

The Earnest Christian

AND GOLDEN RULE.

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FEBRUARY, 1870.
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JOB'S COMFORTERS.

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BY THE EDITOR.
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If you are a child of God, you may expect trials. They will certainly come. They are unavoidable. You cannot run away from them. You may remove your residence, and get away from your old neighbors, but you cannot get away from trials. They will follow you like your shadow. You cannot shun them by skilful management, or artful dodging. Wherever you go, or whatever you do, they will be sure to find you. They are a part of the legacy of the saints—a light mortgage on an inheritance of untold value.

The Bible holds out no false pretenses. It tells all who would run for a crown of life, to count the cost. *In the world, ye shall have tribulation.*—John xvi. 33. *We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.*—Acts xiv. 22. The saints of whom honorable mention is made in the Bible, were tried in almost every possible manner. Abraham was called "the friend of God;" but his life was one continued trial of his faith. Job was a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil.—Job i. 8. There was not a flaw in his

character. Yet calamities of the most appalling character overwhelmed him. His children, dearer than life, were hurried to an untimely death; disease covered him, till every nerve in his body became a highway for pain to travel on; his wife, the companion of his bosom, turned against him. In his experience, it was seen that

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

His friends came to comfort him. Their friendship was more than ordinary, or they would not have gone near him in his troubles. They evidently wished to do him good. But they took it for granted that because he was distressed, he was therefore sinful. They made elaborate speeches, to convince him that his afflictions were a certain evidence that he was secretly wicked.

You will doubtless have just such comforters when tribulations come upon you. Satan will accuse you with sufficient severity, and they will help him in his accusations. They will set you to look for some sin as the cause of all your troubles. And you will doubtless find enough to plunge you into deeper and darker distress. When you tried to resist temptation with all your might, you may discover that you yielded some, if not fully. And then,

how many sinful thoughts have floated through your mind! And what mistakes, Satan will tell you that you have made, even when you sought direction from above, and honestly endeavored to do the best you could. You are conscious of your general integrity, and feel that if you have not honestly and earnestly sought the Lord, there is no use in your trying. So Satan will endeavor to push you to despair.

Now turn from these suggestions to the word of God. This teaches, that,

1. TRIALS ARE NECESSARY. *Though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations.*

—1 Pet. i. 6. *My brethren count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.*

—James i. 2. Trials are needed to test the genuineness of your conversion. While the rain falls daily, the wheat looks green on the stony ground that has not been broken up; but when the drouth comes, the burning sun scorches it, and it dries up. So it is with many converts. They run well while the crowd looks on and applauds; but when fidelity to Jesus and His truth exposes them to persecutions, they give up and turn back into the popular road. Bubbles look well while they last, but they cannot stand pressure. Multitudes abandon the way of life, because in reality they were never in it. They never passed through the strait gate—never fully renounced the world. Their repentance was superficial—their conversion spurious.

But there is constant danger that those who were really converted should backslide from God. Almost insensibly, they may lose their first love.—But how should we know whether we have genuine grace, unless it is tested?

Trials are necessary to our spiritual growth. Without them, we can no more make progress, than a sail vessel can without wind. Plants require, for a vigorous growth, not only heat and moisture, but dark nights and bracing winds. Hot-house plants are proverbially tender. The hardy oak grows where the storms have free play among its branches. So the disciples of Christ, who become strong to do and to endure, are the men and women who bear patiently the afflictions of the Gospel,—those whom opposition does not daunt nor disappointments discourage.

2. THE TRIALS OF THE SAINTS ARE ONE EVIDENCE THAT GOD LOVES THEM. The almost uninterrupted prosperity of the wicked, has been a fruitful source of temptation to God's people in all ages. The Psalmist says, *But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.*—Ps. lxxiii. 2, 3. *Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches.*—Ps. lxxiii. 12. Read also, Job xii. 6, Job xxi. 7–15, and Jer. xii. 1, 2. God lets the wicked have their portion in this life; but He has prepared something better than this world can furnish, for His children. And they can afford to wait. He gives them trials, to wean them from the love of the world; to correct whatever He sees is wrong in them; and to draw them nearer to Himself. *For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.*—Heb. xii. 6. God never trifles. When He lays on the rod, we always feel it. And no child of His escapes. Sooner or later, all feel the chastening strokes of our Father

Do not, then, faint when trials come. Let nothing dishearten or discourage you which Job's comforters can say. If your hands hang down, lift them up, and God will put new strength into them. These grievous trials are an evidence that God has not forgotten you. He has some lesson for you to learn. Find out what it is. There is some appetite for you to subdue, some cross for you to take up, or some labor for you to perform in the Master's vineyard which, when done as God directs, will bring a glory into your soul which you never knew before.

BELoved, THINK IT NOT STRANGE CONCERNING THE FIERY TRIAL WHICH IS TO TRY YOU, AS THOUGH SOME STRANGE THING HAPPENED UNTO YOU: BUT REJOICE, INASMUCH AS YE ARE PARTAKERS OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS; THAT WHEN HIS GLORY SHALL BE REVEALED, YE MAY BE GLAD ALSO WITH EXCEEDING JOY.—2 Pet. iv. 12.

FORGETTING GOD.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

TO FORGET GOD—not to defy him—not to deny him,—but to forget God, is a great sin. Those guilty of it shall be so cursed, that they shall be as a rush without water. So says the Bible.

Forgetting God is, perhaps, the sin of the day. Vast masses of respectable, well-meaning people, who do not mean to be classed with great sinners, are guilty of this sin. They never think of God, of his law, or of their duty to serve him. When waked up to think upon the subject, you can see that they mean well, but the mind is so overworked in thinking worldly thoughts, that God has no chance. So many things claim their attention, that God is crowded out.

First of all, then, is business. It must be attended to. Then there is

the daily paper. It must be read.—Then a favorite weekly. Then the last sensational novel, or book of travel.—Then the lecture, one a week or so.—Then the concert. Then the minstrels, and Tom Thumb, and the Division, and Lodge, and Encampment, and the sociable, and reunion, and the wood and tin and silver and gold wedding, and the thousand and one other matters of profit and amusement, that some people try to attend to. Many hurry from one to another of these, from Monday morning to Saturday night, eleven o'clock and fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds, and then drop into bed, worn out, and getting up towards meeting time Sunday morning, manage to get into church, perhaps, while the Scripture lesson is being read, and sitting down, present their closed eyes to the blessed truths the minister may utter, and encourage him wonderfully by their sleepy nods. God is not in their thoughts. They have taken such big contracts from the world, that they cannot even think of God, to say nothing of working for him. Much that passes for *harmless* in the world, has *damnation* in it, because it leads people to forget God. Many ministers, and other well-meaning people, are too blind to see this. After examining an amusement or measure, and finding no positive evil in it, they label it, "*Harmless*," not perceiving that anything that absorbs time and thought, to the neglect of God, is not harmless. Whole churches are dying now, because their members have so much employment of the above kind, that they have no time to think or work for God.

Labor, business, must be attended to within proper limits, of course; but after that, if you serve God as you ought, you will have but little time for amusement, and pursuits of mere taste and pleasure.

DON'T FORGET GOD.

WE should fear to think that before God, which we are afraid to do before man. God knows our hearts, better than any man knows our faces.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZABETH WHITMORE.

I CANNOT tell the time that I was not convicted of my sins; although, like many others, I did not yield to my convictions. I many times felt the chastening hand of the Lord laid upon me. I vowed, and neglected to pay my vows. How merciful my blessed Saviour was, that he did not cut me off in my sins! About twelve years ago, my convictions became so deep that I was led to yield. I sought for peace with God; but it appeared that there was no peace for me. I joined the M. E. Church, and about three months after, I attended a Quarterly Meeting, and partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. When I arose, it appeared my sins would weigh me to the floor. Darkness overshadowed me. I could but say, "Lord, have mercy upon me!"

I could not eat nor sleep for three days. My plea was, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" On Tuesday, about ten o'clock, while sitting all alone in my house, no one near but my blessed Saviour, he spoke peace to my soul. O, precious moment, when Jesus washed my sins away, and made me rejoice in his love!

Since that time, I have never entirely lost sight of my Saviour. I have sometimes been low in the valley, and sometimes on the mountain-top.

In 1866, while attending a protracted meeting, the Lord again blessed me. Such a blessing, I had never felt before. My soul was filled with the glory and love of God. Praise the Lord for the riches of his grace in my heart! It was a continual feast to my soul. I could praise him all the time. I would awake, sometimes shouting or praying, and sometimes singing the praises of God. I enjoyed this fullness of love about two years. I must, with shame and sorrow, confess I lost this love.— Sometimes I could rejoice and feel happy. I knew I did not enjoy what I once did.

I lived on in this way until last fall,

a year ago, the Free Methodists came in our neighborhood, and preached. I went to hear them, for I always went to meeting when I could. I never was a prejudiced person. I love to hear the gospel preached, and I was very much taken with the Free Methodists. I felt that they were God's people, and I wanted to go with them. I attended their meeting, and the Lord blessed me—glory to his holy name forever! Love and praise belong to my blessed Saviour. The tenth of last January, I joined the Free Church. The Lord again blessed me—praise his holy name! He gave me my companion to go with me, and has made my house a house of prayer—glory to God in the highest!

I sought the Lord for a pure heart. He gave it me—praise his holy name! He cleanses me from all sin. He washes me in his own precious blood. He saves to the very uttermost. While I write, my soul rejoices in love to God. I have sweet peace within my breast. He feeds me in the green pasture; he leads me beside the still waters. I feel that I am growing in grace daily. My faith grows stronger, my hopes grow brighter. I never saw the way so narrow before; but oh, it is paved with glory all along! I am a pilgrim now, and on the narrow way that leads from earth to glory, with Jesus for my leader. He is the sure foundation-stone, upon whom I build my hopes.

"I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But just rely on his blessed name;
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Bethel, Iowa.

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.*

NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.

BY REV. G. R. SNYDER.

I HAVE a being, but not by my choice or agency, or in any way that involves my responsibility. I have not been consulted as to whether I should be born, or if at all, when or where, or how I should be constituted, endowed or surrounded. I am a child of fallen progenitors, and am inherently depraved—inclined and impelled to evil. I live, but must die; and my future depends upon the present, and will be infinitely happy or miserable—and that without change or cessation to all eternity—according as I make a good or bad use of the present life. These are matters over which I have no control. It is not within the range of human power to change any of them. The only wise course is to accept and conform to them.

But am I therefore wronged? Is my lot necessarily a hard one? Have I just ground of complaint? I would have, if adequate help was not afforded me. And if any child of Adam, is uncovered by atonement-provision, or is held to account beyond the light of his dispensation, or the helps to recovery afforded him, then, indeed, his is a hard case, and he has just ground to complain of injustice. But my case is fully met. True, I cannot help my existence; but I can prevent its being a miserable one. I may render it immeasurably happy, and infinitely desirable. Whether I should start life with a depraved nature, was not optional; but whether I retain my depravity is,—and if I do, it is by my choice, and is my fault. I am an intelligent, moral, responsible being, and cannot help being accountable for my moral conduct; but I can have the pardon of all my sins—a regenerated nature, even, to the extent of being cleansed from all sin; can avoid sin, and do good; can love God and my fellow-man; can live free from condemnation, and with good hope of the Judge's approval in the great day. I am exposed to the assaults of the

tempter, and shall be while in the world. But God is pledged that I shall not be tempted above what I am able, but will with the temptation make way to escape, that I may be able to bear it. I am in an unfriendly world, and must be till removed by death; but all things work together for good to them that love God. To love God is my privilege, and is a source of rich enjoyments—of invaluable helps and inestimable good. While I love God, he will do me no harm; and not only will not permit anything else to harm me, but will enable me to lay under tribute all the adverse and unfriendly things that fall to my lot. All things that consist with loving God, shall work together for good. I cannot help dying; but death does not end existence—it only changes its mode. In the Christian economy, death ceases to be an evil. It is the curtain that conceals heavenly glory—the door opening to endless felicity. Job could say, "I would not live away;" and Paul, "To me, to live is Christ, to die is gain," and, "To depart and be with Christ is far better."

The full completion of salvation will be the resurrection. This will finally and entirely reverse the law of sin, and undo all its mischievous work, for those who "come forth unto the resurrection of life." But prior to this, here and now, Jesus saves his people from their sins. In this sense, "Now is the day of salvation." It is true, many live without religion, under condemnation and exposed to the wrath to come.—But this is their fault, and their sin.—It need not be thus in any case. As to the provisions, and offer of mercy, and Christ's ability and willingness to restore to God's favor, now is the day of salvation. None need wait, or live longer in sin. There is no lack or tardiness on Christ's side. So, too, we see penitents waiting long. But this need not and ought not so to be. It was not so when the gospel was first proclaimed. Witness Pentecost, and the whole history as given in the "Acts." Saul plead three days; but his was an exceptional case. These cases of delay,

are to be referred to injury resulting from having stifled conviction and grieved the Spirit, or from a lack of thorough moral honesty, or from depending on works—in a word, from fault or defect in the seeker. On Christ's side, now is the day of salvation. At the time of conversion, there is in every case, and must be, complete consecration and full faith according to the light then had. But it may afterward be found that more is to be included in the consecration, and that for this, grace is needed; that new duties must be undertaken, from which there is great shrinking, and which cannot be performed without special help. And it will certainly be discovered that there are remains of the carnal nature—strivings of evil impulses—tendencies to pride, anger, ambition, avarice, or other evil propensities; that these can be kept down only by resistance and prayer for help; that they will endanger backsliding, and occasion much darkness, weakness and trouble. And so far from the foes within being discovered only in case of backsliding, precisely the reverse is true. Just in the measure of faithfulness and nearness of access to God, the sense of their presence and disturbing effect is realized. But can they be removed? Not in the case of those who have no faith for their removal till near life's close. But here the faith is at fault, and not the Christian economy. The Word assures us, that "there is a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for *sin* and for *uncleanness*;" that "the blood of Jesus Christ *cleanseth from all sin*;" that, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" and that "now is the day of salvation." "According to your faith be it unto you."

♦♦♦ "GOD'S WORK MUST BE DONE."

THE following incident is related by a missionary in the West Indies, and illustrates the strength of faith and the large-hearted self-denial of a hum-

ble, colored man, which is worthy of imitation by those in more exalted stations and in more comfortable circumstances in life. The missionary says:—

"There is one incident that occurred which I shall never forget. In calling over the names, to ascertain how much they could give to build the chapel, I happened to call the name of Fitzgerald Mathew. 'I am here, sir,' he instantly replied; and at the same time I heard him hobbling with his wooden leg out of the crowd, to come up to the table where I was standing. I wondered what he meant, for the others answered to their names without moving from their places. I was, however, forcibly struck with his apparent earnestness. On coming up, he put his hand into one pocket and took out a handful of silver, wrapped in paper, and said, with a lovely kind of abruptness, 'That's for me, massa.' 'Oh!' said I, 'keep your money at present, I don't want it now; I only wanted to know how much you could afford to give; I will come for the money another time.' 'Ah! massa,' he replied, 'God's work must be done, and I may be dead;' and with that he plunged his hand into another pocket and took out another handful of silver, and said, 'That's for my wife, massa.' Then he put his hand into a third pocket, and took out a somewhat smaller parcel, and said, 'That's for my child, massa,' at the same time giving me a slip of paper which somebody had written for him, to state how much the whole was. It was altogether near three pounds sterling—a large sum for a poor, field negro with a wooden leg! But his expression was to me worth more than all the money in the world. I have heard eloquent preachers in England, and have felt, and felt deeply, under their ministrations; but never have I been so impressed with anything they have said, as with the simple expression of this poor negro. Let me never forget it; let it be my motto in all that I take in hand for the cause of Christ—'God's work must be done, and I may be dead.'"

ANSWER TO THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY RUTH FREEMAN.

I was at work in a hotel in the place where I live, as chief cook. It was a large establishment, and the responsibility of my position was great. At this time, I had a telegraphic dispatch, which stated that my eldest son—then living in Pittsburgh—was sick of the small-pox; that his head was swollen to an immense size; that his cry was all "Mother! mother!" and I must come to him immediately. I was at Love-feast when it came. The bearer called me out and read it to me. How my heart yearned after my son! I went home, accompanied by my two daughters, and sat down. They asked me if I would go back. I told them, No. They went back, however, and I sat alone and in silence. I mused upon the situation of my son. The word "small-pox" was fraught with terror to me. I felt that I *must* go to him, and yet I did not dare to venture there. I concluded, at last, that there was nothing like prayer, and that I would ask the Lord to restore my son to me, which I did in these words: "If I am a child of God, and have passed from death unto life, spare my son, that I may see him again in the flesh." I prayed all night. I do not mean to say by this that I was on my knees all the time. I went to bed; but my prayer rose to God just the same,—this *one* prayer,—this *only* prayer: for I had learned not to multiply words before God. Many prayers are lost because there is *so much* asked for, and *so little* faith for any *one* thing.

The next morning, between nine and ten o'clock, I had another telegram, stating that I must come soon or I would not see my son alive. I had no answer yet from the Lord. For a moment or two I was staggered. One voice said, "Go;" another said, "Stay." What to do I did not know. A still voice seemed to tell me, that it would be safe to trust in the Lord; and that if I would do so, and would still pray,

I should see my son again in the flesh. I had not yet the *evidence*. The neighbors did not know that I was at home, for I shut myself up in my room all day, praying this one prayer: "If I am a child of God, and thou art well pleased with me, give me an evidence that I shall see my son again in the flesh."

In the afternoon, between three and four o'clock, I sent a dispatch, inquiring to know how my son was. The answer returned was, that he was no better, and was not expected to live. That evening, my daughters went to church. They asked me if I would go with them. I told them, "No; go on to church." They asked me if I would not be afraid to be alone. I told them, "No; I am not afraid." I continued in prayer all that night.

The next morning, on rising, I felt better in my mind, and was sweetly reconciled. It seemed to me I would like to go to my work, but I did not. I concluded to stay concealed in my room, and pray. That night,—I suppose between twelve and one o'clock,—my spirit appeared to be led to Pittsburgh, to a certain chamber in the hospital, where I saw my son lying on a bed. I said to him, "My son, why did you not come home? I would have given you water." He replied, "Mother, I have all I want." A white lady came in with a bowl of broth and a spoon, and approached his bedside to feed him. He had on a pair of cross-barred pants, with occasionally a little square of blue, and sat on the side of the bed. It was the Sisters of Mercy who waited on him while he was in the hospital, and God mercifully showed me this, for I was grieved with the thought that he might be suffering for want of care. In my vision, I left his chamber, and went on down Cherry Alley, (Pittsburgh,) to where a cousin, Eliza Davis, lived. She stood in the door, as I passed, and invited me in. I told her, "No, I have just been to see my son; but when I come again I will call." Shortly after I left Cherry Alley, in my vision, I awoke. I said,

"Thank God! I shall see my son again in the flesh."

I did not expect any brighter evidence than this; but I went to sleep again, and was led off a second time in a vision. I went to the front door of the house in which I now live, and looked up the street. I saw my son coming. He had on those same pants that I had seen him have on in my other vision, and in his hand a black silk handkerchief, tied so as to contain as much as one shirt. He came in. There were four persons in the house. He shook hands with them all but me. Soon as I could speak, I said, "Mose, is this you?" I awoke again, and exclaimed, *"Praise the Lord! I shall see my son again in the flesh."*

Glory to God for living faith in Jesus Christ!

All this time, while I was praying, I had told no living person of my desire, or my prayer, or my faith. It was a secret I revealed to no man. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him;" and many victories of faith are *lost*, which might be gloriously realized but for unwarranted and premature disclosure.

My heart was filled with joy and peace. All my sorrow was gone. As soon as daylight, I went to the hotel where I was working. All the care of the cooking department was on me, and there were, at this time, one hundred boarders, or thereabouts. I went to work cheerfully. Some said to me, "Are you going to send a dispatch to-day?" I replied, "No; I am not going to send a dispatch to-day."

At five o'clock, while getting supper, I received another dispatch.

"Mrs. Hall, [this was my name then,] come immediately to Pittsburgh. Your son's head is swollen to an immense size, and all his cry is, 'Mother! mother! Do come. Do come.'"

My daughters were standing there, and many who were interested were around us, listening while the message was being read. There was the stillness of death in the room, and all thro' the house. Every countenance was

sad, and not a word was spoken for some moments. At last, the mistress of the house ventured to speak. She said, "Are you going to Pittsburgh?" I turned around—still holding the beef-steak pounder in my hand, which I held when the message was brought in, and lifting it, in the might of the Spirit I said, *"I am not going to Pittsburgh; neither am I going to send a dispatch. I shall see my son again in the flesh."* Then I went on getting supper as usual, without any confusion of mind—perfectly satisfied that what God had promised, He surely would perform.

I was frequently asked after that—"Have you heard from your son?" to which I could only answer, "No;" nor did I hear a word from him from the time I received the last message spoken of, till I received a dispatch from himself, some eight or nine days from the evening of the last message, to this effect: "I will be home to-day, on the seven o'clock hack." When he came, he had on the same pants which I had seen in my vision, and a black silk handkerchief in his hand, so tied as to contain one shirt. There were four persons in the room—just as I saw in my vision—and he shook hands with all but me. He was still somewhat diseased, and it was two weeks before he got out.

O, how *clean* and *clear* was my faith in God! and how my soul triumphed and exulted in my *living* Saviour!

My son, here spoken of, is alive, and lives in Oil City, Pa. His name is Moses Hall.

Glory be to God for living faith in Jesus Christ!

Washington, Pa.

A SOLEMN CALCULATION.—The aggregate population of the known habitable globe is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon with the ancients, that a generation last thirty years, then in that space, 895,000,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently, 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day; 3407 every hour; or about 56 every minute!

THE POWER OF CHOICE.

BY REV. B. R. JONES.

MAN was not created a mere machine—capable of acting only as he is acted upon; but in the moral image of God, and endued with the power of choice. While the brute creation are governed by the law of instinct, man is placed under a higher law, viz: that of right and wrong, with the privilege of choosing either. The fact that God is all-wise, and seeth the end from the beginning, does not destroy man's free agency. By believing in the foreknowledge of God, we are by no means obliged to deny the liberty of the will.

The noted Wesley says, "Were human liberty taken away, man would be as incapable of virtue as stones."—Who can deny the truthfulness of this? Would it not be considered the height of folly to upbraid the little rivulet for meandering down the hill, while under the entire control of nature's law?—And would not God be unjust to inflict punishment for the performance of an unavoidable act? Were man a mere machine, his course of conduct would be attributable to some power outside of himself, and, as a consequence, susceptible of no condemnation. While the pangs of a guilty conscience originate from the fact that, I have the power to do differently.

1. He who would embrace the Christian religion, must seek it voluntarily. The first condition of proselytism among the Jews was, that he who came to embrace their religion should come without force. This is the first condition required by Jesus Christ, and is clearly implied in these words: "*If any man will come after me,*" etc. Again, we hear Him saying to the infirm man at the pool of Bethesda, "Wilt thou be made whole?" He was by no means obliged to be healed, but it was left optional with him to have the disease removed, or suffer on.

Man, by nature, is one complete mass of moral corruption,—diseased, from the crown of his head to the soles

of his feet. Jesus proposes to relieve those only who make application to Him. But, says Christ, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him."—John vi. 44. Admitted. "But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to *every* man to profit withal."—1 Cor. xii. 7. "The grace (Spirit) of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to *all men*."—Titus ii. 11. The office work of that Spirit is to "convince of sin; of righteousness; and of judgment." No man is left without a sufficient understanding of his "exceeding sinfulness," and a clear sense of his obligations to his Maker. But one inquires, "Why, then, do not more enjoy the Divine favor?" Let the Saviour reply: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."—Christ's object in "appearing upon earth," was, not to compel men to be saved, but to provide a "way of escape" for those who "*choose* light rather than darkness." How often has He wept over the "uncircumcised in heart" as over Jerusalem of old, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not*."—Matt. xxiii. 37.

2. Not only do we become the recipients of God's free grace by our own choice, but he who would live a well-ordered life, must submit to the requirements of the Gospel. He must be willing to make any sacrifice, submit to any self-denial, and encounter any difficulty that may accompany a profession of the Christian religion.—Our sense of propriety must cut no figure in the case whatever; but our continual inquiry should be, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?" God said to His people Israel, "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse: a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you this day; and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God."—Deut.

ii. 26-28. The little connective, "if," that forms so prominent a part of the foregoing quotation, was the pivot upon which their untold interests revolved. "If" they obeyed God, it would be well with them; but a curse would follow even the "neglect of so great salvation." God places life within the reach of every individual; but we are by no means obliged to embrace it, irrespective of our own will. Again, our understanding of the "way of life" depends upon the action of the will. Christ says, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."—John vii. 17. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Nothing but a fixed determination to obey God will enable us to withstand the opposing influences which are brought to bear upon us. That state is not attainable in this life, where we are not liable to be overcome by the deceitfulness of sin; yet the combined powers of earth and hell are not sufficient to overcome a soul without the consent of the will. Satan may suggest,—compel, he cannot. In view of personal responsibilities, let us "Choose that better part which cannot be taken from us," and no more "give place to the devil."

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY ARCHIBALD RICKORD.

WHEN about twelve years old, while living in Cherrytree township, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., I was subject to a species of epileptic fits, which grew upon me until I had two or three every evening, coming on just as I dropped to sleep. They would affect my speech for several hours. My parents sent far and near for doctors, numbers of whom watched over me all night, but could not find out the real matter of my ailment. They said, I must soon die.—But, bless God! there is a Physician near who can heal body and soul.

One night, after having three fits, I threw myself on the bed, completely worn out. The doctor had left, and my mother sat by me, ready to grasp

me if another should come on, when I fell into a sound sleep, and dreamed that a man came to my bedside and asked, "Young man, do you want to be cured?" I said "Surely." He said, "Arise, and follow me." He led me to a grove near by, and told me to kneel down by a tree where we stood, and to serve him the remainder of my life, and I should be cured. Then I knew he was Christ. I knelted, and he put his hand on my head, and then began to ascend, looking down on me with a smile. I shall never forget that look of love.

When I awoke, the sun was well up. I told my dream to my mother, and asked her advice. She said, "Do as you please; but I would follow my dream." She professed religion,—my father did not. I went and knelt down by the same tree I saw in my dream, and prayed; when all at once, such joy, such love, filled my soul, that it seemed everything was praising God. I went home, singing and shouting. My mother met me, and asked, "What is the matter?" I told her, "I am happy; everything is praising God, and you must praise Him too." When night came, I asked father to pray. He said, "No, my son. I never prayed in my life." Then I said, "May I pray?"—We all knelt, and I prayed. When I went to bed, I told mother to go too, for I should never have another fit.—Still, she could not go for a long time,—not until I fell asleep. Then she knelt and thanked God. This was the first night for months that I passed without an attack. I have had none since, although about forty years have gone by. Bless God's holy name! The news spread, and many came to see the boy whom God had healed. Ministers came many miles. The account was published in the *Christian Advocate*, and many other prints. A powerful revival broke out at once, my father's family were converted, and a large Methodist church raised up in the neighborhood. I can never forget the wonderful events of my early healing and conversion, and I can say to-day, Glory be to God!

LAY PREACHING.

THE duty of lay preaching is involved in the idea of a Christian consecration. Now it is to be forever remembered, that preaching is the eminent ordinance which Christ has established for the conquering of the world. Preaching is the main aim of His service. Attractive church services are well, societies are well, books, tracts and newspapers are well,—but nothing can stand in the place of—nothing can get itself girded with such power, as the simple *preaching of the word*. The Christian man, gathering up into himself the Christian doctrine, incarnating it and vitalizing it in a Christian life, with a heart glowing with love for it, and restful in the peace of it,—such a man, joined to God by prayer, and to his fellows by a sacred sympathy, and thus speaking forth the word of life,—there is in this wide world no such overcoming and triumphant energy as he. A man,—let him be of the poorest, and even of the most illiterate, with the truth of God within him and with the power of God behind him, and what can withstand him? One such shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. And now it is by just such consuming contact of heart with heart, through believing and loving speech, that we are to win the world for our Christ.

But now the Christian priesthood is a universal priesthood, and so this duty of preaching according to each man's utmost fitness for it and utmost chance for it, is a universal duty.

Visit that Most Holy Place, where, in complete consecration of himself to Christ, a man through faith in Christ enters into the great priestly company. There he is in his closet, kneeling in the presence of a violated law and a dishonored God; conscience is stinging him, penalty is threatening him, the flame of Jehovah's anger scorches him. Then the Redeemer appears to him.

All his crimes on Him were laid.
See, upon His blameless head,
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours.

Faith seizes the atonement. "I am Thine, O Christ," he cries. "Henceforth all I have and all I am I consecrate to Thee." There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. The man is a saved man.

But now what does consecration mean? It means to make sacred.—Henceforth, that man in all possession and in all faculty, is a man made sacred to Jesus Christ. To the limit of his capacity in all directions, he is to live for Jesus Christ. What right has he, then, to promise a whole consecration and live a half-one? What right has he to say, "I will make money and give to Christ," and all the time refuse speech for Christ? What right has he to say, "I have more capacity in some one direction; I will use myself thitherward for Christ, but I will not use myself in those directions where I seem to myself to have less capacity"? He is a whole man, consecrated; he must use himself as a whole man for Jesus.—Even the one talent of his speech may not be buried: that too must be given to the usurers. He may not shirk this duty of proclaiming the word. He gave himself for preaching, at least to the best of his ability, when he gave himself to Christ. The duty of preaching, is an altogether necessary element in a Christian consecration.

But then, again, this lay preaching will be a valuable sanitary measure in a spiritual way. The church will not be so full of confirmed dyspeptics.—Active Christians are always healthy Christians. This is John Howard's prescription for a heavy heart: "Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat, and go out and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and administer to them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it to be the best medicine for a heavy heart."

But then, again: only as we rise into the assertion of this universal priesthood, and practice this lay preaching, can we make a sectional church a uni-

versal church. The church is not touching the world as broadly as it should. The whole line of the church is not flung into action. Intelligent and careful minds have estimated, that "not more than one-fifth of all who bear the name of Protestant Christians, add anything of perceptible importance to the efficiency of the church, in the work of the world's conversion." We manage our churches too much upon—I know not what else to call it—the club principle. A church is organized, a house of worship is built, a minister is engaged, the minister preaches, the people hear; all very well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The influence of that church is too much confined to the special club of that congregation, who pay the pew-rents, and attend upon the services. It is not enough outward, toward, and interpenetrating the great world, outlying the church.—*Rev. Wayland Hoyt.*

✓ "WHAT IS THE CHURCH?"—Just what the reformer, John Huss, said it is: *totus numerus predestinatorum*—the whole number of the elect—that is, the church. Where is the church? Just where the father Irenæus said it is: *ubi Spiritus Dei, ibi est ecclesia; et ubi ecclesia ibi est Spiritus Dei*—where the Spirit of God is, there is the church; and where the church is, there is the Spirit of God. Out of this church there is indeed no salvation, and in it there is no damnation; and the connection with this church is not that of a dead joist, morticed and tenoned into a dead beam, but that of the living branch, growing out of the living vine, and bearing fruit constantly, abundantly. Much fruit, much fruit, is the only test of membership here; for, says our Saviour, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

CONSIDER your life is but short, and altogether uncertain. To defer one day may be to your everlasting undoing. When your life is once gone, it will be in vain to think of repenting.

WONDERS OF THE SUN.

In the journal of the Franklin Institution for November, a series of colored pictures of the solar prominences may be found, which gives a startling idea of the periodic disturbances. The pictures are taken from a series of photographs made by Dr. Zollner, an eminent photometrician of Leipsic. The paper which the learned doctor read before the Saxon Academy, has also been translated for the same journal.

The fantastic flame-colored pictures, ten in number, give us a vivid idea of the magnificence of the problem which the sun presents to astronomers.—Flames, if the word is admissible, are exhibited on a different scale from any with which we are acquainted; vast tongues of fire assume forms which assert the action of forces of inconceivable violence and intensity. The rapid changes of places and figure give us an intimation of physical power which makes the changes on the earth dwindle into insignificance.

In the first figure, we see a vast, cone-shaped flame, of intense brightness, bearing on its summit a cloudy mass of enormous proportions,—the whole object reaching a distance of 17,000 miles from the sun's surface.—In the second figure, we have a startling representation of a human tongue, the mass of flame extending thousands of miles, and moving and quivering with life-like power.

Here we have a series of six figures, which show the solar flames in action, and the astounding rapidity of the changes going on. In the first representation, the flame is bent to the right, as though blown by some fierce wind. In the next figure, taken five minutes later, the form has entirely changed.—It is now a globe-shaped mass, standing on a narrow column of fire, above a row of hills of flame. Now the flame has turned toward the left, and in the few minutes of observation has traveled 10,000 miles. Two minutes later, we have another change. The column, the hills of flame have disappeared, and in

three minutes more the old features can no longer be recognized. We now have a gigantic A without the cross-bar, 20,000 miles in height; and, says the graphic astronomer of the *Spectator*, "the whole mass of our earth might be bowled between its legs without touching them." Four minutes pass, the hills of flame begin to reappear, the A begins to rise from the sun's surface. Then after another interval of four minutes, we have an entirely new picture, a huge animal head looking to the right. The whole time occupied in the observation, has been about twenty minutes, yet the volume of the flame has exceeded that of the earth ten times. The results obtained by Mr. Lockyer were still more surprising. A prominence which he watched, 80,000 miles in height, disappeared in ten minutes.

Dr. Zollner gives a very curious description of the manner in which he took his prominence pictures. They are colored ruby-red, and in this way they appeared to the astronomer. The real light is rose-colored, with faint pink and even bluish tints. By the new method of observation, the image of a prominence is formed by only a certain portion of its light. Out of several colored images of the same prominence, the artist selects one for observation. Thus there is a red picture, and a green picture, and so on; and strangely enough, no two of these pictures are alike.

We are told that, in the last days, there shall be "signs in the sun,"—"men's hearts failing them for fear." Surely, many are the wonders which modern science has revealed in the vast globe which rules the solar system.—Many are the marvels which are brought down, by telescope and spectroscope, to our wondering eyes. Lockyer astounds us with the frightful velocity with which storms rage around the solar photosphere. Father Secchi, from his Roman observatory, detects the action of water in the seething tempest of solar spots. The Kew observers startle us with the great magnetic epoch of storms, where planets and sun re-

spond to each other's attraction in the magnificent auroras which light the sky and flash in radiant lines and arches of light between planet and planet and central sun. Last of all, the physicist tells us of the great sun spots which are sweeping over the storm-zones, and which, after they have had their day, will leave the glorious orb free from speck or stain until the periodic disturbance occurs again.

It is pleasant to live in a progressive age, when new discoveries are following each other with a significance whose meaning the revolution of the ages will alone develop. It is still pleasant to feel that, through the ages of ignorance that have passed, the same forces of fire, and wind, and vapor were at work, and that the earth and those that dwell thereon went their way unharmed, in blissful ignorance.

Perhaps we are just as safe, while we watch solar-storms, compared to which our devastating hurricanes are but as the breath of a gentle zephyr; rosy protuberances, reaching a size and height which a thousand globes piled upon each other do not equal; and magnificent coronas, stretching with rays of light far out into space, compared with which our grandest exhibitions of auroral light are as the mote to the great sun, whose penetrating beam of light reveals its existence.—*Providence Journal*.

WHEN Christ is away, all is winter to the soul. But when he comes again over the mountains of provocation, he brings a gladsome spring-time along with him. When that Sun of Righteousness arises afresh upon the soul, not only do his gladdening rays flap upon the believer's soul, but all nature rejoices in his joy. The mountains and hills burst forth before him into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands. It is like a change of season to the soul. It is like that sudden change from the pouring rains of a dreary winter to the full blushing spring, which is so peculiar to the climes of the sun.—*M Cheyne*.

SECRET SINS.

SAYS one, "Sir, I intend to be religious, but I do not hold with your strictness." I do not ask you to do so; I hope, however, you will hold with *God's* strictness, and God's strictness is ten thousand times greater than mine.—You may say that I am puritanical in my preaching; God will be puritanical in judging in that great day. I may appear severe, but I can never be so severe as God will be. I may draw the harrow with sharp teeth across your conscience, but God shall drag harrows of eternal fire across you one day. I may speak thundering things; God will not speak them, but hurl them from his hands. Remember, men may laugh at hell, and say there is none; but they must reject their Bible before they can believe the lie. Men's consciences tell them that

"There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains."

Sir, will you keep your secret sins, and have eternal fire for them? Remember, it is of no use, they must all be given up, or else you can not be God's child. You can not by any means have both; it can not be God and the world, it can not be Christ and the devil; it must be one or the other. O, that God would give you grace to resign all; for what are they worth? They are your deceivers now, and will be your tormentors for ever. O, that your eyes were open to see the rottenness, the emptiness and trickery of iniquity! O, that God would turn you to himself! O, may God give you grace to cross the Rubicon of repentance at this very hour; to say, "Henceforth it is war to the knife with my sins; not one of them will I willingly keep, but down with them, down with them; Canaanite, Hittite, Jebusite, they shall all be driven out.

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from its throne,
And worship only thee."

"But O! sir, I can not do it; it would be like pulling my eyes out." Ay, but hear what Christ says: "It were better for thee to enter into life with but one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire." "But it would be like cutting my arm off." Ay, and it would be better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than to be cast into hell fire for ever. O! when the sinner comes before God at last, do you think he will speak as he does now?—God will reveal his secret sins; the sinner will not then say, "Lord, I thought my secret sins so sweet, I could not give them up." I think I see how changed it will be then. "Sir," you say now, "*you are too strict*;" will you say that when the eyes of the Almighty are glowering on you? You say now, "*Sir, you are too precise*;" will you say that to God Almighty's face? "Sir, I mean to keep such-and-such a sin"—Can you say it at God's bar at last?—You will not dare to do it then. Ah! when Christ comes a second time, there will be a marvelous change in the way men talk. Methinks I see him; there he sits upon his throne. Now, Caiaphas, come and condemn him now! Judas, come and kiss him now! What do you stick at, man? Are you afraid of him? Now, Barabbas, go; see, whether they will prefer you to Christ now! Swearer, now is your time; you have been a bold man; curse him to his face now! Now, drunkard, stagger up to him now! Now, infidel, tell him there is no Christ now—now that the world is lit with lightning and the earth is shaken with thunder till the solid pillars thereof do bow themselves—tell God there is no God now; now laugh at the Bible; now scoff at the minister! Why, men, what is the matter with you? Why, can't you do it?—Ah! there you are: you have fled to the hills and to the rocks—"Rocks, hide us! mountains, fall on us; hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne." Ah! where now are your boasts, your vauntings, and your glories? Alas! alas! for you, in that dread day of wonders!—*Spurgeon.*

THE NEED AND COST OF HEALING.

BY REV. C. H. AUSTIN.

"I will not be an healer; for in my house is neither bread nor clothing: make me not a ruler of the people."—Isaiah iii. 7.

HUMAN nature is the same in all ages, and its manifestations very similar. Hence, Bible truth is of uniform and universal application. Truthfully speaking, "there is nothing new under the sun." God's moral government changes not. If it rises and falls in the intensity of its administration, this apparent diversity is suited only to the new gradations of moral privileges, and increasing facilities of religious light.—The prosperity, or ruinous apostacy of the Church, may be traced to similar causes, in all ages. Let us glance at some of the signs of its declension, and the need of gracious healing.

1. *The lack of spiritual sustenance.* "The Lord taketh away the whole stay and staff of bread." Saving truth, to the hungry soul, is spiritual food. Is meat given in due proportions to each in its season, as their dangers and their spiritual appetites require? If it is, then may we look for vigorous and sturdy manhood in Zion, as the legitimate result. Let a man read over Wesley's sermons on "the danger of riches," on "coming out from the world," on "moral honesty," and on pride, and on "taking up the cross daily," and then look around, and listen for the blast of the trumpet that gives "the certain sound."

2. *There is a want in the true ministry.* "The Lord taketh away the mighty man, and the man of war, and the judge, and the prophet, and the eloquent orator." There is dreadful majesty, and awful might, in the true ministry, as well as overwhelming eloquence attending the faithful presentation of divine truth. Herein lies the economy of true success. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me to preach the good tidings to the meek, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to

comfort all that mourn." We have indeed the eloquence of rounded sentences, and high-sounding words, and well-studied periods; but where is the awful ring of the breath of the Almighty, moving upon the great deep of human hopes and fears, among all classes—high and low—rich and poor? It is not, it cannot be found but in connection with that conscious integrity arising from the discharge of every duty, both great and small. It is this that gives foundation to that faith which brings down the fire divine on the sacrifice of the heart and head of every true minister, as he stands up to sound an alarm in God's holy mountain.—Elijah-like, he must be able to lay before the majesty of God's throne this truthful plea—"Let it be known this day that thou art God, and that I am thy servant." A jealousy for the divine honor, and conscious integrity and fidelity to all the interests of Christ's kingdom, only can lay the foundation of pulpit power. Where this is wanting, the hungry soul starves—the poor and needy thirst for water, and find it not. There can never be a strong, healthy Church, where the gospel is not preached "in much assurance, and in power, and in the Holy Ghost."—God makes the ministry, and in its abuse or neglect, unmakes it or takes it away.

3. *Another sign of declension, is the lack of pure moral discipline.* "I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them." There can be no true prosperity without order, and subordination to wholesome rules, enforced according to the genius and spirit of the gospel. Human authority has its origin in either church or state in the teachings of Holy Writ. Whatever is therein expressed or implied, may not be gainsayed or resisted, but at the peril of souls, though it be enforced by human instrumentalities. The *Divine Will*, and not human caprice or ambition, must guide in these matters. Were it otherwise, the true Church must ever be oppressed, by lordly hirelings and ambitious tyrants.

That the above signs bear upon the present age, is apparent from the eagerness with which youthful ministers are sought,—those who will pauper to the vanity of youth, and join them in the hilarity of worldly amusements. “Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.” For “the child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honorable.”—The fathers are in hot pursuit of rich fortunes; the interests of Zion are looked after by rich mothers, who are anxious to bring into notice their fair, fashionable daughters—hence the weekly sociable. Gray hairs, and the gravity of years, are not to be desired to give zest to a mixed, worldly party, where carnal pleasure rules the hour—sanctified though it may be by a beautiful prayer by the childish pastor, fresh from the schools, where such things are practiced and tolerated. Where real piety is wanting to push on Church extension, money supplies the deficiency, and the “friendship of the world” takes the place of the power of God. Costly, gorgeous churches, call the rich; and the rich, who have little or no piety, must have amusements, to hold them where the gospel is despoiled of its divine and heavenly clearness. “As for my people, children are their oppressors and women rule over them. O, my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths.” The gospel no longer is preached to the poor, but to the rich. The poor are crowded out by these fine, pewed churches; and fashionable ladies, whose husbands toil in the busy marts of merchandise, to the neglect of family government and family piety, run the church! And with many, it matters not how they get money to keep up this *splendid route* to heaven.—“The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of his people, and the princes thereof; for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses.” Again: “What mean ye, that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the face of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts.”

Who but such as can trust God in such times, will be a healer of Israel? Who that is afraid of poverty will engage in such a work? If the poor have the gospel, and Zion is healed, the God-trusting poor must preach it. This is no time for compromisers. Trust in God, ye Elijahs. His ravens shall know your hungry hours. Your “witness is in heaven—your record is on high.”

“Who fed thee last will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into His will.”

THE SERIOUS MAN.—When Sir Francis Walsingham, a Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, arrived at old age, he retired to the country to close his days in retirement. Some of his former gay companions came one day to pay him a visit, and rallied him on being melancholy. His answer deserves serious consideration. “No, I am not melancholy, but I am serious; and it is very proper that we should be so. Ah! my friends, while we laugh, everything is serious about us. God is serious, who exercises patience towards us. Christ is serious, who shed his atoning blood for us. The Holy Ghost is serious, in striving against the obstinacy of our hearts. The Holy Scriptures are serious books: they present to our thoughts the most serious concerns in all the world. The holy sacraments represent very serious and awful matters. The whole creation is serious. All in heaven are serious.—All who are in hell are serious. How then can we be gay and trifling?”—On another occasion, when writing to his friend, Lord Burleigh, he remarked, “We have lived long enough to our country, to our fortunes, and to our sovereign; it is high time that we begin to live to ourselves and to God.”

THE Spirit loveth to do what it does in private: that man to whom God intendeth to reveal great things, he taketh him aside from the lumber and cumber of this world, and carrieth him away in the solace and contemplation of the things of another world.—*Bunyan.*

HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK;

AND

HOW TO GET IT.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

It will assist you greatly in your studies of the Scriptures, if you have a Bible Concordance. A very good edition is issued by the American Tract Society, called "*Cruden's Concordance*."

Find the word, Rock. You know the natural meaning of that word,—doubtless you know the spiritual meaning also. Looking upon some passages in which this term is used in the Bible, we get no sense nor beauty of expression except as we get the spiritual meaning. And so it is with thousands of passages. This makes the Bible, to the unbeliever, unintelligible, uninviting, contradictory, and a book read from some sense of duty or habit; but laid aside for other books, when anything instructive or entertaining is desired. Just as a dog will leave bread that may be given him, to gnaw some dirty, half-decayed bone, so the world snuff at the pure bread of heaven, and turn away to satiate themselves with the polluted trash of this world, which, to the senses of any living soul, smells more or less strong of death. God hides the beauty and glory of His truth from the world, for it is not meet that dogs should have the children's bread.

But let us return to our word. I will suppose you do not know the spiritual meaning of it. You have found "Rock" in your Concordance. Read over the passages as they occur under the word. Very soon you will get at the meaning of the term, especially when you read, "The Lord is my rock;" and when you come even to the last passage given you, find where it is written so plainly a child could not mistake, "*That spiritual rock is Christ.*"

Now go back and look out the passages separately in the Bible, reading them carefully with their connections. It is vastly interesting to do this, as you study the Holy Book; and it is interesting also to look out references

as you may find them marked in a reference Bible. If you pursue this course with meditation and prayer, you will be powerfully convinced of the truth of God's Word, and your soul shall spread its eagle-wings and revel in the light of new truth and thought.

More than thirty times, God is spoken of as a Rock, as in the following passages:

Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, his work is perfect.—Of the Rock that begat thee thou art unmindful. How should one chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight, except their Rock had sold them, and the Lord had shut them up.—Deut. xxxii. 4, 18, 30. Neither is there any Rock like our God.—1 Sam. ii. 2. The Lord is my Rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer.—2 Sam. xxiii. 3. Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—Ps. lxi. 2, etc., etc. The house which could not be swept away was founded upon a Rock.

See Ex. xvii. 6, in which the account is given of Moses smiting the rock, and the waters gushing out. That Rock was Christ. He was smitten,* and from his cleft side living waters gushed out,† that the perishing sons of men in this "wilderness," might drink and live forever. Waters abundant, free, pure,—but except mankind come and drink, *each one for himself*, they must die.

See Ex. xviii. 28, where Moses said, "I beseech thee shew me thy glory," which request was not granted; but the Lord said to him, "Behold, there is a place by me and thou shalt stand upon a rock; and it shall come to pass while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and I will cover thee with my hand while I pass by. And I will take away my hand, and thou shalt see my back parts; but my face shall not be seen." How evident it is that we cannot get a full view of God in this world. What is re-

* "Smitten of God and afflicted."—Isa. liii. 4.—
"They persecute him whom thou hast smitten."—
Psa. lxi. 2, etc.

† "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water."

vealed, is only to those who, like Moses, are in the *cleft of the Rock*.

See Cant. ii. 4. "O my dove that art in the *clefts of the Rock*." How secure and safe it is in that crevice!—The devourer may howl and foam out his deathly purposes, but he cannot reach the dove. The merciless storm may beat down, and the storms may blow: the Rock is a "shelter," as well as a "refuge" and "hiding-place." It is all the same to the dove, as though there were no devourer and no storm. There it

—can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

STONE.—As Christ is spoken of as a Rock, so is he also called a *stone*, which is essentially the same.

"From thence is the Shepherd the *stone of Israel*."—Gen. xlix. 24.

"The *stone* which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. Whosoever shall fall upon that *stone* shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."—Luke xx. 17, 18.

"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a *stone*, a precious *corner-stone*, a sure foundation."—Isa xxviii. 16.

"To whom coming as unto a living *stone*, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious."—1 Pet. ii. 4.

"And he shall be for a sanctuary, but for a *stone of stumbling*, and for a *rock of offence* to both the houses of Israel."—Isa. viii. 14, etc.

Under the Jewish dispensation, transgressors were stoned with stones; nor could the Jews put any of their number to death in any other way. Looking upon this, their mode of capital punishment, as a type, we see Christ arrayed against the incorrigible sinner; as it is written, "Upon whomsoever it [this *stone*] shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

How blessed the opportunity that is given us, that we may fall upon him and be broken, and thus escape the day of his wrath, when he shall come to take vengeance on them that know not

God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!

I cannot tell but the little stone that flew from David's sling and sank deep in Goliath's forehead, might find its counterpart in some passage from God's Word, picked up as a pebble from the pure stream, and sent by the might of the Spirit straight to the conscience of the giant sinner.

STONES.—Behold the condescension and love manifested upon the part of God, in giving to the followers of Christ the same names he bore!

Twelve stones were often chosen to emblemize Israel: as in Josh. iv. 3, and in 1 Kings xviii. 31; and to those who come to Christ, the living stone, it is said, "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house," thus forming a temple of which Christ is the chief corner-stone. But will the profane, the licentious, the drunkard, the vain, find a place in that holy building? Away with the Universalist doctrine! No; there must be a breaking away from the quarries of this world; there must be a breaking off of rough corners, which will be like taking from us a part of ourselves; there must be straight work, perfect work: as it is written, "Judgment will he lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet;" a chiseling, polishing, fashioning after His most glorious likeness, that we may be ready before we are brought together, as it is written of the temple at Jerusalem, which went up noiselessly, being "built of stones made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building."

APPLICATION.—When you shall see by the passages already quoted, and many others which are not given here, that the terms, "Rock" and "Stone," are never used *spiritually*, except as referring to Christ and Christians, you will be prepared to examine some passages in the Bible which perhaps you have not sufficiently understood; and

while you may still only see "men as trees walking," wait upon the Lord in patience and prayer,—not conjecturing nor guessing; for when we deal with the Word, we must not add nor diminish, lest our part be taken from the Book of Life. In due time, by the clear, shining light of the Spirit, or by the remembrance of some Scripture which has not hitherto been presented to your mind, you shall see *everything clearly*, and the blessing of God on your soul shall be to you an evidence of TRUTH.

For application of thoughts and Scripture above given, I suggest for subjects of contemplation, Matt. xvi. 18, "Thou art *Peter*, (which is, by interpretation, a *stone*), and upon this Rock I will build my church, (compare with Eph. ii. 20, and Rev. xxi. 14,) and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the *keys of the kingdom of heaven*: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven."

By means of a reference Bible, compare scripture with scripture. In this way you will get the *truth*, though it may not agree with Commentaries.—*Scripture explains scripture.*

Compare, "I will give unto thee the keys," etc., with Matt. xviii. 18, 19, and John xx. 21-23. Look out these passages; they will show you *your* privilege, and make you feel *strong*.

See also, Rev. ii. xvii., as a subject for contemplation. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a *white stone*, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

HEARING AND SEEING.

BY R. A. HUMPHREY.

It is a fearful thing to be spiritually deaf and dumb and blind. It is more terrible, because he who is thus afflicted becomes quite unconscious of the fact, and knows not what a blank his life

is, and what a death his eternity will become.

One of the greatest obstacles to the spread and triumph of Christ's teachings, in the world, is this spiritual obtuseness. Again and again, He called the stupid Scribes and Pharisees, puffed up with self-conceit, Ye fools, and blind! yet, according to the common belief of the Jews, they were complete store-houses of learning and wisdom. Jesus knew that their learning was as bubbles, ready to burst, and their boasted wisdom, rubbish. Nay, more: they were worse than fools; being blind, they undertook to lead the blind. Fatal mistake!

Friend, are you growing blind? Are you becoming deaf? If so, then you are surely getting dumb. You will never be able to see God, or hear the Saviour say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It will never be possible for you to join the "great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."

Rouse, sluggish soul! Search diligently, whether there remain in you signs of spiritual life and growth.—Awake out of your sleep, and tremble lest you perish in the night of death, and see not the coming of the glorious day when Christ shall reign forever.—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

♦♦♦♦♦
HOW TO BE NOBODY.—Young man, it is easy to be nobody. Go to the drinking-saloon to spend your leisure. You need not drink much now—just a little beer, or some other drink. In the meantime, play chequers, dominoes, or something else. If you read, let it be the "dime novels" of the day. Then go on keeping your stomach full, and head empty, and in a few years you will be nobody, unless you should turn out to be a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than to be nobody.

WATCHING FOR SOULS.

How Rev. John Milne watched for opportunities of dealing with men about their moral and religious welfare, and found such opportunities where others would hardly have deemed it practicable, the following extract will show. It opens with an account of his preaching for Mr. Somerville, at an evening service in Glasgow. He says:

I walked quickly home, and had a nice talk with one of the watchmen, who kept by me until he came to the end of his beat. He thought that a man situated as he was could hardly be expected to be religious. But I fairly turned the tables on him by telling him of a day watchman with whom I had spoken the other day, who told me that he had to leave his house every morning at six o'clock, but that he never went out without first reading a little of the Bible.

I have had several nice talks with young men in this way. I ask a question about the road, they give information; something else follows; they get interested, and once or twice have gone almost to my brother's house.—

* * * * Not in Glasgow only did he thus get hold of the night Watchmen. He did the same in Perth; and at late hours might be seen standing in talk with the watchman, or walking by his side. One night he got into earnest talk with one of them, entreating him to give himself to Christ.—“When I marry a couple,” he said, “I say to the woman, ‘Wilt thou take this man to be thy husband?’ and to the man, ‘Wilt thou take this woman for thy wife?’ and so the marriage is concluded. Now, I ask you, will you take Christ to-night?” Thus he stood pleading with the man; and then taking out his pocket Bible, which he always carried with him, he asked him to turn the bright side of his lantern so as to flash the light on the page, and thus standing, he read some verses, and parted.

Some laughed at such doings, and others thought him mad. Yet if he be-

lieved what he professed, could he do otherwise?

It was his invariable practice to accompany his friends or guests to the train when they left, to carry their umbrella, or plaid, or carpet-bag, and to give them a parting text or little book. He did so once with his friend Mr. Riddle, of Dundee, who had been preaching for him, and who was to start by the late train. On reaching the station they found themselves half an hour too early. “I’ll get you some work to do,” said Mr. M. to his companion.—He disappeared at one of the entrances, and then reappeared, bringing with him the watchman of the station, with whom he had been more than once dealing about eternal things. Leaving Mr. R. with the man, he went home. Mr. Riddle remained with him preaching the good news; and the light seemed to enter the poor man’s heart. On the following morning, the newspaper announced the sudden death, from disease of the heart, of the “watchman of Perth station.” Paul had planted.—Apollos had watered, God had given the increase; But the corn thus suddenly ripened was as suddenly cut down.

Mr. Milne’s consistency was as marked as his separation from the world.—His conformity to “the world to come” was as decided as his non-conformity to “this present evil world.” His relish for it had long passed away, ever since he had tasted the love that passeth knowledge, and known the grace of God in truth. And this dis-relish for lower things, and relish for the higher, is our great preservative against worldly conformity. Place Mr. Milne anywhere, in any company, his unworldliness showed itself. Place him next a worldly man in a room, in a railway carriage, on the highway, in the course of two minutes’ conversation, his character came out. It could not be hid. Exceedingly well informed, gifted with great powers of conversation, and with a versatile mind, he could take up any topic; and, ere his neighbor was aware, he would imper-

ceptibly give the conversation a higher turn, and in the gentlest of words and tones, introduce the great question of personal relationship to God. He might meet a mourner in the street;—he would go up and speak a few words of consolation. He might see a sickly person passing, he would go and offer his arm for the purpose of bringing to him the glad tidings. * * * * In season and out of season he preached, and spoke and acted. The full heart could not but flow out; and strange to say, almost invariably without offense being taken, so courteous, so gentlemanly, so kind, so unobtrusive was his manner.

Sometimes he might get at first a sharp word, but his "soft answer" immediately turned away the wrath; and as he never took offense, or lost his temper, he soon gained the advantage. Once when he was with me at Kelso for a few days, we went down to the Berwick cars together; and, going into a third class carriage, we found a good number of passengers, among whom we went distributing some tracts. At the end of the carriage sat a young man in the attitude of resistance. Mr. Milne approached him with a tract.—He thrust it away, saying rudely, that he wanted none of these things. "Very well, my dear friend," said Mr. Milne, gently, "very well; but perhaps you'll change your mind, and if you do, come to me, as I have still some remaining." We took our seats again in the carriage, and sat, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, conversing together—the passengers quietly reading the tracts—when we saw the young man quietly making his way to us from the other end of the carriage. "I've changed my mind, and I'll thank you for a tract," said he.—The tract was given at once, and a word in season along with it to the stranger as he left the carriage.

That same day we were walking together along the sandy beach on the south side of the Tweed, just opposite Berwick, enjoying the sea breeze, and watching the fishermen drawing their salmon nets. We came up to two who

were busy on the shore, "mending their nets," or putting them in order. Mr. Milne at once saluted them. "You are fishermen, I see, my dear friends." "Yes," said they, "we are." "I'm a fisherman, too," said he. They looked at him, as if they did not just hear what he said. "I'm a fisherman, my friends," he said, but without explanation. They smiled, and implied that they did not quite believe him. "Yes," he said again, "I'm a fisherman, and so is my brother here. We are both fishermen." The attention of the men being now fixed, and their eyes turned on him, he explained himself, telling them that he had come to fish *them*.

When walking out, if he saw a man breaking stones by the road-side, he would often say a word to him about the hardness of his work, and then add, "do you know I'm a stone-breaker too?" and this would lead to conversation about the heart of stone.—*Life of Rev. John Milne, by Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D.*

HOLINESS.

BY MRS. JANETTE OSMUN.

THE doctrine of holiness, is becoming popular in some of our churches, and it is not improbable that some may be deceived in regard to what constitutes true Bible holiness.

It is to be feared that some of our teachers have an easy way of instructing persons professing to be seekers of holiness, teaching them that all that is required, is to consecrate themselves to the Lord, and to believe that he receives them, with, or without the witness of the Spirit, and they are sanctified.

Some may think that a baptism of the Holy Ghost, being filled with the Spirit, implies holiness, or a state of entire sanctification.

We believe, that a person in a justified state, must be fully consecrated to God, as far as he has the light to understand what God requires, and that outwardly, that is in life, he is

holy, that he is just as upright, just as faithful in the performance of every duty, and that he constantly enjoys a sense of the Divine approval, with frequent baptisms of the Holy Ghost and power.

The inquiry then arises, what is true, Bible holiness?

We answer, it is a state of purity of heart, accompanied by the Holy Ghost, through the atoning blood of Jesus.

We believe, that just as a sinner cannot be converted, unless he is first arrested and awakened, by the Divine Spirit, no more can a child of God become sanctified, or have the work of purity wrought in the heart, without the direct agency of the Holy Ghost, in removing the depravity of the heart, which will manifest itself in pride, selfishness, enmity, impatience, and various other evil passions. These the soul has to contend with, until it loaths itself before the Lord, and its whole being cries out for inward purity, and its constant prayer is, "Create in me a clean heart, Oh God, and renew a right spirit within me." The Spirit points to the Word, and we read, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh, and I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my Statutes, and ye shall keep my Judgments and do them." Ezek. xxxvi., 25, 27.

"And the Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live." Deut. xxx. 6.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it." 1 Thes. v., 23, 24.

"Who gave himself for us, that he

might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Titus ii. 14.

"But 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." 1 John, i. 7.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii. 25.

As we behold the provisions of the Gospel made known to us through the word, and, as with the light of Divine truth permeating every avenue of our being, claiming us entire for the Lord, not only the service of our lives, but every affection of the heart, with all our powers of body and mind, and all we call our own, we consecrate ourselves entire; a whole burnt offering to the Lord. The altar sanctifies the gift. Faith appropriates the promise. The blood of Jesus Christ does now cleanse the heart from all sin. The Holy Spirit sets his seal upon the heart, and it is filled with all the fullness of God. This state does not exempt the soul from temptation. It may—it will be sorely tempted, but while it retains this state, there will be no response from within to temptation. But a pure, sanctified heart, repels sin in every form. Its every desire and aspiration is for holiness. Its one will is the will of the God it loves. May we all know the blessedness of such a state, as we can only know it by experience!

THE reason why some awakened persons are long in coming to peace, and some never come to peace at all, is that they think to find an open door of themselves. They feel shut up by the fears of wrath, hemming them in on every side, but still they hope to find some way of their own by which to escape. They are not altogether shut up. They have not been brought to despair of ever saving themselves.—*M'Cheyne.*

PROGRESS IN SIN.

THE climax of an atrocious crime is not reached by a process properly called delusion. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, said a theologian of the pagan world, and so far he was certainly orthodox; for we cannot concede that, according to the general economy of the Divine government, any man is, as it were, so taken by surprise as to be instantaneously degraded into a reprobate.

The catastrophe of Dr. Dodd, in 1777, furnishes a striking illustration of our position. This person, in early life was an associate of Bishop Horne, Jones of Nayland, and, we believe, of Mr. Romaine, and other religious persons of that age; and it was hoped that he would have continued in fellowship with them and their connections. But he yielded to the seductions of the world, became giddy with popular applause, sought and obtained admission within the circles of high life, gained preferment and royal favor, and eventually was a stranger among the companions of his better days. He was conscious of this desertion, and, on one occasion,—we quote from memory the anecdote in Jones' life of Horne,—meeting with a lady who belonged to the relinquished party, he asked her what his former associates thought of him: she only answered, "Demas hath forsaken us, having loved this present world,"—a reply which at the moment deeply affected its object. Dr. Dodd, however, pursued his career; and finally endeavoring, and with success, to defraud his former pupil, Lord Chesterfield, for into his society and confidence he had ventured, was convicted and executed.

All who have read this man's melancholy story, will recollect the extraordinary, and, as many thought, merciless determination of his late majesty, in refusing to hear the universal prayer of the nation in his behalf. They will also call to mind the exertions of Dr. Johnson, and various other eminent men, in favor of the culprit.

But we remember to have heard, many years ago, from a contemporary of Dodd, that the king persevered in his resolution, not merely because of the act of forgery, but from having been personally acquainted with the forger's previous conduct in many flagrant instances. When the king first heard of the fraud on Lord Chesterfield, it happened to be mentioned when the queen was also present; to whom his majesty instantly turned and said, "Why, this is the man who embezzled your charity funds;" the fact being, that Dodd, who was one of the royal chaplains, had been trusted by the queen as a private almoner. It was also then recollected, that he had offered anonymously a large sum of money to a lady of some political influence, if she would procure for him the living of St. George's, Hanover square; for which conduct, indeed, on being discovered, he had been dismissed from the office of king's chaplain. When, therefore, it is said, that Dr. Dodd was hanged for forgery, this is literally true; but it was not true, that this was an insulated act of criminality, perpetrated by a man who, up to a moment of delusion had lived an honorable and stainless life—but by an offender, who having at length committed a deed cognizable by law as worthy of death, was delivered to the executioner, to pay the forfeit of his life, after many years of secret depravity. We have recurred to the case of Dr. Dodd as confirmatory of the view we have taken of the cause of men's being permitted to adventure into the snares of sin till they are fatally entangled, and perish; and especially, if they have been previously acquainted with religious principles.—Blessed is the man that feareth always!

ENDEAVOR to be truly and thoroughly religious, and be not discouraged at the difficulties of it. God's grace shall be sufficient for your help; his promises your sweet encouragement, and peace of conscience, and communion with God, shall be your ever-present cordials.

FREEMASONRY.

The institution of Freemasonry is founded upon historical imposture; and can a Christian remark it without disgust, upon imposture foisted upon sacred history?—upon imposture falsifying the most awful truths of the gospel?—upon imposture contaminating with unhallowed step the holy of holies itself.

The fable upon which the first three degrees of Masonry is founded, carries absurdity and falsehood upon its face. There are fraud and duplicity in the oaths and obligations into which the candidates for initiation are unwarily drawn. They are first made to invoke upon themselves the penalties of death and brutal mutilation if they should reveal the senseless secrets to be imparted to them, and then they are told a tale of three Fellow Crafts who, like them had invoked these penalties upon themselves, and upon whom the *penalties had been executed*—not for revealing the secrets which they had been sworn to keep, but for murdering the first Grand Master in the attempt to extort one of the secrets from him.—Ministers of the word of God have the oaths, invoking these cruel penalties upon themselves, administered to them gratuitously, and take them for nothing, while other poor blind candidates are laid under tribute for the privilege of burdening their consciences with the same loads. After taking them, they are told that these have been the standing penalties for violation of the oaths of secrecy which they have taken, ever since they were executed upon the murderers of the first Grand Master. This first Grand Master of Masonry, they are told, was Hiram of Tyre, whom the Holy Scriptures declare to have been a workman in brass; and they are assured that he was murdered by three Tyrians with Roman names, three hundred years before Rome existed!—*John Quincy Adams.*

JUSTIFYING faith is always attended with universal obedience.

The Good Fight.

I CAME and saw, and hoped to conquer,
As the great Roman once had done;
His was the one hour's torrent shock of battle,
My field was harder to be won.

I came and saw, but did not conquer,
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong,
I came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer,
For me the fight was sore and long.

They said the war was brief and easy,
A word, a look, would crush the throng;
To some it may have been a moment's conflict,
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster,
To brave men they could work no wrong;
So some may boast of swift and easy battle,
To me it has been sore and long.

And yet I know that I shall conquer,
Though sore and hard the fight may be;
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,
Through Him who won the fight for me.

I fight, not fearful of the issue,
My victory is sure and near;
Yet, not the less with hand and eye all watchful,
Grasp I my buckler and my spear.

For I must fight, if I would conquer,
'Tis not by flight that fields are won;
And I must conquer, if I would inherit
The victor's joy, and crown, and throne.
—Bonar.

DR. TAYLOR, of Norwich, said to me, "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times, and it is very strange that the doctrine of atonement, which you hold, should not have been found by me." I am not surprised at this: I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher on it. Now prejudices from education, learning, etc., often form an extinguisher. It is not enough that you bring the candle—you must remove the extinguisher.—*Rev. John Newton.*

Editorial.

Self-Will.

It is natural to men to want to have their own way. Converted persons sometimes manifest this disposition; and, if we mistake not, we have seen intimations of its existence among those professing entire holiness.

The greatest stickler for his own opinion you will ever find, is the man who thinks that his will is the will of God. He cannot yield, because he feels that it would be offending God. When the will of God is clearly expressed, we ought to be firm and uncompromising. We should yield to no pressure. But where His will is not clearly expressed—as it is not, generally, in reference to the particular means to be employed in promoting His cause in a given case—he who has the wisdom that comes from above is *easy to be entreated*. For instance: I know it is the will of God that ardent spirits should not be sold as a beverage, for the Bible says, “Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink;” but I may be mistaken as to the best way to secure an abolition of the horrible traffic. I know that it is the will of God that believers should be sanctified; but I may be mistaken as to the best means to be employed to promote their sanctification. So in reference to a thousand things. Hence, the Apostle commands us to be *filled with the Spirit; submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God*.

But where there is no difference of opinion, there can be no submission. If another's opinion coincides with mine, I agree with him, but I do not submit to him.

It is a nice point to gain, to be firm and uncompromising, and yet not be self-willed. Yet it may be done. But it requires constant watchfulness and a spirit of genuine humility. We must see to it that, even when we are right, our own wills do not get up, and the determination be formed to carry our measures at all hazards.

Self-will works great mischief, both to the person indulging in it, and to whatever society is so unfortunate as to have him for a member. Fanaticism has its origin in

self-will. Those who have gone off into the wildest excesses, were led captive by the devil at his will, simply because they were bound to have their own will at all hazards.

We have known persons who, after they have torn Churches to pieces by their persistence in having their own way about manifestations which, at first no doubt occasioned by the Holy Spirit, afterwards became purely formal,—we have known these persons, after they have done all the mischief they could, go and join some popular, formal Church, and settle down into the orderly quiet of spiritual death.

Guard against self-will. Ask God to clothe you with humility. Aim at the meekness of Moses, and the patience of Job.

Be Faithful.

DEAL faithfully with souls. Avail yourself of every opportunity to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Especially, if you come in contact with the sick and dying, do all you can to lead them to the Saviour. It may be their last opportunity.

The following incident is sent us by a respected preacher of the Church to which the minister referred to belongs. It seems incredible, that a minister of the Gospel could be thus unfaithful; but, we fear, too many may be found in all the Churches, who fail to do their duty to the souls of those with whom they converse.

“In a town in northern Vermont, a young man lay upon his death-bed, brought there by wounds and exposure endured in the army during the rebel war. His father being a class-leader in the M. E. Church, the minister was invited to visit him. He came to spend the day with the dying young man, and amused him through the day with funny stories and laughable anecdotes, and at evening, when about to leave, said he would pray with him if there was only time. But, as there was not time, he did not pray at all. And this minister is a highly educated man, and is a candidate for a D.D.'s degree, and is admired by the great mass of the people.”

Infallibility.

SOME who reject the dogma of Popish, practically incline to the belief of a personal infallibility. In theory, they admit that they may be mistaken; while in practice, they are always, in their own opinion, just right. They never err. They always do the best that could be done under the circumstances. They endeavor to make the Lord responsible for their conduct, which often appears singularly inconsistent. They claim to be led by the Lord, and will the Lord lead any one wrong?

Now, the radical cure for all this, is found in genuine humility. No man was ever so fully led by the Lord, that he was not liable to make mistakes. The Lord is long-suffering toward us,—much more so than we are toward one another. He does not forsake us always, when our wills incline us strongly to do that which He would rather we would not do. Balaam did wrong in even attempting to curse Israel; but God did not take His Spirit from him. He uttered some noble and true predictions.—Lot made a mistake in going to Sodom, but God did not forsake him.

Let us, then, be humble and child-like—ready to acknowledge our mistakes. Above all, let us not think that we are so certainly right, that every one who disagrees with us decides against God. Impatience of contradiction is a sure sign that we have not the Spirit of Christ. That will lead us, in meekness, to instruct those that oppose the truth.

Pulling Down.

SOME who are laboring for souls, seem to possess a much greater gift in getting people to cast away their confidence, than they do in getting them to exercise a living faith in the living God. This is the easier way, we admit. Almost any one can do it. A child can destroy the work of the most skilful artist. A clown could set fire to the splendid temple known as one of the wonders of the world. Any one can tear down, but to build up requires patient industry and skill.

Then let our aim be to edify and not confuse,—to get people saved, and not to get them mad. If rubbish is in the way, remove it as soon as possible, and lay a good solid foundation for a Christian character that shall abide forever. If you destroy the "old hope," be sure and bring in a better one in its place. If you attempt to guide souls to the Celestial City, do not leave them at Doubting Castle. Be sure and have in your own soul the experience that you would persuade others to seek.

Dedications.

MONTEZUMA, N. Y.—On the last evening of last year, the Free Methodist Church at Montezuma, N. Y., was dedicated to the worship of God. We were expected to be present, and made the effort to get there. But the brother who went to convey us from the depot, six miles away, to the meeting—not understanding that we are almost always obliged to take the last train that will answer—left about an hour before our train arrived. We waited till dark, and as it was very dark, and the roads were very muddy, we concluded not to walk, but took another train that came along, to Syracuse. Here we enjoyed an excellent Watch-night meeting with Bro. Damon. The next morning we went back, and the ground being frozen, made our way very comfortably to the meeting. We found that our absence was compensated by the presence and labors of Bro. J. B. Freeland, who preached an excellent sermon on the occasion. The house is neat, plain and comfortable, and well adapted to the wants of the people. It was built by the indefatigable energy of Bro. G. B. Beach, almost unaided. May the Lord abundantly recompense him for his efforts to promote His blessed cause!

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—On Saturday, the eighth of January, we attended the dedication of the Free Methodist Church at this place. It is an uncommonly neat and pleasant edifice, capable of seating about two hundred and fifty persons.—Through the persevering efforts of Rev. Wm. Gould, the means to pay for it were

all, or nearly all, provided for. The meetings throughout were of deep interest.

This enterprise shows the advantage of giving. At one of our Camp-meetings last summer, a brother from the Saratoga circuit gave twenty dollars for our School, and was greatly blessed in doing it. He said, That if the Lord would bless him so much in giving twenty dollars, he would try giving more. He went home, and told his brethren that if they would build a church, he would give five hundred dollars towards it. Thus encouraged, they went on and built a house of worship, adapted to their wants, in which the poor can have the Gospel preached. May it be the spiritual birth-place of many souls!

Literary Notices.

NEW TESTAMENT STANDARD OF PIETY.—By Rev. W. McDonald, of the New England Conference of the M. E. Church.

This book was first issued by H. V. De-
gin & Son, of Boston, some ten years since.
It is now published by Walter C. Palmer,
Jr., New York.

The subject is Christian Holiness. It
abounds in extracts from Wesley, Fletcher,
Upham, and other standard writers. It
shows clearly the distinction between re-
generation and entire sanctification; dis-
cusses the question of gradual and instan-
taneous sanctification; the nature of con-
secration and faith, and the propriety of
confessing the blessing when attained.—
There is much that is good in the book,—
much that is calculated to help earnest, in-
quiring souls. The book is—like most that
is written and preached in popular church-
es at the present day on the subject of ho-
liness—erroneous in what it does not say.
He who addresses, on the subject of ho-
liness, professors who are remarkable, not
for their plainness, but for their costly ap-
parel, and passes over that subject in si-
lence, does thereby countenance their
worldly conformity. So, too, if he knows
that many to whom his words are uttered,
belong to an organization that rejects
Christ, and pronounces prayers offered in its
councils in *His* name, a violation of the fun-
damental principles of the order, and does

not insist upon their leaving it, and renounc-
ing the unfruitful works of darkness, he
thereby countenances them in their sins, and
leads them into errors of the most danger-
ous character. He induces them to make,
in all honesty, a profession of holiness,
when they need most of all to be scriptu-
rally convicted and awakened.

This book is sold at \$1.00, and can be
had by addressing the publisher at No. 14
Bible House, New York.

THE MASONIC CONSPIRACY: What it Claims
to be, and What it Is. By Rev. John Levington.

The author of this able work is also a
minister of the M. E. Church—a member
of the Detroit Conference. But he speaks
out with a boldness wholly unlooked for
from that quarter. Of course, he suffers
for it. At the Conference last fall, some of
the leading Masonic preachers waited on
him, and told him if he would burn up his
books, they would pay him all they had
cost him, and give him one of the best
appointments in the Conference. He told
them he would not sell his soul for the city
of Detroit. They then tried, in various
ways, to get him out of the Conference.—
Failing in this, they adopted the plan which
has generally proved so successful in sub-
duing preachers, of sending him to a star-
vation appointment. He was sent to a
charge where there were but seven male
members. They also took care to have
such reports precede him, that when he
got there and preached his first sermon, no
one offered him either food or lodgings.—
But God opens his way, and gives him
the hearts of those people who are not con-
taminated by connection with the great
conspiracy.

In the first chapters of the work before
us, he narrates the efforts which had been
made thro' Masonic influence to crush him.
He had a call to Walnut St. Church, De-
troit. There was plotting in the cabinet
against it. He went to Bishop Janes, and
in the course of the conversation men-
tioned the names of three gentlemen, mem-
bers of that Church, who asked for his ap-
pointment. The Bishop said, "*These same
men applied for another man.*" After Con-

ference, these gentlemen emphatically *denied that they had in any way applied for any one but Mr. Levington.*

Being invited to attend the dedication of a church in Chicago, he went, and was afterwards urged to become their pastor.—His P. E., Rev. F. A. Blades, professed to favor it, and to be very friendly. Bishop James said he would transfer him.

In due time Mr. Levington went to Dixon, the seat of the Rock River Conference, to be transferred. The Church that wanted him, finding a strange opposition, got up a petition with a long list of signatures, pledged the money for his support, and sent a delegation to the Conference. But they did not succeed. There was such strong opposition on the part of leading preachers—Masons—that the appointment was not made. Rev. Dr. Eddy said, "If that man comes here, he will ruin you; he ruins every church he is sent to. Rev. H. Crews, P. E., of Chicago Dist., said to Mr. Levington, "The representation to us is that your own Conference would be glad to get rid of you." Rev. F. A. Blades, also a high mason, was given as their authority.

In the work before us, our author shows from the best authority, what Masonry is in itself, and in its influence. He says, "I am as fully convinced of the badness of Masonry as I am of the goodness of the Gospel, of which Masonry is the greatest enemy at the present day." p. 293. "I verily believe that those who know Masonry must do one of two things, namely: hate it and eschew it, or go to hell with it." p. 205.

In speaking of the prevalence of Masonry in his church, he says, "Just think of the fact, the awful fact, that probably more than two-thirds of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are already worshipping at this idolatrous altar, in the Masonic temple, and exerting their influence to draw the members after them.—And marvelously have they succeeded in these highly treasonable efforts—so treasonable that I doubt whether a parallel will be found in past history. In former times the visible Church lost her light, life and power, *openly* embraced various errors

from time to time, and thus went away backward. But in this instance the church of Christ has been deceptively led into the very citadel of the enemy by her own officers, after they had sworn allegiance to Christ, and while they still professed that allegiance. And the parties thus drawn into the very citadel of the enemy, the Masonic temple, under false pretences, were there and then made to swear allegiance to that enemy who excludes from his vocabulary the very name of Christ; and when thus sworn, they were forbidden, on pain of death, to divulge the dreadful secret. And thus oath-bound, they were sent with a lie in their right hand, and deception on their lips, to draw others in; and still the work goes on." p. 118.

The Good Templar movement he justly considers as tributary to Masonry. He calls it the "Rickety offspring of a corrupt parent, and that parent is Masonry." The work before us contains 314 pages—is bound in paper, and will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.00, by addressing the author, Rev. JOHN LEVINGTON, 403 sixth st., Detroit, Mich. It ought to go into every family, Methodist especially, in the land.

Scatter the Light.

If you give a friend money, it is soon gone—if a garment, it is worn out—if an ornament, it can only minister to pride; but if you put in his hands good, sound, Holy Ghost reading, it may make him wise unto eternal salvation. We receive letters daily, testifying to the great benefit many have received from reading the *Earnest Christian*. Very many say they prize it next to the Bible. Will you not aid, then, in giving it a wide circulation? You may do more good in that way, than in any other possible manner. People of all Denominations who aim to be uncompromising Christians, generally like it.

We have on hand back numbers, which we can supply in broken sets, at the rate of twenty for one dollar. Get a supply to give to your friends. See, also, on the second page of the cover, our revised list of Tracts. Send on your orders.

DYING TESTIMONY.

BRO. JOHN CROSS, of the Free Methodist Church in Hudson, Wis., died in Chicago, on the 26th of Sept., 1869, his birth-day, aged 69, at the residence of his son, where he was visiting.

He was converted many years ago; and although his Christian course has been somewhat irregular, upon the whole he has been uncommonly useful. Converted from Universalism, he was a bold advocate of the doctrines of an endless hell, and a pure and earnest Christianity. He was pressed in spirit a few years since to go to a large town in Minnesota, where he visited every family, talking and praying in his peculiarly apt and powerful manner, and was the main instrument in a sweeping revival. He suffered exceedingly during his short illness, but with great resignation and sweetness,—felt it was providential that God so ordered it, that he should die among his unconverted children, those who were converted not being able to be present. He talked much of the condition of the churches, and remarked one day, among other similar truths, no doubt in the light of eternity, "There is not one in five hundred—no, not one in a thousand—of church members now, that are meek and humble followers of Jesus." An unconverted lady present wept like a child, and said, "What a sermon!" To one of his sons, near the last, he whispered, "My son, I am not afraid to die." On the morning of the day of his death, as his wife entered his room, he was speechless, but pointed upward with a heavenly smile, as if he had caught a glimpse of his home and wanted her to look. When we moved to Hudson, father Cross recognized the Free Church at once as the people he first knew as Methodists; and which, he said, he looked through Chicago eight years to find, in vain. With tears, he begged a place among us, and with a father's care looked after our temporal wants, daily, with others, exerting himself to the utmost. He watched, with a jealous eye, any spirit of division that tried to enter our little band; and was careful himself

to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

T. S. LADUE.

JARVIS B. PIKE, of Newfane, Niagara Co., N. Y., died at his residence, Oct. 2d, 1869, aged 56 years.

Bro. Pike was born in the town of Plymouth, Chenango Co., N. Y. Was converted at the age of eighteen, and joined the Open Communion Baptist Church. At the age of twenty-three, he was married to Ruth Stover, of Smyrna, an adjoining town. Removing to this place a few years after, he joined the M. E. Church. He afterwards removed to Pekin, Niagara Co., and joined the M. E. Church of that place. He was class-leader, both before and after he removed to Pekin; and in this place he united with the Free Methodist Church, and remained in its fellowship till he joined the Church triumphant.

The life and character of Brother Pike brought forth the fruit of a sound conversion and an abiding, vital faith. In his last sickness, he was submissive to the will of God; was blessed with assuring evidence of adoption; was enabled to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and approached the last enemy in glorious triumph.

Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!

ISABELLA GREEN.—Died, in Otselic, N. Y., Isabella, only child of Thomas and Chloe Green, aged 10 years 9 months and 10 days.

Isabella was of a quiet and mild disposition, desirous, as far as her knowledge extended, of pursuing the right. She was very dutiful to her parents, full of affection for them and all other friends; of a religious turn of mind—often being seen, in seasons of family devotion, upon her knees before the Saviour. She was very fond of the Sabbath school, being a constant attendant whenever circumstances permitted. Much beloved by her pastor, and those who were acquainted with her. Now, safely folded in the arms of her Saviour, she becomes, to her parents, a light in the window, urging them on to the glories that await them over on the evergreen shores. Sermon by her pastor, Rev. E. P. Nayus.

J. W. BARR.

LOVE FEAST.

REV. W. M. PARRY.—I am still on the Lord's side—bless his name! I love him, because he first loved me. I love his service; it is perfect freedom. I delight to do the will of my Heavenly Father. My soul has no affinity with the popular religion of the day; but I love the Bible pattern. I praise the Lord that my lot is cast with a company of earnest Christians, whose life-work is to spread Scriptural holiness through these lands.

LAURA BUTTON.—I praise the Lord for a freedom in Christ this morning. Whom the Son maketh free, is free indeed. I feel the love of God welling up in my heart—all glory be to God! I praise the Lord for this child-like faith, that brings the blessings we need for soul and body, and gives me such a love for the unsaved. On the 9th of December, I attended the General Quarterly Meeting at Summer Hill. I was there filled with the unutterable glory, and at that time was set in a larger place than ever before. My heart is white as snow, and I ascribe all the glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I praise the Lord for this salvation, that keeps us as we cannot keep ourselves. I expect, by the grace of God, to endure till the end, and receive a crown of life that fadeth not away.

Cortland, N. Y.

MRS. J. H. CARLETON.—I gave my heart to God in my youth, and he has ever been a present help in every time of need. At all times he has enabled me to say, His precious will be done! To day, I bless his holy name for his goodness in the preservation of my life. I feel, to-day, to dedicate myself anew to his service, and pray that I may ever feel that I am an heir to that inheritance which is incorruptible, undiminished, and which shall never fade away. I am striving for that place where there is no sickness, no death, no parting with friends,—where there will be one eternal round of glory through all eternity. What a happy thought! There we shall meet our loved ones, and shall never have to

take the parting hand. "There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. xxii. 5. To-day, at the commencement of a new year, I give myself anew to God, and am resolved, God being my helper, to shun the vain pomp and show of the world, and be a *Bible Christian*. I praise God to-day for a free salvation. Yes, it is free; all may have it if they will. There is power in Jesus' blood to cleanse, and keep us cleansed—praise Jesus! I still love the *Earnest Christian*. It is a good work, and I wish all might read it.

Hudson, N. Y.

S. J. WHITNEY.—I have read the *Earnest Christian* for 1869, and I love to read it. It has been the means of bringing me closer to Jesus. The more I read it, the more I love to read it. Each page seems filled with good words for Jesus, and it makes the fire burn brighter in my heart. I will not be without it, while I can raise the price of it. My husband has caught the fire too, and our family altar is better established, and I hope permanently so, while our lives last. All credit is due you and the kind friend who placed this book in our hands a year ago. We firmly believe, that one can have all the religion he lives for. Glory be to God for salvation! We need just such a book, to keep us from following the vain and foolish things of this world. There is power in Jesus.—Glory to God! he saves me from the fashions of this world. I want everybody to read the *Earnest Christian*; and I am going to use my interest in your noble work, and I hope others may receive as much good as I have. If they do, there will be much good done. I do enjoy the love of God in my heart, and I pray that I may be more faithful, and at last have an abundant entrance into the New Jerusalem.

New York Mills, N. Y.

SARAH E. LYON.—I love the Lord with all my heart, and have the witness that he loves me, and washes me in his most pre-

cious blood. Bless his holy name for ever and ever, for what he has done for me, soul and body! I had been sick for nearly two years—some of the time not expected to live. For some nine months, I had not had the use of my limbs. I could not walk or get out of my chair without help. One evening, at a prayer-meeting at Saratoga Springs, on the evening of the last Sabbath in September, at Bro. Gould's, the Lord took my case and healed me. He set me leaping and running all around the house. I walked about half a mile that night, and felt as well as ever I did. This day, Dec. 18th, I can truly say, I enjoy real health. All praise be to Jesus forever, for what he has done for me!

South Corinth, N. Y.

WM. P. ARON.—In the winter of 1866, my eyes first fell upon your lovely Magazine. While reading the good work, I saw at once that it held forth the precious truths taught by the Saviour. I felt while reading, that God was in that work. I bless God that ever such a work was published! My wife subscribed for the *Earnest Christian*, and when we read the first number, we felt we had the worth of our money.—I united with the M. E. Church in 1853, and have been trying to live a life devoted to my blessed Saviour. I praise God for what he has done for me this year! I am the Lord's. I know that my Redeemer liveth. I love the narrow way. Some men carry about with them a dead soul in a living body. They feel that the curse of the Almighty rests upon them, because they will not do what God requires of them.—Jesus says, "Be ye perfect, as I am perfect." This has been the happiest year of my life. I feel that the blood of Jesus has cleansed my heart—praise his name for the true witness!

Bowenburgh, Ill.

MISS RHODA CLAPSADDLE.—God is my light and my salvation, in him will I trust. The enemy throws his fiery darts at me, but what of that? They fall harmless at my feet. Being surrounded, as by a wall of living fire, the devil cannot harm me.

Although he comes many times as an angel of light, God gives me the spirit of discernment, and I am enabled to detect his cloven foot in time to flee from him. God is my salvation—praise his name! My life is hid with Christ in God. I never expect to go down until the Rock goes down. O, glory to God! As long as Jesus triumphs, I shall triumph, for my trust is in Him, and it ever shall be till I die. Praise God for salvation, present, free and full, and I pray God to help me to retain it in my soul.

Porter, N. Y.

MARY S. BILL.—I am living for God the best I know how. I am not my own; I am bought with a great price—Christ's blood. The highest ambition of my life is to know and do the will of God. I never felt so small, so helpless, so cut loose from every earthly entanglement, so dead to sin, as now. My cry is, Life, eternal life. I cannot stop to view earth's toys; I am running for a crown. How I have seen, in the light of eternity, eternal things of late as never before! What I do must be done quickly; the day is far spent; souls are hurrying down to an endless woe. How I feel their groans upon me, *Jesus, help!* I ask God, What shall I do? I lay my hand in His, and say, Lead me: I follow. O, I am about the work God gives me to do. I know by experience, that obedience is better than sacrifice. Glory be to God!—While I write, the all-cleansing blood is being applied to my heart afresh.

MRS. MARY MALVIN.—I find the *Earnest Christian* a good book to my poor soul.—The Lord is very precious to me to-day, and he is blessing me every day of my life. How can I thank him enough for all his kindness to me! I am sick in body, so I cannot go out of the house very often now, but thank God that he fills me with comfort. If the Lord blesses me, what more can I ask?

Thurman, N. T.

MARY DOW SHERBURN.—I want to say, that I am on the Lord's side, and the Lord is on my side, and I am glad I am in this

army. I have enlisted during the war—praise the Lord! I feel like going through with Jesus in the narrow way, the way of the cross. I ask not for the honors of this world; but I do want to enjoy the pure, unadulterated love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost. I am pressing on after holiness, oh, bless his holy name forever!

REV. A. B. BURDICK.—I am still living, "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The love of God warms my heart these wintry hours. I am happier, as the year goes out, than when it came in. The remembrance of my past sins grieves me, but a present knowledge of forgiveness and purity give me joy! present joy! joy unspeakable and full of glory! "My head is anointed with joy-oil, my heart-cup runneth over." Let all the anointed of the Lord rejoice with me, for we are coming to Zion with everlasting joy on our heads.

Grafton, N. Y.

J. H. VANDEVER.—I enjoy a full and present salvation, an unspeakable fullness. The blood of Jesus saves me from all sin. I rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. O, how blessed, to comprehend the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and to be filled with all the fullness of God!

Muscatine, Iowa.

MRS. H. E. HAYDEN.—It seems to me, that I never loved the cause of my Redeemer with such an intensity as now. I am on the altar, and all that I possess. I am ready to do and to suffer the whole will of God. I have never shed so many tears over the languishing state of Zion within a short space of time, as I have for the last six months. I feel to-day, "O, that my head were waters." We have a union prayer-meeting at our house every Friday evening, for holiness. Sometimes, five different churches are represented. Some are earnestly seeking to be washed in the Redeemer's blood. Brethren and sisters, lift your hearts to God just now for the success

of this meeting. I am walking in the light of God—glory be to his holy name!

Warren, Ill.

MARY C. WILLIS.—Praise God for real, earnest religion, that carries me through the difficult places in this life,—

"That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile."

Jesus is all and in all to me. He keeps me when sorely tried and tempted. He gives me joy in my soul, that the world can neither give nor take away. I am poor in this world's goods, but heir to a heavenly inheritance. Thank God!

Gainesville, N. Y.

MRS. ALMIRA OSBORNE.—I would like to give in my testimony on the Lord's side. I feel this morning that the sunshine of righteousness shines all through my soul—glory to God! Jesus' blood washes my heart now. I am in the narrow way, and have no other desire than to follow my Saviour, through evil as well as through good report. I have some hard battles to fight, but Jesus helps me conquer every time—glory to the Lamb forever!

Auburn, N. Y.

HANNAH J. BULL.—Praise the Lord! I have got salvation—deliverance from sin. I have the victory over death and hell.—Jesus has destroyed the works of the devil in my body and soul. I shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb—glory to God!

Grafton, N. Y.

MARIE E. PARKS.—By faith my soul lays hold upon the triune God of holiness. I take the adorable Jesus as my Prophet, Priest and King. Oh! the blessedness of being fully saved. Oh! the joy unspeakable and blessedness which flows into my soul by believing in Jesus. My soul is united to Christ by a vital union. I drink of the living waters, and the more I drink at the fountain, the more earnestly I desire to be filled with all the fullness of God. Oh? glory to God, forever. We shall drink on and on through all eternity, and bathe in the unbounded sea of God's eternal love. Glory to God for this great salvation!

San Francisco, Cal.