but was restrained because a Mason. For this disappointment he flattered himself that his family would be supported, and his children educated by the Masons, if he died with threatening consumption. He died. Masons attended him the last few days of his life, and buried him with pomp in the presence of a gazing, and perhaps gratified multitude. Some weeks after his death I enquired of the Mason first above quoted if the lodge was doing anything for the widow or orphans of the deceased brother. He replied in substance, "Though she be a Mason's widow, she will get no more than funeral expenses from the treasury of the lodge. She is all right, but her husband was the only Mason in the family, and he is dead now." So here is something known of Masonry without going into the lodge. And if in an old and wealthy lodge, with a large membership, such a thing be true, is not the often proven position true, that Masonry is not even a charitable institution? In "Woodruff's Masonic Code for the Grand Lodge of the State of New York," under the head of "Charities," it is directed that "a claim for charitable relief requiring immediate action" shall be presented to a committee and reported upon, "and they shall be authorized to draw upon the funds of the lodge to an amount not exceeding five dollars for present relief." O ye Masons, who have joined the lodge, to be benefited when travelling! Suppose you lose your pocket-book in some distant city, wait till committees meet, and report to the lodge, which meets once in two weeks,

and board your families, and get "not to exceed five dollars," perhaps but one or two or three, and you will say with me, "Surely *charity suffereth long, and is kind!*"

"Don't know anything about Masonry, never been one!" Well let us see.

I told an ardent Mason of the late renunciation of a leading Mason. He asked with fervor, "How dare he do so?" I answered, "It is said that the Masons are giving intimations of evil intentions toward him, and he carries weapons of defence." He replied with feeling, "It is well enough for him."—After a pause he added without lifting his eyes from the floor, "I would not like to be in his place if they're after him, I tell *you* deliver me from that." Does not this prove the murderous intent of Masonic oaths; without going into the lodge to learn them?

I once held a meeting in a neighborhood where several Masons lived, and one of them was converted. Although he had been an enthusiast for the lodge, he felt like giving it up and joining the church. But he knew joining our church would be a *prima facie* renunciation of Masonry, and he finally, after months of meditation and watchfulness, said, "They (the lodge) are watching me with suspicion and jealousy. They have set one of my neighbors as a guard over me. If I should join the Wesleyans they would derange my business, and *grind me finer than the dust in the streets*. I am obligated to stand by them, and I can't be a traitor. *I don't know what to do.*" He spoke with great decision and emotion. Let none say we don't know anything about Masonic obligations, when a Mason confesses that if he breaks faith with them he will be ground "*finer than the dust in the streets.*" Does it not show that for his fidelity to the lodge, the Mason pledges his life—a life which he can not take without being guilty of self-murder, and which he has no right to give, save to the cause of that God who made and redeemed him? And yet "Guide book to the Ancient and Ac

cepted Rites," published by the "Masonic Publishing Company New York," defends such life and death obligations. Then do we not know some things in Masonry without joining the lodge?

Is the name of Christ mentioned in the Lodge? Masons say we do not know, because never initiated. A Chaplain of a lodge, in conversation was recently asked whether it was in accordance with Masonic usage or law to pray in the name of Christ. The careful, and quiet spirited minister answered, "I usually pray in our lodge in the name of Christ, but I do not say that it is *strictly* Masonic, I do not suppose it is." Look into any "Masonic Manual," "Free Masons' Monitor," "Free Mason Guide," "Ahimen Rezon," "Guide to the Royal Arch Chapter," or any Masonic library book, and in all the Prayers, Scripture quotations, Lectures, Charges, Rites, etc., you will find no allusions to the name of our Redeemer and Judge. I write these things not at random, but in the midst of their own publications. Indeed in the last named book above, passages are quoted from the Scripture, which in the Bible contain the name of "Christ Jesus our Lord," and in this book they are inserted with that name left out.

O ye ministers of Jesus, how can you go where your Master can not? How can you reject that "name which is above every name?" How can you see rejected, once more, that Saviour by whose mercies ye are to-day out of hell, and "by whose stripes ye are healed?" How can you see that precious gospel left out of your lodges, and another—a selfish gospel—introduced, when you know that Paul said for God, "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that we have preached, let him be accursed?" How can you see that blessed Bible mutilated by adding to its words in one place, or blotting out the name of Jesus in another, since Jesus himself hath said "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.

And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophesy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."—(Rev. xxii. 16-18.)

STOP ! STOP ! STOP !

BY T. T. STUART.

STOP, stop, your professions of holiness, you that are carnal, sold under sin, stop saying you are saved, until you show the fact by your life and conversation; say not you are saved while you indulge in anger, pride, love of the world, fretfulness and evil speaking; you profess to be a holy Christian and yet you oppose the work of God, you deny the power, you ignore the leadings of God's Spirit, you reject his teachings and conform to the fashions and maxims of the world, and yet you profess to be holy.

O ye whited sepulchers, where is your deadness to the world, your faith unfeigned, your conformity to Christ, your love for sinners, your meekness of spirit, your humility, your patience under provocation, your bitter persecution and your fullness of joy; for the holy in heart will possess all these in a greater or less degree.

Stop, stop, and look around you, examine the ground on which you stand, for it is not holy like unto the ground on which Moses stood, but it is a sandy foundation which will never stand the winds and storms of death and the judgement. O look, repent, believe and live for everlasting glory.

PRAY to be taught to pray. Do not be content with old forms that flow from the lips only. Most Christians have need to cast their formal prayers away, to be taught to cry, Abba. Arrange beforehand what you are to pray for. Do not forget confession of sin, nor thanksgiving. Pray to get your closed lips open in intercession; embrace the whole world, and carry it within the veil.

MY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

BY IRA V. ALLEN.

I HAVE thought much upon the subject of being wholly consecrated to the service of the Lord; and I find that it brings much more comfort, peace, and joy to my soul than to contemplate the pleasures and vanities of this vain world. There never has been a time when there were so many professors of religion and so little salvation enjoyed as there is at the present. What is wanted is men and women all grown up and wholly consecrated to the service of the Lord. Jesus came to save his people from their sins, and how can he save us from all our sins if we disobey the teachings and leadings of his Holy Spirit? The command of God is, go forward, and who will go? Jesus wants to lead us out into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Many say that they want to do the will of the Lord, and obey the word of life. This is the will of God, even our sanctification. Whatever the Bible teaches us it is our duty to fulfill. Whatever is made manifest is light. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

After having received this great blessing from God, of being saved from all unrighteousness, we should feel under deep concern for souls who have long been bound down with Satan's chains. If any of the readers of *The Earnest Christian* find themselves bound with the fetters of sin and death, let them arise at once and go to work, and live for God, and the good of souls. It is a positive command, "Go work to-day in my vineyard, and whatever is right I will repay thee." We need not be afraid of doing too much, for he saith: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give to every man according as his work shall be." I feel like going to work with my might, mind and strength, and while I am writing I feel the holy fire burning all

through my soul. I felt confident of this very thing that he that hath called me unto a good work is able to carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ. I find no time to falter or shrink from any duty.

A FATAL DELAY.

BY N. Y. REE.

ABOUT the year 1821-2, a revival of religion was enjoyed at the Institution, in which I was then employed as teacher. Many of the students were hopeful subjects of this revival, and several others had their attention called up, without any permanent results. Among this latter class was a young man, about sixteen or eighteen years of age, connected with the junior English department. He was a native of the same town with myself, and I had known him from his infancy. He was a young man of common abilities and of steady, regular habits. While the revival was progressing, he called upon me one day, stating that his mind had been for several days a good deal interested on religious subjects, and seeking counsel and advice. I inquired into his feelings and exercises, gave him such instruction as I thought he needed, urged him to an immediate submission to God, and at his request, engaged in prayer on his behalf, in which he also joined with apparent power and earnestness. Several days, perhaps a week or two elapsed, before I had any further conversation with him. A few Sabbaths afterwards, after the congregation had been witnessing the solemn and impressive ordinances of baptism administered to several joyous converts, I embraced the opportunity of once more talking with him upon the subject of his own personal salvation. He confessed to me—what I already had too much reason to fear—that his interest in the subject had very much abated, and he had resolved to postpone further attention to it, until he should return to his friends and enjoy the leisure which the vacation would afford. Finding myself unable to dis-

suade him from his resolution, I closed the conversation with him, with the truthful though common proverb, "Delays are dangerous."

During the following week, I saw him only as a student. The next Sabbath, which was a very hot day, in mid-summer, he attended church as usual. The discourses were such as we often hear from faithful country pastors—simple, pathetic appeals. At the usual hour in the afternoon, the members of the congregation dispersed. The heat of a burning sun had increased during the day, until it had become almost intolerable and that peculiar stillness in nature was apparent, which is said to precede earthquakes and tornadoes, in the torrid zone. At length a small dark cloud appeared in the west, rapidly increasing and frequently changing in appearance. The mist gathered upon the distant mountain tops; the lightning leaped from peak to peak, a low hollow rumbling was heard in the distance, and nature seemed preparing herself for some mighty convulsion.—Meantime the heavens gathered blackness; the bright glow of the sun was observed—the clouds assumed fantastic shapes, and darted across the heavens, from place to place, like armed hosts gathering and forming for mortal combat. Then there was the sound of a rushing, mighty wind; bending giant trees to the earth, prostrating fences, shattering buildings, and scattering the fragments of "riot and ruin" all around. The heavens became still blacker; night seemed moving over the world. Then the rolling masses above poured down their liquid contents in torrents on the earth. Then there was a gleam of vivid light, too dreadfully bright for mortal vision, followed almost instantaneously by a deafening burst, as if nature's magazine had exploded. A moment of awful suspense ensued; every eye was instinctively closed. Then came another sheet of liquid light, and another peal of deafening thunder. Every one started up in alarm. But all were yet safe, amid the fearful strife of nature's elements. But it was only for a mo-

ment. The heavens again become one broad sheet of flame, a huge ball of fire fell from the overhanging clouds, and burst with an explosion as if the last trump had sounded, and nature was dissolving. I sprang involuntarily upon my feet. Consciousness was for a moment suspended. As soon as it was restored, I rushed to the door, feeling assured that some dreadful deed of death had been done not far distant.—The clouds were still dark; and the rain descended in torrents. The ground was flooded with water, and a thick white foam covered its surface. I looked out through the misty atmosphere, and saw one of the students coming towards the place where I stood. He was without coat or hat; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and his countenance pale as marble. I spoke to him, but he answered me only by a vacant stare. I seized him, and shaking him, asked him what was the matter. He fixed his eyes on me, with a long earnest gaze; then looking back in the direction he had come, shuddered convulsively, and covering his face with his hands, burst into tears. Leaving him to the care of others, I ran to the house, whence he had come. Others nearer, had preceded me, and the first act of humanity had been done. A horrid spectacle met my eyes. Four blackened, human bodies lay extended upon the grass, in front of the house. The last electric charge had struck a tall poplar tree in the front yard, from which it was attracted by a stove pipe in the garret of the house. From the garret the fluid passed in two directions. In its westerly course it killed the lady of the house, who stood on the threshold of the chamber door, and passing along the floor, prostrated and stunned, her son, with whom she was conversing. In its easterly course it prostrated three young men in the easterly chamber, and passing down by the wall of the house, killed the father of the family, who was holding a babe in his arms, which fell upon the floor, unhurt except by the fall. Of the six that were prostrated, two were but

slightly stunned, one was resuscitated, after much effort, and the remaining three were killed. These last were the master and mistress of the house, and the student of whom I spoke of above who boarded with them. The manner in which they were severally occupied, is worthy of a passing remark. The man was a professed Universalist, and held in his hand *The Universalist Magazine*, which he had just been reading; the woman was a member of a Free-will Baptist Church; a consistent Christian, I believe; and was at that time admonishing her son for manifesting too much levity at such a fearful moment. The history of the young man who was killed, has already been partially told. The sequel is as follows:

He and two of his companions, fellow-boarders were endeavoring to beguile the time, which probably hung heavy upon their hands after church by reading a novel! This they had perused, comparatively regardless of the fearful commotion of the elements without. The book from which they were reading is entitled, "The Bandit's Bride." At the awful moment when death approached on lightning wings, this same young man was reading aloud to his companions. The last passage which he uttered and which still sounds upon the ears of his two surviving companions, was this: "The judgment of heaven would be denounced against me; my fate is fixed!" At the utterance of these fatally significant words, the book dropped from his hands; his head fell back upon his chair, his eyes closed in death; and his soul was hurried into the presence of his Maker.—When I saw him extended upon that grass plat, motionless in death, the cold perspiration started upon my forehead, a faintness came over my spirit, and I would have turned away. But it might not be so. I had performed my duty to the dead; and I assisted in the last mournful rites.—My own last words to him, "Delays are dangerous," seemed inscribed on his coffin, and engraved on his tombstone, as a warning to all that knew him.

ACCURACY OF SCRIPTURE.

WE read in Dan. v. 30, that when Darius took Babylon, Belshazzar, the king of it, was in the city, and in "that night was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans slain." Herodotus, the Greek historian, gives an account of the matter, which, until of late years, seemed totally irreconcilable with Daniel's narrative. He informs us that that Labyrinth was absent when the city was taken; that he sought shelter in Borsippa; that Cyrus attacked him there, took him, stripped him of his regal dignity, but allowed him to retire and to spend the rest of his life in ease in Caramansa. The two statements appear to be contradictory, and that the credit of historic veracity must be denied either to Daniel or to Herodotus. Thus stood the matter, when Sir Henry Rawlinson, the celebrated Oriental scholar, discovered, in his eastern researches, one of those cylinders, on which historic records used to be written in the cuneiform character by the ancients. Having deciphered the writing on this relic of antiquity, it was discovered that at the time of the capture of Babylon, referred to by Daniel and Herodotus, there were two kings presiding over the empire, a father and his son; and thus we can understand that Herodotus speaks of the father who escaped, while Daniel speaks of the son, who was slain. This unsuspected fact not only reconciles the prophet and the historian, but explains an otherwise inexplicable expression in Daniel, where it was promised to the prophet by Belshazzar that if he could explain the handwriting on the wall, he would make him the *third* ruler in the kingdom. (Dan. v. 16.) Now, why not the *second* ruler, as Joseph in similar circumstances had been made in Egypt? The cylinder answers the question; there were two kings in Babylon, and therefore the place next to the throne could be only the *third* rulership in the kingdom. A very short time before the discovery which so triumphantly reconciles the seeming

contradiction, which cast a shade of suspicion on Daniel's accuracy, Mr. F. W. Newman had written these words in Kitto's *Cyclopedia*, "No hypothesis will reconcile this account with the other;" an instructive lesson this, teaching us to give the sacred writers credit for accuracy, even though we may be unable to explain facts which seem to impeach it.—*Church Herald*.

CONFIRMATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

AFTER all the attention which has been given to Layard's discoveries among the ruins of Ninevah, we doubt whether the public mind is fully aware of the nature and extent of the confirmation which they bring to the truth of Scripture. It may be useful here to set out, in the briefest form, a specimen of some of the general results of these discoveries.

They show, in conformity with the tenor of the Scripture, that the earliest ages were not, as many think, barbarous ages; but that the races of men, originally enlightened from a Divine source, had, at first, a high degree of knowledge, which they gradually lost through their defection to idolatry. It has long been demonstrated by these excavations, not only that a high state of arts existed in Ninevah a thousand years before Christ, but also, that in the earliest ages of that city, dating but a few centuries from the flood, their sculptures were the best. In this remarkable result, the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities also agree.

It is also proved, contrary to the general impression, that idolatry was introduced when men had better knowledge of the true God than afterwards prevailed; that it did not grow up as a religion of nature, by the ineffectual attempts of men to find the true God. But it was introduced as an expedient of men in order to obscure what knowledge of God they possessed, because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge. This is shown in the fact, that the earliest representations of God found in these sculptures, are the best,

and immeasurably exceed anything of the kind existing in after ages; especially in their approach to the true idea of God. So that idolatry came in not for want of light, but by an abuse of God. Men, knowing God, became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.

The Scripture accounts of the great antiquities of Ninevah and the Assyrian Empire, agree with these records dug out of the ruins of Ninevah. The Scriptures date the building of the city not long after the flood; and by the fact that the same marble materials have been used in successive structures, and that ancient buildings have been placed on the ruins of those still more ancient, and other unmistakable indications, the conclusion is made clear, that the city had all the antiquity which the Scriptures ascribe to it.

These monuments also bear upon them the records of the fulfillment of prophecy. Nahum prophesied that the city would be plundered before it was burnt. The prophet foretold that the invaders would obtain easy access to some portions of the city; and that whenever the inhabitants should resort to the strongholds, these should be burnt. Now the ruins show just this result; that some parts of the city were destroyed by fire, and others escaped.

But a more striking confirmation is found in the fact that inscriptions on the ruins of palaces give the records of the military career of Sennacherib, with just such a series of conquests, and just such a boasting of them, as the Scriptures ascribe to him. For instance, the Bible tells us that in Hezekiah's reign, Sennacherib came up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took from Hezekiah three hundred talents of silver, and thirty of gold. Now compare this with the historical inscription on Sennacherib's palace:

"Because Hezekiah, king of Judah, did not submit to my yoke, I took and plundered forty-six of his strong fenced cities, and innumerable smaller towns, but I left him Jerusalem his capital city; and because Hezekiah still refus-

ed to pay homage, I attacked and carried off the whole population which dwelt around Jerusalem, with thirty talents of gold and eight hundred of silver."

This agrees with the Bible account, except in respect to the quantity of silver. As to this, the one account may describe what was delivered by Hezekiah, and the other the whole product of his plunder.

One chamber of Sennacherib's palace presents in sculpture and inscriptions, the siege of the Jewish city of Lachish. The king is sculptured in royal pomp on his throne, and over his head this inscription; "Sennacherib the mighty King, King of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment before the city Lachish; I give permission for slaughter." In the Scriptures the destruction of the city of Lachish is represented to have been his most difficult work; and, of course, it was a victory on which he would most plume himself, as these sculptures show that he did.

Another coincident appears in this, that in the historical sculptures there are marks of a sudden and final interruption of the work, such as would naturally follow from a violent death of the king, as is described in the Bible.

In the ruins of Babylon there is no sculptured marble. The city was built of brick. Yet the bricks often have characters stamped upon them. In one instance a huge palace is formed of bricks thus stamped; and the same characters repeated, one upon another; and these characters exhibit the name of "Nebuchadnezzar." The prominent characteristic of Nebuchadnezzar was his pride—such as was revealed in that speech: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Now these ruins of the palace, in every brick of them, give just the echo of that boasting speech. Thus, after so many centuries, God has brought forth, from the ruins of the cities, voices in response to what the inspired penman had recorded so many centuries ago.

THE VELVET CLOAK.

BY MRS. L. C. EDELER.

ELEVEN years ago, I was unconverted, and being gay and worldly-minded; I was fond of costly clothing. I wanted a velvet cloak. My husband could not afford to give it to me, but a velvet cloak I must have. We had a standing account at a dry goods store in the upper part of the city. So all the back balance for silk dresses, etc., was paid off, and thus the way was made clear for me to order my cloak. It came home, and I wore it and gloried in my shame. I made calls, and paraded up and down Broadway, and was proud of my outward adorning: but the bill was unpaid. Very shortly after, my husband lost all that he was worth. After the failure, we left New York and found a home for a time in Houston, Texas. I carried my cloak, and wore it: for a change of circumstances made no difference with me, the outward display must be made the same any how. But the unpaid bill followed us, and also letters of demand for the amount. At length either through the command of the dry goods merchant, or our own resolution, I do not recollect which, the cloak was packed and returned, and the circumstance passed from my mind.—Soon after I got under conviction, and got religion, (real religion.) Praise the Lord, and did not want any more fine clothes—was glad to part with what I had. Occasionally conviction in regard to the cloak would come to my mind, as to whether the wrong had been made fully right, but I neglected to take any step in regard to it. Last summer it was presented more forcibly, and I resolved to do what I could, knowing that I had not the means, but resolving, the Lord helping, to pay off by degrees, any account that might stand against me. Determined to call at the place one day this week, the cross was rather heavy just as I entered.—What reason had I to praise God, that with my plain pilgrim dress, and Jesus in my soul, I was so different from what I

I was when flaunting in and out of the same store some twelve years since. I recognized the proprietor, and related to him my errand. He remembered the circumstances. Worldly-minded as he is, he could not but acknowledge the reality of the Christian religion, as I told him what the Lord had done for my soul, and my present conviction of making any wrong right. And then I had the opportunity and privilege to urge him to seek his soul's salvation. He preferred fully to exonerate him from any debt, saying he could afford to lose it now. My heart was melted and grateful, and I feel inwardly to pray that he might find the Lord gracious and willing to exonerate me from all his debt of sin. Jesus blessed me, and as I left that store, and went on my way down the street, it was in giving glory to God; with his high praises in my mouth, and rejoicing in him who had loved me, and washed me in his own blood, and made me not to need any more velvet cloaks or fine dresses, but to be clothed upon with the robe of righteousness.

WHAT YOUNG MEN MAY DO.

The Presbyterian Recorder is credited with the following, showing what young men may do when they try:

Robert Murray M'Cheyne had been the means of the conversion of hundreds of persons, and had given a lasting impulse to foreign missions in the hearts of the Scotch people by his visit to the Jews on the continent of Europe and in Palestine, before he died at thirty years of age, and his biographer (Rev. Andrew A. Bonar) says:

"Perhaps never was the death of one whose whole occupation had been preaching the everlasting gospel more felt by all the saints of God in Scotland."

David Brainard kindled a flame of interest in the salvation of the poor savages of this continent, and set an example of burning zeal for Christ, which has, perhaps, beyond that of any other man, inspired and sustained others in labors for the most benighted and

degraded of our race, before he finished his brief thirty years. Jonathan Edwards, in his memoirs, says of his love, meekness, etc.: "I scarcely know where to look for a parallel instance in the present age;" and that this memory should "teach and excite to duty us who are called to the work of the ministry, and all who are candidates for the great work."

John Summerfield, whom Dr. Bethune styled "that most excellent apostolic young man," and whose labors created such an intensity of popular interest in Ireland, England, and America, did not reach twenty-eight.

Felix Neff filled the Alps with the light of the gospel, and ascended to the glory on high before he was thirty-one.

Henry Martyn died at the same early age, leaving a name precious in England, India, Persia, and wherever Christ's cause is loved throughout the world.

Walter M. Lowrie, whose life and death have so powerfully drawn the heart of the Presbyterian Church to China, was but twenty-eight when pirates drowned him in the muddy waters of the Bay of Hangchau.

Isador Lowenthal, that prodigy of talent, fervent zeal, and industry, had served the church but seven years in India before he was master of the Afghan, the Persian, the Arabic, the Cashmeri, the Hindustani languages, had translated the New Testament into the former of them, and nearly completed a dictionary of it, besides contributing a large amount of valuable matter for publication in America and in England.

Melville B. Cox. Need we call our people to the memory of this young man, whose dying utterances have not ceased to ring along the ranks of our Israel: "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up."

How animating and how encouraging are such examples! With similar ardor of love for Christ, unceasing prayerfulness, and patient perseverance in labors for good, it may be within the reach of the reader of these words to be as blessed and honored as were they.

THE FUNERAL.

JOHN COLLINS was one of the pioneers of Methodism at the West. He was a mighty man of God and successful in winning souls to Christ. Among those converted under his labors was John McLean, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He has written an interesting account of the life of Collins. Among the incidents he relates is the following, showing how he was specially led by the Spirit of God:

When the country was new and but thinly settled, Mr. Collins was riding upon the banks of the Ohio River, some thirty or forty miles above Cincinnati, in company with a friend, when they came to the forks of the road; the left hand road led more directly to their place of destination, the right was more circuitous; but Mr. Collins, against remonstrance, preferred the latter, from an impression that he did not particularly define. It led to the mouth of Red Oak, where the town of Ripley is now situated.

As they approached this point they saw a funeral procession, which they immediately joined, and followed it to the grave. It was the *first* funeral in that place. The corpse was the wife of Mr. Bernard Jackson, an avowed infidel. The scarcity of ministers in a newly-settled country often prevents the holding of religious exercises in connection with the burial of the dead, and the skepticism of Mr. Jackson may have tended to the same result. But whether he desired it or not, God had purposed that to those people who had gathered to open the first grave in their forest settlement, the gospel of Him who brought life and immortality to light should be proclaimed for the salvation of those whose probation was yet extended. The hour had come, and the messenger of God was ready with his tidings. After the grave was covered, Mr. Collins stepped forward and made known to the people that he was a preacher of the Gospel, and would then preach a sermon to all that remained.

No one went away. Solemnly and seriously they stood around the new-made grave, where one of their number had just been laid, and listened while he read from his text, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and preached to them the word of everlasting life.

The word was quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword. The circumstances of the occasion, and the manifestation of the hand of God in guiding his servant to that mourning group, added to the solemnity of the hour; and while death and judgment, and life and immortality were set before the people, all hearts were moved by the power of the truth. There were many tears and sobs in the congregation. The infidel husband was overwhelmed; and from that day and hour he renounced infidelity, shortly after became a member of the church, and lived to adorn the Christian religion, and died in peace. He had one son, who is now a traveling preacher in the State of Indiana.

Mr. Collins believed in a special Providence. The inclination to take the right hand road, he believed, was prompted by it, of which he would entertain no doubt when he saw the funeral procession and preached to the mourning crowd.

"And is this," says Judge McLean, who relates this incident, "too small a matter for Deity? Peter was called to preach to Cornelius; and his objections were overcome in an extraordinary manner. Philip, being prompted by the Spirit, joined himself to the chariot of the eunuch, and 'preached to him Jesus.' And who that believes the Bible does not believe that the same Spirit operates more or less upon Christians at the present day?"

Expect answers while you are speaking in prayer. Sometimes the vapors that ascend in the morning come down in copious showers in the evening. So may it be with your prayers.

ON DRESS.

1. MANY years ago I observed several parts of Christian practice among the people called Quakers. Two things I particularly remarked among them, plainness of speech and plainness of dress. I willingly adopted both, with some restrictions, and particularly plainness of dress; the same I recommended to you when God first called you out of the world; and after the addition of more than twenty years experience I recommend it to you still.

But, before I go any farther, I must entreat you in the name of God, be open to conviction. Whatever prejudices you have contracted from education, custom, or example, divest yourself of them as far as possible. Be willing to receive light either from God or man; do not shut your eyes against it. Rather be glad to see more than you did before, *to have the eyes of your understanding opened*. Receive the truth in the love thereof, and you will have reason to bless God forever.

2. Not that I would advise you to imitate the people called Quakers in those little peculiarities of dress which can answer no possible end but to distinguish them from other people. To be singular, merely for singularity's sake, is not the part of a Christian. I do not, therefore advise you to wear a hat of such dimensions, or a coat of a particular form. Rather, in things that are absolutely indifferent, that are of no consequence at all, humility and courtesy require you to conform to the customs of your country.

But I advise you to imitate them, first in the *neatness* of their apparel. This is highly to be commended, and quite suitable to your Christian calling. Let all your apparel, therefore, be as clean as your situation in life will allow.

I advise you to imitate them, secondly, in the *plainness* of their apparel. In this are implied two things: 1. That your apparel be cheap, not expensive; far cheaper than others in your circumstances wear, or than you would wear

if you knew not God. 2. That it be grave, not gay, airy, or showy; not in the point of fashion. And these easy rules may be applied both to the materials whereof it is made, and to the manner wherein it is made or put on.

3. Would you have a farther rule with respect to both? Then take one which you may always carry in your bosom:

"Do everything herein with a single eye;" and this will direct you in every circumstance. Let a single intention to please God prescribe both what clothing you shall buy, and the manner wherein it shall be made, and how you shall put on and wear it. To express the same thing in other words: let all you do, in this respect be so done that you may offer it to God, a sacrifice acceptable through Christ Jesus. So that, consequently, it may increase your reward and brighten your crown in heaven. And so it will do if it be agreeable to Christian humility, seriousness, and charity.

Shall I be more particular still? Then I exhort you to wear no gold, nor pearls, or precious stones; use no curling of hair, or costly apparel, how grave soever. *I advise those who are able to receive this saying*, Buy no superfluities, no mere ornaments, though ever so much in fashion. Wear nothing, though you have it already, which is of a glaring color, or which is any kind gay, glistening, or showy; nothing apt to attract the eyes of by-standers. I do not advise women to wear rings, ear-rings, necklaces, lace, (of whatever kind or color,) or ruffles, which, by little and little, may easily shoot out from one to twelve inches deep. Neither do I advise men to wear shining stockings, glittering or costly buckles or buttons. It is true these are little, very little things; therefore they are not worth defending; therefore give them up, let them drop, throw them away, without another word; else a little needle may cause much pain in the flesh, a little self-indulgence much hurt to your soul.

3. For the preceding exhortation I

have the authority of God in clear and express terms: "I will that women (and, by parity of reason, men too) adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered (curled) hair, or gold, or pearls, (one kind of precious stones, which was then most in use, put for all,) or costly apparel; but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works," 1 Tim. ii, 9, 10. Again, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting, (curling) the hair, and of gold, or of putting on of apparel. But let it be—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." 1 Pet. iii, 3, 4. Nothing can be more express: the wearing of gold, of precious stones, and of costly apparel, together with curling of hair, is here forbidden by name; nor is there any restriction made, either here or in any other scripture. Whoever, therefore, says, "There is no harm in these things," may as well say, "There is no harm in stealing or adultery."

There is something peculiarly observable in the manner wherein both St. Peter and St. Paul speak of these things. "Let not your adorning (says St. Peter) be that outward adorning; but let it be the adorning of a meek and quiet spirit." The latter clause is not added barely to fill up the sentence, but with strong and weighty reasons. For there is a direct contrariety (as little as we may suspect it) between that outward and this inward adorning; and that both with regard to their source and with regard to their tendency. As to their source, all that adorning springs from nature; a meek and quiet spirit from grace; the former from conforming to our own will and the will of man; the latter from conforming to the will of God. And, as to their tendency, nothing more directly tends to destroy meekness and quietness of spirit than all that outward adorning whereby we seek to commend ourselves to men and not to God. For this cherishes all those passions and tempers which overthrow the quiet

of every soul wherein they dwell.

"Let them adorn themselves," saith St. Paul, "not with curling of hair, or with gold, pearls, or costly apparel, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." The latter clause is here likewise added, for plain and weighty reasons. For 1. that kind of adorning cannot spring from godliness, from either the love or fear of God, from a desire of conforming to his will, or from the mind which was in Christ Jesus. 2. It no way tends to increase godliness; it is not conducive to a holy temper. But 3. It manifestly tends to destroy several of the tempers most essential to godliness. It has no friendly influence on humility, whether we aim at pleasing others or ourselves hereby. Either in one case or the other it will rather increase pride or vanity than lowliness of heart. It does not at all minister to the seriousness which becomes a sinner born to die. It is utterly inconsistent with simplicity; no one uses it merely to please God. Whoever acts with a single eye does all things to be seen and approved of God; and can no more *dress* than he can *pray*, or give alms, *to be seen of men*.

"O! but one may be as humble in velvet and embroidery as another in sackcloth." True; for a person may wear sackcloth and have no humility at all. The heart may be filled with pride and vanity, whatever the raiment be.

But can you be adorned at the same time with *costly apparel* and with *good works*? That is, in the same *degree* as you might have been had you bestowed less cost on your apparel? You know this is impossible; the more you expend on the one, the less you have to expend on the other. Costliness of apparel, in every branch, is therefore immediately, directly, inevitably destructive of good works. You see a brother for whom Christ died ready to perish for want of needful clothing. You would give it him gladly; but, alas, *it is corban, whereby he might have profited*. It is given already, not indeed

for the service of God, not to the treasury of the temple but either to please the folly of others, or to feed vanity, or lust of the eye in yourself. Now, (even suppose these were harmless tempers,) yet what an unspeakable loss is this, if it be really true, that "every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor," if there is indeed a reward in heaven for every work of faith, for every degree of the labor of love!

Secondly. 1. As to the advice subjoined, it is easy to observe that all these smaller things are, in their degree, liable to the same objections as the greater. If they are gay, showy, pleasing to the eye, the putting them on does not spring from a single view to please God. It neither flows from nor tends to advance a meek and quiet spirit. It does not arise from, nor any way promote, real, vital godliness.

And if they are in any wise costly, if they are purchased with any unnecessary expense, they cannot but, in proportion to that expense, be destructive of good works. Of consequence, they are destructive of that charity which is fed thereby; hardening our heart against the cry of the poor and needy, by inuring us to shut up our bowels of compassion towards them.

At least, all unnecessary expenses of this kind, whether small or great, are senseless and foolish. This we may defy any man living to get over, if he allows there is another world. For there is no reward in heaven for laying out your money in ornaments and costly apparel; whereas you may have an eternal reward for whatever you expend on earth.

Consider this more closely. Here are two ways proposed for laying out such a sum of money. I may lay it out in expensive apparel for myself, or in necessary clothing for my neighbor. The former will please my own eye, or that of others, the latter will please God. Now, suppose there were no more harm in one than in the other, in that which pleases man than that which pleases God, is there as much good in

it? If they are equally innocent, are they equally wise? By the one I gratify the desire of the eye, and gain a pleasure that perishes in the using; by the other I gain a larger share of those pleasures that are at God's right hand for evermore. By the former I obtain the applause of men; by the latter the praise of God. In this way I meet with the admiration of fools; in that I hear from the Judge of all, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Brethren, whatever ye are accounted by men, I would not have you fools in God's account. "Walk ye circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise;" not in those ways which God may possibly forgive, (to put things in the most favorable light,) but in those which he will certainly reward. *In wickedness be ye children still; but in understanding be ye men.* I want to see a visible body of people who are a standing example of this wisdom, a pattern of doing all things, great and small, with an eye to God and eternity.—J. Wesley.

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER.—Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles and prays, and prevails with Christ—Esau's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purposes he had had harbored for twenty years. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born. David prays—Ahithophel hangs himself. Asa prays—a victory is gained. Jehosaphat cries unto God—God turns away his foes. Isaiah and Hezekiah pray—one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians are dead in twelve hours. Daniel prays—the lions are muzzled. Daniel prays—the seventy weeks are revealed. Mordecai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Elijah prays—a drought of three years succeeds. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back; for prayer reaches eternity. The church prays ardently—Peter is delivered by an angel.—Rev. J. Ryland.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY REV. J. T. JAMES.

I was born in Loudon county, Va., of irreligious parents. No one ever spoke to me about my soul. My mother professed religion when I was about twelve years old; and though she evidently enjoyed it, yet she had not strength to talk to her husband and children about it.—When fifteen years old, I ran away from home, and started for the West with my rifle and dog, to spend my life as a hunter. This was the result of reading novels and trashy literature, which I often did all day Sunday, and many times until two o'clock at night. I got homesick and came back in a few days to find the family in great distress and my mother and sister on their knees praying for me.

I was a *Sabbath breaker*: often on that day roaming over the mountain with gun and dog, while the rest of the family were at Church. From the hills I could see them returning, and then I would slip home, put my gun away, and look as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, just as my parents reached the house, we looked up and saw the mountain on fire, which I knew at once was my work, as it was just where I had fired several times at a squirrel in a tall poplar tree. My father said he reckoned some wicked person had been hunting. We succeeded in putting it out, after it had burned over several acres of his mountain timber.

I was a *card-player*: though never for money; and often have spent much of the night, and portions of the Sabbath in this way, with my father's servant men.

I was *intemperate*: at times getting too much under the influence of ardent spirits to know precisely what I was about, though I never got into the gutter. My father was one of the most moral men, yet he kept

some ardent spirits in his house for occasional use. Upon one occasion he was reproving me for having, as he heard, purchased a bottle of liquor at a store, when I replied, that I saw no more harm in having a pint in the pocket, than a keg in the house. Often had I gone to that keg.

I was a *tobacco user*: having acquired that manly habit, as I thought, at the age of fourteen.

I was a *swearer*, and of the most awful type.

I was an *adept and ringleader in all sorts of wickedness*.

At the age of seventeen, while working in the field, I felt that hell was not far off if I continued my course. I imagined that I already heard the roar of the cataract. I promised the Holy Spirit who had followed me all my life, that I would seek religion. At that time, I was impressed that if I became a Christian I would have to preach the Gospel. I commenced immediately to seek God with all my might, and in a few days went to a Methodist Camp-Meeting, and was converted August 29, 1859. Glory to God! I soon doubted, however, and got in darkness. But a week, after the witness came, like a flash of lightning. It made quite a stir in the Camp when it was known that I was at the altar. A young man of my age, had promised his family to seek God at that Camp. I met him, learned of his purpose, and we arranged to go forward together. But when the trial came he failed. He was then a wicked youth, and after this he became worse as a matter of course.—In a year or two the war commenced; he enlisted in the Southern army—was wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, and taken to Washington, where he died without any change, so far as is known. That Camp meeting was the turning-point in his life, poor fellow, as it was in mine.

I joined the M. E. Church, though

my family were of the Baptist persuasion. By my first birth I was a sinner; by my second, a Christian and Methodist. I never neglected class. I testified and prayed in my first class-meeting. I never failed to take up my cross. I was separate from sinners. I grew in grace: I was happy in God.

During the John Brown excitement, the scene of which being only sixteen miles away, my mind was kept from it altogether. My religion at that time not only kept me from reading novels, but also newspapers. I carried my Bible in my breast pocket during the day, and slept with it under my head at night. Sometimes, as often as twice a week, I held night meetings for the colored people, mostly in a house on my father's land. What precious seasons we sometimes had! How my own soul was blessed in reading God's word to, and exhorting these poor people! On one occasion the Lord blessed us so that we protracted the meeting until 2 o'clock A. M., and then could hardly send the people home.

In 1861 Virginia seceded. I got excited at the call upon Virginia to coerce South Carolina, and enlisted in the Southern army upon the question of State Rights, not seeing then, as I afterwards did, that one of these rights was a right claimed, as in the instance of my own State, to hold more than one million human beings in slavery. Previous to the war, I was, at heart, opposed to slavery, and was again as soon as I recovered my spiritual equilibrium, which I lost soon after enlisting. I lived in a backslidden state for nearly three years. The most of this time God was with me, seeking to lead me back. He finally prevailed. I was reclaimed while in camp on the James River, near Drury's Bluff, where for ten months we did nothing but stay about camp and live on starvation rations. There in guiltiness, my soul found its way back to

God. I was happy again; and then I felt I was ready for the slaughter, for I thought my turn would come soon, nearly all my companions having fallen in the field or died in hospitals. I did not care anything about my life. But brother and I had a good mother at home praying for us, and God was watching over us. We went out as privates in the 8th Reg. Va. Infantry, and at the close of the war were Captain and 1st Lieutenant of a company which had only some five of its original members left.

When Lee surrendered, I began to see things as they were. I wiped my hands of politics forever. I was sick at heart over our failure, for about two months, when I concluded to trust God in the dark, and then my peace was restored.

I felt anxious, upon my reaching my home, to settle down upon a little farm, marry, and spend my life in quietness. But I had promised God to give my life to Him, if He spared my life through the war.— And the vow that I made while awaiting the order for the general charge at the second battle of Manassas, I sacredly kept. I was licensed as a local preacher in August, 1865. I was expecting to go to College when the war commenced. At its close, my father was not in circumstances to send me, having lost all his property save land and houses. I was taken on my circuit as junior preacher in September, and joined the Baltimore Conference, on trial, at Alexandria, in March, 1866, when that Conference connected itself with the M. E. Church, South.

My light and convictions led me on my first circuit to organize Sunday Schools for the colored people, and preach the Gospel to them, notwithstanding the inaction of my preacher-in-charge; and the opposition and reproach my course bro't upon me. But I went through, notwithstanding the names of reproach and threats of tar and feathers

God most wonderfully blessed me. Praise his Name!

In the Spring of 1868, I was sent to a mission in Alexandria. Soon after reaching there, I carried out a long-cherished purpose, and offered myself as a missionary to Africa.—The Board had not money to send me; their only foreign mission then being in a starving condition in China. Then I was directed to another subject; and soon was under strong conviction upon the subject of holiness. I was convicted by reading a book called "Perfect Love," never having heard a sermon upon the subject. But I soon found that I was not in clear justification, although I had been preaching for nearly three years, and had seen souls saved. I had not been living up to all my light. God blessed me, took away all condemnation, and gave me a good start after holiness.

I was soon led to the National Camp-Meeting, at Manheim. There in the woods, on the night of the 15th of July, all alone with God, I died. I died to home and relatives, and country, and Church, and everything else but *the will of God*, just as really as if I had gone out of the world. Then commenced a life of purity and freedom, and fulness and power, such as I never had conceived of. I went back to my charge, preached the great salvation: saw some saved; but Satan soon raised a storm. After being in the furnace for some two months, God took me out and let me cool off a little. My Presiding Elder removed, and while he was looking for another place, God gave me a good work at my old Church, in which some ninety souls professed conversion—some of them deeply saved. When I came away from Alexandria, my health was almost a wreck; but the Lord fixed me up for a while. Soon after entering upon my new circuit, my health failed entirely, and for months I was so feeble I could scarcely get about. I could not preach, and at

times could not talk, so weak were my lungs. I took medicine, which only afforded temporary relief. I got a little strength, went to Conference: was kept in perfect peace while my case was receiving especial consideration in view of my course in the past year, and while "looking for comforters" among a body of 160 ministers, found only one who seemed to know anything of the joys and sympathies of full salvation. After it was shown what a soldier I had been, my character was passed.

I went back to my circuit as junior preacher; went to work, and soon broke down. I saw I had the consumption, and was impressed I must die soon unless something was done. My lungs were diseased and closing up; my nervous system was broken down, and my bones and muscles were becoming stiff with rheumatism, partly the result of exposure and sleeping in the water during the war.

A short time before this I had subscribed for the *Earnest Christian* through which I learned of the Free Methodists. In the April No, I read an article by Orpha Pelton—"How Jesus made me whole"—in which she told how she was healed. I was deeply impressed. I thought that what God had done for one of His children in the 19th century, He would for another. The next day I sought Him alone in my room.—And on the 17th day of April 1869, I was as whole, and free from pain as when I came into the world.—Glory to God! This was striking another vein of salvation. I wondered what was to come next. This work of God upon my body made me still more like a fanatic to those people whose eyes were blinded by the god of this world. But I went over the country preaching salvation for soul and body and showing myself for a testimony of these things. My clear strong voice was alone sufficient evidence of the miracle. But many were offended.

About this time I was seriously exercised as to the propriety of my remaining in a church whose past record was black with sin and red with blood, and where I was opposed and prosecuted in my own experience, and hindered and pulled down in my own work. After much prayer and fasting I felt I must leave the church, South. I also was impressed that I must join the Free Methodist Church, which I recognized as the rallying point of a *demoralized church*. I told the people of my determination, preached my last sermon in reply to my P. E. as he sat before me, at a Quarterly Meeting he having taken issue with me in his sermon the day before in regard to the truth I preached, packed my trunk, wrote a farewell letter home, and started on my noble horse for New York, with five dollars in my pocket and the glory of God in my soul.

But on the way I got tempted, was turned aside, halted at Philadelphia, heard some things about Free Methodist's that prejudiced me, and concluded I had made a mistake in starting to join them. I then concluded that I was to be an evangelist, go back to Virginia, and do a work there, especially among the colored people. I reached my home, and went to work. Soon the Lord opened my way to go to Round Lake on a tour of observation as I afterwards saw. While it was a sweet place to my soul, still my eyes were not blind to the spurious holiness professed and taught by many on that ground. The Lord had taught me much in twelve months. On my way down to Hudson, I met with W. Gould, a minister of the Free Church. What he told me soon convinced me that my prejudices against that Church were unfounded. I saw the hand of the Lord in this meeting. I went on South, intending if the Lord willed to come North, to the Free Methodist Camp-meeting at Harpersville.

I spent three weeks in Virginia, laboring mostly for the colored people. I found the way to work among the whites closed up. The Lord had been taking away my influence for some time. New prejudice had done its work.

Nearly every day I went up into the mountain to pray over my future course. I felt the Lord wanted me to leave my home and go among strangers, that my turning aside before was a mistake, which He however would overrule for good. He had permitted me to come back home and die out fully among the people so that I could see that there was no door open for me there. And so I had to die a little more there in the mountain. But Jesus was there with me and showed me what a privilege it was to suffer with him in having no home. O, how He did draw my soul after Him! He told me He would be all things to me, and would raise up kind friends where I was going. And He gave me Abrahams's promise to start with. "Thou shalt be a blessing." Gen. 12 2. The last Sabbath in Virginia, I went in the morning to church. I felt I wanted to endure a little more reproach for Jesus before leaving. I sat in the congregation in my old church during the entire services without being noticed by the minister. This was in the church where I had joined and went to class, and commenced preaching, and where a large majority of the persons then in the house had professed religion under my ministry. But many faces looked coldly on me that day. This was a point where I had held my ground when the devil had destroyed my influence every where else.—However here "I looked for some one to take pity and there were none." But I could look up and say, "Even so Father." And O how Jesus did bless me; so that while they thought they were looking down upon a fallen one, whose only crime was separation from a time serving

church and working for a poor neglected people, it was with Jesus, looking down upon them and pitying them in my soul. That afternoon I preached my last sermon to the colored people under the trees. O how the Lord did manifest His presence! Bless His name!

On Monday my way was opened to go North. I packed my trunk, and leaving my horse to be sold, started the next morning for Harpersville, reaching there on Thursday. *There I found the people I long had sought.* As I stood up and joined in with them I never was more conscious of the sweet approbation of my Lord.

Thus was I saved, and led to a saved people, among whom I expect to live and die. I am "*saved*" blessed be God, and not only so, I am "*gathered.*" I Chron. 16: 35

I quit chewing tobacco when I commenced preaching. I ceased smoking soon after, but a P. E. coming along with his pipe, I backslided. However I soon quit again, and forever. I am saved from wine and cider and all such things. I am saved from all that excites the nerves and gives a false stimulus to the system, such as Coffee and Tea, though in these I do not judge others. I am saved from eating and drinking to excess, and from the general neglect of fasting. I am saved from worldly conformity in dress, manners and conventionalities. I am saved from a worldly spirit, and therefore have no trouble with the "*old man's deeds.*" A dead bird has no use for feathers. I am saved from *secret societies*, and from fellowship with anything that can't stand the light. For the same reason, I am saved from Politics. Secret societies ignore Jesus Christ. I ignore secret societies. Politicians are corrupt—are wirepullers, and hold secret caucuses. I ignore politicians. Earthly governments ignore Jesus Christ. I ignore earthly governments, save always being "in sub-

jection to the powers that be." I am saved from war. I would lose my life sooner than go to war, or justify others in going under any circumstances whatever. This is a great salvation for which I praise the Lord. Many who are saved in much fail here, and involve their hands in blood, or what is worse, justify others in doing it. Jesus says to me: "*Put up thy sword*"—"Resist not evil"—"*Be harmless as doves.*"

Yes I love my Lord and all His ways. I love His blessed will, for though He killed me yet He raised me up again and into a blessed fellowship with Him. I am in perfect sympathy with my blessed Lord.

"I love to kiss each print where Christ
Did set His pilgrim feet;
Nor can I fear that blessed path
Whose traces are so sweet.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is his good,
And unblest good is ill:
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will."

And now I have begun to live.—
Life is so sweet, for it is Jesus living
in me. Christian reader, "magnify
the Lord with me, and let us exalt
His Name together." And I will
go on my pilgrim way, singing my
pilgrim song:

Thy holy will be done, not mine;
Be suffered all thy holy will.
I dare not, Lord, the cross decline;
I will not lose the slightest ill,
Or lay the heaviest burden down.
The richest jewel of my crown.

Sorrow is solid joy, and pain
Is pure delight, endured for Thee;
Reproach and loss are glorious gain,
And death is immortality:
And who for Thee their all have given,
Have nobly bartered earth for heaven.

Saved is the life or Jesus lost,
Hidden from earth, but found in God.
To suffer is to triumph most:
The highest gift on man bestowed:
Seal of my sure election this—
Seal of my everlasting bliss."

Editorial.

Reformations.

It has become popular to have revivals. Nearly all denominations labor to promote them. Even the Roman Catholics hold protracted meetings, and send Evangelists from city to city to propagate their doctrines.

The great drawback to these revivals, whether among Protestants or Catholics, is that too often they are not accompanied with reformations. They bear a much greater resemblance to the system of proselytism carried on with so much zeal and success by the Pharisees than they do to the comparatively unsuccessful efforts of the Saviour to promote the self-denying religion of the cross. The converts are as worldly-minded as ever. They do not even aim to overcome the world. They follow its fashions and are governed by its maxims. They are as much conformed to the world as if the Scriptures commanded it, instead of uttering against it a stern denunciation. The word of God as the standard of faith and practice, is practically set aside. The world insinuates itself into the church, obtains the mastery over it, and lays down the laws by which it is to be governed. Pride reigns where humility should prevail: God is dethroned by Mammon. This is done—not by the open attacks of the world—for these would be resisted—but by bringing the world into the church. Had the Irish Catholics attempted to gain the control of the city of New York, by open assaults of fire and sword, they would doubtless have been successfully resisted. But by coming into the city in swarms, and taking upon them the obligations of citizens and gaining control of the ballot boxes they are enabled to levy contributions at pleasure upon the property of the inhabitants. The city government itself has become little better than a conspiracy against the property of the citizens. Similar tactics are employed for the overthrow of Christianity. Members of other and antagonistic societies, such as Masonry, are freely admitted, until religion is made the hand-

maid of worldly policy and the church becomes tributary to the lodge.

Now what is wanted is a real, radical, thorough reformation—such as they had on the day of Pentecost—such as they had in the days of the Wesleys. A reformation is demanded that vindicates the authority of God and the essential equality of man in the right of God—that does away with the spirit of caste in the house of God,—a reformation that makes men honest in all the relations of life—that will not allow them to amass wealth either by themselves violating the commands of God or hiring others to do it—that makes employers considerate of those under their control, and makes the employed careful of the interests of their employers as though they were their own; that makes men absolutely refuse to assist in elevating those to office who will use their influence for the spread of drunkenness and corruption. The Bible Standard of Christianity must be reared. The people must be taught that the religion of the day is not true religion. As President Finney says, *Until we can put away from the minds of men the common error that the current Christianity of the church is true Christianity, we can make but little progress in converting the world.* These are weighty words. Lay them up in your heart.

Do you want to see in your day and generation such a reformation as we have hinted at? We take it for granted that you do. There is a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the state of piety that so generally prevails.

If you would see such a reformation, then give yourself to God to promote it. An ordinary consecration will not answer. You must set yourself apart, to do the work which you see needs to be done. If you are a preacher—one whom God has called to the work, you may, by *His* blessing, and co-operation, which may be easily secured, promote such a reformation. It matters not what are your talents or your education; these have far less to do with the matter than is generally imagined. Weak things of the world confound the mighty when God chooses them for this purpose—not otherwise. If God has

called you to labor in His vineyard, then go to work; if not then get out of the way and make room for heaven commissioned men. There is no calling on earth higher than that of the Ambassador of God, who speaks His word faithfully. There is nothing that passes for respectable that degrades a man lower than preaching for money. If your main object is to get a living or to make money then go into some honest business, but do not seek to make a gain of godliness. But if God has called you to the work of saving souls then trust in *Him* and go at your work. Do it thoroughly, and confidently look for success, God will never fail you; He give you the wisdom that will enable enable you to win souls.

If you are not a preacher in the ordinary sense of the term, still there are many ways in which you can preach. You can do to it individuals. You can do it by bearing a faithful testimony against the superficial religion of the age. You can do it by circulating books, tracts and publications that arouse the conscience and lead the soul to God. Perhaps in your own denomination there are ministers who cry aloud and spare not. You can avail your self of their labors. Through their instrumentality you can pour the truth upon the hearts of the people.

Then do not lie down in discouragement. God has not given you light that you should put it under a bushel. *Arise and shine.* Stir up yourself and stir up others to lay hold on God.

Holding Out.

After having started in the divine life there is nothing like holding out to the end. It is the latter part of a race that decides the contest. It was the last few hours of fighting that turned the scale at Waterloo in favor of Wellington; and that enabled Sheridan to snatch the victory from his opponents in the valley of the Shenandoah. *HE THAT ENDURETH TO THE END SHALL BE SAVED.*

If you were floating upon a wreck and should see your comrades, one after another relaxing their hold and sinking to a

watery grave, it might awaken your fears, but you would only hold on the firmer while your strength remained. It is enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart, to see what numbers, who for years lived near to God, compromise at last, and either openly go over to the world or fall into a state of lukewarmness that renders their damnation none the less certain, though they reach it through a more respectable route. We can point you to scores of ministers who were once a power for God in the land who either do not preach at all or if they do open their mouths, in the name of God, they do it in such honied tones as not to disturb the repose of those who are asleep in Zion. Some cater to the proud and seek positions in fashionable churches; some had joined the lodge and proclaimed concord between Christ and Belial; some have become immersed in politics; and others have gone into the life insurance business—a business which affords respectable employment to many backslidden preachers.

Beloveds, shall we hold on to our integrity to the last? We may. It is God's will that we should. He is able to keep us from falling and to present us faultless before the throne.

But if we would hold out, we must guard especially against a love of ease and self-indulgence. The battle is not so much to be dreaded as the victory that follows,—prosperity destroys far more than persecution. After years of conflict, the energies of the body clamor for repose and the appetites for indulgence.

The devil will try just as hard to induce those who have laid in a large stock of grace, as those who have laid up a large stock of gold, to say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Yield to this temptation, and you are lost. Past experience is valuable, as it gives us confidence to look for present blessings. But we cannot live upon it. "Give us this day our daily bread." Our motto must ever be, ONWARD and UPWARD. We must take the kingdom by force. Let the Master's words ever ring in our ears, *BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE.*

Sending for a Physician.

A correspondent inquires, "If, when our friends are sick and we cannot get help from the Lord for them, is it right to send for a physician?" Certainly. There is nothing in the Bible against it, and the Spirit of the Lord will, under such circumstances, generally lead one to do it. Not that there is much probability of their recovery, but it is a comfort to the bereaved to know that they have done all that lay in their power. Those who die, generally die under the doctor's care. This is the orthodox method of leaving the world. If any are permitted to die in any other manner, their friends are very liable to be reproached for neglecting them.

Faith for the sick cannot be exercised at will. It is a special gift for each special occasion. Because you have strong faith to pray for the sick on one occasion that is no evidence that you will have the same faith at another time. You may desire their recovery ever so much, but anxiety is not faith, though it is sometimes mistaken for it. If you live near to God and walk closely with him, He will lead you to do what is best to be done under the circumstances. Having done the best you can, leave the event with him to whom belongs the disposing of the matter. Do not give place to self-accusations, or the reproaches of the devil.

Dedication at Buffalo.

The new Free Methodist church at Buffalo, was dedicated on Thursday evening the 21st of October. The congregation was large and attentive. A deep interest was manifested. The building is of brick, forty-two feet by seventy; two stories high. The lower story is divided into a large prayer room and two class-rooms. The upper story is the main audience room. It is as plain as a Quaker could ask for, and yet as pleasant and comfortable as any who wishes to worship God, could desire. The entire cost of the edifice was about eight thousand dollars. About one thousand dollars were pledged at the dedication,

leaving about sixteen hundred dollars to be provided for.

The society is united, spiritual, and alive, and under the faithful labors of their pastor, Rev. A. F. Curry have, we have no doubt, by the blessing of God, a year of prosperity before them.

We know of no church that has been instrumental in doing more good during the same length of time than has the Free Methodist church of Buffalo, and we trust that God will continue to bless abundantly their efforts for the salvation of souls.

To Subscribers.

WITH one more issue the year closes. We trust you have been sufficiently profited by a perusal of our pages to continue to favor us with your patronage and support.

When the time for which any of our subscribers has paid has expired we will continue to send the *Earneſt Chriſtian* to them for one year unless directed to discontinue. We take it for granted that all our subscribers wish to continue with us unless we are informed to the contrary. It is impossible to please every one, but we find that this plan gives the most general satisfaction.

So if your subscription expires with the December number and you should wish to discontinue please inform us by letter. Some are yet in arrears. Beloved, *we greatly need all that is over-due.* Will you please forward without delay.

Be particular and give your Post-office.

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

Chili Seminary.

Our building is now completed. The bills are due and must be paid. Relying upon God and the people we have pushed this enterprise to completion, believing that it is for God's glory and the good of souls. The burden upon us has been, and still is very great; at times, almost crushing. No one besides has assumed any pecuniary responsibility. We have been upheld by the prayers and the contributions of the saint of God. But we still need help. The pressure is yet upon us. Quite an amount—enough to relieve us from present responsibilities has been pledged—but not paid. We doubt not but that every one of you has a good excuse for the delay. But it will be much easier for each of you to lift a little than for us to carry alone the accumulated load. Perhaps some can help us who have not yet engaged to do so. Assistance from such sources will be none the less acceptable. Let your prayer be, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" Then act promptly and you shall in no wise lose your reward. The building is to be dedicated the 16th of November, the term is expected to commence the 17th of November. Board will be furnished in the building at actual cost. Tuition at the usual rates. Rev. George W. Anderson of New York city is principal. Efficient teachers are secured; and every effort will be made to render the school deserving the patronage of all who wish to give their children a sound Christian education. It is located in a healthy, pleasant region ten miles west of Rochester on the Buffalo division of the New York Central railroad.

DYING TESTIMONY.

MARY B. HUSTON died at her residence, Coral, October 20, 1869, aged 61 years.—She first experienced religion in the year 1829, in Peru, N. Y., and connected herself with the church of which her father was pastor, he being ordained by Bishop Asbury. She continued a faithful and consistent member up to the time of her removal to Coral, Ill., and was the first one to join the F. M. Church when the society

was first organized in that place. She was up to the time of her death a warm-hearted and whole-souled Christian, and a devoted lover of our dear people. Her life has been characterized by much suffering, she having been heavily afflicted for more than thirty-five years, with but very little abatement to her pain; but during all these years the Lord has wonderfully sustained her, making her shine in the furnace as gold, seven times purified. She has never been known to murmur or "wish her sufferings less." Her death was exceedingly triumphant and happy. For some time before she calmly resigned her spirit into the hands of her Father, her experience was rich and impressive.

"Not a cloud did arise,
To darken the skies,
Or hide for one moment,
Her Lord from her eyes."

To all who visited her she spoke of the love of Jesus, telling them how precious it was to have him for her Saviour.

She was particularly anxious about the conversion of her children, making them subjects of special, earnest prayer. Almost her last words were, "tell all my children that I love them. They are more to me than my life, and I would like to meet them all in glory." Her mind was exceedingly clear up to the last. As the period of her death drew near, she was consciously aware of its approach, and with a joyous countenance and exultant hope she exclaimed, "I am all right now," when immediately after, she peacefully fell asleep in the arms of the Saviour. Her funeral sermon was preached in the school house adjoining her late residence. An impressive and solemn feeling was manifest during the address.

LOVE FEAST.

URIAH WARRINGTON.—I know that Jesus saves me to-day. O yes, yes, yes. O Bro. Roberts, I know nothing but Jesus. I want nothing but Jesus. I have nothing but Jesus. Glory, glory, glory.

If any one is curious to know if my life is all sunshine, tell them for me that I have the scars of the conflict all over me.

EDNA A. SNOOK.—My soul doth magnify the Lord, for I have been redeemed.—Glory to God, how precious Jesus is to me. I praise the Lord for what he does for me. He keeps my soul in perfect peace, and says to me. "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end." My soul feels rooted and grounded in God more firmly than ever before.—Oh, how I love the abiding presence of Jesus. I expect to get clear through to the end of the race through the grace of our Lord Jesus.

Binghamton, N. Y.

MARY A. GITCHELL.—I have tried to labor for my Master's cause, but I now feel as though I had never done any thing. I know that "Jesus paid it all, all to him I owe," and I praise his name that I can say. "Glory to God! I'm at the fountain drinking." I have been a soldier in the army of King Jesus for quite a long time; and, bless his precious name, he is promoting me all the time. I get better pay as I go along, and soon I shall come into possession of life everlasting—of Jesus—of heaven.—Who would not be willing to fight hard battles here a little while for such a reward? Earnest Christian, I bid you a fervent God speed, for eternity alone will reveal the influence you are exerting in inspiring new life in many hearts.

Mishwakie, Ind.

MRS. S. M'CREARY.—Thirty years this day, the Lord for Christ's sake pardoned all my sins.

"My chains fell off and I was free.

I rose, went forth, and followed thee."

The experience of the past year has been the best of my life. Am learning to walk as seeing him who is invisible, looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. My soul dwells in the secret place of the Most High. My feasting is upon hidden manna. The joy of the Lord is my strength. The Lord is my Rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. I have waited upon the Lord, and he has strength-

ened my heart. His praise is continually in my mouth. I am compassed about with songs of deliverance. Blessed be my Rock.

Ridge, N. Y.

AMBROSIA M. STINER.—I praise the Lord for what he has done for me. I know that there is power in Jesus' blood to cleanse us and keep us clean. Blessed be his name. Jesus saves me this morning, soul and body. He saves me from the least desire to compromise so far as to give the devil any quarters. The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Glory be to God in the highest.—Peace on earth, and good will toward men.

MRS. J. C. FOSTER.—I want to tell you how much I love the *Earnest Christian*. How it does my soul good to read its holy teachings, and how it incites me to a more holy life before God. I believe in holiness of heart, and I do praise the Lord that I know something of its sweet experience; and I love all those that enjoy the same precious grace, and that strive to induce others to come up to their privilege as it is in Christ. Long may the *Earnest Christian* live to do battle for the right.

Wellsville, Pa.

JACOB HUNTSINGER.—Glory to God!—This evening the love of Jesus flows through all my soul, filling every avenue of my heart. I am completely happy in my Saviour. My peace flows as a river. This evening, while in secret prayer, I was taken up on Pisgah's lofty heights and permitted to see the inheritance reserved. Praise the Lord. My cup was full, and running over. Oh how sweet thus to feast with Jesus, the fountain of all my joys. I have all upon the altar without the reserve of anything. I now tell Jesus everything; and I am his for time and eternity and it is my meat and drink to do his will. Oh how I love the way of holiness—a state of entire sanctification. Oh that all would taste and see that Jesus is precious. By his assisting grace I shall follow in his footsteps until I hear his blessed voice. Enough.—Come up higher. Glory hallelujah.

Hagerstown, Ind.