

The Earnest Christian

AND
GOLDEN RULE.

JUNE, 1870.

FORMALISM.

BY REV. T. S. LA DUE.

KEEPING in mind a former article, we remark that one marked feature of the religion of formalism, is a *boasting in forms or externals*,—glorying in a noble history,—lauding “the fathers,”—“building the tombs of the prophets and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous,”—pointing to heavy columns of numbers and wealth. It takes you by the arm, and with a self-sufficient air, says, “Walk about our Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell”—blaze—“it to this generation,” and hand it down for the wonder of the generation following. Papal Anti-Christ can boast in many of these respects above all others. This boasting may be not in the Lord, but in the perishable. It may be made while the divine and spiritual has been well-nigh crowded out. These lordly establishments may be only splendid mausoleums—the sepulchres of a dead religion. Some Ezekiel, instead of boasting, in rounded periods, of this outward splendor, might take up the lamentation—“Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering. Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so; thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of

the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day thou wast created till iniquity was found in thee. By the multitude of thy merchandise, they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned; therefore, I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God; and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire. Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty; thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness. I will cast thee to the ground. Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic,”—notoriously carried on often in this day, in festivals, in these very sanctuaries,—“therefore I will bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee, and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee.”

There may be forms or resemblances of all the manifestations of godliness, of all the fruits of the Spirit. That evil tree, the carnal heart, cultivated by its husbandman, the devil, can produce from its roots of bitterness, fruit which looks very like that produced by the sanctified heart, cultivated by its husbandman, “My Father.”

There is a form of the peace; a sort of composure and serenity, but all human. Many are beguiled by this.—Jesus evidently had this spurious peace in view when He said, “Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.” There is nothing in the world

without you, nor in the world of understanding, sensibility and will within you, that can give this Divine peace: it comes from a source foreign to them all.

There is a form of the joy. We have seen the most deluded fanatics, holding the vilest principles and rioting in corresponding practices, exhibit most boisterous joy. And on the other hand, we have seen professors of religion, in the height of fashion and leaders in church festivities, talk of their joy, and simper out their scientific "Glory to God." And in both cases—that of the fanatic and that of the formalist—it was only a form. God, foreseeing this, inspired His servant to write—"THE JOY OF THE LORD is your strength." The joy of the fanatic and formalist has no strength, no Lord in it, giving victory over the flesh, and the world, and the devil. We remark here, that there may be a form of the power, and this is most inveterate sometimes, and dangerous.

There is a form of the temperance—"Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created, to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." There are those who preach vehemently against tea and coffee, and swine's flesh, as broth of abominable things. And we will not find fault with them for this. But we do find fault with them because they deny the personality of the Holy Ghost, and deride His religion in the demonstration of the Spirit. And no wonder; for these modern Saducees say there is no Spirit. Under this head, we notice a transcendental purity, the reasoning of which really turns the command of God, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth," into an obligation of impurity, and from a benediction into a curse. Wise people! clear above Enoch, who "walked with God after he begat Methusaleh three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters."

There is a form of the meekness and

humility—"a voluntary humility," and sanctimonious softness, and Pharisaical long-facedness—of all which the apostle bids us beware. The Lord says—"Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart." We must have the meekness, the mind that was in Him who "made himself of no reputation," which thinks so little of self that it cheerfully submits to any sacrifice, and to be trampled under foot, so God's truth be advanced.

There is a form of the long-suffering; which, instead of breaking down under the well-applied truth, bears up against it, and appeals to all around, in spirit if not in word—"See how I am abused! and above all, see how nobly and sweetly I endure! Am I not a blessed saint?" We have known more than one such, who finally yielded, and confessed that their long-suffering was only obstinacy and hypocrisy.

There is a form of self-denial. And this may exceed, in severity to the flesh, and in some respects to the affections, any crucifixion required by God: as exemplified by Luther, who nearly perished through self-inflicted mortifications; only to become more and more conscious, that the carnal mind has an evil vitality, which defies all human effort to kill it, and which fattens in self-righteousness on these very efforts. Nothing but the cross presented by Christ, spoken of in His word—"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up HIS cross and follow me,"—can slay the man of sin and keep him slain.

There is a form of the love; and this is one of the most specious; and the changes are rung upon it in these days of religious compromise as never before, by those who are seeking some broader way than the narrow. "Charity, charity," is cried out at every flourish of the two-edged sword,—making one think of Satan in the garden of Eden preaching charity to Eve, by insinuating that God was uncharitable in forbidding, under so terrible a penalty, a little innocent fruit. The love which has the power as well as the form, is

defined in the following words: "... and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulation also, . . . because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." That is the love of God. "Oh yes," says one, "I have it." Hold,— "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." This Holy Ghost is the Spirit of holiness. Have you holiness? This Holy Ghost is the Spirit of utter self-denial for Jesus' sake.— Have you this Spirit? The Spirit of separation from the world. Are you separate? The Spirit of reproof of sin, which cannot regard it with the least degree of allowance. The Spirit which certainly brings persecution. The Spirit of rejoicing under all circumstances, not only when all is prosperous, not only when bright hope of the glory of God cheers; but which glories in tribulations also—often shouting "Glory" over them; and not over one merely, for it says not tribulation, but "tribulations": rejoicing in that day and being exceedingly glad, yea, leaping for joy; there is the word of Jesus for the jumping and dancing demonstrations—Luke vi. 23—and not only rejoicing over them, but "glorying in" them. This is the love of God, shed abroad in our hearts,—not in our heads merely—not being some inspiration of human pathos and sympathy. This is the love of God which keeps His commandments.—1 John v. 3.

There is a form of the holiness. A holiness which is not preceded and accompanied by a heart-searching consecration, and a felt death of the cross. A holiness, many of whose stars shine in showy vestments, like the stars in the gay firmament of the world,—as was remarked of a great gathering of such luminaries, "that fashion prevailed among them in almost Saratoga style." And many of these paragons are leaders in church festivals—by their labors fitting up the church gambling stalls, or by their attendance on such scenes, or their dumbness concerning their

abominations, becoming partakers of other men's sins. This is a holiness shutting its ears to the command, "come out from among them." This form is a friend of the world and has its friendship. "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity against God?" It does not bear the brand which Heaven allows the devil and world to write, or chisel, or burn into those living godly in Christ Jesus, bearing "persecution," "affliction" here, but "glory" up yonder, and that "far more exceeding and eternal." It is a holiness void of the power. Its love has no sparkle nor fire—no life—a dead love. It denies the demonstration of the Spirit, "thanking God for freedom from fanatical impulses." Surely, it does not belong to "the peculiar people," and has no kindredship with the Pentecostal family. The Omniscient, looking down the path of time from His high and *holy* throne, saw this false holiness of the nineteenth century, and wrote eighteen hundred years ago the counsel for us—"But ye have not so learned Christ; If so be that ye have heard him and have been taught by him, as the truth is in Jesus. That ye put off concerning the former conversation, the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and be renewed in the spirit of your mind. And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and *true holiness*."

The religion of the material, and of the mere intellect and sentiment—and of zeal, but not according to knowledge—ministers most subtly but surely to carnal pride, and that of the most refined and desperate nature. It does this by indulging this pride while employing and flattering the religious sentiment in man. Thousands, while abhorring the Pharisee, in spirit thank God that they are not as other men. "I belong to the church. I am not unjust and an extortioner. I pay liberal tithes to the cause." Alas! they have only the form. They have never touched the cross which kills. They deny the Holy Ghost in His surest and strongest

manifestations; He has no form nor comeliness in their eyes, and they despise Him in their hearts. This Antinomianism,—ignoring and insulting the school-master that brings us to Christ—overlooking conviction, and repentance, and consecration—crying to all, “Believe, only believe;” this specious and popular form of godliness, but denying the power thereof, is Satan’s choice device in this day, and the choicest he has ever had. On it he expends his cunning, and in it he boasts over all his other works. By this, he uses the most sacred institutions to consummate his designs. Thus he makes capital out of the Lord Jesus, and steals the garments of devotion to cover up his snares. And he seems to exult in the face of Jehovah, as he uses instrumentalities appointed by Heaven, to advance the fell interests of perdition. “From such turn away.”

THE CONVERT UNDER SORE TEMPTATION.

I COULD name a few devices of the enemy, in which, if he succeed, he gains a fearful advantage over a person thus circumstanced;

1. By inducing the tempted one to persist in concealing the trouble within his own bosom.

The snare, possibly, might be readily broken, were the case divulged to a faithful and intelligent friend. This, to a delicate and sensitive mind, is not, in some cases, an easy matter, unless it find another heart “in union, mutually disclosed,” and in which may be reposed undoubting confidence.

It is a pity when the case is of such a nature that it might be divulged, even to a “common friend,” without *risk* that the perplexed conscience should be left to struggle with it in secret and alone. The advantage, in such a case, is all on the devil’s side.

2. By restraining prayer.

God in Christ is our friend. “In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving,” says the apostle, “let your requests be made known un-

to God; and the peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep your heart and minds, through Christ Jesus.” To this Friend you may tell all that is in your heart, without fear of being betrayed. The apostle says, “unto God,” because there may be cases which it would be, perhaps, improper to divulge to a fellow-creature. By prayer we may obtain light, strength, or direction, while we engage God in our behalf; just as we gain a true friend to espouse our cause, when we make him our *confidant*. Prayer is the devil’s plague. He cares not a straw for your reasoning, if you will but keep your cause from God.

3. By neglecting the Scriptures.

If prayer is our method of opening our mind to our Heavenly Father, the Bible is His method of opening His mind to us. “Therefore,” said the psalmist, “I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right. I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold.” The word of God is “the sword of the Spirit.” And “if you fetch this sword out of God’s armory,” said a good man to another, “the devil will run, like a coward.”—The leviathan, his name-sake, is more afraid of the *sword-fish*, I have heard, than of all the fish of the ocean. Jesus Christ gave him such a wound with that sword,—“It is written,”—that he feels it to this day. Nepotian, whose heart Jerome named *Bibliothecam Christi*, Christ’s Library, because so well stored with Scripture, had a great and manifest advantage over Satan, when compared with less favored minds. It was on this principle that Robert, king of Sicily, said:

“The Holy Books are dearer to me than my kingdom; and, were I under necessity of quitting one, it should be my diadem.”

And it is on this principle that the devil will try every method to keep the *scrupulous conscience* from obtaining a knowledge of those particular Scriptures which would set it right, if applied by the Holy Ghost, in a few moments.

4. By adopting hasty and unjustifiable measures for deliverance.

Such as, 1st. Imprudent vows. These afford Satan a fearful advantage. and, 2d. Yielding to sin. I have known persons strongly tempted to commit sin, supposing *positive condemnation* to be more tolerable than the harassing effects of uncertainty. This is a dreadful alternative, and an abominable device of Satan, from which the sincere soul should recoil with horror.

5. By indulging a fretting and reining Spirit.

This weakens the soul, and grieves the Spirit of God. John Bunyan tells us, that, yielding to impatience, he tempted God to grant him a sign of his *omniscience*; that, if all things were, indeed, known to him, with the very secrets of the human heart, he would prove it, by removing that particular thing that afflicted his mind. It was removed suddenly, but a worse temptation arrived immediately in its place. He confesses that, in his anxiety to get clear of one trouble, he did not depreciate or pray against that which might possibly follow. He does not tell us the nature of this *second messenger* of Satan; only, that it left a sting in his conscience, with intolerable bodily anguish, and that he considered it a punishment for his presumption. Perhaps he suffered for his impatience more than for any thing else.

6. By reasoning and contending with the devil, and a weak conscience, with a DEARTH both of faith and love in the heart.

This places the soul in circumstances most disadvantageous. A baptism of love would go far to silence the devil; it certainly would heal the soul, and procure its triumph. Satan can not at all bear to see a Christian, against whom he is waging war, rejoicing with joy unspeakable, in the midst of his fiercest assaults. When such an event takes place, he usually leaves the field. The sooner, therefore, my friend, you obtain such a baptism, the better. Nothing but this can ever heal your diseased conscience, or raise you above the particular troubles which have so painfully annoyed you. "Make haste,

make haste to love," said a good man in Spain, to one of a scrupulous conscience, "Make haste to love; and the scruples will fall away, which rise but from a fearful heart; for 'perfect love casts out fear.'" I have always admired that saying of the Rev. John Newton: "Love and fear are like the sun and moon, seldom seen together." Love is what you want, then—*perfect love*. This will not only "cast out all fear that has torment," (1 John iv. 18), but it will impart a power to the soul, by which it will be enabled to render a cheerful obedience to the precepts of this royal Gospel law, as well as to the dictates of a sound and enlightened conscience:

"Inflame our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth to do thy will."

It is Archbishop Leighton, I think, who defines the labor of love to be *the labor of rest*;—rest even in the motion it communicates, because such motion is so natural and sweet to the soul that loves. True love to God, he says, loves the labor of love, as it is a service to him that is loved. Love has its motions, but they are heavenly and circular; still in God, beginning and ending in him; yet not ending, but moving still without weariness. He compares the motions and labor of love to the heavens, which is motion in rest, changing not place, though running still.—*James Caughey.*

For years I have said to the pastors and churches with whom I have been called to labor, that if there was not a revival of religion, I should not complain of the church, but take the blame mostly to myself,—believing that if I am right, and have power with God, others will feel that power, and sinners will be converted: there will be a revival.—*Earle.*

In the Christian system, everything works its opposite. Honor comes of self-abasement; wealth of poverty and wisdom of ignorance.

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

PROPORTIONATE givers are of two classes; one give a definite per cent.—a tenth perhaps—of all they receive from salary, profits, or crops; the other a per cent. of all they are able to save above current expenses.

The first is the more numerous, and more fully accords with the Old Testament standard of giving. Both stand in the front ranks of benevolent people. Our time and property, all we have, belong to God, and we are commanded to be praying always; nevertheless, it is excellent to set apart stated proportions of time for worship, and of money for alms. Any objection to proportionate giving applies with equal force to the observance of the Sabbath, or the "still hour."

The worth of the system does not consist altogether in the amount set apart, but also in the business principle involved; and as every one can purpose in his heart to lay by in store a percentage as the Lord shall prosper him, the principle must be worthy of candid consideration.

He who takes stated times for family and closet devotions abounds more in prayer than one that prays from mere impulse, or under the pressure of especial emotion, and proportionate givers are usually liberal givers.

A few instances will illustrate this.

1. A church numbering 135 members, gave to Foreign Missions (their favorite cause) an annual donation of \$31. Of this donation \$20 came from a woman who had adopted the system of tithing. This was not a poor church, and probably each member would acknowledge his property to be God's, and himself but a steward.

2. A collection for the American Board was raised in a school district, in a farming region, by solicitors. But \$13 was contributed, though here too the cause was popular; \$10 of this was given by a farmer, no richer than his neighbors, who acted on the principle of giving a tenth.

3. A Sunday-school, numbering 200,

voted to support a teacher whom they would send to labor under the A. M. A. There were men of wealth in the school, yet one proportionate giver subscribed \$200 of the \$245 raised. The same individual gives the larger part of all contributed by the 183 members of the church to which he belongs.

4. In a large and influential church, where gathered many wealthy men who were considered liberal, a young man, acting upon the principle of proportionate giving, contributed more than one-fourth of the large collection taken for the A. M. A.

It would be easy to multiply incidents like these. They lead to a belief that if Christians would adopt this system, the treasury of the Lord would be full. Money would flow in, without the necessity of working up a sympathy and creating an enthusiasm.

Comparatively few possess enough to supply the needs of life; hence it is easy to find in one's circumstances a plausible excuse for meagre contributions.

How many would think it impossible to keep one-seventh of their time sacred from the encroachments of temporal affairs, were it not for habit and education?

If people were educated to give a proportion of their income, liberality would be found not only a possibility, but one of the great excellencies of the Christian's life. With the money resolutely consecrated, devoted and ready for use, the battle would be over and the spirit ready to enter with enthusiasm into plans for the disposal of it. Enlargement and development of Christian life would come from the necessary devising of liberal things, and familiarity with organizations of benevolence.

Let us then give a stated proportion of time for Sabbath service; a stated proportion for family and closet devotion; a stated proportion of income (laying by in store as God hath prospered us;) as thank offerings to Him who gave Himself for us, and who giveth us all things richly to enjoy.

FAMILY DEVOTION, MORNING AND EVENING.

BY D. P. NEWTON.

"Come to the place of prayer!
Parents and children, come and kneel before
Your God, and with united hearts adore
Him whose alone your life and being are."

OMIT family prayer morning or evening! What for? what do you gain by it? Dispense with your breakfast, your supper, your regular meals for the sustaining of your physical strength? Better a thousand times starve the body than the soul. You need the bread of heaven to nourish the soul, infinitely more than you need earthly food to nourish the body.

"Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more."

This bread of heaven—angels' food—we must have daily, else we languish, we die!

"Haven't time," say you, reader? Indeed! What is time? Whose is it? Who made time? Is time yours, or God's? Has God given you time to live, breathe, walk, talk, pray? Why not pray, then? Mind what God says. God commands you to pray—pray always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, watching thereto with all perseverance.

It is said of Martin Luther, that the more he had to do, the more frequently and fervently he prayed. On one occasion he remarked to a friend, "I have so much to do to-day that I shall have to pray three hours."

John Howard, the philanthropist, is said never to have neglected family prayer, even though there was but one, and that one his domestic, to join in it: always declaring that where he had a tent, God should have an altar.

Robert Hall, hearing some worldly-minded persons object to family prayer as taking up too much time, said that what might seem a loss will be more than compensated by that spirit of order and regularity which the stated observances of this duty tends to produce. It serves as an *edge and border* to preserve the *web of life* from unraveling.

"But I have so much business."

"Business" indeed! What business? Yours, or God's? Have you any separate business from God's business?—If so, you are a rebel—attempting to dethrone the Almighty and set up a separate kingdom! Does God tell you to do your business first, or His? "He that is not for me, is against me."

Your business should be God's business, and God's business yours—and *your* first and great business is to serve God with all the heart, soul, mind, strength—this through time and eternity. The more business you have, the more you need prayer, grace, wisdom, righteousness, salvation, sanctification.

Some farmers, some mechanics, some merchants, run off, clasp the "muck-rake," neglect the closet, the family altar.

Friends, will not God by-and-by take from you the stewardship, and give it to others more worthy, more faithful, more honorable? "Will a man rob God?"

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst out with new wine."

To pray in our families is a solemn duty—a blessed privilege.

When the heart is right with God—calm, sweet, peaceful, heavenly—everything goes right. In this happy, joyful, composed frame of mind, business men, merchants, printers, mechanics, husbandmen, doctors, lawyers, ministers, editors,—all, great and small—can accomplish tenfold, walking thus in wisdom's ways, God-fearingly, strengthened with might in the inner man. A man rich in faith, full of the Holy Spirit, is a *giant*,—he rises above the world, its temptations, trials, conflicts. He does everything in the spirit of meekness and love. Some holy men spend hours in the morning feasting on angels' food. They drink deeply at the living fountain. Then, when they go forth in the battle-field, Satan trembles before them! God smiles graciously

on their labors, on things secular and divine, all the day, gloriously! Get your souls on fire, richly imbued with the spirit of holy benevolence, built on the solid rock! "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

In family worship, morning and evening, be sure to open the Bible—the Book of books. Let God speak.—Household prayer is not complete—what it ought to be—without this heavenly, inspiring, soul-kindling, life-giving power.

The Bible opens the way, prepares the way for acceptable, heartfelt devotion; enlightens, invigorates, stimulates, kindles the soul joyfully, brightens hope and confirms faith. Reading the Bible adds interest to your social gatherings, holy unction. It fills the mouth with arguments divine, supplies appropriate spiritual language for supplication.—Let God speak,—utter His voice in your families and prayer-meetings.

Wait on God. Put on the whole armor; then go out to your varied secular employments, newly and freshly baptized, with an increased faith, hope, and love.

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw:
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above."

What stronger or surer indication of backsliding, worldly-mindedness, and almost entire destitution of the fear and love of God, than the omission of domestic duties, of morning and evening devotion, the reading of God's word, singing His praise, and bowing the knee in humble, fervent adoration around the family altar? Are there not thousands of parents called Christians, who neglect wholly, or in part, this solemn, all-important, *indispensable* requisition?—Meanwhile, are not their children growing up impenitent, harder than the nether millstone? If you see a boy that don't mind his mother, nor take the trouble to ask her leave when he wants

to go up street, you may feel pretty certain that "they don't attend family prayers down to his house." If a boy is quarrelsome, if he is headstrong and overbearing among his playmates, set it down for a certain sign that "they don't attend family prayers down to his house." If a boy is allowed to stay at home from church, and not required to keep the Sabbath, as more holy than any other day, depend upon it "they don't have family prayers down to his house." If he steals fruit from a neighbor's garden, if he early contracts pilfering habits abroad or at home, it is one of the sad signs "they don't attend family prayers down to his house." You need not ask him the question, you need not enquire of the domestics. The inference is strong enough without giving yourself that trouble.

And then that neglect is not the only one. Duties as well as vice go together. The father who does not pray in his family will scarcely take much pains to bring up his children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

"Children are the heritage of the Lord. It is the Father's good pleasure to give them the kingdom. They are therefore to be 'brought to Christ'—to be trained for God—to be 'brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' To this end he intends the Christian family to be a school of Christ—to live in a holy atmosphere, in which the children shall be bathed and nurtured as in a divine, genial element. He would have them put on the Lord Jesus Christ with the first garments of their childhood, and drink in Christian sentiments from the mother's loving, beaming eyes as they hang upon the breast. He intends them to learn religion as they learn a thousand other things, from the spirit and tone of the family—from its vocal thanksgivings and songs of praise—

"Call the children early, parent,
Give the little lambs thy care;
See that they are folded safe,
Within the heart of prayer."

In these hallowed scenes, *be sure* and have all your family present,—little ones and great ones, man-servants and maid-servants. Honor God, and God will honor you.

"How sweet to join in social prayer,
And mingle hearts with those we love,
Our mutual woes and comforts share,
Sweet fellowship like that above."

Never hurry your morning and evening services in your family. Can any thing be lost by giving sufficient time in the closet and around the family altar? Is it not gain every way, temporally and spiritually? Let no secular business hinder you or drive you hence. Say to the world, "Stay thou here while I go yonder and pray"—to the tempter, "Get thee hence, Satan, it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God; and him only shalt thou serve."

Friends, give yourselves time to do up the work faithfully, patiently, profitably. Let your children, your friends, your neighbors, see and know you fear God and have respect unto *all* his commandments.

"Prayer, prayer, oh sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.
While strangers to prayer, we're strangers to bliss;
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium
but this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, oh sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer."

WHITEFIELD.

An eye-witness has given the following striking account of the closing scene of Whitefield's life:—"He rose from his seat and stood erect. His appearance alone was a powerful sermon. The thinness of his visage, the paleness of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. In this situation he remained several minutes, unable to speak. He then said 'I will wait for the gracious assistance of God,

for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in His name. He then perhaps delivered one of his best sermons, the latter part contained the following passage:—"I go; I go to a rest prepared; my sun has given light to many, but now it is about to set—no, to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven. Many shall outlive me on earth, and live when this body is no more, but there—oh! thought divine!—I shall be in a world where time age, sickness, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, but my spirit expands. How willingly would I live forever to preach Christ, but I die to be with him. How brief—comparatively brief—has been my life compared to the vast labors which I see before me yet to be accomplished. But if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of peace will surely visit you."

After the sermon was over, Whitefield dined with a friend, and then rode on to Newburyport, though greatly fatigued. On arriving there he supped early and retired to bed. Tradition says, that as he went up stairs, with a lighted candle in his hand, he could not resist the inclination to turn round at the head of the stairs, and speak to the friends who were assembled to meet him. As he spoke, the fire kindled within him, and before he could conclude, the candle had actually burned down to the socket. He retired to his bedroom, to come out no more alive. A violent fit of spasmodic asthma seized him soon after he got into bed, and before six o'clock the next morning the great preacher was dead. If ever man was ready for his change, Whitefield was that man. When his time came he had nothing to do but die.

There he was buried, in a vault beneath the pulpit of the church where he had engaged to preach. His sepulchre is shown to this very day: and nothing makes the little town where he died so famous as the fact that it contains the bones of George Whitefield.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY EPHRAIM HARSHMAN.

I COMMENCED to serve God at the age of thirteen. I united with the M. E. Church at eighteen. I thought, and still think, I enjoyed about as much religion as my brothers and sisters did. Thus I lived till the age of twenty-one years, I was brought near to death, and expected to go over. Jesus was precious to me; but such a sight of my own unworthiness I never had before. I had no fears of death, but I promised to serve God better if I got well again. Unexpectedly, I recovered. I never forgot my promise, and often tried to get nearer to God. Sometimes I would gain ground, and then lose it again.— Sometimes I would seek the blessing of sanctification; but having no one to teach me, I never obtained it until last September. I had a strong desire to do more for Jesus. By the help of God, I began to cast off weights. The first weight was politics. The second was straightening up financial matters.

On the 13th night of September last, I attended a meeting conducted by S. R. Harshman, of Illinois. After preaching, he gathered us around the altar.— While I was lifting my heart in prayer to God, the Holy Ghost did its work in my soul. I saw and drank freely of the river of life. I used to think we would see and drink of a beautiful river in heaven; but, glory to God! it flows from the throne into this world, clear and free. Hallelujah! my eyes were opened. The word of God seemed like a new revelation to me.

On the following night, about three o'clock in the morning, I died to the world and all I possessed, as really as if I had died a natural death. The struggle was terrific; but when the sacrifice was made, joy immortal shone into my soul. I hardly knew whether I was to stay in the body or not. On the next day, while reading and praying in my barn, God demanded my time: I gave it. In a day or two He sent me to talk to some of the brethren, and af-

terwards gave me a text, and sent me out to preach Christ's full salvation.— Glory to God! He is my Physician for soul and body. I stagger not at the promise, the prayer of faith shall save the sick.

My life and all are in the hands of Jesus. I have no desire to increase or diminish my worldly goods. All I have to do is to take care of what God gives me.

How clearly did I see the way is narrow as the gate; and when we lose that pure love, strong trust, and deep humility God gives when He converts the soul, we are out of the narrow way that leads to heaven. I love all God's people who manifest the spirit of Christ. I hate the unfruitful works of darkness, called Masonry, and believe it is leading many away from God.

O for faith in God, to trust in Him in all circumstances! without the interposition of secret societies. Thank God for full salvation, that saves from fear, from anger, from the love of the world, and all its sinful maxims and fashions.

Ohlton, Ohio.

THE POWER OF GOD.

At Portrush, on Sabbath, I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Brownlow North address an overflowing auditory, and had myself the opportunity of preaching in the Presbyterian church. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. North, Mr. Simpson, Messrs M'Quilkin, and Meneely, from Connor, and I proceeded to a hill in a central locality, called Dnmull, a beautiful and commanding object, about four miles from Portrush. About six thousand people were congregated on the slope of the hill, and some hundreds crowning its crest. It was a day of wonders in this season of wonders, done in the name of the Holy Child Jesus. You could almost say before the service began, judging by the prayerful and devout aspect of the people, "There is the sound of abundance of rain." Many ministers, students of divinity, and

Sabbath-school teachers from a distance, were present in the auditory; also, many tourists, Zaccheus-like, from motives of curiosity. It is impossible for me adequately to describe the scenes I witnessed, and the impression they produced. I witnessed the "smiting down" in every phase of its development, from the simple swoon to the prostration, accompanied by the most fearful convulsions of the bodily frame, and overwhelming mental anguish, venting itself in piercing cries for mercy or wailing notes of despair. It would be too painful to behold those extreme mental and physical sufferings, did we not feel assured that their subjects would have a reaping time of joy. Instead of there being any organized system of excitement, the prayers and addresses were calm, simple, judicious, and strictly scriptural, yet the arrows of conviction flew thick, and fixed that day in the hearts of many of the "King's enemies."

Meneely was directing them to the Lamb of God, and telling his own experience, and the happy termination to his own soul-distress, when, like Christian, he got a view of the cross, and his burden fell from him; and in a moment a servant lad, standing quite close to me, fell down as a shot, or pierced through the heart by some invisible hand. A few convulsive movements followed, as if struggling with an unseen enemy; then for about half an hour he lay prostrate on the earth, his eyes fixed on the sky, and his lips muttering some sounds, at first unintelligible, but as consciousness returned, resolved themselves into cries to Jesus for mercy. He begged not to be carried away, and within an hour sat up, and for the rest of the day seemed alternately to be listening and to be absorbed in silent prayer. Another young man was very violently smitten, and from his irrepressible agony it was necessary to carry him out, like the wounded King of Israel, from the midst of the host. I was directed to accompany him to a house at a little distance, whither it took all the strength of four

men to carry him. The weight on his heart was heavier than human nature could sustain, and his nervous system was completely overborne. I could not bear the fearful sight, were I not convinced that this terrible struggle would terminate in victory, and that the Divine mandate would speedily go forth—"Peace, be still," and there should be a great calm. For a quarter of an hour, during which I remained with him, it seemed to me by the varying expressions of his countenance, as if he were alternately drawn to some lovely spectacle, when an attractive smile and a supernatural light played on his features; and again repelled and horrified by some terrific object, when fearful writhings and convulsions ensued. No wonder, when relief is vouchsafed from this great agony, that they take up, and sing with such grateful delight the words of the 40th Psalm—

"He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way."

There were about a dozen affected similarly, but not so violently though, perhaps, it would not be too much to affirm, that ten times that number were brought to a conviction of sin, while some found peace in Jesus.—*Rev. Mr. Sutherland.*

THE END OF THE WORLD.—To-day to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here as it were in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting choir; we see the light stream through the open door; when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of life eternal?—*Kavanagh.*

THOUGH the hand of God may be against you, yet the heart of God may be towards you.

CONSISTENCY.

BY R. A. HUMPHREY.

"For ye have the poor always with you."
 "He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of
 Jonas lovest thou me?"

OH, Jesus, Saviour of the world, have not thy Peters forgotten thy sacred and thrice-repeated command, and gone a fishing in the world's treacherous sea? Have they not cast in their nets after wealth, honor, and self-glory? I judge not, Lord, thy servants work in the world; but, O Christ, I would cry unto thee day and night in behalf of the starving, struggling, perishing, dying *poor*.

I said to my soul, Come, let us go into the garden of the Lord. Let us breathe the fragrance of the rose of Sharon, and pluck the beautiful lilies of purity which grow upon the banks of the river of life; let us drink of the waters of this river, that we may live forever,—for I have heard that it flows from out the throne of God. Come, let us go into the Lord's vineyard, and work for Jesus. So we set out eagerly, for we had had enough of flesh-pots and bitter waters, and were very hungry and thirsty. We presently came upon a stately wall, which was very grand and imposing. In it there was a magnificent and highly-wrought gate, on which was inscribed, in gilt letters, GARDEN OF THE LORD. It was opened and shut noiselessly by a meek porter, and great numbers of richly-clad and stately people were continually passing in and out, with bowed heads and reverential aspect. As they passed in, I saw them give the porter a slip of paper, or a piece of money. This was passed to a watchman standing on the wall near by, and he shouted the amount at the top of his voice. At the same time, I heard another watchman further on crying out, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."—This he shouted very loudly; but those

that came out of the gate heard it with a sneer and jeering laugh.

Now, we were very, very poor, and clothed in the rags of sin. I said, What mockery is this? But, presently, I stepped up to the porter and asked, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He looked at me in astonishment, but asked very politely, "Do you wish to go in at this gate?" Again I asked, "What shall I do to be saved?" He looked at me with a searching glance, and seeing my rags and filth said, "If you wish to go into this garden, you had better pass around to a back door, where you can get in free." Then I answered, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheep fold, but climbeth up some other way, is a thief and a robber."

Just then, a very elegant carriage came up, and I could get no more conversation with the porter. So I stole in slyly, for I could not bear that I should not go into the garden at all.—I said to my soul, Surely, these rags will fall off as I go in, and I shall be clothed in clean, white robes of righteousness. But presently, I found myself in a gorgeous assembly, with my rags and filth all on. Oh, my soul! I cried, What shall I do? All the people were bowing their heads in prayer, and soon, the place was filled with rolling, swelling music, which floated up over the towers and immediately spread through all the air, and was lost in the vast space of the sky. I sent up my little, wailing cry; for I did not see another ragged soul in all that place, nor single white robe. Immediately, every eye was turned, and I was almost consumed with the burning gaze of the "children of the Most High." I turned and crept out at a gap in the gate; and as I went, the porter gave me a contemptuous glance, and I saw him apologize to the stately elder for admitting such a wretch. I threw myself into the mire of the street and cried out in shame and agony, "Lord, have mercy on me, a poor sinner!" And the Lord heard me and said, "Daughter, arise; thy sins are all forgiven thee." So I

went on my way rejoicing; for I had on clean, white robes, and I knew that my Father in heaven truly loved me, and would give me to drink of the waters of life freely.

Oh, Church of God, Zion of the Most High, are not these things so? Do you think God will accept your thank-offerings of gold and silver, and be pleased with your temples of idolatry standing in the midst of the perishing poor—perishing, soul and body?

"Then shall he answer them saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Inconsistency.

I PRAY "Thy will be done,"—my own I strive to do;

I talk about the narrow way,—the broad pursue.

"As I forgive, forgive me Lord," this is my cry;

While in my heart, unpardoned wrongs unburied lie.

I call myself a friend to Him, the Crucified, I live a life of selfish ease—he toiled and died;

When I should bear the heavy cross, I lay it down;

Yet eagerly I long to grasp the promised crown.

My good resolves, like blighted buds, drop from life's stem;

The fruit that should my garden grace, I do not see;

And still, with noiseless tread, the years glide swiftly by, [to die.

And near and nearer do they bring my time

What record will these fleeting years bear up to Him, [phim?

Who dwells in glory, 'mid saints and seraphs it of high and holy aims, by weakness

crossed? [lost?

Of striving after better things, too quickly Of struggles 'gainst the tempter's wiles,

when oft assailed— Those conflicts where my sinful heart has basely failed?

Alas! and is it yet too late the prize to win? Must I still yield myself to be a slave to sin?

I lay my heavy burden down at Jesus' cross; The gain and honor of the world I count as dross. [er hear!

"Thy will be done!" again I pray; O Father—Thou knowest all my weakness, yet I do not fear.

AN AGED INFANT.

BY REV. E. OWEN.

WHAT else can we call those persons, who remain year after year in the Church, with less moral strength than when they were born into the kingdom of Christ?

Dear reader, have you become an old professor of religion, while but a sickly babe in Christian experience? Have you less salvation than when first converted to God? If so, yours is indeed a sad state.

1. You are unhappy. You may endure religious duty, but you do not enjoy it. You yield to some Divine claims, because you *must*; but not because "your delight is in the law of the Lord."

2. You are a great burden to the Church. It is a cross to tell you of it. But just suppose one of your own children had lived as long in the world without physical or mental development, as you have in the Church without spiritual growth, would you not feel burdened? Remember, the Church has for years spent much of her time and strength—that should have been spent in the salvation of the world—in trying to carry you along, when you should have been able, not only to go alone, but help others. Just think how they have stood over you with the far of Christian sympathy, to keep the breath of spiritual life in you,—often with painful anxiety to know whether indeed you had not ceased to breathe. Sometimes, preparations have even been made for your burial—or removal from the Church; but a lingering hope that your corpse-like appearance might possibly prove to be a sort of trance, from which some revival season might arouse you, has caused the funeral to be delayed! Can you afford to live on—or rather die on—in this manner? For your own sake, for the sake of burdened saints, and a perishing world, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

THE RAGGED MAN.

BY RUTH FREEMAN.

WE were having a series of meetings among us with some success, and my continual prayer was, "*Give me wisdom from on high, and teach me thy way.*"

One night, I was shown, in a vision a crowded church, where were mourners all around upon their knees, seeking salvation. They were in the aisles and around the altar, pleading and crying for mercy. While beholding this, I discovered a man lying between the benches, stretching out his clenched hands in every direction, trying to reach and take hold of something, that he might draw it to himself. He was dressed in an old, black suit of clothes, exceedingly filthy, and ragged, and his shoes were clumsy and perfectly loaded with mud. He was stone-blind, and his eyes were wide open.

When I met the Elder I told him my vision, and told him to watch diligently lest anything should occur to break up the meetings, or hinder the work.—When God works, Satan is busy to overthrow and to destroy the good that may be done; and I looked upon this vision as given to me that we might be on our guard, and escape the snare that might be laid for us by the wicked one. Our minister thanked me, and said he was very glad I had spoken to him about it, and promised that he would watch.

Time passed on. In a few days, the members of the church were requested to remain after the congregation had been dismissed, as there was a matter of considerable importance to be brought before their minds. The business was, to vote upon the case of a man who was to be set up as a local preacher.—Our minister charged us to be very particular how we voted, lest we should grieve the Spirit of God, and hinder the brother from doing the work to which he was called, and added that thus he might be the means of his losing his soul.

I had not thought of my dream until this time; but now the ragged man came up before me, and was clearly before my eyes all the while his case was being presented. I felt the Spirit in my flesh. My heart beat like a hammer. I felt that I would do as the Lord directed, even though I should stand alone, and all should be against me. Nearly every one voted in his favor, signifying their willingness that he should hold that office. Only three or four stood with me against him.—The majority ruled.

This man, whose name had been proposed for license as a local preacher, was a near neighbor, and I went to his well for water. I had nothing against him; he was a good neighbor, and there was not a particle of animosity between us.

The evening of the same day that this occurred, there was a little company of us going to a neighboring town, where a quarterly meeting was being held. On the way he said to me, "How came you to vote against me to-day?"

"Because I like you," I replied; "I did it for your own good."

He answered, "I will preach, in spite of men or devils."

I felt that he was undertaking a job that he was never called to do, and that it would prove a curse to him. Said I, "If you do, you will have to put on a coat you have never worn, and a pair of shoes you have never had on your feet." (Coat—the garment of salvation; shoes—the preparation of the Gospel of peace.) The Spirit of God led me thus exactly to talk.

He preached that night. As I cast my eyes upon him, the ragged man appeared, all rags, and filth, and dirt; and the conviction came through all my being; that the Holy Ghost never called him to that work.

When I met the Elder, he said to me, "Why did you not vote for Bro. —? Did you not do wrong?"

"No," I replied; "I did not."

"I think you did," he said. "A woman of your influence should not have voted against him."

Then I told him, if he put him up nine times a day, I must vote against him every time. I said I, "*He is the ragged man I told you of.* If he stays till the first of April, he will give you back his paper. I do not think he will even stay until that time."

There was great bitterness and opposition to me because of the position I had taken. My vote, of course, was lost; but I had taken a stand for *right*, and while I stood there, the glory of God filled my soul so that I could have shouted praises to His name.

Whenever after this I saw him coming into church, the ragged man was always presented to my view.

Four weeks after this, he committed a vile deed, which soon came out before the public. He was clearly proved guilty. The community was enraged, and the church was thrown into the greatest confusion. He was turned out; but it was *too late* now to remedy the evil that had been done, and impossible to preserve the revival spirit in the church. Indeed, the little flock that were enjoying such a season of prosperity, were almost torn to pieces.

When the report came out, thoroughly substantiated, I went to the Elder and said, "What do you think of that?" He manifested the greatest mortification, and said over and over again, "It is bad enough! I wish he had behaved himself until I got away. To think that it must happen now!"

I give you the small sketch, that you may understand that God will give us to know all that will be for our good; and *He does not intend that the enemy shall get one single advantage over us.* He gives knowledge and wisdom; and though the enemy may rage and bluster because his strongholds are being torn down—and he always will at such times—yet the work *shall go on*, if we get wisdom from God, (which He has promised to give,) and walk in the light of that wisdom.

I praise God that He will always give us the eagle's eye to see the evil at a distance, that we may shun it like deadly poison.

THE DEVIL'S BAIT.

BY REV. L. KELLY.

THE devil has had a long and extensive experience. If there has ever been a time in which he succeeded, this is that time. He never employed his skill at galvanizing and sugar-coating hypocrites more than at this day; and never before were men and women more willing to have it done than now. It seems there is an ambition to excel in artful wickedness. No character is so hateful to God as that of a garnished hypocrite. This species of hypocrisy is a blandly smiling at sin—an unbounded charity—a weak, religious sentimentalism—orthodox faith, but the heart of a Judas.

We live in an age in which men are sought after, who possess a good share of talent and shrewdness,—some of whom are thrust into the sacred office of the ministry, without much regard to their piety and devotion to God. Is he smart? Does he please the people? Is he good at raising missionary money?

Too many are mere hirelings, who care but little whether the devil gets the sheep or not, only so that they get the place. They say, "We have left all"; but they are not willing to trust God, unless they bargain for pay. They go to Conference to receive their appointments, as a mere nominal thing; for they have their fat places already secured: for a stipulated sum they have sold their ministrations. God pity! I fear that, in too many cases, the bargain involves the betrayal of the Son of God! If one church does not pamper their pride, they go to a more formal one for better pay. In wickedness, they exceed Baalam—"who loved the wages of unrighteousness"—because they are *hired to bless, and curse instead.*

O ye shepherds of Israel! cry aloud and spare not; for there are many of your church members in danger of eternal damnation. How dare you suppose, you can so soften down God's truth, that the children of the devil will call you *their* preacher, and be as much

pleased with you as they are with the clown they try to ape? The carnal Jews crucified the Lord of Glory, because He bore testimony against them. Do you hope to succeed in presenting an acceptable Christ to men of the same carnal appetites? The Jesus, you preach, can no more offend your fashionable audience than the philosophy of Socrates. Your theatre-going, novel-reading, picnic and circus-attending brethren, can not take offense.

If the devil has not muzzled the mouths of hundreds of preachers, then we have been ignorant of the devil's devices. As long as slavery was supported by the great, this same class of preachers saw no sin in slave-holding,—it was a mere matter of education, and if the heart was right, that was all God required. But as soon as it fell, they cried out, "We were always opposed to slavery"!

So now, they have no word of rebuke against popular sins. They may sometimes give sin a sharp thrust with a bland smile, which is designed to be a reproof without much meaning to it. They dare not reprove tobacco-chewing, or smoking, because too frequently they have the weed in their own mouths.—Often, in the lodge-room, intemperance is dealt with sharply; but on the Lord's day, they spy a distiller or rum-seller in the congregation, and that day a *purely Gospel* sermon is preached.

So with pride. They know that the house of God is often a place of dress-exhibition; but they are too soundly established in doctrine to notice such small things. Such small matters must be left for minds less profound.

Perhaps they think they would starve if sin were openly rebuked. There is no danger in this direction. God fed Elijah by ravens. If you are a preacher, and cannot trust God for food and raiment, you had better go at something else.

I tremble, when I see how men of God have grown weak. Those who once denounced sin, are as silent as the grave. They have fallen into the common error of praising the church. Is

it possible the watchmen on Zion's wall do not see the danger? Can it be that, seeing the Christian church flooded with iniquity, they cannot give the alarm?

Now is fulfilled what the man of God said, "The prophets prophesy smoothly, the priests bear rule *by their means*, and my people *love to have it so.*"

Poor Jeremiah could cry, "O that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

Hurdtown, N. J.

DEATH BY ALCOHOL IS MURDER.

If penal legislation be justified in any case, why not in this to which we seek to direct it? What is there to exempt this case? If it be penal to kill your neighbor with a bullet, why should it not be penal to kill him with the bowl? If it be penal to take away his life by poison, which does its work in six hours, why not penal to do so by one that takes six years for its deadly operation? Would you not measure the guilt of an act by the amount of suffering it causes? If, then, that which we work against, causes ten-fold suffering, should not its punishment be ten-fold in severity? Alcohol produces ten times the amount of suffering that arsenic does. The latter destroys life; a few brief hours of agony, and its work is done. But the agony caused by alcohol is extended over months and years, and torments its victim with more than ten-fold cruelty. Arsenic takes away *animal* life merely; it touches not the *soul*,—while alcohol gives not only ten times the amount of physical agony, but also destroys the soul, sapping all moral feeling, quenching all intellectual light. Therefore, I ask a more severe punishment for that crime which works the moral and immortal ruin, than for that whose touch overturns a mere tenement of clay.—*Rev. John Pierpont.*

Fill up the void spaces of your time with meditation and prayer.

SUGGESTIONS TO SEED-SOWERS.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

How many ways there are to work for Jesus! A kind word, spoken in His name, a kind look, a loving act, a book lent, a paper given, a tract, a cup of cold water.

"Are you sent out by a missionary society?" was a question put to one who was scattering tracts through the cars.

"Oh, no; I am not *sent*," was the reply; "only as every morning I hear it said, 'Go work to-day in my vineyard': so I go forth bearing precious seed, and I scatter it beside all waters."

Does it not pain your heart, brother, sister, as you travel, to see the news-carrier going through the cars with his arms full of the seeds of death? And he scatters them broadcast.

Will you sit idle?

Furnish yourself with ammunition. Do not go into battle empty-handed. Send and get some tracts at your first opportunity; and use your best judgment in selecting a few, or many, as the case may require, to have always about you. Especially, if you are going to travel, go forth *bearing* precious seed; and while the people *pay for seeds* of death, do you *give* them seeds of life,—and, if you can, get the start every time of those death-carriers.

It is a good place on the cars to scatter tracts. Persons traveling have comparatively nothing to do. They are ready to read anything that comes in their way. They like something to relieve the tediousness of the hour and divert the mind. How many, waiting half an hour, an hour, or two hours in a depot, will read a tract or paper, who would neither touch nor look at one under other circumstances; and who can tell what thoughts of God and eternity may be awakened, and what desires born, which shall lead the soul eventually to God and heaven!

It is a good time, too, to talk with the one who sits beside you, and who

is flying swiftly along the track to eternity with you.

Read the tracts before you scatter them. If you cannot do this, look them over as you give them. You can form a very correct idea of their contents by just a glance. You would not give a little girl a tract calculated for a drunkard; nor a lovely young lady one calculated for a profane swearer,—unless, indeed, you should obtain a promise from her that she would give it to the best friend she had that swore. You would be likely often to make such mistakes, if you scattered them at random.

Aim straight.

There were a few friends gathered together, with the expectation of having a prayer-meeting; and while they were waiting for the minister to come, a Christian mother proposed to her two unconverted daughters that they should sing something.

The sentiment of the song they sang was, "We shall meet in the sweet 'bye and bye.'" They sang together with their mother. When the song was finished, one said to the daughters, "What ground have you to hope that you will meet 'bye and bye'?" And while in their confusion they hesitated to answer her, the Spirit suggested that she should hand them a card which she knew she had in her pocket, bearing the following verse—

Parents and children there shall part,
Parents and children there shall part,
Parents and children there shall part,
Shall part to meet no more.

Oh! there will be mourning, mourning, mourning

Oh! there will be mourning,

At the judgment-seat of Christ."

I mention this incident to illustrate how very direct you may oftend send an arrow, by the help of the Spirit, if you have your quiver with you, and know what it contains.

The enemy leads his forces and heads his troops right into the midst of our ranks, and within our gates, (as at camp-meetings, etc.) But how slow are Christians to march out upon the

enemy's ground and fight! How little have they of the spirit of Jonathan, who went forth with his armor-bearer right in among the Philistines, to slay right and left!

There is one who takes his seat or stand in the highway, where the multitudes must pass in going to a circus or show, with a banner in his hand, on which is printed in nice, large letters, some passage of Scripture which is calculated to fasten conviction on the mind of every passer-by. And they see it, and read it, and think about it, and talk about it; and though many of them pass by with laughter and swearing, with a jeer and a scoff, who can tell how many seeds shall fall into good ground, which shall bring forth sixty and a hundred fold?

Every time those who passed by shall call to mind that strange sight by the side of the road, they shall remember also the words upon the banner, and be troubled. Through coming years they shall echo in the heart.

So, though his voice is not heard in the streets, meekly, and quietly, and tearfully, and prayerfully, he gives his testimony, and cries out his warning to the motley throng to prepare for ETERNITY.

But before you go forth to take your stand anywhere on the battle-field, *look well to your shoes*. Often we go forth, and our feet are not "*shod with the preparation*," and we find the way rough and stony, our feet bleeding, and we turn back thinking we never can go again.

We want a *blessing* to start out with; then, if we walk in the Spirit, however rough the way may be, it will not hurt our feet, but we shall be like David's men, "*swift as the roes upon the mountains*."

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the *feet* of them that bring glad tidings!"

"How beautiful are thy *feet with shoes*, O prince's daughter!"

WE must fall into the arms of Christ, or into the flames of hell.

GOD'S WAYS.

"Two unusual circumstances have transpired here the last week. First, a young gentleman, (W.) was left here, a boy, some eight years ago, by the death of his father, with a property of some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His father was a Universalist, and had nearly built up Universalism, as far as it was built up, (it is a small, low affair here,) in this city. Young W. came to his majority about a year ago. He launched out into dissipation of all sorts, and in a few months pleasure reduced him to the last days of life, and he soon could have preached a sermon on, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' It was expected, by the serious people, that he would die under the deceitful doctrines and false assurances of Universalist preachers and friends, (his mother one of them!!) careless and stupid as a brute dies. But unexpectedly he became, a few days ago, distressed to agony about his soul. A pious young Protestant Episcopal minister (Nicholson,) was sent for, spent much time with him, instructed him like a child—for he knew nothing of church doctrines—and he was powerfully converted; died in triumph; and Mr. Nicholson, in performing the funeral services amid his Universalist friends, earnestly prayed Almighty God to snatch the deceived, deluded mother and the others from perdition. The whole circumstances, in connection with the standing and wealth of the family, excite great interest. I hope it may be the means of saving some souls.

"Rev. Mr. P. has drowned himself. And who, you ask, is he? He was the pastor of the Unitarian Church, and has been considered by the upper classes, for ten years, one of the most learned, accomplished, benevolent, (pious!) men in this city. He was learned and benevolent, and has probably done more harm to religion here than all the infidels, blasphemers, rowdies, and black legs of the city did or *could* have done. He was a fragrant poison, a zephyred pestilence."—*Bishop Hamlin.*

WHAT MEN OF SCIENCE SAY ABOUT TOBACCO.

WHAT is Tobacco? "It is," says the Encyclopedia Americana, a "nauseous and poisonous weed, of an acrid taste and disagreeable odor; in short, whose properties are only deleterious." Dr. Bigelow, in his American Medical Botany, says, "In its external and sensible properties there is no plant which has less to recommend it than the common tobacco. A small quantity taken into the stomach excites violent vomiting, attended with other alarming symptoms."

The following are some of the experiments made by Fontana. 1. "I made" says he "a small incision in a pigeon's leg, and applied to it the oil of tobacco.

In two minutes it lost the use of its foot. 2. I repeated this experiment on another pigeon, and the event was exactly the same. 3. I made a small wound in the pectoral muscles of a pigeon, and applied the oil to it. In three minutes the animal could no longer support itself on the left foot. 4. This experiment, repeated on another pigeon, resulted in the same way. 5. I introduced into the pectoral muscles of a pigeon a small bit of wool covered with this oil. The pigeon in a few seconds fell insensible. 6. Two other pigeons, to whose muscles I applied this oil, vomited several times. Two others with empty stomachs, treated in the same mode, made every effort to vomit."

Koempfer ranks it with the strong vegetable poisons. A thread dipped in the oil of tobacco, and drawn through a wound made by a needle in an animal, killed it in the space of seven minutes. Mr. Brodie found that two drops of the oil applied to the tongue of a cat, with an interval of fifteen minutes, occasioned death. A single drop suspended in an ounce of water, and injected in the rectum of a cat, produced death, in about five minutes. One drop suspended in an ounce and a half of mucilage, and thrown into the rectum of a dog, produced violent symptoms, and a repetition of the experiment killed

him. How, then, can any man habitually use so noxious a plant without the most serious consequences to his health and constitution?

Let us now glance at its *medical qualities*. It is a most powerful *narcotic, emetic, cathartic, and diuretic*. Its effects as a medicine upon the system are severe nausea, vomiting, cold sweats, universal tremors, and extreme debility. "Even the physician," says Dr. Alcot, "some of whose medicines are so active that a few grains will destroy life, at once finds tobacco too powerful for his use; and, in those cases where it is most clearly required, only makes it a last resort." As an emetic, it is said to exceed all others in its promptness, violence, and permanence of impression. In some instances it has been used with success in expelling other poisons from the stomach, on account of the promptness and violence with which it acts. It can be applied as well externally, in the form of a poultice to the stomach, as internally, and with the same effect. A surgeon in the United States army says that the soldiers had an expedient to exempt themselves from duty by wearing a piece of tobacco under each armpit until the most alarming symptoms of illness appeared in the whole system. Dr. Fowler has used it with success in a few cases of dropsy and dysury. But it should be remembered that not one of his cures was effected by the *pipe, the quid, or the snuff-box*. The forms in which he uniformly ordered it were either infusion, tincture, or pills. Says Dr. Bigelow, "Notwithstanding the common use and extensive consumption of tobacco in its various forms, it must unquestionably be ranked among narcotic poisons of the most active class. The great prostration, excessive giddiness, fainting, and violent affections of the alimentary canal, which often attend its internal use, make it proper that so potent a drug should be resorted to, by medical men, only in restricted doses, and on occasions of magnitude." The remedy often proves more fatal than the disease. "A medical practitioner,"

says Paris, "after repeated trials to reduce a strangulated hernia, injected an infusion of tobacco, and shortly after sent the patient in a carriage to the Westminster Hospital, for the purpose of undergoing the operation; but the unfortunate man arrived only a few minutes before he expired."

"I knew a woman," says the same learned author, "who applied to the heads of three of her children, afflicted with the scald head, an ointment composed of snuff and butter; but what was her surprise to find them immediately seized with vertigo, violent vomiting, fainting, and convulsions! We once witnessed a case of the same kind, with the same results.

Tobacco is, in fact, a violent, absolute poison. A very moderate quantity introduced into the system,—even applying the moistened leaves over the stomach,—has been known very suddenly to extinguish life.

The fact that it is a powerful article of the *Materia Medica*, and so powerful that the best physicians use it only in extreme cases as a *dernier resort*, and that then, in many instances, it proves fatal, abundantly evidences that it never ought to be used, as a luxury, by men in health. No man in his sober senses would think that because calomel has been successfully used as a medicine, therefore a person might be benefited by taking it daily, when in health. Indeed, ninety-nine hundredths of those who constantly use tobacco would not risk the consequences of a daily use of opium; and yet the habitual use of tobacco is instrumental in shortening many more lives, and when fairly introduced into the system proves equally as virulent a poison. The oil of tobacco approaches nearer than any other to that most deadly of all poisons, the prussic acid. The only reason that every quid and cigar does not produce complete prostration or death is that nature puts forth her best efforts to resist its influence, and, as if mad at the offence given her, either spits it out, or otherwise ejects it from the system. But the constant application of it from

year to year will, in the course of time, so wear out all her energies, that she will sink under the reiterated assaults.

Most persons who have been in the habit of using tobacco can recollect that sometimes, in taking the pipe or quid, they have suddenly felt its influence go over the whole system like an electric shock; in a moment they have felt it to the very ends of their fingers, as if the nerves, like the strings of a harp, were vibrating upon the surface. The sensation would not be altogether unpleasant, were it not for the apprehension, which instantly arises, that nature has received a terrible stroke, and that some fearful result will be the consequence. This is another evidence of the power of tobacco instantly to affect the whole system, and that such assaults cannot continue to be made without serious injury.

Burton, a very popular and learned writer, says, in his work entitled "The Anatomy of Melancholy,—and of melancholy it is certainly a most prolific source,—"Tobacco" (you perceive he speaks satirically), "divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond their panaceas, potable gold, and philosophers' stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit I confess—a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but as it is most commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 't is a plague, mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health: hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul."

"Tobacco" says the compiler of a Cyclopedia, "contains an oil of a poisonous quality, which is used in some countries to destroy snakes, by putting a little on the tongue. On receiving it, the snake is seized with convulsions, coils itself up and dies, and, what is very singular, becomes almost as stiff and hard as if it were dried in the sun." Many insects die instantly by having tobacco-smoke blown upon them.

Beck, in his *Materia Medica* says, "The essential oil, obtained from tobacco by distillation, is very highly nar-

cotic, so that when introduced into a wound, or injected into the rectum, it occasions instant death." He further remarks, as a singularity in relation to the operation of narcotics, that "the infusion of tobacco not only affects the nervous system, but acts powerfully on the heart, causing its contractions to cease, while the essential oil has no such effect." The testimony of the celebrated Cullen, in his *Materia Medica*, and of Darwin, in his *Zonomia*, corresponds with that of every other medical writer of eminence, in relation to the poisonous quality, and the deleterious and often fatal influence of the common use of tobacco.

Now, supposing a chemical analysis should show that strawberries possess as deleterious properties, and medical qualities as powerful, and that physicians with united voice proclaimed them a poison always injurious, and often fatal, who could be persuaded to put them on his table as an article of luxury? What parent would suffer his child to eat them? Laws would be enacted at once, prohibiting the sale of them under severe penalties. Why, then, is tobacco so generally used, and why are so few efforts made to save the world from its deadly influence? Why? Because of its intoxicating property;—the appetite is so strong that the grave must open to make a man throw away his quid or pipe. Men are held captive by it in the same way that they are captive by alcohol. It does not so generally, it is true, make men stagger like alcohol, but it as really blinds and deceives. Few of those who use alcohol apprehend any injurious results. And just so it is with those who use tobacco. Some of both classes have at times awful convictions that its use is injurious, and will bring them, through a wilderness of woes, prematurely to the grave; but the cup in the one case, and the pipe or quid in the other, lulls their fears.

"The common opinion," says President Hitchcock, "that tobacco, in some of its forms, is serviceable for headaches, weak eyes, purifying the breath, cold

and watery stomachs, etc., is mere delusion." In process of time it produces all these and numerous other ills. To take tobacco for a cold and watery stomach, would be like taking a dose of corrosive sublimate to antidote the corrosions of a dose of arsenic. To take tobacco to purify the breath, would be like turning a current of air from a common sewer into our parlors to sweeten them. And as to headache, and weak eyes, we promise the inveterate user of tobacco, that as soon as he can get his system delivered from its influence, the aches of his head and the weakness of his eyes will leave him.—*Geo. Trask, Fitchburg, Mass.*

ALL FOR CHRIST.

[We publish the following upon the authority of the *American Messenger*, and suppose it to be literally true. He who leads a self-indulgent life may be harmless, according to the world's estimate, but he cannot be a Christian.]

A gentleman, a merchant of large fortune, had built for himself a beautiful and costly residence. The grounds were extensive and tastefully laid out, and adorned with arbors and statuary. The building was furnished throughout in a style corresponding with its own elegance, and the fortunate proprietor was duly settled in it with his happy and much honored family.

It was not long before he was visited by an old friend recently from California, who had there acquired great wealth, and had returned to the more eastern States to enjoy it. He was shown through the elegant establishment and beautiful grounds, and was so much pleased with the whole, that he immediately proposed to purchase the entire property, offering a liberal price for it.

"No," said the merchant, "nothing would induce me to sell it. I have expended upon its plan much thought, and given to its execution much careful attention, in order to adapt it, as far as possible, to the convenience and comfort of my family; and here I expect to spend with them the remainder of my

days." His friend retired, convinced that it was useless to urge the matter.

That evening, as the merchant, surrounded by his family, sat in his sumptuous apartment, engaged in family worship, he read the chapter containing that touching declaration of our dear Redeemer, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

As he read, his attention was arrested as never before by the latter clause, "the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." He paused, and gazed around upon the splendid walls and furniture, and his heart smote him. "All this *for me*," he said to himself, "and yet the Son of Man had not where to lay His head." He was greatly troubled. He felt sorely rebuked by his own selfish prodigality. He saw, as never before, that in his case the servant was not as the Master; that he had utterly failed to imitate his blessed Lord in the denial of self, but on the contrary, in all his expenditures, was chiefly intent upon his own selfish gratification. As well as his state of mind would permit, he closed the evening service, and retired to his private apartment.

Here again, as he looked around upon the luxurious couches and various arrangements for comfort, the thought occurred to him, "All this for me, and yet the Son of Man had not where to lay His head." He passed a sleepless night, this one idea constantly revolving in his mind, and rose feverish and unrefreshed.

Descending to his dining-room, as he surveyed the elaborate table furniture and expensive food, his heart again smote him, and he mentally exclaimed, "All this *for me*, and yet the Son of Man had not where to lay His head."

He walked forth into his garden.—There the rare exotics, the beautiful statuary, the arbored walks, rebuked him as he thought, "All this *for me*, and yet my divine Lord and Redeemer had not where to lay His head." He went to his office, but found himself incapable of attending to business, this

one thought being ever present to his mind, "The Son of Man had not where to lay his head."

As the day wore on, he became more vividly impressed with the thought of his own unfaithfulness as a steward of God, and his extreme selfishness in expending *so much for himself*, and comparatively *so little* for that dear Saviour who had sacrificed so much for him.—He saw that this same selfish and extravagant expenditure must prove a snare to his soul, estranging him still more from Christ, and greatly increasing that love of the world which already had much too strong a hold upon him.

Toward the close of the day, he sent for his friend of the previous evening, and said to him, "Sir, were you in earnest in offering me the sum you did for my residence?" "Yes," said his friend, "I should be but too happy to purchase it." "Then," said the merchant, "the place is yours. I dare not keep it, for the Son of Man had not where to lay his head."

The property was soon transferred, a comfortable but far more humble residence secured, into which the merchant and his family cheerfully removed.

The large sum received for the splendid mansion was as cheerfully given to that Redeemer "who had not where to lay His head," now ten thousand times more precious from a new and wonderful manifestation of His love, filling his soul with a peace and joy before unknown.

Love begets love. It is a flame that communicates itself. They that have much *forgiven* them, much *done* for them, much *laid out* for them, and much *laid up* for them, will love much.

IN heaven, all God's saints will be abundantly satisfied with His dealings and dispensations with them; and shall see how all conducted, like so many winds, to bring them to their haven; and how even the roughest blasts helped to bring them homeward.

Editorial.

The Law of Christ.

LAW is a rule of action. In its more general sense, it applies to all kinds of action, animate and inanimate. The reign of law is universal. All kinds of matter are governed by their own peculiar laws. Every piece of mechanism has its law, or principle of action. The growth of plants from the seed to their maturity, is governed by laws fixed and invariable.

"Man," says Blackstone, one of the most distinguished writers on Common Law, "considered as a creature, must necessarily be subject to the laws of his Creator, for he is entirely a dependent being. As man depends absolutely upon his Maker for everything, it is necessary that he should, in all points, conform to His Maker's will."

The law of nature is the will of God as expressed in the established constitution and course of things.

Revealed law is the will of God, declared to be so by God Himself.

The first five books of the Bible contain the law of Moses. The law of Christ is contained in the Gospels—explained and illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. St. Paul speaks of the law of Christ as some definite, particular enactment. He says, *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*—Gal. vi. 2. We find this law stated by Christ Himself in these words: *A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO YOU, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER: AS I HAVE LOVED YOU, THAT YE ALSO LOVE ANOTHER.*—John xiii. 34.—See also John xv. 12, 17; 1 Pet. i. 22. This law of brotherly love is, then, the law of Christ. It is an essential of the Gospel system. Without this, all other graces and all other virtues will not avail to save us. *Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.* You cannot become too thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians.

The primitive Christians were ready, whenever the occasion demanded it, to

give up their property, and even to lay down their lives for one another. We must have the same disposition. Without it, our orthodoxy and our prayers—our strictness or our liberality—will not prove good our claim to be reckoned the disciples of Christ. *By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.*

This law of Christ must be fulfilled. It has never been superceded nor grown obsolete. It is of the same binding force today as when first promulgated.

Its obligations are not met by mere professions. These are good as far as they go. Their sincerity is tested by actions. Our sympathy for each other must have a substantial form. We must fulfil the law of Christ by **BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS**. If our brother is staggering under a load, we must put our shoulder under too, and help him bear it. Nor does it matter what is the character of the burden. Anything that we can help him bear, we should do it gladly.

It may be that he is struggling with that heaviest of all loads—sin. He has no thought of backsliding,—no intention of giving up his efforts to gain Heaven; but temptation has been too powerful for him. He has yielded. Satan has gained a victory. Sin has obtained the mastery. It is to precisely such a case that the apostle has special reference: *Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.* Do not drive him to desperation or despair. Make the same effort to restore him that you would if he were your own son. Let any sign of repentance inspire you with hope, and prompt you to put forth redoubled exertions for his salvation. Concerning one who had fallen into grievous sin, Paul told the brethren at Corinth, when he heard of his penitence, that they ought to *forgive him, and comfort him, lest he should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow.*—2 Cor. ii. 7.

Some have heavy financial loads to carry. Under ordinary circumstances, they carry their load with unflinching step. But

reverses come. Their arm is palsied by sickness, and their resources cut off. But there is a wife and children that must be fed, and rent to be paid. What shall be done? Why, *help bear the load*. Do not leave helpless ones to suffer want, nor allow debts to be accumulated which can, with the greatest difficulty, ever be met. *If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?*—James ii. 15.

Some are bearing heavy burdens for the sake of the cause of Christ. There are a few really consecrated ones, who make the cause of Christ their own. Their interests are all identified with its success. They take upon them responsibilities which it is necessary that some one should assume; and they should be promptly assisted in bearing them. To leave them to struggle on alone, unaided and unsupported—to be envious of their prominence and jealous of their success—is wholly unbrotherly and anti-Christian. A surer way to backslide, without knowing it, can hardly be imagined. Lend a helping hand to every good cause, whenever it is in your power to do so. Be a partaker with those who bear the burden of the Lord. Christ is served acceptably in the person of His followers. *Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.*

Evil Speaking.

Do you govern your tongue? Do you really make it a point of conscience to speak evil of no man? The word of God commands this just as plainly as it says, *Thou shalt not steal*. What would you think of a man's religion whom you caught stealing? To rob one of his good name is often a far greater injury than to steal his money. Be careful what you say about an absent person. Weigh your words before you put them in circulation.

St. James makes the proof of Christian perfection to consist in the government of the tongue. *If any man offend not in*

word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to govern the whole body.—Jas. iii. 2.—Observe carefully, and you will find this statement true. Sinful tempers may be smothered by a determined effort. But let them, through the medium of the tongue, come out into daylight where they are fanned and fed, and they will rage with fury. "You may as well say it, as think it," is one of the most pernicious maxims that the devil ever set afloat.

Speak not evil one of another brethren.—Jas. iv. 11. *If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault, between thee and him alone.*

A New Volume.

WITH the next number, we commence a new volume of the **EARNEST CHRISTIAN**. New subscribers have been coming in steadily all the year; but we hope, by the blessing of God, to have a large increase in our list, to commence with the July number. But you need not wait till then. Send on new subscribers at once, and we will send them the June number gratis, as long as the supply holds out. We can still furnish back numbers to January, when desired.

If your subscription expires with this number, we trust you will renew at once; or, which is better, send us four new subscribers and receive one number free.

Some are still in arrears for the present year. We shall be glad to hear from all such as soon as convenient.

Be sure and give your Post Office and State.

Tobacco Money.

A REFORMED man sends us the pay for five copies of the *Earnest Christian*, to be sent to persons whose names he gives.—This money was saved by quitting the use of tobacco. Who, even among the devotees of the vile, dirty weed, will not say that he has acted wisely? Is it not better to use money to enlighten the minds of others than to employ it to befog your own? to stir up the consciences of others, instead of so benumbing your own moral sense that you will come to call good, evil, and evil,

good? There are some who call themselves pilgrims, who spend more money every year for tobacco, than they pay for the support of the Gospel. There are professing ministers, who make stirring appeals for the missionary cause, who yet squander more for cigars than they pay to send the Gospel to the heathen! Away with such inconsistency! Have you not read that, except a man deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Jesus, he cannot be His disciple? How much is the Christianity of that man worth, who loves tobacco more than he does Christ and His Gospel? Reader, do you use tobacco? Abandon the vile practice forever! Cleanse yourself from this filthiness of the flesh!

NATIONAL ANTI-SECRET SOCIETY ASSOCIATION.—The next annual Meeting of the National Christian Association opposed to Secret Societies, is to be held the 9th of June, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE INTERIOR.—This is the title of a large 8-page, 7-column weekly newspaper, published by the Western Presbyterian Publishing Co., at Chicago, Ills. This is, we presume, one of the fruits of the recent union between the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches. It is ably conducted, neatly printed, and is in every respect a first-class religious paper. Terms, \$2.50 in advance; \$3.00 after ninety days.

TOBACCO.—We have just published a new series of Anti-Tobacco Tracts, entitled—“*What Men of Science Say about Tobacco.*” Many persons, wishing to do good, would gladly spread these productions over the nation, but they are too poor to pay for them. Hence, we beg all such friends to understand, that if they will send a little postage money with their orders, the tracts they shall have, “without money and without price,” so long as our “cruse of oil” does not fail.

GEORGE TRASK.

Fitchburg, Mass.

LOVE FEAST.

H. H. PEASE.—I want to tell a little of my experience during the past winter, and at the present time. Five of us in number have been laboring for some time in this place for the Lord; some of us enjoying full

salvation—salvation from all that defileth or maketh a lie; lifting up our voices like a trumpet; telling the people of their sins, and the house of Jacob of their transgressions; crying aloud against Masonry, secret societies, and pride of all kinds; preaching and living the truth, all through the inward and outward parts, without coveting any man's silver or gold—believing that all things would work together for good to them who love God. After Bro. Glen and wife came here, he told us to find a hall in which we could hold meetings. The Lord directed us to Mr. Harvey's hall, an upper room. We asked for it, and got it. The Lord was with us. We had meetings for several weeks, almost every night; and oh, what glorious meetings they were! Over twenty souls were converted to God—gloriously converted, in the old-fashioned way. They took off their gew-gaws, gave up their worldly pleasures, secret orders, and the vile and filthy habit of using tobacco, and have come out from the world to be separate. Out of the twenty who were converted and joined the Free Church, about eleven are heads of families, husbands and wives, who established family altars, and brought blessings down from heaven.—Most who have joined were from the world, and not from other churches. Glory to God forever and ever! They are all going the narrow way. They are all about as regular as clock-work. When they cannot come without, they bring the children along.—Yesterday we had no regular preacher, but God was here. The converts have all got the fire in their souls that does not go out. Two souls were converted to God last week, so bright that on Sabbath day they gave a good, sound account for themselves. This is a great and good field for God's laborers. It is a beautiful valley, now in the bloom of spring. But the increasing glory that abides on all our souls is much more beautiful and glorious. We know what the Psalmist means when he says, “How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!” We most all enjoy uninterrupted communion with God. Glory to His name!

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

JENNIE C. RICHARDSON.—I want the world to know what great things the Lord hath done for me. Jesus, my precious, all-sufficient Saviour is, and I have enlisted under the old, blood-stained banner. My feet are upon the Rock, Christ Jesus. My anchor is cast within the vale, and I can sing,

“My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.”

Glory be to God for a blood-bought salvation—a salvation free and full! Oh, it is a glorious reality, that we may know our sins forgiven; but still more glorious to know that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from every stain and washes us white as snow. Oh, I am glad that there is an eternity, for I want to spend it singing, “Glory to the Lamb! for He hath loved me and redeemed me, and washed me in His own blood; to His name be glory forever!” Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name. Glory be to God in the highest for a Saviour that saves His people from their sins! Hallelujah! Oh, may I not have your prayers, Earnest Christians? for I live in a land of spiritual dearth; formality and pride reign; but my prayer is that God may tear down the strongholds of Satan, and raise up men and women here who will take to themselves the whole armor,—being filled with the Holy Ghost, daring to declare the whole counsel of God. I shall do all I can toward circulating the *Earnest Christian*, as one way of waging war against the powers of darkness, and promoting God's glory, for I am certain the blessing of God is with it.

Alexandria, Va.

MRS. SOPHIA LOVEJOY.—I was converted when I was in my fifteenth year. I was under deep conviction for months, but at length the Lord spoke peace to my soul, and filled me with His love. A little over four years after, I sought for the cleansing power of grace divine, and obtained the blessing from the Lord. It came like electricity,—it passed through my whole frame. I felt that I was cleansed and purified from all sin. Glory be to Jesus! I soon became remiss in duty, and lost a part of my enjoyment. I have sometimes lived near the

feet of Jesus, and sometimes followed him at too great a distance. I have sometimes felt the fullness of God's love, and again have doubts and fears. I have had trials severe, and doubts and temptations many. But out of them all the Lord has delivered me, and brought me safely thus far. Praise His holy name! Four years ago I sought to be wholly consecrated to God. I wanted that grace that would enable me to bear the ills of life without being moved by them. I wanted to be wholly the Lord's. I often promised the Lord that I would do every duty, and when duty presented itself I would fail to do His bidding. So months passed by. I often received blessings from the Lord, but not to the full extent that I desired; and because my will was not swallowed up in His, I was not ready to do every duty,—yet I often promised the Lord that I would. I was taken sick. I had every symptom of fever; but what should I do? Should I take medicine, or should I rely wholly on the Lord? I inquired of the Lord, and asked to be guided aright.—I felt like trusting in the Lord, and resolved that I would rely entirely on Him for the help I so much needed. Praise the Lord! He blessed me, soul and body too. I was happy, soul and body. My pain was gone—the fever gone. Three years ago, Mrs. Mowers induced me to subscribe for the *Earnest Christian*. Its numbers have ever come laden with rich food for my soul, and they are therefore welcome. I do not want to be without them. He has saved me. I feel glory in my soul. Praise His name!

W. MILLETT.—I am thankful, this morning, that I ever gave my heart to God. I bless His name for a present salvation. I have enlisted for life.

Caseville, N. Y.

JOHN BRAY.—Jesus saves me gloriously this holy Sabbath morning, bless His name!
Rushford, N. Y.

MRS. MARY SWARTS.—I love the *Earnest Christian*. It is food for the hungry soul. I read it through and through, and then think of those who haven't it. Have made up my mind five dollars could not be put to better usury than sending a few numbers

through the country. I love the holy Son of God; have given up all for Jesus; have cut loose the last tie that bound me to earth. The attraction is upward. The cross has changed hands. It is a cross to have to do with the things of earth; but I expect ere long to lay it down and take up the crown, and I will cast it at Jesus's feet eternally. I am growing in grace every day, and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The spirit of truth is teaching me and leading me. The light of God shines on my pathway. Glory to God! my eye is single, and all is light. I can pray, "Thy kingdom come,—thy will be done." Glory, glory, glory! My one desire is to prepare to do the perfect will of God. I belong to the little band of Earnest Christians near Cannon Falls, Minn. Twenty years ago, by prayer, and fasting, and reading God's holy word, I scaled the mount of God and stood on Pisgah's top, and could say, Had I all the riches, and honors, and treasures, and friendships of this world, I would give them all for one blest hour at the right hand of my God. I love God with all my heart, mind, might and strength, and my neighbor as myself. I lived in this great salvation several years, but got to looking at the dead state of the churches around, and lost sight of the mark. I saw some Christian Spiritualists, that had more of the life and power of religion, seemingly, than the churches. I investigated Spiritualism, more or less; but, through the faithful labors of Brother and Sister LaDue, and Sister Sumner, I again got my eyes on the mark, and by the help of God expect to keep them there and press forward, looking unto Jesus the Author, and who will be the Finisher of my faith. Amen.

Cannon Falls, Minn.

ELEANOR J. WILSON.—I fully realize that this is a scene of conflict,—that the Christian's life is a warfare all the way through. I expect, if ever I gain heaven, to contend for every step of the way, fighting against the combined powers of earth and hell. But, glory to God! I expect to "overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of my testimony." I know

that of myself I am insufficient—I am perfectly helpless; but my sufficiency is of God. I do not lean on the arm of flesh. I have but very little confidence in myself, or any one else. It is all fixed and centred upon God. I know that He is able to keep me; and though every earthly support should fail, I have the blessed assurance that the "foundation of God standeth sure, and He knoweth them that are His."—Praise His name! I intend to fight on,—the crown is at the end of the race, and by the grace of God I am going to wear it.—Then *courage*, my soul! Renew thy vigor! Gird thyself anew for the conflict, for only

"A little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home."

CHLOE SEWARD.—Fifty-three years ago last September, I joined the Methodist Church, believing them to be the people of God. For years I have been very much dissatisfied, knowing there are many things tolerated in the Church that are contrary to the word of God. I have long wished I could find a people who were willing to come out from the world, and live a self-denying and cross-bearing life, who would accept of me as one of their number. I went to the Harpersville Camp-meeting.—The Lord blessed me. I can truthfully say it has been a lasting benefit to me. It seems like old-fashioned Methodism. I have not got tired of the way. I do feel that my trust is in Him that is able to save to the uttermost. I love the Lord. I love His children. I am trying to live in such a way that I may feel His Spirit bearing witness with mine, that I am His. I know it is the Christian's privilege so to live.

Valonia Springs.

CHARLES R. RICE.—How sweetly Jesus saves me to-day—bless His holy name! O how I love to open my heart to Him, and hold communion with His blessed Spirit which makes me pure! His blood washes my heart this moment. Blessed Jesus! I love this religion that saves now, and I've got it in my soul—hallelujah! With Jesus in my soul, I journey on, giving God the

glory. The kingdom of righteousness is set up in my heart. The blessed Jesus knows all about it, for He is my constant guest, which makes it glory, glory, glory, hallelujah! The fountain is open, and I am drinking—bless God! I will praise Him with my whole heart. Glory!

Stony Point, Mich.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE.—I had a feast of love to my soul while home, afflicted in body, the Sabbath that nearly all the rest of our society were at the Quarterly Meeting at Philadelphia. The Lord was with me, and poured out His Holy Spirit on me, and I had a love feast in my soul. O, how I do praise the Lord for His love toward me! It fills my soul full while I talk of His unbounded goodness. Bless His holy name! I could sit and sing myself away to everlasting bliss. Oh,

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.”

Oh, glory to the Lord for a free and full salvation! Glory be to His holy name!

Vineland, N. J.

SUSIE ULLYETTE.—At a prayer-meeting, held at the house of one of the Christians in the town of P., on the 15th of February last, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock P. M., God for Christ's sake cleansed me from all sin, and made me pure in the blood of the Lamb. Oh, praise the Lord! I had several years before been converted, and for the time being was happy. But for two years back, I have been hungering and thirsting after righteousness, forgetful that Jesus said, “Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” But God, who is “slow to anger and plenteous in mercy,” did not suffer His Spirit to leave me, but still guided me. When in the town of P., on a visit in October, and on the day of my departure for my home, it was proposed to me, that I should return to that place and spend the winter. The arrangements were made, and I consented to return. In all this, I can now see the hand of God was leading me. After I returned to that place, my longing for

a more “satisfying portion” increased, until, on the 15th of February, I was willing with all things to part; and was willing—yes, glad—to attend that meeting, and there, before all those witnesses, to kneel and pray that Jesus would sanctify my soul. And there, while kneeling, and still asking, the “great blessing”—the blessing of “Perfect Love,” which had been kept in store for me—came and rested upon me; and to my soul came *such peace* as the world knows nothing of. O, hallelujah!—How I do love Jesus for what He has done and is still doing for me! I could then say—

“My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my reputation:
The lone way is my choice.”

And I can still say the same. I know that Jesus saved me, and saves me now—praise His name! And though

“There may be other ways for some,
There is but *one* for me:
Either return unto the world,
Or else must holy be.
What! give up all my hope in Christ!
I'd rather die to-day;
For if I can't have Jesus here,
I do not wish to stay.”

But Jesus is with me, and I am happy. O, hallelujah to the Lord God, and to the Lamb forever!

Dansville, N. Y.

J. T. BALDWIN.—I am a reader of the *Earnest Christian*, and I love to read its pages. I find that I get strength in so doing. I love to read the testimonies given in it. I know that my Redeemer lives, and that my record is on high. I feel the witness that I am a child of God. Jesus is able to keep me—glory to His name! I have trials, but the Lord keeps me, and gives me grace to overcome. The way is narrow, but it is a safe way, and by the grace of God I am determined to walk in it. We are but few in this place, but our trust is in God. I feel that this world is not my home; but I expect, if I am faithful to God, I shall go to dwell where loving Jesus is.

Flint Creek, Ills.

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