

# The Earnest Christian

AND

## GOLDEN RULE.

MAY, 1870.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

#### Our Father.

Is God my Father? Who said so? The infinite, the holy, the everlasting One,—*can it be* that He is my Father?

Cherub, and seraph, and angel might look up and say, "My Father;" but I!—so weak, so helpless, so unworthy, down in these dark shades where the damps of hell alternate with the light of God—will it not be impious for *me* to say, "My Father"?

Jesus says, "Say, Our Father." His Father and mine. We can say, (that is, Jesus and I,) "Our Father."

#### Which art in heaven.

Then this world, where I hear the lion roar so often, is not my home. The Holy One comes and shades me with His wings. No; this is not my home.—There is only one path in all this world but is spread with slime; and darkness, and traps, and gins, are everywhere but there. Christ drew me out of them by the power of His attraction. He said He would draw all men to Him; and when I lifted my eyes to the cross, I felt the power of His love. And He drew me out of many waters, and set my feet in the highway that leads to Glory: and He will draw me clear to Heaven; that where He is I may be also.

#### Hallowed be thy name.

"Lord, Lord," did I say? Forgive me! I had better waited. Let me

wait before thee, but let me not take thy name in vain.

Now help me to lift my *heart* to thee, that I may not draw nigh with my lips alone. *There is no name like thine.* I will not take it to fill up a gap while I shall forecast in my mind what next to say.

#### Thy kingdom come.

Yes, into my *heart*. Call back every wandering thought and *bind it*, that it shall go from thee no more. Cast out the strong man and spoil his goods.—Set up thy kingdom and reign. It is heaven where thou dost reign. Thou art the light of the place, and there is no night there. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

Thy kingdom come into my brother's heart. He is looking for thee. He is waiting as those that watch for the morning. He casts his longing eyes around, but he sees no light. His heart beats its stormy waves, and wails out its wild cry for thee, O God!

Thy kingdom come. (Present tense.)

Thy kingdom come into this world. See how the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain. See the parched and arid wastes, and the bleak, icy mountains. See the bitter herbs, the thorns, and the briers. Hear the lashing of whips, the clanking of chains, iron bolts, and bars. See how the wicked triumph while the innocent lie in the dust. See how the wealthy and proud lie on beds of ivory, and chant to the music of the viol, while the famished cry of babes rends the mother's heart. And wilt thou not

hear? And dost thou still delay?—  
*How long, O Lord, how long?*

**Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.**

If I were an angel now, I would wait before Him to know what He would have me do. Perhaps He would bid me play my harp and sing Him a song. Perhaps He would have me wait a little, while He sent others here and there on errands of love. It would be joy to stand before God and behold His glory. And at His right hand is One, —I never would tire of looking at Him. His side was pierced for me, and His face was marred more than any man's. The scourgings that were intended for me were laid on Him, for He came between me and Justice; and He changed cups with me, giving me the cup of life, and drinking Himself the dregs of death.

But if He wanted me to fly to earth and show the dogs the way to Lazarus, that they might wash his sores and give him a little attention and sympathy that human beings failed to give, I would go. I would fly swiftly. I would not say, "The way is long, and I might meet the prince of Persia and be hindered three weeks. I dread a fight with him so much." I would not say, "There is very little glory down there on earth; and it does look so dark after coming from this bright place." —I would not say, "There are priests and Levites there:—let them see to Lazarus."

And if God wanted me to do what I could to save Mary Magadene, I would find her. I would breathe on her spirit and she would say, "I feel so strange to-night! I wonder what is the matter! I wish I were out of this wicked place, where I *could* be good." And I would show her some way out. I would. I would not be afraid of soiling my robes by walking so near to her. I would not be afraid of injuring my reputation by going so much with her. But I would keep close to her all the time; and when those Pharisees passed by, I would say, "Never mind; Jesus loves you." And when proud damsels

pointed their fingers in scorn, I would say, "Never mind. You follow me, and I will bring you shortly where there is plenty of good company who will not be ashamed of you."

**Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.**

If thy kingdom *has* come into my heart, and thou dost sit on the throne reigning there, I may stand and wait before thee, gazing in silent awe upon thy glory; or I may sing and make melody in my heart to thee; or I may go forth and hunt up Lazarus and Mary Magdalene; or I may fight spiritual wickedness in high places; principalities and powers.

I stand before thee now, and say, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!"

**Give us this day our daily bread.**

Thou dost love to feed thy children. Thou wilt not stint them. Wouldst thou make them go twenty-four hours without food? A mother may be busy here and there and forget her sucking child; but thou hast said thou wouldst not forget us.

I have wondered, sometimes, when thy children ask thee so often, and follow thee around crying for "*Bread*," that thou shouldst be so long in giving it to them. I know now. Thou dost wait that they may get *hungry*. If thou wert to give them bread, they would only waste it. They would nibble a corner, then throw it away and cry for "*leaks and onions*."

I hear thee say, "Blessed are they that *hunger and thirst* after righteousness, for *they shall be filled*."

**Give us this day our daily bread.**

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. A sparrow is worth two farthings, and thou feedest them. Wilt thou let me stay here and starve with my little ones?

"Here, then, I doubt no more,  
But in thy pleasure rest,  
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,  
Engage to make me blest.  
To accomplish thy design,  
The creatures all agree;  
And all the attributes Divine  
Are now at work for me."

**And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.**

For how much do I owe thee? Existence, salvation from eternal death, the promised inheritance of which thou hast given me the title, food, raiment, shelter, friends, air, sea, sun, stars, breezes, birds, flowers,—and then I should return to thee those wasted goods, those lost hours, those unappreciated privileges, the abused blood of Christ,—ten thousand talents! and I have nothing to meet it. What shall I do?

I cannot give thee gold, for that is thine. The cattle on a thousand hills are thine; and I am thine. I cannot pay. *Forgive me the debt.*

“As we forgive our debtors.” How is that? Let me reflect. What did I do when I met my fellow-servant who had nothing to pay? Did I continually remind him that he was owing me, and he *must* pay it? Did I try what the law could do, and prisons?

Or if one trespassed against me, what was my conduct toward him?—Was my countenance gloomy, my face averted? Were my words cold, or did I hold a sullen silence? Did I say, “I can forgive, but I cannot forget”?

*Must* we pray so to thee, O God, that thou shouldst do to us as we do to others, and forgive us as we forgive them?

**Lead us not into temptation.**

(Suffer us not to be led into temptation:—the literal meaning.) I must needs be tempted, then. I remember the blessed Son of God was tempted too. I shall not get beyond Him, I know. But oh, my heart cries out, *Suffer me not to sin.* Is it not written, “As He is, so are we in this world”? He did not yield, though he was tempted forty days. He would not be led by Satan, even to do that which would have been right in itself.

If I should take the proffered hand of one who seemed to be an angel of light, Our Father, to be led where thou only knowest, let me see the cloven foot from under the white robe! Let me know the Shepherd's voice from

the stranger's! Let me discern the glare of that false watch fire which was kindled to light us on some other path than thine.

Speaking of the angels,—“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?” Let me be led by them. The Holy Dove,—let me follow its flight, and be led by it into all truth. Or let a little child lead me; but let me not be led by any fiend of hell, even in thinking one thought, or making one motion.

Shade me with thy wings! *Amen!*

**But deliver us from evil.**

Yes, thou canst; thou wilt. I dare believe thee, though traveling through the wilderness, wherein are fiery serpents and scorpions, where seeming sheep are often wolves, and angels devils, and chosen ones Judases.

The thralldom of sin is evil. The dominion of self is evil. Answer the prayer thou hast taught us thyself to pray, and Deliver us from evil.

**For thine is the kingdom.**

Thou canst do as thou wilt in thine own realm.

**And the power.**

The mountains tremble at thy presence, and the hills melt; the earth moves out of its place at the sound of thy voice, and *thou canst* do what I have asked of thee.

**And the glory.**

Forbid that I should take it to myself. Who am I, thou heavenly Bridegroom, that thou shouldst choose me to thy throne? What have I ever done to merit thy love? No; unto Him that loved us, be glory *Hallelujah*

**Forever and ever. Amen.**

WHEN a believer prays, he is not alone,—there are three with him: the Father, seeing in secret, His ear open; the Son, blotting out sin, and offering up prayer; the Holy Ghost, quickening and giving desires. There can be no true prayer without these three.—*M'Cheyne.*

*Have I not seen it!*



## IMITATION OF CHRIST.

BY REV. JAMES MATHEWS.

"Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth."—1 Pet. ii. 22.

As "the tree is known by its fruits," so the character is known by the conduct. He who has an indwelling Christ, will glorify God with his lips. A Christian is more than a moralist. Many practice virtues, who, tried by the standard of God's word, cannot be called virtuous, since virtue is a principle as well as a practice. In the matter of evil-speaking, many unconverted persons abhor the practice, and even reprove those who are guilty of the abominable vice, but the only reasons they assign for their conduct are, that it causes unpleasant feelings, and makes trouble. Christians go farther than this. They have nobler incentives to purity of speech. The example and precepts of their Lord and Master powerfully influence them.

What an anomaly the individual presents to the world who professes to be a follower of Him, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth," when he indulges in unkind remarks concerning absent persons, and especially against members of the church of God. How dwelleth the spirit of Christ in such hearts? It would be well before speaking of any thing that may affect another, if the custom were observed of inquiring, How would Jesus act under these circumstances? "He left us an example, that we should follow in his steps." Alas, that the tone of religion is so low. A higher key must be struck or the Church will become a reproach and a by-word in the world.

It is not enough to hold Christ in esteem for what he once did; "all he did for us, was in reference to what he would do in us." Are we imitating Christ? What is the temper of our minds? What the tenor of our words? Many in an unguarded moment have spoken an evil word against a brother, "bad news flies apace," it has reached the brother's ears, he has charged the of-

fender with the act, when sad to relate, prevarication has been added to the crime of slander.

O for a tremendous awakening to the fact that we cannot be Christ like in heart, and devilish in tongue. When one has done wrong, it is hard to confess, but how much harder it will be if to the wrong committed, be added lies to prevent detection and exposure.

But no guile was found in Christ's mouth, because no sin was in his heart.

Foul breath is but a symptom of inward disease, and a mouth in which guile is found, is a sure indicator of a corrupt heart.

There can be no more fatal mistake made than to suppose the heart is better than the life, for "as a man thinketh so is he." Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts. Envy is the wretched mother of these children of the devil in many instances. Strange that it is preached against so little.

O it is a subtle foe. Let it once find place in the heart, and farewell peace and comfort. Some persons incapable of understanding disinterested acts of benevolence, or envious of the success of another, throw shafts of slander against their reputation, give dark hints as to something they know, or make evil surmisings concerning motives. They make no direct charge, but wag the head, look askant, and "hope it is all right, but things look strange. People say—well I won't report what I've heard, we must have charity." Think of it, CHARITY,—after giving the malicious stab, to talk of CHARITY!

"O for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun."—

The church to-day has more to fear from guile than from any thing (I had almost said *all* things) else. Alas! that there are so many "hollow friendships, vain compliments, empty professions of esteem, love, regard or friendship. The true Christian "speaks nothing but what his heart dictates." Thank God that there are some in the world who



"Follow the heavenly Lamb,  
And after His image aspire."

Yes, while many in the trying hour deny their Lord, or, like Judas, betray him, there are here and there, a few tried, true and trusty souls, whose lips speak what the heart feels. May their number increase. Amen.

### WAITING.

BY MRS. L. A. BROOKS.

WHEN we stand at the brink of the river which divides time from eternity, with the peace of God in our hearts, with our souls redeemed from the pollution of sin, with the light of eternal glory beaming upon us, and yet we are not bidden to step over the narrow stream which alone separates us from joys immortal, and from the crown which awaits those who love His appearing, the question arises, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee." Ah, here comes in an unconverted friend. I may recommend him to Jesus—entreat him to be reconciled to God. Here is a little child. I may drop a precept of eternal truth into the soil of its young, tender heart, which will be watered and nourished by grace and the influence of the Spirit, until it shall spring up and bear fruit to the honor and glory of God. Here is a "babe in Christ," weak, trembling, almost disheartened by the roughness of the way. I may tell such how He will carry the lambs in his loving arms, gather them in his bosom, lay them next his heart, and *will not lose* any that are his, but will at the great gathering day, say, "Here am I, and those whom thou hast given me." Here is a young disciple whom, it would seem, the world and Satan were determined should not save his soul, for an unusual array of the world's vanities, and Satan's wiles seem to surround him, and his steps are well-nigh slipping. I may cry to our "Elder Brother" for strength, courage and decision to be given him, I can tell him, from my own experience, how, through grace, the world may be

got under his feet, how the devil, when resisted, will flee from him, and through Christ strengthening him, he may stand entire at last. Here is a widow stricken to the earth by the sorrows of bereavement; the fatherless watching, waiting for the steps which will never more be heard, and for the smile which they no more will see—no hope of meeting that loved and lost one again; for they "know not God," and are "strangers to the commonwealth of Israel." Can I not lead those bleeding hearts to the fountain which cleanseth, to the Friend that healeth? Will not God give me *these* souls as "jewels" to present to my Master when he comes? Ah yes, he will, for he has promised and it shall be done. Here is an avowed enemy to the religion of Christ; a sworn opposer of the law of God, whose neck is stiff and arm uplifted to destroy, in impotent rage and implacable hatred, all of good he may. His very eyes glare in the intensity of passion, and his mouth is full of curses and blasphemy, if one day of sickness or one night of pain visit him or his. Let him come here, let me tell him how the God whom he hates can heal, comfort and sustain with one hand, even while he smites with the other; how that loving Saviour whom he rejects and despises, can make even a *dying* bed feel soft as downy pillows are, and that the blood of the covenant which he counts an unholy thing, was shed to save him from the reward of unholiness. Let me see the neck unbend, the arm drop listless, the eye lose its fire and melt to tears of penitence and grief, the knee bend in homage to the "Nazarene," and I could die content. At least, when we shall stand at the judgement seat, he cannot look me in the face and say "No one cared for my soul." All this, and much more around me, I wait for, "redeeming the time," till I shall hear the summons, "It is enough, come up higher." God has not given to all his children the same work to do. To some are allotted *active labor* in the different portions of the "vineyard," while to oth-

ers, that of *suffering* his will; *patiently* to endure affliction, *cheerfully* to kiss the rod, *submissively* to bear the contradiction of sinners or hardness for Christ's sake. While the *first* go out and, by labors faithfully performed, gather *gems, diamonds* and *stars* for their "crown of rejoicing," will not the last also win, if not a *star-gemmed* crown, a crown of pure white pearls, with which our Master will welcome us after having come through great tribulation, having our robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb? Methinks the rest will be sweeter, the bliss more glorious, the peace more perfect, after the labors, the sorrows, the turmoils and disquietudes of life are passed. "And now, Lord, what wait I for?" Thy bidding. But willing still to wait, for weeks, for months, aye for three-score years if He wills,

"Till my deliverer comes  
And wipes away his servant's tears  
And takes his exile home."

And "my hope is in Thee." For all of life, for death, for all of heaven and eternity, and *cannot* fear, for hast Thou not said, "Happy is that man whose hope the Lord is." Thus on the brink of the river I stand and wait for my Redeemer,

Calm as the rays of sun or star,  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Passing unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

#### HOW SAINTS MAY HELP THE DEVIL.

THERE was a young minister once, preaching very earnestly, in a certain chapel; and he had to walk some four or five miles to his home, along a country road, after service. A young man, who had been deeply impressed during the sermon, requested the privilege of walking with the minister, with an earnest hope that he might get an opportunity of telling his feelings to him, and obtaining some word of guidance or comfort. Instead of that, the young minister, all the way along, told the most singular tales to those who were with him, causing loud roars of laugh-

ter. He stopped at a certain house, and this young man with him, and the whole evening was spent in frivolity and foolish talking.

Some years after, when the minister had grown old, he was sent for to the bedside of a dying man. He hastened thither with a heart desirous to do good. He was requested to sit down at the bedside, and the dying man, looking at him and regarding him more closely, said to him,

"Do you remember preaching in such a village, and on such an occasion?" "I do," said the minister.

"I was one of your hearers," said the man; "and I was deeply impressed by the sermon."

"Thank God for that!" said the minister.

"Stop!" interrupted the man, "don't thank God until you have heard the whole story. You will have reason to alter your tone before I have done."

The minister changed countenance; but he little guessed what would be the full extent of that man's testimony.

Said he, "Sir, do you remember after you had finished your sermon, that I, with some others, walked home with you? I was sincerely desirous of being led in the right path that night.—But I heard you speak in such a strain of levity, and with so much coarseness, too, that I went outside the house while you were sitting down to your evening meal. I stamped my foot upon the ground; I said that you were a liar; that Christianity was a falsehood; that if you could pretend to be so earnest about it in the pulpit, and then come down and talk like that, the whole thing must be a sham. And I have been an infidel," said he, "a confirmed infidel, from that day to this. But I am not an infidel at this moment. I know better. I am dying, and about to be damned, and at the bar of God I will lay my damnation to your charge. My blood is upon your head!" And with a dreadful shriek, and with a demoniacal glance at the trembling minister, he shut his eyes and died.—*Heavenly Tidings.*

## THE FATAL DECISION.

BY REV. C. H. UNDERWOOD.

AMONG the many events of life which are connected with the destinies of the future, none is of greater importance than the decisions of the will, when under the influence of spiritual awakening. Such occasions reveal clearly one's personal obligations to God, and brings near the day of salvation. If the sinner would attach proper importance to such an hour, he would gladly count all things loss, that he might win Christ. To accept Him, is the only sure way to happiness, either in this world or in that which is to come. To reject Him, is to insure sorrow here and misery hereafter. No end is so glorious as the good man's death; and no calamity so great as to die without hope in Christ.

It was once my privilege to attend a camp-meeting which was a scene of most powerful awakening. God poured out His Spirit in most copious showers, sinners were converted, and many believers sanctified. All present gave evident tokens of the presence and power of Christ to save. Among these was a lady, who, in one of the afternoon meetings, was deeply moved, and felt, as she said to one who spoke to her, her need of a Saviour. She wept bitterly, and aloud; but all efforts to induce her to yield to be saved were useless. The Spirit of God, the prayers and entreaties of friends, were alike stoutly resisted. When asked if she did not feel the need of a Saviour, she replied, "Yes; but I cannot go now; I have an engagement to attend a ball a few evenings hence, and cannot break my promise. It is the last one, however, I shall attend."

"But do you not fear you may grieve away the Holy Spirit?"

"I do not intend that; but I must keep my promise,—then I will seek religion."

Poor girl! she did keep her unholy promise, and her soul was the forfeit. She did seek God, but I fear found no place of repentance.

A few weeks after the meeting referred to, I was called to assist a brother-minister on a neighboring charge, in holding a quarterly meeting. Soon after the morning on Sabbath, a young man came to my room with the sad intelligence that a lady was dying at the hotel and wished to see me. We immediately started for the place. When about two squares from the house, I could hear distinctly the prayers of the dying woman for mercy, which were frequently followed by the exclamation, "I am going to die without religion!"

Judge of my astonishment, when I beheld the face covered with the cold, damp sweat of death, which I had so recently seen bathed in tears of awakening, and that, too, in the very room where the fatal engagement was fulfilled! Around her bed were gathered a few of her companions, who had spent the guilty night with her in the dance. She entreated them to pray for her. But ah! the hand that had led her to ruin's brink could render no assistance now. One after another they would cover their faces with their hands and leave the room. In a few moments, all were gone save a broken-hearted mother, and a few who had followed us to the house of death. Turning to her mother—who held her by the hand—she said in a loud voice, "Do pray for me! I'm going to die without religion!" At this point, the grief of the mother seemed beyond our power to describe. But after some moments' hesitation, she answered, "Daughter, I never made a prayer in my life; and how can I pray for you?" Here the courage of the dying one seemed to fail her utterly; and turning away, she exclaimed, "Must I die without religion?"

As I approached her bed-side, she seemed to remember the scene described at the camp-meeting, and beholding me, exclaimed, "Oh! if I had given my heart to Christ at that meeting, I might have died a Christian; but now all is lost!" Every effort was made to fix her mind upon Christ, who is able to save to the uttermost, but



without effect. Her mind soon broke in utter despair; and in the midst of the most extreme suffering, of body and mind, she passed into the eternal world.

Reader, take warning from this sad event. Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Your soul is worth more than all other interests. If you are unsaved, suffer not a single opportunity to pass before you give your heart to Christ, and your life to His service. Pray earnestly, as did the now sainted poet:

"O God! my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,  
Eternal things impress.  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness."

### STANDING WITH JESUS.

BY MRS. MARGARET BILLINGS.

STAND alone with Jesus, will you? Have you counted the cost? How? When? Is it when your brethren smile upon you? Or will you follow Jesus into the garden, and there, in an agony of soul, view the bitter cup you must drink, and the crucifixion you must pass through, if you will stand alone for Jesus? As the scene continues to press upon your vision, you see, perhaps, you must suffer the betrayal, with Him, by one of your closest friends, and then be forsaken of all the rest. Will you stand the test, as the scene is presented to your view, and cry with Jesus, "Father, not my will, but thine be done"? As the hour approaches, will you not shrink, but lean confidently on Jesus, and still cry, "Thy will be done"?

It is one thing to say, we will stand alone with Jesus, and another thing to bear the test. Are you willing to be called a deceiver—as Jesus was—and be mocked at and spit upon, and have no friends that hardly dare come forward and sympathize with you? Can you go into the congregation, and in truthfulness declare what Jesus is doing for your soul, although you feel at the same time that your dearest brethren

are looking upon you as a hypocrite and deceiver? Can you do your duty under such circumstances? or will you shrink, and begin to think of some way to convince them that you are honest? Will you take the blessed Word, and rely wholly on that and Jesus? If you will, the gates of hell cannot prevail against you,—hallelujah! Jesus may see that you are leaning upon your brethren,—taking their say so, instead of the Word of God. In order to bring you wholly to lean on Him, He may see that it is needful to suffer you to pass through the ordeal of standing alone. If we would be in the Lord, we cannot lean upon any person. Oh, it is an alone salvation. Glory be to Jesus! Will you go through the crucible?

It is a small matter for a soul all consecrated to Jesus, to be forsaken of the world, or of carnal professors.—But oh, it is painful to be forsaken for awhile by your brethren—those who have walked to the house of God with you, and with whom you have taken sweet counsel. David says, "If it had been an enemy, I could have borne it, but it was thou, mine equal."

Think you, you will stand the trial? Oh, the glory is exceedingly great and eternal! You may rest assured Jesus will not suffer you to drink longer of the cup than is necessary. What joy to remember that Jesus was resurrected! Then all the disciples assembled with Him again, as they were wont. Oh, what joy to drink the bitter with the sweet, for the servant is not greater than his Lord. Sink wholly into Jesus! Have your lives hid with Christ in God; then, when He who is our life shall appear, we shall be like Him.—Then all the way you can sing—

"Then what will, come life, come death,  
His footsteps I will follow still;  
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,  
I shall be safe in His dear arms."

To "resist the devil" successfully, one must always act on the contrary with him; that is, he must believe the opposite of what he says, and do the opposite of what he suggests.

## THE FIRST AND THE SECOND COVENANT.

BY D. D. WHITE.

THE following thoughts and suggestions relate to the covenants, or code of laws, given by God, through Moses, to the children of Israel during their sojourn in the wilderness,—a period of about forty years.

And first, the covenant made in Horeb. This was made in the first year after their departure from Egypt, and appears to have been strictly a covenant between God and that people. In Ex. xix., 5 to 9 inclusive, also xxiv. 7, 8: "And he took the book of the covenant and read in the audience of the people, and they said, All that the Lord hath said will we do and be obedient. And Moses took the blood and sprinkled it on the people, and said, Behold the blood of the covenant, which the Lord hath made with you concerning all these words."

This covenant includes all that had been given in commandment prior to their departure out of the wilderness of Sinai, which took place on the twentieth day of the second month, in the second year after their departure from Egypt.—Num. x. 11, 12.

The Decalogue, or ten commandments, holds a conspicuous place, and forms an important part of that covenant. Ex. xxxiv. 27, 28: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Write thou these words: for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant with thee and with Israel. And he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments." See also Deut. ix. 11, 15: "And it came to pass at the end of forty days and forty nights, that the Lord gave me the two tables of stone, even the tables of the covenant."

The first covenant was a law of works and carnal ordinances, imposed on them until the time of reformation, and it was to be their righteousness if they observed to do all these statutes and commandments.

And second, the covenant made in Moab. See Deut. xxix.: "These are the words of the covenant which the Lord commanded Moses to make with the children of Israel in the land of Moab, besides the covenant which he made in Horeb."

This second covenant was entered into about forty years after their departure from Egypt.

In the book of Deuteronomy, or second law, Moses rehearses the dealings of God with that people from the time of their departure from Egypt, the giving of the law at Sinai, and the wonderful things that they had seen and heard by the way. He also gave them additional rules, or a code of laws, to be observed in the land of Canaan, or lot of their inheritance. This second covenant and oath was not made with Israel only, but with others beside them. See verses 14 and 15 of the chapter above cited. It included the oath to Abraham, That in his seed (which is Christ—*vide* Gal. iii. 9,) shall all nations of the earth be blessed.

This second law contains the first and great commandment mentioned by Jesus to the lawyer, viz: "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."—Deut. vi. 5.

This covenant and oath contains also the law of righteousness by faith—*vide* Deut. xxx. 11–15, and Rom. x. 5–10.

The conclusion from the above is, that the first covenant, and so much of the second as relates to the children of Abraham after the flesh, terminated with the extinction of the Aaronic Priesthood, and the cessation of the daily sacrifices, which occurred on the 17th day of July, A. D. 70, and in the fall or overthrow of the Jewish nation; but that so much of this second covenant and oath as relates to Abraham's children, through faith in Christ Jesus, and His law of faith and love, recorded in the New Testament and put into the mind and written on the heart,—these are of perpetual obligation on all men, world without end. Amen and amen.

Brookfield, N. Y.

## THE IMMUTABILITY OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. JENNIE NICHOLS.

THIS attribute, peculiar to God, is ascribed to the Saviour, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday—to-day—forever." Heb. xiii. 8. The same truth is expressed in the words which the Apostle quotes from the 102d Psalm, to prove the superiority of the Son of God to the angels. "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of Thine hand. They shall perish, but Thou remainest; and they shall all wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." These passages evidently refer to the Saviour in His uncreated nature. They teach us that He is possessed of *absolute* immutability; and if so, He *must* be a Divine Person, for this attribute is *incommunicable* to any *created* being.

This is a perfection of our Saviour which renders Him very precious in the eyes of believers. Amid the changing scenes of mortality, they can look heavenward, and rejoice in the assurance that they have a Friend who is ever mindful of their highest interest; whose counsel is immutable, whose love is unchanging, whose delights are always with the sons of men. Yes, "that love with which He died upon the cross ever dwells in His bosom, susceptible of no change or decay." Mutability is written upon all below. Of the heavens and the frame of the world, it is said, "they shall perish." Change is the portion of earth and its inhabitants. Alas! who does not know, by sad experience, how mutable are the conditions of life? Where are many of the friends of our youth? Gone to the land of forgetfulness. Yesterday they were here—to-day they are not. Oh! the instability of all created things!—The vanity of the world!

But let us look to that world which knows no change—on whose everlasting hills the "Sun of Righteousness"

is always shining. Above all, let us think of the *Unchanging One* there,—of that same Jesus who ever lives to plead our cause in the courts of Heaven. In all ages—past, present, and to come, He is the same great, excellent, and glorious Person. The immutability of our Saviour is the blessed source whence flow all our richest hopes and joys. What consolation is here for the mourner in Zion! Is the child of God deprived of near and dear friends by the stroke of Death? In Jesus he has a "Friend"—an "Elder Brother"—who ever lives and ever loves; and he can say of this divine "Friend"—

"How can I bereaved be,  
Since I cannot part with Thee?"

Oh, let us keep the far-reaching eye of faith continually directed toward the Redeemer; and may the inspiring thought of his immutability ever cheer our hearts, and fill us with that "peace that passeth all understanding!"

In sorrow and affliction, disappointment and bereavement, what a blessed privilege to look upward, and with the eye of faith discern our blessed Lord looking graciously upon us! How light our hearts become! How beautiful everything seems around us! How our hearts warm with love for our race! How we long to take them by the hand, and lead them to this "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." We long for them to walk with us in "Heavenly places;" to receive light in darkness—joy in sorrow—sunshine in storm—and realize for themselves that there is a fount from which they can drink and never thirst. That there is a fullness of God's love we can all enjoy.—Oh, let us desire and strive for it!

The toil of years is cheerfully undergone to prepare one to enter the learned professions. Should not a higher ardor fire the heart of a Christian? There is no place so near the Throne, but what he or she may reach it. No Wesley, or Paul, or John, so radiant with Heavenly brightness, but what the poorest pilgrim of earth, who has walked with God, may feel the glow of the same



brightness, and stand in the very midst of its halo. This thought should inspire the faith, and fire the heart of every believer. It should elevate his aims. It should be a perpetual stimulus to Christian growth.

*Indianapolis, Ind.*

### VICTORY OVER SNUFF.

BY MRS. ELEANOR CALKINS.

I WAS born a Free Methodist. I experienced religion in 1863, in Bro. J. Porter's class in this city. After enjoying it for some months, the Lord showed me the necessity of a clean heart—that I must be "cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit."

I had then been using snuff for over thirty-two years. It is now over eight years that God has kept me by His power from its use, or even a desire for it. I praise God that He showed me that this was an idol, and for power to walk in all the light He imparts. I knew I could not be right with God and indulge in this filthy habit. Oh, how often it brought darkness, and barrenness on my soul, and grieved the Holy Spirit!

The Divine command is, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—How then can we, as Christians, professing to be a holy people, cleansed from all sin, use this weed? "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Oh, how many slaves there are to this filthy weed!

"But," say some, "if I knew it was a sin to smoke, chew, or snuff, I would give it up."

Do you not know this? Are you not convinced that it is wrong to consume God's money to gratify your appetite in this worse than useless way? Is it not wrong to injure your health—your mental and moral powers? Can you see no wrong in setting such examples before your own children, and the

children of your neighbors? How many little urchins in our streets are daily seen puffing the cigar, chewing tobacco, or smoking the pipe! Of whom did they learn this? Surely, God will hold us responsible for the influence we exert on the minds of others. Besides, it is wrong to grieve God's children. How many of them are grieved by our disobedience to such plain commands of God as the following: "I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul." "If a man, therefore, purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use."

It is the desire of my heart to obey God in everything; and by His help I will walk in all the light He gives me. I know by experience, that He has power to give us the victory over every besetting sin, and that He can take the desire for, and love of, this poisonous weed all out of us. If we will let Him, He will "sprinkle clean water upon us, and we shall be clean; from all our filthiness and from all our idols will He cleanse us." What precious promises are in His blessed word! Only let your request be made known unto God, and help will come. I am trusting in Him, and the language of my heart is to-day—

"The thing my God doth hate,  
That I no more may do;  
Thy creature, Lord, again create,  
And all my soul renew.  
My soul shall then, like Thine,  
Abhor the thing unclean,  
And, sanctified by love Divine,  
Forever cease from sin."

*Utica, N. Y.*

THE quickened spirit disdains to pluck the flowers of carnal knowledge; he is not ambitious to reach the tempting beauties blooming on the edge of the cliffs which skirt the sea of the unrevealed; but he anxiously looks around for the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley.—*Spurgeon.*

### HOLINESS.

BY G. H. COMPTON.

IF an unconverted person could be admitted into the paradise of God, heaven itself would furnish it with no delight whatever. Such a person would be incapable of relishing the happiness of the future world; for the knowledge there communicated, the enjoyment there experienced, are of a kind he never aspired after here. The holiness of heaven—the sight and service of God and of a glorified Redeemer—the society of angels, and of the saints made perfect—the singing the song of Moses and the Lamb,—would be equal to a hell of fire and brimstone. To believe otherwise, would be to believe that a man could be regenerate and unregenerate at one and the same time.

“The happiness of heaven,” said good old Richard Baxter, “is holiness; and to talk of being happy without it, is as palpable nonsense as to talk of being well when at the same time I am sick.” Holiness and happiness are inseparably connected together—more so than most people are aware of. Like the Siamese twins, they always go together. A man is happy in proportion as he is holy in the sight of God. To expect one without the other, is to be deceived. To have one without possessing the other, would be a moral impossibility. Let us hear what God says in regard to this matter. And let us say, as St. Paul did on one occasion, “Let God be true, and every man a liar.”

“Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man can see the Lord.” We are nowhere in God’s Bible incited to seek for happiness.—God never commanded any one to seek happiness, ease or comfort. Because we may seek happiness all our life, and at the end we will be as destitute of real happiness as hell is of heaven.—We will be as far from real happiness as the east is from the west.

But we are commanded in many instances, in the Old as well as in the

New Testament, to seek for purity of heart. The command of God to the sinner is, *Repent*. The command of God to the pardoned sinner is, *Be ye holy*, for *I the Lord your God am holy*. Be holy in the fullest extent of the word. That is, be sanctified wholly—spirit, soul and body—holding nothing in reserve. That is, prefer God in preference of everything else. Delight in God and the Holy Ghost, as much as the miser would delight in counting over his gold. When you do this, you will have the end at the beginning. For St. Paul says, 1 Tim. i. 5, “Now the end of the commandment is charity,”—or in other words, “love out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned.”

Now, in the name of God, quit caviling and reasoning with the devil, the adversary of your soul! Reach out the withered hand of faith, and lay hold on Christ for a perfect cure. You may do it now—why not, as well as to-morrow? God’s time is *now*—in the present. To-morrow you may be dead and damned. Fly for your life! tarry not in all the plain. Get a satisfying portion in Christ. God will soon bring us to the judgment. Holiness or damnation—one or the other—is as certain as God lives.

“If you tarry till you’re better,  
You will never come at all.”

We should all be made fully alive to the all-important fact that God’s claims are upon us. We are to yield to the requirements of God’s word, and claim our part in the provision of the great Atonement that Jesus Christ made for sin. The fact of millions of souls perishing for the want of bread of heaven, and going down to hell, should arouse us all to seek for an entire conformity to the will of God. God and His cause demand it; the Church of God expects it, and the world looks for it; and if we are not seeking with all our hearts to be entirely conformed to His will, we are not converted to God at all.

Holiness of heart and life is the only thing that can give us permanent hap-

piness in this life, and eternal happiness in the life to come. Thank God! we may have it. We can feel as free as the bird in the air to serve God, and represent Christ as He represents us.

Nothing else can satisfy the longing soul but holiness. God must possess us fully, if we ever attain to the highest state of happiness. If we take a sea shell and hold it to our ear, they say we can hear the roaring of the sea. Why is this? I suppose the shell was made for the ocean, and the ocean for the shell. And the shell being out of its proper element, there of course would be a disquietness within. God made man for Himself; and when we are not centered in God, we are out of our proper element, and of course there will be disquietness within.

Happiness—real, solid and substantial—consists in being a possessor of God. When we possess God fully,—when we are sanctified completely,—our happiness will be perfect, entire, wanting in nothing. Holiness of heart will satisfy; and the want of this holiness of heart will press our souls down to hell. In fact, it is the only requisite qualification for heaven. There is nothing in heaven, earth, or hell, that we can substitute in the place of holiness. This, and this only, is the heaven we go to heaven in. This is the philosopher's stone, that converts everything else into gold. Without this, all our other qualifications, whatever they may be, will be no more in the sight of God than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

How is it that there are so many professors of religion in the world, that are trying to arrive at a state of entire freedom from sin by doing right,—or in other words, by doing right actions? God looks not so much at the action, as at the state of the soul when the action was performed. Hence Jesus says, "Make the tree good and then the fruit will be good."

Man, in his fallen condition, is not only inclined to hate God, and rebel against His government; but, without some awful, subduing, and controlling power, he envies, hates, and injures his

fellow-man. If the heart is not subdued to the love of Christ, the evil passions will lead to division, hatred, and sin of every kind. Hence the absolute necessity of holiness of heart and life, as a prerequisite for the glorified world. And without this, we never can reign eternally with God in heaven.

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### Peace.

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BY W. W. DICKSON.

"My peace I give unto you."—John xiv. 27.

HAPPY they, who in the Spirit  
Walk with Christ, the Lowly One;  
They do here on earth inherit  
Peace, through God's beloved Son.

Peace, that like a river floweth;  
Peace, the world can never give;  
Peace, no mortal ever knoweth,  
Till he learns by faith to live.

Till he dies to self and nature—  
Dies to sin and lives to God:  
Lives a new, a ransomed creature,  
Saved through Christ's atoning blood.

Then his peace is like a river,  
And his joy, no tongue can tell,  
While he praises God, the Giver.  
God, who doeth all things well.

God, the everlasting Father,  
God, the ever-blessed Son,  
God, the Spirit—all united—  
One in three, and three in one.

Hallelujah! Glory, glory!  
Peace on earth, good will to men:  
Heaven and earth repeat the story—  
Peace on earth—amen, amen.

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### Ambassadors for God.

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He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's Ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;  
To break a jest, when pity should inspire  
Pathetic exhortation; and to address  
The skittish fancy with fictitious tales,  
When sent with God's commission to the  
heart!

So did not Paul.

—*Courper.*



## EXPERIENCE

OF ADELAIDE VAN VOLKENBURG.

FROM my earliest recollections, I have been a subject of the strivings of God's Spirit. I can say, with Hester Ann Rogers, it would seem incredible to some what wonderful answers to prayer I received when but a child.— But the older I grew, the farther I seemed to get from God, until I was about thirteen years of age, when God, for Christ's sake, converted my soul. What a change! I was a new creature! For about a year, I was kept in this same happy state, which was increased very much at the time of my baptism. But as I grew older, many temptations presented themselves. Yet I felt enabled to trust in God, and not be led away from Him; for the thought of backsliding and losing my soul, seemed awful. But my experience did not satisfy me. I at times felt such a longing for something I had not got. I tried to do the best I could, but often found I was not what God required me to be.

Sometimes I have given way to temptation, which brought me into awful trouble of mind. But I am glad Satan did not get me to give up and say, It is of no use trying. Whenever I did wrong, I went to God with strong crying and tears, which I praise God He did hear, and set me in the way again. I can now look back and see where I came very near being destroyed by Satan; but God kept me by His unseen power. Oh, how I praise Him now for it! for had I gone back into sin then, I might never have found God again. I tremble when I see what narrow escapes I have had; but the mercy of God held me up—all glory to His name!

When I was fifteen years of age, God laid His afflicting hand upon my body. I was brought very near to death; and for many long months, no one can tell what I suffered. But I have reason to praise God for afflictions. They drove me near to Him.

About this time, I began to hear a good deal about holiness. It sounded good. I was glad to hear others say

they enjoyed it; but I did not understand it plain enough to think that I could ever enjoy it. Yet I desired to understand it; and if it was for me, to get it. I enjoyed a good degree of justifying grace, but I did not feel satisfied. Thus I lived for some time, when I was thrown into the company of some good sisters who enjoyed this inestimable blessing. They urged me to seek it. How glad I was for such company! As we knelt together, they, with myself, prayed to God for this work upon my soul. I felt better. I there felt God accepted the offering. Yet I did not get as much joy as I wished; but I kept looking and believing, and in a few days I was filled with wonder, love and praise for the mighty change there was in me. This I confessed, and enjoyed for some time. After awhile, I would feel bad for weeks, not knowing what was the matter; again I would feel all clear, and go on gloriously.

I lived on in this same way for some time, when God showed me why I was clearer at times than at others. When I boldly confessed all His mighty dealings with me, and when I constantly affirmed that God had sanctified my soul, I grew and flourished. But when I was backward, and would forget to say much upon the subject, I was lean in my soul. This I had to confess, which I did before God and the people, at the last Rose camp-meeting; and there I resolved to be bold in the cause of God, and not be backward in telling of His mighty grace.

I want to say to all justified souls, Press on after this holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. I see the great need of it. Bless God! It is His will, even our sanctification. For it our Saviour prayed, in His last prayer with His disciples, before He went into the garden. Many say they do not understand it; yet they have to confess they still find some self left in them, even after being converted, which grieves them as it did me. I thought, How can I help it? Bless God! He can cure it all, and make us as dead to self and selfish desires as if we never

had any. A few days ago, God gave me a text which did me much good: "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." I believe He will. I see so much ahead, I have no desire to go back into Egypt. The way is glorious. Yet I, like all other Christians, am not exempt from trials and temptations. They all drive me nearer to my God.

Wayne Centre, N. Y.

### ON FAMILY DUTIES.

BY MRS. JOANNA RICHMOND.

WHEN quite young, I visited my eldest sister. She was a very devoted child of God. Her husband was unconverted. She had religious services with the family. I loved to hear her read and pray, but was wonderfully disturbed when she returned thanks at the table. I thought, if I was in her place, I never would again. It seemed to me as if she was out of her place. I often told the rest of our family, It was too bad to treat her husband in such a way. But he seemed to feel all right over it, and she was as happy as one could be.

In a few years I was married, and we went to keeping house. To my surprise, the same cross was presented. I thought it was not a woman's place.—It was frequently impressed upon me. I was very firm in my belief, and so warded it off—thinking it was not my place. I passed along for sixteen years in this way; then family duties came up plainer than ever before. The conviction was so strong, that I knew it was of God. What to do I did not know. I began to make excuses. My husband would oppose, and his friends would think I was out of my place. If I erected an altar, it would soon go down. My Heavenly Father was not pleased with my making excuses. I thought I would ask a blessing in silence. I did so for some days. Then my husband asked me why I did so? Oh! thought I, what shall I do? All

my plans are frustrated. It seemed to me there was a mountain of difficulties held up before me. I could hardly eat or sleep. The devil kept telling me, I could not do my duty, and my Heavenly Father said, You can; My grace is sufficient. I knew it was, but I had not a victory. So I thought I would fast. While fasting, I promised the Lord I would try. I thought I could not speak, but resolved I would open my mouth. To my surprise, the Lord took me and the cross, and lifted me above my raging husband. While he was raging and foaming, I was as sweet as heaven, all hid away in the cleft of the rock. Glory to God forever for a perfect victory!

### DECISION.

BY EMMA GORDON.

DECISION is necessary, in order to accomplish anything worthy the attainment. Who can acquire a finished education without labor? and who will exert such labor, from year to year, without great decision? We sometimes think we have decided what course would be best for us, and feel confident that we will be able to surmount all difficulties which may tend to retard us; yet when difficulty comes—and come it will, to the highest lot—we give back, not having sufficient confidence in our decision to go forward.—Thus it is when we think we stand, we should beware lest we fail. Our decision should be based on surer grounds than we of ourselves are able to sustain. If we decide to do anything, we should always know that it is right, and then pursue it. In order to know this, we must seek that light which comes from God alone. Then, if we undertake anything through the aid and assistance of our Heavenly Father, we will never fail. While it requires great decision to become master of the sciences, it requires greater effort and firmer decision to be a true scholar in the school of Christ. Yet when obtained, Christ assures us that His yoke is easy and His burden is light.

## NEGLECTING THE CALLS OF GOD.

BY MRS. JANETTE OSMUN.

WE read in the 22d of Math., in the parable of the marriage of the king's son, that those who were bidden made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise.

How truly this parable represents the manner of treating the calls of God, by his creatures in all ages, and especially may we apply it to ourselves in our own individual experiences. How many times did we feel the strivings of the Spirit, the calls of God to us to accept the provisions of the gospel, before conversion.

And how many times since conversion have we felt the promptings of the Spirit, in various ways, and have treated them lightly. Every newly saved soul hears the voice of the Master, saying, "Go, work in my vineyard," but how few continue to render perfect obedience to the requirements of the Lord.

There is one that feels his whole being yearning over dying men, and hears the voice of God to him saying, "Go preach my gospel," but he has his plans laid for life, and the work of the ministry conflicts with them, and he treats God's call lightly, and goes his own way.

Another hears the call of God to honor him with his substance. He knows the work of the Lord is hindered for the want of means to carry forward its interests, but he yields to the selfishness of his nature, and treats God's call lightly.

Another hears the call of God to him to fill places of responsibility, to be a burden bearer in the work of the Lord, but he shrinks back, and treats God's call lightly. Another is pressed by the Spirit to go and labor personally with his unsaved friends and neighbors, but he excuses himself, and treats God's call lightly. Another hears the voice of God to come out from the world and be separate, and be not con-

formed to the world in its sinful amusements and fashions, but he finds it to be crucifying to his nature, and he treats God's call lightly and goes his own way. Another feels the Spirit pressing him forward to higher attainments in Christian experience, but he sees that if he goes forward there is an eye to be plucked out, or a hand to be cut off, and he is unwilling to part with them, and he treats God's call lightly.

And so we might continue to mention various ways that would apply to individual experiences, in which God's calls are disregarded and treated lightly.

But we ask, what are the results of treating God's calls lightly? And here words fail us. They are weak and powerless to express the results. If we were dealing in earthly substances, or with an earthly King, language might convey to us the extent of the loss resulting from disobedience.

But when we realize that it is the King of the universe, the eternal Father, the Holy Spirit, that we are disobeying, and that immortal souls are being influenced, and that through obedience or disobedience they are to be saved or lost, neither words nor time, can reveal to us the vastness of the results.

Could we realize the anguish of a lost soul, not for a day, or year, but throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity; or the joys of the redeemed, who will shine forever around the throne of God, and then add to each of these the number of others that are to be saved, or lost, through their influence, we might form some conception of the results of disobedience.

Dear brethren and sisters, as we love souls, and as we would ourselves shun hell, and gain heaven, let us not confer with flesh and blood, but let us follow promptly the calls of God.

*Ithaca, N. Y.*

DEAR ANXIOUS soul, why do you keep away from Christ? You say Christ is far from you; alas, he has been at your door all day.



## THE DAY APPROACHING.

BY MRS. EMILY S. MOORE.

If the apostle, while admonishing the saints in his day, urged them to exhort one another so much the more, as they saw the day approaching, then ought not the saints of the present day to be more faithful, when the day is nearer at hand? The man of sin seems to be more and more revealed,—anti-Christ is gaining a stronger foothold, and the day when the fulfilment of God's word, and the final consummation of all things shall take place, seems to be drawing perceptibly near. Look, for instance, at the tide of iniquity in our midst! How our land is filling up with thieves, drunkards, liars, Sabbath breakers, gamblers, murderers, and all such open, out-breaking sinners; while the ranks of Truth are broken into by professedly religious isms, such as Romanism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, fanatism, formalism, and the like. The votaries of wealth, pride, fashion, popularity, worldly honor and ambition, political strife, intemperance, licentiousness, secret and unhallowed combinations of men,—all tend to corrupt our nation, and trample under foot the sacred doctrines of the cross of Christ.—Then look at the corruptions and the venality of the press of our day.—What silly trash and light literature are being constantly issued, flooding the land with impure streams. Our book-stores and thoroughfares teem with the filthy publications of the day, poisoning the minds of our children and youth. No wonder their feet are so frequently found in the paths of death and the road to ruin! Then look again at the recreations of the pleasure-seeking world around us! Among these are attendance upon the theatres, racing-grounds, billiard-saloons, gaming tables, ball rooms, and the like: while the sparkling glass, and flowing bowl, are fashionably introduced and indulged in, and the filthy weed is admitted into almost every class of society. Then the connecting link, as it were, of the

so-called innocent amusements among nominal professors, such as donation parties, pic-nics, Christmas trees, mite societies, and sociables, where ministers and people promiscuously mingle together in social fun and sinful pleasure, killing precious time, talents and influence, which should be exerted in saving, instead of destroying, the souls of men,—in building up the Redeemer's kingdom, instead of bringing a reproach upon it.

Then comes the next list of evils, tall church spires, fine and costly churches, hired choirs, rented pews, and salaried ministers, and masonic lodges. Freemasonry is, we think, the beast spoken of in Rev. 13, whose head was wounded to death and lived again, as Masonry has once been put down and now is revived again. The other beast mentioned in verse 11, coming up out of the earth like a lamb with two horns, doubtless refers to the Roman Catholic powers, which are to make war with the saints. America is already sold to the Roman power, and will yet have to sustain a mighty struggle with these two influences. No doubt the fires of persecution will be rekindled, the spirit of martyrdom revived, and a bloody revolution ensue, "as the day approaches." Our land must be redeemed from these mighty influences, in order to bring about the glories of the millennium, when Holiness unto the Lord will be written on the bells of the horses.—Zech. xiv. 20.

Then, editors and contributors of the *Earnest Christian*, let "the pen of the ready writer" be faithfully wielded by your hands through its truth-inspired pages. Send it through the land, scatter it through the nation, bearing the pure truths of the Gospel against the ranks of darkness and dominion of sin, and battling the dire elements which originate with the Prince of this world and his numerous followers. Let its columns be clothed with salvation power, lighted up with redemption's theme, and baptized with the saving influences of the Holy Spirit. So shall the truth prevail, and your labor not be in vain.

## THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

BY MRS. L. HAMMOND.

"BEHOLD, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground."—Luke xii. 7. This fig-tree is a fair illustration of many professors at the present day. My mind has been much exercised, of late, in regard to these fruitless professors.—They have a name to live in the Church but are dead. They are of that class that the Saviour compares to a withered branch, and of such he says: "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away."—John xv. 2. If those who enjoy the means of grace neglect them, and bring forth no fruits of holiness, God, in due time, will remove such blessings from them, and leave them to barrenness of soul. It is not enough that we have the "leaves only,"—Matt. xxi. 19,—of an outward profession, or the appearance of fruit, to be accepted of God, but we must *bear* fruit, and this fruit must be unto holiness. But how is it? Are we bearing fruit unto holiness, when we are working for the devil? Perhaps you ask, What is working for the devil? I answer, We are working for the devil when we ornament these poor, frail bodies with the trash of earth, when we put that little, harmless feather on that bonnet, and look in the glass, and say, or think, "how pretty;" when we attend the fashionable amusements of the day, these donation parties, fairs, festivals, pic-nics, concerts, sociables, and all such like abominations of the land; when we are slandering those who are standing up for God and salvation; when you do this Satan smiles approvingly. He always has been jealous of those who dare stand for God. These fruitless professors are just the ones the enemy uses to injure the cause of God. Instead of doing what they know to be right, they give place to feelings that are wrong, until they can exult in the downfall of all that is good or lovely.

The Saviour is our pattern; *He nev-*

er talked about persons behind their back. One has said, "he that steals my purse steals trash;" but when we injure the reputation of another, we cannot repair the damage.

Now, dear, fruitless professor, bestir thyself: the time perhaps is near when Jesus will say, "Behold these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground." Perhaps in alarm you say, How can I bear fruit? In the first place leave the ranks of the enemy, quit working for Satan: get to God and get saved: get sanctified through the truth—cleansed from all sin,—then abide in Christ.

The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: "no more can ye, except ye abide in me," and if we abide in Him we shall bear *much* fruit. The union between Christ and his disciples is mutual. They abide in Him by faith, love, and obedience. His Holy Spirit abides in them, and is the source of their spiritual life, and strength. He has chosen us and called us with an holy calling, that "your fruit should remain, that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name He will give it you."—John xv. 16. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Gal. v. 22, 23. "For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

OH, look on the broken bread, and you will see this glory still streaming through. Here is the heart of God laid bare, God is manifest in the flesh. You are poring over your own heart, examining your feelings, watching your disease. Avert the eye from all within. Behold me, behold me, Christ cries.—Look to me, and be ye saved. Behold the glory of Christ. There is much difficulty about your own heart, but no darkness about the heart of Christ. Look in through his wounds; believe what you see in him.—*M<sup>c</sup> Cheyne.*

## A SKETCH OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY HENRY S. HICKS.

GOODNESS and mercy have followed me all my days. I was convicted of sin at the age of thirteen; I did not yield, but I went on in sin to a great extent. On going to swim one Sunday, I got into a deep hole and came very near being drowned. But by the mercy of God, I was saved from making my bed in hell. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name. In a year from that time, I again came very near drowning. But it was not to be.

In the spring of 1865, I left home and went into the army. I formed bad habits—such as drinking and swearing. This I did, because the rest did. Dear reader, I would advise you not to touch a drop, nor take the name of the Lord in vain. If you are not converted, seek the Lord without delay.

Soon after I left the army, I came to that horrible city, New York, and remained there awhile. From there I went to Patterson, N. J. In the winter a revival broke out, and on Sunday I went to Church. When the pastor gave out the invitation to those that wanted religion, to give a sign by raising the hand, I raised mine. In about a week after, I was convicted of my sins, and went forward for prayer. I struggled for eight days. At the end of that time, I experienced,—yes, glory be to God in the highest! I experienced religion. Yes, bless His holy name! the pure kind—no counterfeit. I was not converted to the church, nor to the preacher; but it was to God,—glory be to His holy name! I joined the A. M. E. Zion Church, and remained two years; but after awhile I moved away.

I had a dreadful conflict with the enemy of all righteousness; but I was able to overcome, through Him that loved me. So I must acknowledge that, with Christ in the heart, we are able to withstand all that oppose us. Glory be to God in the highest!

In the spring, I received the blessing

of holiness,—bless God!—the real, Bible kind of holiness. But by not being watchful unto prayer, after a while, as I must say to my shame, I lost this great and rich blessing by saying a wrong word. For a little while I had a hard time, but by the grace of God I received my justification by faith, one day, and my sanctification also. Glory be to God for His loving kindness!—Ever since that time I have been able to sing—

“Lord, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to Thee.”

Dear reader: if you have lost this great blessing, I beseech you to get back to the blood that taketh all my sins away.

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SEEK.

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Do you expect to obtain salvation without ever seeking it? If you are sensible that there is a necessity of your seeking in order to obtaining, and ever intend to seek, one would think you could not avoid it now. Inquire, therefore, whether you intend to go to heaven, living all your days a secure, negligent, careless life. Or, do you think you can bear the damnation of hell? Do you imagine that you can tolerably endure the devouring fire, and everlasting burnings? Do you hope that you shall be able to grapple with the vengeance of God Almighty, when He girds himself with strength, and clothes himself with wrath? Do you think to strengthen yourself against God, and to be able to make your part good with him? “Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? are we stronger than he?” Do you flatter yourself that you shall find out ways for your ease and support, and to make it out tolerably well, to bear up your spirit in those everlasting burnings that are prepared for the devil and his angels? “Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong, in the days that I shall deal with thee?” How can any be unconcerned, at such a time!—*Edwards.*



## A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

AMONG remarkable sea-deliverances, no less than three several writers have published that wherein Major Edward Gibbons, of Boston in New England, was concerned. A vessel bound from Boston to some other portions of America was, through the continuance of contrary winds, kept so long at sea, that the people aboard were in extreme straits for want of provisions; and seeing that nothing here below could afford them any relief, they looked upwards unto heaven in humble and fervent supplication. The winds continuing still as they were, one of the company made a sorrowful motion that they should, by a *lot*, single out *one* to die, and by death satisfy the ravenous hunger of the rest. After many a doleful and fearful debate upon this motion, they came to the result, that *it must be done!* The *lot* is cast; one of the company is taken; but where is the executioner that shall do the terrible office upon a poor innocent? It is a death, now to think who shall act this bloody part in the tragedy; but before they fall upon this involuntary and unnatural execution, they once more went into their zealous prayers; and behold! while they were calling upon God, he answered them: for there leaped a mighty *fish* into their boat, which, to their double joy, not only quieted their outrageous hunger, but also gave them a token of a further deliverance. However, the fish is quickly eaten; the horrible famine returns; the horrible distress is renewed; a black despair again seizes their spirits; for another morsel they come to a second *lot*, which fell upon another person. But still they cannot find an executioner; they once again fall to their importunate prayers, and behold, a second answer from above! A great *bird* lights and fixes itself upon the mast: one of the men spies it; and there it stands until he took it by the wing with his hand. This was a second *life from the dead*. This fowl, with the omen of a further deliverance in it, was a sweet feast unto them. Still,

their disappointments follow them;—they can see no land—they know not where they are; irresistible hunger once more pinches them; they have no hope to be saved, but by a third miracle: they return to another *lot*; but before they go to the heart-breaking task of slaying the person under designation, they repeat their addresses unto the God of heaven, their former “friend in adversity.” And now they look, and look again, but there is nothing: their devotions are concluded, and nothing appears; yet they hoped, yet they stayed, yet they lingered. At last, one of them spies a ship, which put a new hope and life into them all. They bear up with their ship, they man their long boat, they beg to board their vessel, and are admitted. It proves a French *pirate*. Major Gibbons petitions for a little bread, and offers all for it; but the commander was one who had formerly received considerable kindness of Major Gibbons at Boston, and now replied cheerfully, “Major Gibbons, not a hair of you or your company shall perish, if it lies in my power to preserve you.” Accordingly, he supplied their necessities, and they made a comfortable end of their voyage.—*Cotton Mather, A. D. 1702.*

SHUN evil speaking. Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and wicked, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness for the absent offender. Be not hasty to credit evil reports. They are often the result of misunderstanding, or of evil design, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts. Wait and learn the whole history before you decide; then believe just what evidence compels you to, and no more. But *even then*, take heed not to indulge the least unkindness, else you dissipate all the spirit of prayer for them, and unnerve yourself for doing them good.—*Wallace.*

## EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."

No appeal, no remedy, to all eternity! No *end* to the punishment of those whose *final* impenitence manifests in them an eternal *will* and *desire* to sin. By dying in a *settled opposition* to God, they cast themselves into a *necessity* of continuing in an *eternal aversion* from him. But some are of an opinion that this punishment shall have an *end*: this is as likely as that the glory of the righteous shall have an *end*: for the same word is used to express the *duration* of the punishment—*kolasin aionion*—as is used to express the duration of the state of glory—*zoen aionion*. I have seen the best things that have been written in favor of the final redemption of damned spirits; but I never saw an answer to the argument against that doctrine, drawn from this verse, but what sound learning and criticism should be ashamed to acknowledge. The original word, *aion*, is certainly to be taken here in its proper grammatical sense—*continued being, never ending*. Some have gone a middle way, and think the wicked shall be *annihilated*. This, I think, is contrary to the text: if they *go into punishment, they continue to exist*; for that which *ceases to be, ceases to suffer*. From what our Lord has said, we may see, that God indispensably requires of every man to bring forth *good fruit*; and that a *fruitless tree* shall be inevitably cut down, and cast into the fire. Let it be also remarked, that God does not here *impute* to his own children the good works which Jesus Christ did *for them*. No; Christ's feeding the multitude in Judea, will not be imputed to them, while persons in their own neighborhood are perishing through want, and they have wherewithal to relieve them. He gives them a power that they may glorify his name by it, and have, in their own souls, the continued satisfaction which arises from succoring the distressed. Let it be further remarked, that Christ does not say here that they have *purchased* the eternal life by these

good deeds. No; for the *power* to work, and the *means* of working, came both from God. They first had redemption through his blood, and then his Spirit worked in them to *will* and to *do*. They were therefore only *workers together* with him, and could not be said, in any sense of the word, to purchase *God's glory* with his own *property*. But though God works *in* them, and *by* them, he does not obey *for* them. The works of piety and mercy *they* perform under the influence, and by the aid of his grace. Thus God *preserves* the *freedom* of the human soul, and *secures* his own glory at the same time. Again, the punishment inflicted on the foolish virgins, the slothful servant, and the cursed who are separated from God, was not because of their personal crimes, but because they were not *good*, and were not *useful* in the world. Their lives do not appear to have been stained with *crimes*, but they were not adorned with *virtues*. They are sent to hell because they *did no good*. They were not renewed in the image of God; and hence did not bring forth fruit to his glory. If these *harmless* people are sent to perdition, what must the end be of the *wicked* and *profligate*!—Adam Clarke.

I MUST WALK WITH GOD.—I must walk with God. In some way or other, whatever be my character or profession, I must acquire the holy habit of connecting every thing that passes in my house and affairs with God.—If sickness or health visit my family, my eye must see and my heart must acknowledge the hand of God therein. Whether my affairs move on smoothly or ruggedly, God must be acknowledged in them. If I go out of my house or come into it, I must go out and come in as under the eye of God. If I am occupied in business all the day long, I must still have the glory of God in my view. If I have any affair to transact with another person, I must pray that God would be with us in that affair, lest we should blunder, and injure and ruin each other.

### SANCTIFICATION.

ARCHBISHOP USHER was a man of distinguished learning, piety, and diligence. The following circumstance will show that his humility equaled his other valuable endowments:

A friend of the Archbishop frequently urged him to write his thoughts on *Sanctification*, which at length he engaged to do; but a considerable time elapsing, the performance of his promise was unfortunately claimed. The Bishop replied to this purpose: "I have not written, and yet I cannot charge myself with a breach of promise, for I began to write; but when I came to treat of the new creature which God formeth by his own Spirit in every regenerate soul, I found so little of it wrought in myself that I could only speak of it as parrots, or by rote, but without the knowledge of what I might have expressed; and, therefore I durst not presume to proceed any farther upon it."

Upon this, his friend stood amazed to hear such an humble confession from so grave, holy, and eminent a person. The Bishop then added: "I must tell you, we do not well understand what sanctification and the new creature are. It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God; and to live in the offering of his soul continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ; and O, how many who profess Christianity, are unacquainted experimentally, with this work upon their souls!"

### THE HAPPY MAN.

THE happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life.

He was educated in the school of Obedience, and lives now in Perseverance.

He works at the trade of Diligence. Notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of Christian Contentment, he does many jobs of Self-denial.

He wears the plain garment of Humility, and has a better suit on when he goes to court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness.

He often walks in the valley of Self-Abasement, but sometimes climbs the mountain of Spiritual-Mindedness.

He breakfasts every morning on Spiritual Prayer, and sups every evening upon the same.

He has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and drinks the Sincere Milk of the Word.

Happy is the life of such a man. In order to attain which, Pray fervently; believe firmly; live hourly; die daily; wait patiently; work abundantly;—watch your heart; guard your senses; redeem your time; love Christ, and long for glory.—*Lorenzo Dow.*

### The Cruse that Faileth Not.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?

Rise and share it with another;  
And, through all the years of famine,  
It shall serve thee and thy brother.  
Love divine will fill thy store-house,  
Or thy handful still renew;  
Scanty fare for one, will often  
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;

All its wealth is living grain;  
Seeds which mildew in the garner,  
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?

Do thy steps drag wearily?  
Help to bear thy brother's burden:  
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,

Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?  
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,  
And together both shall glow.  
Art thou stricken in life's battle?  
Many wounded 'round thee moan.  
Eavish on *their* wounds thy balsam,  
And that balm shall heal *thine own*.

Is the heart a well left empty?

None but God its void can fill:  
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain  
Can its ceaseless longing still.  
Is the heart a living power?  
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low.  
It can only live in loving,  
And by serving love will grow.



## Editorial.

### Entire Consecration.

WORK done for the good of our fellow-men is work done for God. Service rendered for Him He always accepts, and always rewards. Our Saviour teaches that the hypocrites, who do their alms that they may have glory of men, *have their reward*.—Mat. vi. 2. They are fully paid for all they do. Their motives are selfish, and their reward is earthly. They find what they seek. Nebuchadrezzar, King of Babylon, was a heathen and an idolater. But he did work that God wanted done. So God gave him his wages.—Ezekiel xxix. 18-20. Many, in these days, give thousands for a popular, benevolent enterprise, who will not contribute a dollar for some object which they know to be far more worthy, but which is unsupported by the great.—They desire to see their good deeds heralded in the papers. Their desire is accomplished.

But for God to accept our services is one thing, and to accept ourselves is often quite another. Many a man is employed to work, whom his employer would not be willing to take into the bosom of his family, and treat as a child. He is paid well for his work, but he is not adopted as a son.—Many are deceived in regard to the relation they sustain to God. In some things they do right. They feel better for it. They give, from selfish motives, and are blessed with worldly prosperity. Their praises are in everybody's mouth. This they take as an evidence of their acceptance with God. But it is not the slightest evidence of any such thing. As far as it goes, it sustains the contrary presumption. The hired man is paid for his work as he goes along; the heir waits. He is content with food and raiment. His day is not yet come. So the child of God works and waits. He toils on till the going down of the sun of life, misunderstood and misrepresented. He does not look for bonds and mortgages, and the praises of men: *they desire a better country, that is a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for*

*he hath prepared for them a city.*—Heb. xi. 16. Moses might have retained his position as one of the chief men of Egypt, and thus have been in a position to favor the oppressed Hebrews. His life might have been one of ease and honor, and full of earthly enjoyment. But he *chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of reward.* Heb. xi. 25, 26. He was constantly found fault with by those whom he served, *but he endured as seeing Him who is invisible.* He had no earthly possessions—his was the Heavenly Canaan.

If you would have God accept you, see to it that you are entirely devoted to Him.—Let there be no reserve, of property or talents, of good name or associates. Offer all a burnt-offering upon His altar. Give yourself to Him to do the work that He appoints, whether it be to preach the Gospel, or to train up children for Him. Stand by His truth, and those who are laboring to spread it through the land. Let there be no half-heartedness in the matter. Be thoroughly in earnest. Let no worldly motive mar the offering. Give yourself to do God's work, and take Him for your paymaster. To preach for a salary vitiates all. You may preach the truth. It may benefit others; but it will not benefit you in the day of eternity. Give yourself heartily and fully to Him, and He will accept you. We are sanctified in part, simply because we are consecrated in part. Where you find a person wholly given up to do God's will, without any qualifications or conditions, there you will find a symmetrical Christian, one that is *perfect and entire, wanting nothing.* Will you be such a one?

### Political Reform.

By invitation, we attended the State Council of Political Reform, held at Albany the 10th and 11th of April. There was a large number of prominent ministers and members of different churches present. A good deal of enthusiasm was manifested, espe-

cially on the Common School question.—Some excellent speeches were made, and good resolutions passed.

But on the whole we were greatly disappointed; and we fear that more harm than good was done. There was manifested altogether too much of expediency, and too little of the uncompromising spirit of the Gospel. The Council failed to take the ground, as it should have done, that this is a Christian nation,—that its institutions are based upon the law of God. If foreigners choose to come here and share our privileges, they should cheerfully submit to the restraints we impose upon ourselves, for our good and the good of the community. If they do not like the terms, let them stay away. Liberty is not license.

The Council passed resolutions in favor of the Sabbath; but they distinctly disavowed all desire to have the religious observance of the Sabbath enforced by legislative enactments. This is precisely what German infidels and Catholics want. They wish to observe the Sabbath as a day of recreation and pleasure,—a day devoted to drinking and dancing—to theatres and races.

The Council also failed to take the position on the Temperance question which every Christian ought to occupy—in favor of the absolute prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. And even upon the Common School question—which they made their hobby—some of the speakers took the ground, that if it was necessary, in order to sustain the public schools, that the reading of the Bible in their daily exercises should be dispensed with, then they would cheerfully give up the Bible. And none of the speakers opposed this monstrous proposition!

The action of the Council convinced us, that we cannot look to the popular churches of the day to take the lead in any great reform. They are too afraid of disturbance.

Political reform is greatly needed. Our Legislatures are utterly corrupt; our administrators of justice are bought and sold far more shamefully, and almost as openly, as the negroes were in the days of slavery. Our boasted free press is venal to a shocking extent; gigantic, soulless corporations

plunder the people almost at their pleasure, and rum and railroads rule the country with a rod of iron.

But if a reform is effected, a few impracticable radicals, who consult only the right, must take the lead; and when the cause becomes popular so that their help is not needed, the co-operation of the leading ministers and churches of the day may be expected.

### Dedication in New York.

The need of a suitable house of worship, has been seriously felt by the Free Methodists in New York. But land is so high there, and it costs so much to build, that there seemed but small probability that the little band—poor in this world, but rich in faith—would very soon occupy a place of worship which they could call their own. But God, in His providence, has wonderfully opened the way for them to obtain a church edifice, adapted in every respect to their necessities. A church and lot was offered for sale for seventeen thousand dollars. Brother Joseph Mackey—who is wide awake to the interests of the cause of God, and who is one of the few who is as ready to run risks and incur responsibilities for the cause of God as in his own private business matters—closed the bargain at once.

The location is excellent—on Forty-eighth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. The lot is sixty-four feet by one hundred. The building, which is a substantial one, is of brick and nearly covers the lot. It is divided into an audience-room, capable of seating some five hundred persons, classrooms, and rooms for a family. It was built some six years ago by Rev. S. Baker, then belonging to the Wesleyan Church. When the effort was made to unite the non-Episcopal Methodist churches into one body, he united with the Protestants in forming the Methodist Church. So the congregation is, for the most part, in sympathy with our doctrines.

The opening services were held on Sabbath the 18th inst., and were conducted by the editor of this magazine, assisted by Revs. Wm. Belden, Wm. Gould and J. T.

James. The day was stormy, but the attendance was good. Over two thousand dollars were subscribed towards paying for the church, and it is the intention to vigorously push forward the subscription until the whole amount is realized. In the evening, a number were forward for prayers, and a gracious influence prevailed all thro' the services. God set His seal upon the enterprise, and we trust He will crown it to the salvation of multitudes of souls.

### Which ?

Is the Church meeting with the greater success in converting the world; or the world in converting the Church? It is certain the world is making alarming progress. Read in the New York papers, on Monday morning, the reports of the Sabbath services. From these it would seem that fashion and music are the objects of devotion in the fashionable churches, rather than that Great Being who regards the offerings of none but those who worship Him in Spirit and in truth.

The splendid edifice in which the worship is offered,—the fashionable attire of the congregation,—the instruments of music,—the operatic, well-paid choir,—the affected, smooth-tongued preacher, who refuses to preach unless he can have his price,—everything, savors of the worldly spirit.

Where this worldly tendency will stop it is hard to predict. Already we hear of an M. E. Church fitted up with a kitchen, dining-room and parlors, for church socials, and pious frolics; and the Boston Journal tells us that

"The Young Men's Christian Association of Meriden, Conn., proposes to erect a new building this spring. In addition to two stores, the building will contain a bowling alley, coffee and refreshment rooms, reading-room, library, conversation and amusement room, and gymnasium. There will also be a hall arranged for *private theatricals*, etc. The estimated cost of the structure is \$20,000, and it is thought that the rents and revenues of the establishment will nearly pay for it in ten years."

We warn our readers against giving any encouragement to these encroachments of the world.

### Death of Bishops.

THE M. E. Church has recently lost, by death, two of its ablest and most devoted Bishops. They died in the work.

Bishop Thompson was a fine scholar, and a thoroughly honest and devoted man of God. He ranked high as a preacher, and was one of the ablest writers in the Church. As a college president, an editor, and a bishop, he was equally successful.

Bishop Kingsley was a strong man. He worked his way through college, and was so studious that the year he graduated, he was elected, by the college, Professor of Mathematics. As an editor and a bishop he stood high in the Church. He was on a tour round the world, visiting the missions of the M. E. Church, when he suddenly took sick and died, at Beyrout, in Syria.

### Camp-Meetings.

PREPARE for them. If you have anything to do with selecting the ground, do exercise a little common sense. Get it in some accessible location. Try to have it somewhere within comfortable reach of the people. You need not be afraid of cities or villages. They will not hurt you.

Make your calculations to attend it all through. Take a tent. Devote the week to labors for your own spiritual improvement and that of others. God bless the Camp-meetings of this year, and make them seasons of great profit.

FOOD AND POISON.—The papers state that there are three glasses of whiskey drank in New York city for every loaf of bread that is eaten. In the entire city, three dollars are paid for liquor for every dollar that is paid for bread. No wonder that many suffer from want.

Christian, are you using your influence to put a stop to licensing this traffic, which is filling the land with paupers and criminals?



**BLOOD MONEY.**—The receipts of the U. S. Government from the manufacture of whiskey, for the year ending June 30th, 1869, amounted to \$45,000,000, and from tobacco, to \$23,500,000.

The Emperor of China, when advised to cease his efforts to prevent the English from forcing opium upon his country, and to impose a heavy duty upon it, and thus replenish his empty treasury, replied that he would see his Empire perish before he would derive a revenue from the vices and miseries of his people. But the Emperor of China is a heathen! We send missionaries there to teach them Christianity.—Would it not be well for them to send missionaries to us, to teach us political integrity?

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A SOMEWHAT prominent man died in this city. A long procession of Masons in full regalia followed his remains to the grave. A band of music called the attention of the people to the imposing display. Yet this poor man, buried with the highest Masonic honors, died of the *delirium tremens*!—Doubtless the honor paid to his memory had its influence in encouraging his drinking associates to pursue their ruinous career, but it cannot help him in the presence of that God who says, *No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven.*

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### Literary Notices.

**POWER WITH GOD AND WITH MEN.** By Rev. John Levington. Philadelphia, 1868.

The author takes the ground that the principles claimed to be essential to having power with God and with men are found in the different orthodox denominations. He endeavors to hold them to their own principles, and shows that all Christians may have this power. He illustrates his positions by apt allusions to Wesley, and Whitfield, to Luther, and the early reformers. He says the result of their power may be found in the following principles:

"First—They obtained a clear knowledge of the two essential and kindred principles, viz: justification by faith alone, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. Second—They sought and obtained these two

great blessings, with the direct witness of the Spirit. Third—They sought and obtained that peculiar qualification for the ministry, viz: the baptism of the Holy Ghost; they were 'endued with power from on high.' Fourth—Being assured that God had called them to the work of the ministry, they unreservedly offered themselves to him for this very purpose, and wholly gave themselves up to the guidance of his providence, regardless of all consequences. If it be said, that they had previously done what is specified in the fourth place, I answer this was not possible before they had this salvation, and faith which is the condition thereof; nor could they before this, have that love which is essential to every work. Fifth—They now went forth and preached justification by faith alone, and regeneration by the Spirit alone. Sixth—They preached that the knowledge of justification is given to the party justified by the direct witness of the Spirit. Seventh—All this they corroborated by their own experience—Their unmistakable consciousness. Eighth—This testimony was corroborated by a uniformly good judgment and holy life. Ninth—This salvation they offered alike to all, without any distinction."

The teaching is sound and Scriptural, and the style attractive. It may be read with profit by all.

The book is a common-sized duodecimo of 333 pages, neatly bound in muslin. It may be had by addressing the author, at Detroit, Mich.

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I ONCE said to myself, in the foolishness of my heart, "What sort of sermon must that have been which was preached by St. Peter, when three thousand souls were converted at once?" What sort of sermon?—such as other sermons: there is nothing to be found in it extraordinary. The effect was not produced by St. Peter's eloquence, but by the mighty power of God, present with his Word. It is in vain to attend one minister after another, and to hear sermon after sermon, unless we pray that the Holy Spirit accompany his Word. "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."—*Cecil.*

## Correspondence.

## Rage for Perdition Literature.

"Fathers, mothers, when your sons  
Look to you for daily bread,  
Dare ye, in mock'ry, load with stones  
The table that for them is spread?  
How can ye hope your sons will live,  
If ye, for fish, a serpent give?"

AMONG the pernicious activities of our time, is the prolific production of novels and romances. These are of every grade of mischief in their composition, but they have, to a large extent, a property in common, viz., the *policy of artful disguise*. The debasing tendency is not only veiled, but many times greatly enhanced by the arts of rhetoric, and an elaborate and polished diction.

This new enemy does not wait to be sought out; it refuses to be avoided. It meets us on the street-cars, in the boats, is before us and stares at the passer-by from every news-stall, around which groups of young men and boys may hourly be seen, eagerly feasting their fancies on scenes of debauchery. We may keep our children from the theatre, and so train them that they shall never desire to frequent it; but there is now an educator presented within their reach which soon may undermine all the home lessons of purity, and, by easy steps, lead them to perdition.

The teachings of our schools and our churches, must be to a great extent in vain while these wretched panders to depravity are undoing the work of the school and the church. One such periodical may do more evil than many pulpits can correct.—If this raid of license remains unchecked, preaching, teaching, and warning will be alike in vain.

The demoralizing tendency of a large part of the issues of the press, is positive and wide-spread. The brains of authors and writers are taxed to their utmost to write and re-write tales of the most extravagant and startling description, to meet the popular taste. Cross-eyed and fevered visions are invoked, the hellish inspiration of the intoxicating beverage is called into

play, to furnish sensation stories, and tragic tales of love, seduction, desertion, suicide, and death—murders, elopements, assignments, and crimes of damning hue—all written to order to "sell" the sheet, and to "sell" the purchaser.

Thus,

"Crimes in every shape increase,  
Judgments stalk throughout the land;  
Signs are borne on every breeze,  
That destruction is at hand."

"I want a paper that has long stories in it," said a young girl; and she added, "I don't want a paper for anything else."—Poor girl! much to be pitied—and a pitiful appearance she will make through life—and what in death? She wants nothing serious—no acquaintance with the history of her times—nothing intellectual, or soul-saving; nothing but newspaper novels!—Empty heads they must be that can find room every week for some ten columns of a sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by the ten thousand its sheets of shallow, insipid, and disgusting fiction; and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes, Christian fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and destitution of all taste and fitness for life's duties. Doubtless the periodical press does more than any one instrumentality to decide the opinions, and habits of thought, and general character of the age.

A family will very soon begin to show a sympathy with its weekly or monthly paper, and parent and child will soon begin assimilating to it in sentiment and feeling; and as families are, so is the community at large.

Blind and stupid, therefore—yea, much worse—are those parents who tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are good for nothing, but most of them positively bad—made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers, who would be "at the foot" in the town school of good morals. Such are the teachers of half the present generation.

"And whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. vi. 7.

"We are sowing, we are sowing,  
In eternity to reap;  
Day by day are harvests growing  
For us, after death's long sleep."

The enticing away giddy, light-headed females from the paternal roof, is becoming more and more frequent. What the cause? is it not in the character of the reading, the tendency of the so-called *literature* which enters into the reading of girls and young ladies? It is vitiating in its character, both to the mind and the morals, and excites a morbid taste for the mock-sentimental, undermines principle, and prepares many to become an easy prey to the wiles of the seducer. It is an insidious poison, and makes its approaches and develops its effects so gradually, as to be imperceptible until its work of ruin is accomplished.

The country is flooded with such literature, and those having charge of either sex cannot be too vigilant in guarding against its introduction into their houses, for it is one of the most effectual instruments in the hands of the enemies of purity in accomplishing their purposes.

And who's to blame for these numerous elopements and this "elopement literature"? On whose shoulders rests the enormous guilt?

When will elopements, abductions, and seductions cease? How long ere lewdness, libertinism, and debauchery cease to stalk in open day?

When will the lips of a strange woman cease to drop as a honey-comb, her mouth to be smoother than oil—but her end bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword? When will her house cease to be the way to hell, "going down to the chambers of death"?

Never, until ministers cease to write "Norwoods" for *Ledgers* and theatres.—Never, till religious editors cease to advertise and puff novels, the light, trashy literature of the day.

It is the duty of every man and woman who loves his country, and its better and noble social life, to exert a positive influence against this entire class of perdition literature. It is poisoning and corrupting

the hearts of hundreds of thousands of the youth of our country to-day. It is leading scores of thousands insensibly but surely into the maelstrom where they will be swallowed up forever.

"Life's hours are short and few,  
As transitory as the morning dew.

'Tis meet that they should be  
Well spent; for, oh! if wasted, they but bring  
A present cloy, and, for their closing time,  
Treasure remorse, the spirit's deathless sting."

LOOK AT THE RESULTS OF THIS FICTION. A writer in the *Presbyterian* states that in Chicago, at *matinees* of those licentious exhibitions, *Undine* and *Black Crook*, nine-tenths of the large audiences were Sabbath-school scholars; that so energetic were these recruiters to seduce youth from the rural villages to witness scenes that would have been infamous in Sodom and Gomorrah, that several steamboats were chartered to cruise up and down the shore of the lake to bring in children to visit the slaughter-house of purity and virtue. N.

### REVIVALS.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA.—I have just closed a protracted meeting at Salina, which lasted nearly four weeks. Sixty-three were converted, and forty-four joined the F. M. Church. There were some of the most remarkable conversions I ever witnessed.—The hardest sinners were made to yield under the power of God. The whole community were deeply stirred for miles around. Formal churches were shaken to the very foundation by the power of the Holy Ghost. The Lord is raising up a standard of entire holiness in these lands,—glory to His holy name! We feel like pressing the battle to the very gates. Pray for us, dear Bro., that we may build upon the right foundation, that the work may stand.

B. F. DOUGHTY.

FOREST, MICHIGAN.—We are having success on this circuit. The Lord has blessed our labors to the salvation of souls; quite a number saved; formed a class of ten, and more to join. We have been laboring under many disadvantages, but after a while the Lord Jesus appeared to our re-



ief,—bless His holy name!—and the work of God went on.

I am clear in my soul—feel that I am the Lord's—all His—nothing to fear but sin. Oh, I love Jesus and His work! When I look back and see what Jesus has done for me, and what He has saved me from, it makes me willing to wander up and down, and smile at toil and pain, so I can please Jesus in all I do. Oh, I love to deny myself, take up the cross and follow Jesus through all.

E. E. MILLER.

### DYING TESTIMONY.

SALLY, wife of Philo Godfrey, died of consumption, at her residence in Dryden, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Feb. 6th, 1870, aged 63 years.

Sister Godfrey was born and reared in Dryden. Was united in marriage to Philo Godfrey on the 29th of July, 1827. Her conversion to God occurred in the fall of 1826, when she united with the Methodist E. Church, of which she remained a faithful and consistent member, until about five years ago, when she joined the Free Methodist connection, believing it to more fully represent the church of her early choice, than did the M. E. Church of the present day.

Nearly twenty years' acquaintance with the family—three of which I was her pastor in the M. E. Church—has deeply impressed my mind with her consistent and symmetrical Christian character. If in the habit of eulogizing the dead, I should attempt it in this case. But this would be needless. Her life, wherever known, is her best eulogy, which no comment of mine could brighten. She was truly an intelligent, devout, Christian lady. As a companion, a mother, a neighbor, and friend, her absence must be long and deeply felt. She loved the house of God, from the services of which she was never absent, except unavoidably. She was also a lover of camp-meetings, of which, with her companion, she attended about forty.

For years her health was feeble. Consumption had early marked her as its victim. Her last illness was short. She re-

tained her reason till the last. Being satisfied that the time of her departure was at hand, she gave specific directions respecting her funeral, at which, (by request of her friends I say it,) she expressed a wish that the writer might preach, and that Dr. Bowen might officiate in case of his absence.

When near the closing scene, being asked by her husband, if she was ready to die, she replied, "I am all ready, and waiting." Again, to the question, "Are you afraid to die," she answered, "No." Just before she passed away, her husband, pointing heavenward, asked, "How does it look up yonder?" "IT IS ALL LIGHT," was the reply.

Providence so ordered, that Dr. Bowen officiated at the funeral, greatly to the satisfaction and comfort of surviving friends.

May the heart-stricken friends of the one who has left us,

While earth's brightest treasure may fade from their sight,

More confidently lean on the arm that bereft us,  
Till borne, as was she, to the mansions of light.

Utica, N. Y.

E. OWEN.

Died, at Herkimer, N. Y., of consumption, Mrs. AMANDA WILLIAMS, aged 45 years.

She had suffered for several months. In her affliction, she sought and obtained the mercy of God. The triumphant death of a sister, a little over a year since, left an abiding conviction upon her mind of the great importance of religion, in the trying scenes of death.

Sister Williams met her final hour with great composure and holy triumph. After giving her dying message to her family and imprinting her farewell kiss upon each, she victoriously raised her hands and exclaimed, "I am going to Jesus!"

C. H. AUSTIN.

### LOVE FEAST.

Mrs. F. A. ATWATER.—I feel fully consecrated to the Lord. My Father accepts the consecration, and through faith enables me to carry the abiding witness of a full acceptance. I do feel to bless God for a salvation that can reach such poor, unworthy creatures as I, and save them to the uttermost.

R. H. RAMSAY.—I was converted to God two years ago the 13th of December. After I was converted, I felt there was something more for me, and I sought it with all my heart, and blessed be the name of God! about two weeks later, I felt the blood of Jesus cleanse me from all sin. Glory be to His holy name! I can say to His praise, I have retained it ever since. Oh, blessed be God, that my feet were taken from a horrible pit, and placed on the solid rock Christ Jesus! I do certify, that there is power in Jesus' blood to cleanse us from all sin.—Oh, yes; after fifteen weary years of conviction, I was brought out by the hand of Jesus. I said, when I started, that if God could keep me from sin one hour, He could one day; and if one day, He could one month; and if one month, He could one year; and if one year, He could always. I can say to-day, that He has kept me thus far, and I am willing to trust Him for eternity. Oh, glory be to Israel's God! I think sometimes, there is no happier man dwells on the face of the earth. Yes, my cup is full. What more can I ask? I only ask that my cup may be enlarged. I must say, for the encouragement of others, I have not been without persecutions and trials; I have had them so severe that I almost thought it would take my life. But Jesus, who has promised that we should not be tempted above that which we are able to bear, has brought me safely through.

*Carthage, Ind.*

MRS. ELIZABETH C. HEPPEARD.—I wish to tell the story of bleeding, dying love on earth, and then in glory with my dear friends above. Jesus is with me to-day. I feel the witness in my soul. Bless his name! I know that God has forgiven all my sins. I thank the Lord for free salvation through the blood of the Lamb. Oh, how Jesus keeps me in the narrow way! Everything I have belongs to the Lord.—Oh, how I feel to praise Jesus for living faith! I thank God for the *Earnest Christian*. It is a feast to my soul. By the help of God, I intend to keep my lamp trimmed, and my light burning, and oil in my vessel, that I may be ready at His coming, to go

in and enjoy the rest that remaineth for those that love and serve God. I find the only safe way is in keeping close to Jesus,—praise His name forever!

*West Windsor, O.*

MRS. MARIA BEEBE.—My Heavenly Father has bid me acknowledge Him in all my ways, and says He will then direct my paths. I take this opportunity of doing so through the Love Feast of the *Earnest Christian*. To the glory of my exalted Redeemer, I declare it, that the Lord hath power on earth to forgive sin, and to cleanse from all unrighteousness. This is the crowning glory of this great salvation, provided for a lost and sinful race. I feel the responsibilities that rest upon me, in common with all who have named the name of Christ, and am often led to inquire, "Who is sufficient?" But when I remember that He who freely gave us Christ, will also with him freely give us all things, then I feel like girding my armor more closely, and pressing my way to the land of the living. Bless God for salvation!

*Pekin, N.Y.*

E. T. DEWEY.—God wants us to let our light shine, that man may see our good works and be led to glorify Him. To do this, I testify that the blood of Jesus washes away all iniquity. For a time, I have not had God's continual smiles; often in prayer, when constrained to give glory to God, I feared all was not right. Last Wednesday evening at a prayer-meeting, where only one other was present, my faith took hold as never before, and I am kept in perfect peace. Bless Jesus for full salvation!

*Hancock, N.Y.*

MARY M. BRADLEY.—Christ is my all in all. He is to me the One altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand.—Praise the Lord! I find all I want in Him. Glory to the Lamb! I have some great conflicts with the enemy, and some glorious victories. All is given, and Christ received.

*Albion, N.Y.*

REBECCA A. STICKLE.—I do not think my convictions were as deep as a great many I have heard of. I felt at different intervals, for a long time, the need of a Saviour. A little more than a year ago, a Baptist minister came into our place, and held a series of meetings. Several gave their hearts to God, and I felt the need of being saved just then. I commenced to pray to God to forgive my sins, and make me a child of His. I kept on praying, but did not seem to enjoy any real salvation, and I felt none of that pure love in my heart that I heard others tell of. But I had taken a decided stand to continue on until I found the Lord to be precious to my soul. I talked with several. Some told me I had experienced religion. Others told me if I had, I would know it. I promised the Lord, by His help, that I would keep on praying till death found me, if He would show me the reality of the pure religion of Jesus Christ. Last June, God gave me the privilege of attending a grove meeting held by the Free Methodists, on Bro. Sawyer's circuit. To-day, I feel to praise the Lord for that meeting. In that grove, God came down in power and moved the dark clouds, and took all fears and doubts away. It was a happy season to me. Praise the Lord for free and pure salvation!

*Parkville, N.Y.*

LOUISA E. PARKS.—It was four years ago that I had the first religious feelings that I remember to have had. I was then in my fifteenth year. The Rev. Mr. Briars was having quite a revival in Gramerville. I went. It was there that the Holy Spirit invited me; it was there that I saw, for the first time, that I was a sinner. I trust that God forgave my sins there, although I have seen many dark hours at different times since. One of them was when I went back home. I felt it was my duty to bear testimony for Jesus, when there were invitations given for them that loved Jesus to speak for Him. I felt afraid to speak before my young friends, because I feared they would laugh at me. I feel thankful to the Lord for His goodness toward this place. Now, almost all the young people

in this place have given their hearts to the Saviour.

*Parkville, N.Y.*

L. S. COOPER.—About two years ago, I sought the Saviour, and the *Earnest Christian* was recommended to me. I here send my testimony, that it has been a great help to me in finding the blessing of holiness. I believe in the kind of religion that it recommends. It has been about fourteen months since I experienced the blessing of a clean heart. Since that time, I have been trying to keep the banner afloat with the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord." While I write these lines, the glory of God fills my soul. Hallelujah to Jesus for full salvation! Oh, how I realize the word fulfilled,—Jesus shall save His people from their sins!

*Bald Bluff, Ills.*

LOUISA A. KEECH.—I am in the narrow way. My heart has been washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb. Though pain racks this mortal body, yet I can say, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Jesus is a present help in time of trouble. I know by experience, that when our wills are given up, we can praise the Lord for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come. I have on the wedding garment—am ready to do or suffer the will of the Lord. The Holy Spirit is at work here. There are conversions in almost every prayer-meeting.—Many are under conviction.

*Coldwater, Mich.*

C. D. BARRETT.—Jesus saves me richly to-day. His precious blood cleanses. I am rooted and grounded in love as never before. Jesus is working among the colored people of Detroit. About one hundred and seventy-five have been converted. I have witnessed the wonderful power of Jesus to convict and convert. One young woman, seeking religion, lay under the power for twenty-four hours, and came through praising Jesus. Being told that she had lain for twenty-four hours, she said it seemed only a few minutes. Oh, I praise Jesus for this free salvation for everybody.



MRS. MARY A. MORSE.—I praise God that He ever taught me to walk the narrow way. It is so narrow—and yet so wide. It is so narrow, that all who will may come and walk therein. It is so straight, it leads a direct line to the Celestial City. It neither turns to the right nor to the left. This narrow way is so straight and walled in on either side by Salvation, that we can sometimes view the Great City beyond. Glory, hallelujah! It is so narrow, that nothing unclean or sinful can walk there,—no, none but those having the mark and the white robe can walk there. No room for crooked paths,—no room to go around the cross.—Praise the Lord! it is a highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. Hallelujah! I do love this way. Through grace, I am going through with Jesus.—Praise God for this great salvation, that shuts us in with a wall of bright glory!

*Ionia, Mich.*

JAMES W. ROBB.—Three years ago the coming summer, I found myself a lost, miserable sinner. One day, a group of boys of about my age overtook me. They were full of the Holy Ghost, on their way to meeting, about three miles distant. They kindly asked me to go with them. One of the good brothers soon began to converse with me on the subject of my soul's salvation. Having had some convictions, I was inclined to talk some. I told him that I would like to be a Christian. We went on our way, talking as we went, until we reached the little village where the meeting was to be held, and getting there at an early hour, the boys proposed to have a season of prayer. Oh, how miserable I felt, when I heard the prayers going up to God in my behalf! At last, one of the good brothers called on me to pray. Oh, what a cross! I never met with such a conflict before in my life, and I did not know what to do.—But I did not pray. Oh, how miserable I did feel! We started for home, and the Lord put it into the hearts of the good brothers to have a prayer-meeting along the road-side. There again they poured their hearts out to God in my behalf. The Lord seemed to fill the place, and at last

I yielded,—glory be to God! God did, for Christ's sake, speak peace to my soul. Hallelujah! I walked in the light as far as I knew, but I soon found there was one thing I yet lacked, and that was the Holy Ghost. About six months after I was converted, I made a full consecration, and the Lord sanctified me soul and body. Oh, how the love of God was shed abroad in my heart!—Hallelujah! To-day I am free. Praise the name of the Lord! I can say that, Whomsoever the Lord maketh free, is free indeed. Oh, how my blessed Saviour fills my soul while I write! I do praise God for a full and a free salvation!

*Viola, Ills.*

MRS. M. A. WILLIAMS.—I never was so sick of mere forms and ceremonies as at present, and never loved the narrow way and real salvation better. I am glad that I live,—that I am to live forever. Oh, how I praise my blessed Jesus for what He has done for my poor soul! Though my path through life be interspersed with tears and many trials, yet how sweet to lean on Jesus' strong arm for support. I trust my all in God's hand, knowing that He who is able to save us will also keep us unto the end. Jesus saves me, soul and body,—hallelujah to the Lamb forever! Oh, how I praise God for victory over the world, the flesh and the devil! Bless God for the *Earnest Christian*! It brings rich food to my soul.

*West Windsor, O.*

DARIUS REYNOLDS.—I am growing in grace. My love is perfect, casting out all fear of death, or any event which may result from loving and obeying God. I find the yoke of Christ easy, and His burden light. I have no desire to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease. I know that I must fight if I would reign,—the crown lies at the end of the race. The Captain of my salvation never lost a battle, and never will. My watchword is, Onward and upward; no compromise with sin; victory in life, and victory in death, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Belvidere, Ills.*