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The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

JULY, 1870.

DETERMINATION.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

IN every department of life, the successful men are not generally the men of the most splendid talents. These may dazzle for a season, but they have their day. It is short, brilliant, and cloudy at the close. They are obliged to give place to men of less pretension, but of iron nerve and unbending will. In a long run, the race is not to the swift; in a life-long warfare, the battle is not to the strong: but unflagging courage and endurance win the field. Charles the XIIth was, by far, the abler soldier; but the patient Peter, after suffering defeat upon defeat, in the end conquered him. Napoleon astonished the world by the brilliancy of his conquests, but the "Iron Duke" left him without an army or a throne.

In the spiritual conflict for a crown of life, the victors who have left the field in holy triumph, were men of inflexible determination. Joshua followed the Lord fully. Was it by accident? Hear his decision: *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*—Josh. xxiv. 15. Abraham was called the friend of God. He was decided in his service. *I know Abraham that he will command his household after him.*—Gen. xviii. 19.

David had his ups and downs. He yielded to temptation, and brought upon his soul the darkness of spiritual night. But even in his worst condition there was no disposition to abandon the worship of Jehovah for that of Baal and Ashtaroth. There was still left a determination to serve God.—When reproof was faithfully administered, he received it in meekness, repented of his sins, and got back to God. We hear him exclaim, *O, God, my heart is fixed.*—Ps. cxviii. 2. Paul met with difficulties enough to discourage any man who would be discouraged.—But they only strengthened his purpose to persevere to the end. *I determined, he says, to know nothing among you, but Jesus Christ and him crucified.*

Every one who wishes to gain Heaven, should have this unbending determination. It does not matter whether your conversion was in the midst of excitement, or in a more quiet manner; you will be certain to fall out by the way if you are half-hearted in your determination. A clear conversion alone will not secure your final salvation.—Visions and raptures and extacies will not take you through to glory. You must *Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.*—2 Pet. i. 10.—An adequate capital to commence with

gives a great advantage to a young man starting in business; but dissipated habits and inattention to business will result in failure. A clear conversion places the young convert upon a high vantage ground; but he may sleep at his post, and so be taken captive by the devil at his will. It is alone by patient continuance in well doing, that glory and honor and eternal life are secured.

Our natural tendencies render this determination necessary. The ruin of our moral natures by the fall was terrible and complete. The wreck may be put together, but the original symmetry will always be wanting. As long as we are in the body, we have bodily appetites whose indulgence may easily become sinful. Paul was caught up to the third Heaven, where he heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. But he says of himself, after he came back to earth, *I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest that, by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.*—1 Cor. ix. 27.

Sinful tendencies have been strengthened by indulgence. A bone once broken may be knit together, but it does not regain its original strength. There are but few whose bones have not been broken by sin. They have need, therefore, of the greater care in walking over the rough road of life. Self is not subdued by going forward to the altar and praying until we have the victory. The victory must be held. This often requires a harder struggle than it did to gain it. There is a sense in which we must be able to say with the Apostle, *I die daily.*

The circumstances by which we are surrounded, make it necessary that we should have a determination to serve God that no pressure from without can cause to waver. We live in an intensely worldly age. The worldly spirit has invaded the Church, and, to a great extent, taken possession of it. Church edifices are built to gratify pride;—money for the most sacred purposes is raised on worldly principles, and by appeals to worldly motives; and preachers generally take it for granted that their people are *lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.* Fashion reigns: plain precepts of the Bible are disregarded; and the altar of God is crowded with men and women, adorned with gold and pearls and costly array, and whose appearance in every respect proclaims that they are, and intend to be, *conformed to the world.* You must stem this tide, or it will sweep you to ruin! You must resist this unceasing influence, or it will carry you to hell! Is not determination necessary? You will need it, as no soldier ever needed it upon the field of carnage. Your soul must be all determination. Your word must proclaim it—your eye must flash it forth—your tones of voice must declare it—your every step must carry the conviction to all who behold you, that you are running for life—that your every power is on the stretch for immortal glory. To hesitate is disloyalty,—to falter is to sin.

If you are overcome again and again, you must not give up in despair. Renew the battle. Avoid the causes which led to your former defeats. Faint resolves and feeble efforts will not give you place among the redeemed. *The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.*

INFLUENCE AND POWER OF WORDS.

BY REV. J. M. Y. SMITH.

As no man can live unto himself, so no one can live in society without exercising, to a greater or less degree, an influence on the community in which he lives, on the society in which he moves, on the habits of the individuals among whom he mingles, on the characters, lives, and destinies, both present and future, of the persons by whom he is surrounded. Every movement will have its influence in producing either happiness or misery, virtue or vice, kindness or uncharitableness, piety or impiety, in the circle in which he moves. As no ray of light can fall upon this earth without producing an effect; as no drop of rain can descend to the ground without producing results; as no flower can bloom, nor the gentlest zephyr breathe, without its influence being felt in the world of nature: so no thought can be made known, no word expressed, no action performed by any single individual, without its having its influence and effect on the world of morals. As no man lighteth a candle to put it under a bushel, or buildeth a city to place it out of sight; so no man's life, nor thoughts, nor words, are hidden and altogether obscured,—they have influence and power.

No word is without its influence; each one possesses a power for weal or woe, and is fraught with consequences the most weighty and momentous.—They may be made the contributors of the most happy and joyous feelings, or the promoters of the most heart-rending grief and severe poignancy. They may be the wings of an angel, laden with the delicious sweetness of love and sympathy; or the talons of a demon, to tear open the wounds of an agonized and bleeding heart. They may be the music of a seraph, floating in exhilarating and rapturous melody floods of gladness to some lone and cheerless soul; or they may be the stings of serpents, poisoned with envenomed malignity, wounding the spirit,

blackening the heart, and damning the soul. They may be the gentle "dove," sent upon the troubled billows of life's stormy sea, carrying the olive branch of hope to some despairing and sinking spirit; or they may be the lowering clouds of vengeful ire, shooting forth their embittered tongues of deadly hate, or growling their angry and sullen thunders of fear and despair. They may be the "Balm of Gilead"—the life-giving cordial; or they may be the deadly "Night-shade," insinuating disease and certain death. They may be the cheering and invigorating freshness of a bright and new-born day; or they may be the cheerless and gathering shades of a gloomy and dreary night. They may lift the mind to the loftiest heights of moral goodness; or they may sink it to the deepest sinks of vicious iniquity, grossness and obscenity. They may be the vehicle of chaste, pure, holy, and God-like feelings; or they may be the conveyors of profanity, lewdness, uncleanness, and demon-like sensations. They may be vain and trifling, giving over the lips to be the play-ground of idle tales, old women's fables, silly jesting and foolish talking, and permitting the tongue to run riot with truant babblings; or they may be refined and elevated in their tendency, leading the mind to the contemplation of sublime and noble and exalted subjects. Let Christians look well to their words, then, being assured that each one has power and influence in it to bless or curse a soul.

♦♦♦♦♦
THE BELIEVER'S DEATH.—God calls upon you to mark the death of His children. Sometimes it is triumphant, like Stephen's: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.—Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Almost always it is peaceful. Or if it be that the sun goes down in a cloud, Oh, how sweet the surprise, when the believer finds himself on the other side of Jordan, at the pearly gate of the new Jerusalem, in the arms of the angels, and in the smile of Jesus.

THE SAVIOUR IN HIS SECOND COMING.

BY MRS. JENNIE NICHOLS.

IN the plainest and most striking manner has Divine Revelation brought before our view the "second coming" of our Saviour, describing it as connected with an exhibition of the greatest grandeur, power, majesty, terror, and glory.

It is an event of conspicuous prominence in the sacred volume, and demands our most careful and serious consideration. Where can we find a more sublime theme of contemplation, than that which exhibits the Son of Man—the Lord of Glory—descending from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God—revealed in flaming fire—attended with all His mighty angels, seated on the throne of His glory—calling the dead from their tombs—changing the living—pouring a flood of vengeance upon those who know not God, and who obey not His gospel—and bestowing the unfading crown of righteousness on a multitude that no man can number, redeemed from every kindred, tongue, people, and nation.

It is an event which deeply concerns us all. A scene which we shall witness with triumphant joy, or indescribable terror. A scene from the beholding of which, we shall rise to realms of bliss, or go down into everlasting woe.

With our minds solemnized as expectants of that glory which shall be revealed at the coming of Christ, let us, in the light of God's Word, and with eager, joyous expectation, contemplate the coming of our Master, "when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise."

In his beautiful and touching valedictory discourse to his disciples, on the eve of His suffering, our Saviour graciously assured them, that He was going to provide a place for them in His Father's house, and that He would come again, and receive them to Himself, that they might be with Him and be-

hold his glory. He who now fills the mercy-seat above, will come to occupy the judgment-seat established in the visible heavens, before an assembled universe.

The doctrine of a general resurrection of the righteous and the wicked, at the last day, and of judgment, when all must render up their final account, with joy or grief, is most clearly taught in the Bible. "The hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Then should we not often seriously think of the second coming of Christ, and the solemnities of the day of general judgment, while at the same time, we study to live with a wise reference to that final account we must render to the Great Judge? And as we know not the precise period of His coming—neither do the angels, none but the Father—we should "Watch therefore: for we know not the hour when our Lord doth come."

He will certainly come with power—with absolute authority. The same Almighty voice that spoke the universe into existence, will sound through the dismal mansions of all graves. What a solemn thought!

Not only with great power will He come, but with great glory. And of the glory of Jesus, no human tongue can properly speak,—it is a subject too vast for us to understand.

On the mount of transfiguration, the disciples got a glimpse of the glory of our Saviour, when "His face shone as the sun."

When but a single angel appeared at His resurrection, we are told His countenance was as lightning, and for fear of Him the keepers shook and became as dead men. How majestic will be the scene, when the innumerable company of angels shall leave the realms of bliss and attend our Lord of Lords!

What a celestial picture will then be seen! Oh, what a multitude of thoughts crowd into my mind, as I contemplate with my feeble imagination the august presence of Christ, and think of the two destinies that await the teeming millions of our race! How unceasing and earnest should every Christian work for the salvation of souls! How Christ-like should we strive to be! How closely should we tread in the footsteps of our blessed Redeemer, and make our lives written epistles of Him, known and read of all men! "For the time is come, that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—1 Pet. iv. 17, 18.

Let us constantly pray, that "the trial of our faith, being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, may be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ, whom having not seen, we love, in whom though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of our faith—even the salvation of our souls."

TRUE PIETY.—True godliness, founded upon the principle of eternal truth, and established in the heart by the agency of the Holy Spirit, has no compromise to make with the world, the flesh or the devil, in the course of conduct it prescribes for itself, under the lights and instructions of the Word of God, and the dictates of the Spirit of his grace which dwells within. The course of the truly pious soul is marked out by a wisdom not his own, and pursues its pathway so far above the world—above its pleasures, honors and rewards—regarding them so lightly that it is said to be "dead to the world;" declaring by its conduct that it sees a higher mark—looks for nobler ends, and seeks for superior bliss at God's right hand in Heaven.

Out of the Depths.

BY R. A. HUMPHREY.

FORTH from life's darkened and desolate places,
Up from the struggling depths of humanity,
Filled with unutterable loathing and longing,
Pitiful, broken, beseeching, imploring—
Goes, ever, a cry to the ear of the Highest,
Wailing and sobbing up to God.

Down from the heights of transcendent glory,
Down to the sin-darkened depth of humanity,
Filled with an infinite love and strong tenderness,
Pitying, hoping, forgiving, long-suffering,
Hearing the cry of the vilest and weakest,
Came the Messiah to bless and to save.

Praise Him, all earth, give Him praise and thanksgiving!
He hath come as a light—He hath brought us salvation;
He hath shown us the glory of life-everlasting;
He hath loved and redeemed us: all glory and honor
Be unto our Prince, our Brother, our Saviour,
For ever and ever. Amen and amen.

PREACH CHRIST.—Bishop Livingston, addressing the clergy somewhere about 1750, says: "I beg you will rise up with me against moral preaching. We have long been attempting the reformation of the nation by discourses of this kind. With what success? None at all. On the contrary, we have dexterously preached the people into downright infidelity. We must preach Christ, and Him crucified. Nothing but the Gospel is—nothing besides will be found to be—the power of God unto salvation. Let me, therefore, again and again request—may I not add, let me charge you to preach Jesus and salvation through His name."

THE MASSES.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

"How shall we reach the masses?" is the question discussed in Church papers and preachers' meetings now; just as if no light had been shed on the subject in the history of the past.

Jesus reached the masses. He went forth with his heart full of love, speaking to men in a common-sense style, of things of the deepest, highest interest, and the "common people heard him gladly."

Martin Luther reached the masses. The great truth, "The just shall live by faith," set his soul on fire; and going forth speaking, with an honest heart and glowing lips, the masses, throughout the length and breadth of Germany, listened with rapt attention to his burning words.

John Wesley reached the masses.—He got his own heart "strangely warmed," laid aside formalism, left the Gothic Churches, where the people were not, and to which they would not come, and went forth into the fields and public streets, and plain buildings, where the people were, or could be gathered; and then in earnest, affectionate pleadings, besought them to be reconciled unto God—reaching, sometimes, ten thousand ears at once.

Our early Methodist fathers, in this country, reached the masses. They had no fine churches, no psalters, no richly, gaudily dressed members, to stand in the way of truth; but they had warm hearts, and a winning story to tell about Jesus; and going forth where the people were, and into the great woods where they would come, they told their story in the artless eloquence of nature and common sense, and the multitude gathered around them, to hear of Jesus.

Charles Spurgeon reaches the masses. He has no fine cathedral, no gaudy church, opera-like in its appointments; but a vast, plain edifice, into which the masses *can* come, with plain, *free* seats, made for people with plain clothes to

sit upon; and then, without *boring* the people with quartette singing, or psalters, or musty prayers composed two hundred years ago, or manuscript sermons, he has them all to sing, and then gives them a dish of good English common sense, about Jesus and eternal life, that makes ears tingle. And him, too, the people hear gladly. Policemen cannot keep the people out.

"Reach the masses?" Suppose that some man, with religion in his heart, common sense in his head, and money in his pocket, should build a plain edifice, with seats for five thousand, near the "Five Points" in New York; and that two or three hundred warm-hearted Christians, dressed in plain clothes, should spend much of the week in distributing tracts in that populous locality, and in inviting the poor creatures to come to the great, plain church; and then suppose that a warm-hearted, godly minister, who knew something about *human nature* as well as the *classics*—having tact to touch the springs of action in the human heart—should preach *Jesus* to them on the Sabbath day;—don't you imagine that the masses would be reached?

If I am to answer how an over-dressed, over-fed Church, worshipping in a splendid edifice, with rented pews, where manuscript sermons are read by scholarly formalists, hymns are sung by choirs without any *natural* music to touch the human heart, and prayers are intoned for the *human* ear rather than for the ear of God;—*I give it up*. The thing cannot be done in that way. The great, natural heart, that beats in the bosom of the uncultured mass of the race, cannot be touched by any such unnatural means as these.

But let such a church get back to the beautiful simplicity of Methodism, or of the Lutheran movement, or of Jesus of Galilee,—dressing plainly, meeting in plain and pleasant churches, where the rich and poor come together before the Lord, to hear of a common Saviour in the language of a common people, (which is the language of the Bible,) and to hear hymns sung to music which,

though not according to the rules of the art, is yet full of the pathos of nature;—and the masses around them will be reached: for the people are keenly susceptible, and are pining and dying because such Christians with such means don't come and save them. The masses have always been reached when such appliances have been used. They never have been, neither can they be, by the super-stylish mode in vogue in so many places. The simple kind of Christianity, and the mode of operation introduced into the world by Jesus Christ, and set forth and practiced by Luther, Wesley, Asbury, Spurgeon, and others, has reached and always will reach the masses. The kind just repudiated has no power over the *people*, if it has over anybody else; and the sooner those to whom has been committed the Gospel of God see it, the better for all concerned.

Trenton, N. J.

TOBACCO.

BY MRS. L. HAMMOND.

"TOBACCO? Well," says one, "I have heard enough on that subject."

Perhaps you have; nevertheless, it will be our duty, still, to give you *line upon line, precept upon precept*. We are commanded to exhort one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching. Paul says to the Corinthian brethren, "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore, glorify God in your *body*, and in your spirit, which are God's."—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. And again: "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."—1 Cor. iii. 17.

We talk of a present, free, and full salvation. The Lord help us to have a clean salvation—one that saves to the uttermost. One of old said, "I am a man of unclean lips." How many of the present day must acknowledge the

same! How few there are to lift a warning voice! Even ministers of the Gospel arise in the sacred desk, and descant upon the evils of whiskey; but do they say anything about tobacco? Oh, no! Why not? Sure enough!—Some of our CHURCH members are addicted to its use,—they would be offended,—leave our communion,—our numbers would be less,—our treasury not so well supplied. The Lord help us, both ministers and people, to cry out against this soul-destroying habit, knowing we must give an account of our stewardship in the last great day!

Can ministers who never have been slaves to the vile weed, or those who once have used it, and have been delivered from its power,—can they do their entire duty, simply by example? Are they not commanded to lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show the people their sins? this as well as all others? In whatever light we view this filthy practice—its effects upon our physical, mental, or moral nature—it is uncomely for ourselves, offensive to others, using the means God has given us to advance His cause for a selfish purpose,—all of which is a sin against God, ourselves, and the world of mankind. We should lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets us. How can any one profess to be cleansed from all sin, while using this vile narcotic? We heard a brother say at a camp-meeting, that while he was struggling for purity, the Holy Ghost fluttered before him, but would not enter his heart until he gave up tobacco. The pure Spirit of Christ could not enter a defiled temple. He gave it up—the Spirit entered in. But alas! He became entangled again in the yoke of bondage, and now has a form without the power. The Lord give us grace to faithfully reprove, rebuke and exhort, knowing that the end draweth near.—We shall reap in due season if we faint not, for we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord. Let us work with an eye single to His glory; and whatsoever we do, whether we eat or drink do *all* to the glory of God.

EXPERIENCE

OF MRS. E. J. SOUTHWELL.

I do not remember the time when the Spirit of God did not strive with me. I remember, when very young, weeping after hearing a good sermon; or, attending a good meeting, feeling very sadly; but it was not until I was fourteen years of age, that I decided to serve the Lord. And, on the 30th day of July, 1837, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins.

I went on prosperously in the good way for some five years. Then, for about a year, owing to circumstances which I cannot here mention, my spiritual progress was impeded; and instead of feeling glad for the hour of prayer, or class-meeting, to arrive, I felt rather to wish that I had some excuse for staying away.

That was a hard year. I would not want to live it over again. I knew my privilege, but was not living up to it.

But, praise the Lord! He again aroused me, and broke my heart all up under a sermon preached by the Rev. H. Duncan, and I was again enabled to rejoice in Christ, my Saviour.

From that time until the New Year's eve of 1856, I lived in a justified state. Increasing cares and difficulties seemed to impress me with the idea, that, unless I sought and obtained the blessing of holiness, I should one day fall by the hand of my enemy.

While thinking the matter over, and also of dear friends and relatives, who I knew enjoyed this perfect rest from sin, on the other side of the broad Atlantic, with whom I had often met, and seen them perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord, I became deeply convicted, and for weeks I sought the blessing.—At length, on New Year's eve, while taking a retrospect of the past, thinking of the many precious seasons I had enjoyed with Jesus on previous watch-nights, the thought struck me forcibly, that, if I had not my old friends to meet with, I had the Bible and Jesus, and the blessing was to be obtained through faith. Therefore, I might just as well

go about getting it, then, as at some future time—at a meeting, or any other place. Accordingly, I immediately set about it, and went to my place of resort for secret prayer; and though I did not receive the blessing until after midnight, glory be to God! I was enabled to wrestle and prevail.

Oh! such happiness, such peace, such a delightful New Year's morning, I had never before felt or seen; and glory be to Jesus, who purchased this for me, the same peace and happiness, bright as the sun in his radiance, remained unsullied for more than seven months, as on the morning when I first experienced it; until some time in the month of August, in an unguarded moment, while one was trying to provoke me to sin—as they many times before had tried, but unsuccessfully—I said a wrong word, and I felt in a moment that I had grieved the blessed Spirit, and, although I was in bed, I immediately arose and went to my old resort, for private prayer, so humbled, so sweetly humbled, and did not leave the place until I felt peace; but it was months before I enjoyed that happiness as I had the first seven months of the year.

Since that time, it seems to me that, in the name of Jesus, and with this full salvation permeating my whole system, I have achieved victories enough, and my blessed Lord hath wrought out deliverances enough, to fill a large volume. But suffice it to say, "Hither by the help of the Lord am I come;" and, although I am still wading the deepest waters of trouble, and trial, yet, glory be to Jesus! He keeps right close by me, and the waters cannot overflow me.

Oh, what shall I render to my God, for all his unbounded goodness to unworthy me!

Although my frail bark is every once in a while grievously tossed on the rough billows of the sea of life, yet I feel that, trusting in the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength, I am as mount Zion, which cannot be moved.

Not unto me, not unto me, but unto Thy name be all the glory.

It is about one year ago since I first heard of the Free Methodists. Bro. Doughty was holding a protracted meeting, two miles from where I lived, and glory be to God! I had not long been in the school-house, before I came to the conclusion that this people were God's people.

Accordingly, I cast in my lot with them, and I praise the Lord that I did so, for my own soul has been so richly blessed, scores of times, with my dear brothers and sisters of the F. M. connection.

I have a daughter and her husband, with my two dear boys, traveling in the narrow way with us since I joined, enjoying the same old religion.

Our blessed Immanuel can work wonders. Praise his name forever!

EXCITING SCENE IN COURT.

ONE of the most exciting and startling scenes that ever occurred in Court in this city took place late in the afternoon of yesterday week, just as we were going to press. The particulars are about as follows:

At the time mentioned, the case in progress was that of Catharine Miller, who sued by her next friend, C. W. Gilmore, vs. John S. Mace, and others, the suit being brought to recover household goods levied on as belonging to Thomas Miller (Mrs. M.'s husband), and which the plaintiff claims as hers.

Mr. Miller was on the stand nearly all day Thursday, and subjected to rigid examination, in the course of which he testified, in effect, that he was not possessed of any property at the time of or since his marriage—that the capital and property occupied and used by him was his wife's.

On Friday afternoon Mr. M. was again called to the stand, to undergo cross examination by Mr. L. Clark, Esq., in the course of which the latter gentleman, in endeavoring to show a discrepancy between Mr. Miller's present statements and those made some time since, asked if he had not several years ago, stated to Mr. W. H. Reed that he

was then worth quite a large sum of money. The answer to this was rather indefinite—that he might or might not have so stated, but if he did, the meaning was that he was worth said sum outside of his indebtedness to his family. Mr. Clark then asked if, since his marriage, he had not become surety on the bond of a certain Government official. After a little hesitancy, an affirmative answer was given: whereupon counsel wished to know if the witness did not, at that time, swear that he was worth \$60,000.

To this query no reply was made, and for a few moments a deep, sudden silence ensued. Finally Mr. Minshall, of counsel for plaintiff, broke the oppressive silence by rising to address the Court, and at that moment, Mr. Miller, who was standing just in front of the jury room door, turned to the judge and said: "May it please your honor, I wish to make a few remarks," and immediately after clasped his hands to his head and exclaimed: "I feel—as if—I was getting—paralysis of the brain!" and commenced sinking to the floor uttering such prayerful ejaculations as "Lord have mercy on my soul! O Lord bless me and pardon my sins!" etc., or words to that effect.

Before reaching the floor he was caught in the arms of persons near by, and carried back into the jury room. On reaching there he espied a gentleman approaching who, he said, had endeavored to ruin him, and he made an effort to get hold of him, but was prevented.

The excitement in the Court room at this time was intense, every one starting to their feet to get a better view of the strange scene and its author. In another moment, however, Mr. Miller, having broken loose from those having him in charge in the jury room, with pallid face, disheveled hair, rolling eyes and undistinguishable mutterings, rushed with long strides into the Court room, pressing his elbows to his sides and puffing the wind in gusts from his mouth. This sudden and terrifying irruption, as well it might, startled Judge,

bar and audience, and a general stampede ensued. Neither the lawyers or the audience stood upon the order of their going, but went at once.

After getting out to a point in front of the Judge, Mr. Miller was caught by Sheriff Mace, who, unaided, carried him into the clerk's room, and from thence had him conveyed to his hotel.

This sudden removal of the witness, and the disturbed condition in which it left the bench and bar, made an adjournment necessary, which was had.

We have not attempted to depict the absolute frightfulness of the scene, as that would be impossible. Those present have no desire ever to see another like it. In all his years at the bar and on the bench, Judge Dickey avers that he never beheld any thing equal to it.—*Ross County Register.*

What a warning to witnesses to speak the truth without concealment, or prevarication! God lives! Conscience may slumber for a season, but it will be all the more terrible when fully aroused.

BELIEF AND FAITH.

BELIEVE *strongly enough to set the wishes, purposes and affections of your heart towards God, and right, and duty.* Strongly enough to *move* you toward Him, and make you obey and love Him.

Faith must do something more than merely convince you that Christ, and Gethsemane, and Calvary, are historical facts; and something more than to convince you that these facts are meant for you. It must go beyond, and move you to action: it must seize your will, and govern that. You are not merely to believe these things,—you are to act upon them, conform your life by them, rule your conduct by them. Christ must be to you not merely an historical personage, but a Redeemer,—and, more than that, *your* Redeemer. Imagine for a moment that you were the needle of a compass, intelligent, and free, as you are now, but perversely

pointing east or west; and so imperiling ship, cargo, and yourself. Of what use would it be that you “believed” in the North pole, and knew that you ought to point to it, unless you actually permitted the magnetic current to take possession of you, and control you, and turn you by its mysterious power?—Let it *move* you,—not only believe in it, but possess and obey it. So, not only “believe” in the Gospel, but let the power of the Gospel seize hold upon your soul and move you. Let there be not only an historical Christ in your intellect, but a governing Christ in your will. When your heart loves Him, and your will obeys Him, that is proof that your *belief* in Him has grown into *faith*.”

COME IT WILL.—Manhood will come and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast upon your acquaintance will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and the hour when the company assemble to carry you to the church yard will come, and that minute when you are put down in to the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose dirt into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me, and in a few little years the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Yes, the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come, and the standing of men of all generations before the judgment seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

WICKED men stumble at a straw in the way to heaven, and climb over great mountains in their way to hell.

NOTHING TO DO?

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"Lose this day loitering; 'twill be the same story To-morrow, and next more dilatory;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days."

"Nothing to do!" What are you, man? who are you? where are you? In this world or the one to come? What's the matter, friend,—whence this dilatoriness, this slumber, this folding the hands to sleep? "*Go to the ant thou sluggard.*"

"There are words and there are pens to be wielded
There are thoughts that must die if unsaid;
Wouldst thou saunter and pine amid roses;
Or sepulchre dreams that are dead?"

Who can estimate the vast amount of dead capital, the unsanctified talent in the church?

From every point of observation we see slumbering energies, buried talents, forcing the conviction on the mind that the great mass of professing Christians are at ease in Zion.

Hundreds and thousands have never put forth one single earnest effort to persuade men to become reconciled to God?

"Nothing to do?" and the whole world is on fire for something to do. There's work here, work there, in the house and out of it, up stairs and down. Fields are white for harvesting. The cry is on the whistling winds. North, South, East, and West, from the four corners of the earth, "Come and help us." Salvation laborers are wanted every where.

Has God given you talents, energy, and means, which lie as dead capital? You must give account of all you have. "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." By-and-by it will be said to thee, "Give an account of your stewardship." What saith the Lord to the unfaithful servant who hid his talent in the earth? "Take therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him that hath ten talents: For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken

away even that which he hath; And east ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."—Matt. xxv. 28, 29. What—

"Nothing to do? hast thou no store of gold?
No wealth of time, that thou shouldst well employ?
No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold?
No gift that thou shouldst use for others' joy?"

"Nothing to do?" Are you insane? a crazy man? Where's your soul? On fire! gosselly—fire on fire blazing out? Are you dead or alive? for God or for Satan? Are you in the body or out of it? *What!* profess to be a follower of the Lord Jesus, a minister of the sanctuary and nothing to do? *False*, diametrically, outrageously! Paradoxical! What else? *What!*—a child of God ordained of high Heaven to do good, fight the good fight, take the easy chair, sleep here, sleep there! when the world is perishing, starving to death for lack of spiritual love! Awful! Wake—wake, sleeper, wake open your blind eyes, unstop your deaf ears!—Wake up Jonah—wake up! "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Matt. xx. 6.

"Why do you idle stand?
There is something for all to do;
Look forth on the wants of our teeming land—
The sorrow and sin on every hand;
Say, is there no work for you?
There is work in the crowded street;
There is work in the silent cell;
'Mid the noisiest hum and the busiest feet;
In halls where the thronging multitude meet,
In the hovel where the outcasts dwell."

Here is a professed minister of the Gospel waiting for a call from some parish, some opening for ministerial labor. Some four or five years since, this same pulpit orator inquired of us for a vacant pulpit, where he could hold forth the word of life; and here he is still waiting, while fields are white for harvest in every direction.

Multitudes on every side are perishing for lack of the bread of heaven.

Thousands on thousands are rushing on to woe eternal before the eyes of this ministerial brother—and yet no opening for labor in God's vineyard. He

is still waiting for a call, when all heaven and earth ring peal on peal with lightnings' flash and thunders' crash! "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Go work in my vineyard." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccles. ix. 10. "God gives the bird its food, but does not throw it into its nest."

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute. What you can do, or dream you can, begin it; Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it. Only engage, and then the mind grows heated: Begin it, and the work shall be completed."

How many afflicted ones, sick, destitute, oppressed, call for sympathy! how many broken hearts need binding up! and yet this same man, called of God to minister in holy things, sits with folded hands waiting for a public call! Reader, is this gospel? Jesus Christ? Paul, the apostle? Did Job wait for a call to do good, or fear to run before he was sent, when he was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and a father to the poor; when the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him? If this same waiting minister was on fire, baptised with the Holy Spirit, *would* he sit still? *Could* he sit still, when the cry on every breeze is, "Come over and help us?" Did Paul, when his eyes were opened, wait, fold his hands, take the easy chair some four, six, or eight years, looking out for a fat salary, a rich parsonage with a luxurious table and costly furniture?

How with the reformers, in whose souls the Gospel flame was kindled.—Luther, Wesley, Whitefield, Baxter, Bunyan—did they wait for a call or were they fearful of running before they were sent?

"Where begin?" Begin at Jerusalem; begin where the one hundred and twenty began, in the upper room; begin with the tongue of fire. The early disciples, when full of faith and the Holy Spirit, went everywhere preaching the word, declaring what great things God had done for their souls. They were led by the Spirit of God, his word, his providence. The very stones would have cried out had they held their peace.

The love of God constrained them. They were full of matter; like new wine, that must have vent, "ready to burst like new bottles."—Job xxxii. 19.

Wherever they went the holy flame caught, sinners were pricked to the heart, cried out, "Lord, save, we perish!" Saints were sanctified, built up in their most holy faith—salvation *streamed*! Satan fell as lightning!

Wait for a call? What call? The burning call was in their inmost souls—the fire on fire, "the sword that cuts, the fire that burns." Wait for an audience, a cushioned pulpit, a splendid temple, a fashionable choir, a high-sounding organ? No sooner did they cross the threshold than a missionary field was before them. They opened their mouths wide, and God filled them. They were instant in season, out of season, to warn one sinner, two, three, or more. Wherever a soul was found out of Christ, there was an audience. They flew on wings of love. Did Christ wait for a large audience at the well of Samaria? Behold the woman that came to draw water, who, through the preaching of the Lord Jesus, received the water of eternal life, whereof if a man drink he shall thirst no more forever! and when this woman's soul was touched with the finger of Divine love, did she fold her hands, wait for a call or an audience? Nay, she went on preaching (forgetting her water pot), "Is not this the Christ?" till the whole city was in a flame—on fire! "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

"Rest not—inglorious rest unnerves the man: Struggle, 'tis God's behest! Fill up life's little span With God like deeds: it is the test—test of the high born soul."

God makes idlers, drones, to remain in the hive. Laodiceans that are neither cold nor hot to spew out! When? where? If you are dead, twice dead, plucked up by the roots, who made you? dead? killed you? put you to death? God? Its a lie to say so, down right, impious, blasphemous! heaven daring.

Does God tell you to put your light under a bushel, or on a candle stick,

that it may give light to all in the house—which? A man with the least grace in his heart, the power baptismal—the faith of a mustard seed, will find something to do for the Master, labor to pull souls out of the pit of burning.

"Worlds are changing, heavens beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight:
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!

"On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake, go abroad:
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!"

God want drones in the hive? No he don't, Lazy folks—folks that are lazy?—No he don't. Laodiceans that are neither cold nor hot to spue out? No he don't. What does he want? workers? Yes, workers—those that will strip to it, roll up their sleeves and at it, keep at it—live folks, not dead folks; folks, little and big. That are *awake*, on *fire*! fire, *fire*! blazing out, setting the world on fire,—turning it upside down.

"Salt is good; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned?"

"Prophecy upon these bones; say to the wind, thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds, O! breath! and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord."—Ezek. xxxvii.

"Wake, Christian! bring thy cheerful toil,
Bring of thy treasured gold:
Offer thy praises and thy prayers,
In view of love untold.

"Hark! from amid the blended tones
That break upon the ear,
Are those of earnest, tolling ones,
Fainting for aid and cheer.

"And louder far than all besides
The Master's voice is heard,
Bidding thee labor for the lost,
By love and pity stirred."

Let your hands, your feet, your ears, your mouth—every part of you, every power of your being, be swift, energetic, in deeds of mercy.

Be swift to do good, swift as lightning; speed hither and thither on errands of mercy and salvation; fly on

wings of love, up-stairs, down-stairs. "Go forward."

"Let not a day pass without its line,
Not one without a godly deed."

Be earnest—wide awake—turn and over-turn, load and fire, load and *fire*! Take good aim, FIRE!

Friend, sleeping friend, dead friend, buried friend, are *you* still saying, "I've nothing to do?" still waiting for a call? How long, wait? Till doom's day? The sound of the last trumpet? Out, out, turn out wake up, stir about! Go to work!

"Live for something: be not idle,
Look about thee for employ:
Sit not down to useless dreaming:—
Labor is the sweetest joy."

Out, search out. Out into lanes, alleys, by-ways, and high-ways: up into garrets, down into cellars, in dens of poverty, misery, distress, desolation, and degradation. Search out the poor, the sick, the afflicted, the oppressed, the halt, the blind, the lame—pour in the oil and wine of consolation, bind up the broken-hearted, support the weak, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "The poor ye have always with you, and whosoever ye will, ye may do them good."

Imitate Christ and his apostle in acts of mercy, justice, and truth; pull sinners out of the fires of hell. Awake, thou sleeper, *awake*! arise from the dead, and "Christ shall give thee light." Go to work.

"No matter where, if duty calls thee, go
Amid contagion, poverty, and death:
Bend o'er the sufferer in his hour of woe,
Nor fear the blast of pestilential breath.
Do, suffer, die, at duty's call divine,
Nor rest from battle till the victory is won
Then, Soldier of the Cross, a crown is thine—
Thou faithful servant, hear thy glad 'WELL
DONE.'"

PURPOSE is the edge and point of character; it is the superscription of the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid; genius without it is bullion, splendid and uncirculated.

FAITH AND WORKS.

MR. SPURGEON concludes a sermon on "Work in us and work by us," with this earnest, discriminating and fervid appeal:

The conclusion of the whole matter is just this. Let us combine the two things of which we have spoken. Dear brethren, let us rely upon the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost only. Let us not go to warfare at our own charges. Let us believe that without the Lord nothing good can be done. But let us rest assured that Jesus is never absent where he gives the spirit of prayer, as he has given it to this Church; and that he never deserts those to whom he vouchsafes holy zeal for his kingdom, such as he has bestowed on many here present. Let us be encouraged by his presence. Gideon, when he obtained the token of the fleece wet with dew, and when by night he heard the story of the barley-cake that overturned the tents of Midian, did not straightway go to his home and renounce the enterprise because God was with him. No, but on the contrary, thus encouraged, he gathered together his three hundred valiant men in the darkness of the night, they broke the pitchers, bade the torches shine, and shouted the watchword, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Even so be it with us at this hour.—Knowing that God the Holy Ghost is with us, let us lift the cry amid the midnight of our age, "The sword of the Lord and of his Son Jesus!" and we shall see what God will do, for he will surely put to flight the armies of the aliens, and get himself renown.

But, brethren, let us combine with this confidence in the Holy Spirit, the most earnest efforts on the part of every one to do all he can. I have a scene before my mind's eye at this moment: I see in this church and neighborhood, the counterpart of the mountain-side when the multitude were fainting for lack of bread. They must be fed,—Christ willed it. The disciples must bring their barley loaves and fishes,—what were they among so many?—

Christ must break and multiply. The disciples must receive from his hand; they must then go among the many—the fifties and hundreds—and break the bread that Christ had blessed, for the hungry must be fed; not only men, but women and children must be satisfied. Behold, my brethren, this great city, hungry and faint and ready to die.—Bring hither, all ye disciples of Christ, your loaves and fishes—I mean not to me, but to the Master. What you can have of ability, however slender, bring it out. Christ will not begin to multiply till you have brought forth all you have. Miracles are not to be expected till nature is brought to a nonplus.—Bring out, then, whatever of talent or grace you have, consecrate all to Jesus, and then as he begins to multiply, stand ready as your Master's servants to wait upon the crowd; and if they push and clamor, yet weary not, break still the bread, till every soul shall have been supplied. Go on, go on, and do not say the toil is hard,—it is so blessed to do good to others. It is thrice blessed, nay, sevenfold blessed, to turn a sinner from the error of his ways, and save a soul from death. Nay, weary not, though you have been so long at it that your spirit is faint. My brother, your physical frame is weary, but be of good cheer. Do ye not hear them? Harken, I pray you! Up yonder are angels bending from their thrones, and I think I hear them say, "How blest a work to feed the hungry; and those men, how honored to be permitted to hand round the Master's precious gift!" Do they not whisper, "We would fain be with them"?—One bright spirit thinks he would exchange his crown with the meanest of the disciples, if he might share the service of gospel teaching. Might they not envy you—those blessed harpers upon the sea of glass? because you can do what they cannot; you can tell of Jesus, you can fetch in the prodigals, you can find the lost jewels for the Master's crown.

"In Him is life eternal."

ON FAITH.

FAITH is precious. It is Christ's wedding-ring—to whomsoever he gives it, he gives himself with it. It clears our way as we go; cheers our hearts as we work; perfumes the places where we rest, and refines our actions from that dross and feculency which would else make them odious in God's sight. It is able to remove mountains, the great hills of distrust, the mighty heaps of iniquities. It knows no other language than victory. It raised strength out of weakness; there is victory over nature; it turned to flight the armies of the aliens—there is victory over malice and hostility; it raised the dead—there is victory over the grave. Yes, it overcomes the King of Heaven himself, appealing from God justly offended for sin, to God sweetly pleased for Christ. There is no right to the creatures but by Christ, and no right to Christ but by faith; but faith makes thy dignity comfortable, thy wealth helpful, thy wife, children, friends, delightful. Precious faith may be obtained though not by our own merits. There is no congruity of nature to receive this precious treasure. It is indeed natural to every one, like Simon Magus, to think himself some great one. We are, Narcissus-like, enamored of our own shadows. Luther was wont to say, that every man hath a pope bred within him—too great an opinion of his own worth. Righteousness is almost the only cause of unrighteousness: righteousness in deed; we think ourselves so just, that we make little reckoning of Christ, for want of whom we remain unjust still.

It is not by our own purchase. Many have so obtained lordships and manors, as the Captain bought his burgess-ship with a great sum of money.—Acts xxii. 28. But wert thou as glorious as an angel, thy meat as good as manna, thy garments richer than Aaron's ephod, and thy breath sweeter than the perfume of the tabernacle, yet all this could not give thee faith nor title to the king-

dom of heaven. There are many gusts, and storms, and floods, that attempt the overthrow of our faith; be our house founded on the rock, it shall never be demolished.—Matt. vii. 25. Sense of sin may be often great, and be more felt than grace. A man feels the ache of his finger more sensibly than the health of his whole body; yet he knows that the ache of his finger is nothing so much as the health of his body. The sun under the clouds is still a sun; the fire in embers still fire; the sap is shut up in the root, and confined thither by the cold of winter, that it cannot show itself in the production of leaves and fruits, as in the spring,—yet is there still life in the tree. So in the distressed heart, during the storm of affliction, there is still some hidden grace, some spark of fire in the smoking flax, which the Lord Jesus will not quench. Canst thou believe? Take comfort, for there is more health in the seed of the woman, than knowledge in the head of the serpent.

The loss of faith is a dangerous shipwreck.—1 Tim. i. 19. If it be possible, save your vessels, save your wares, but though you lose all, save your faith.—Imagine thyself a vessel; the sea is this world, thy freight faith. There is a man-of-war against thee, the bark is diffidence—the soldiers atheism, heresy, schism, profaneness—the charged gunners and ordnance are pride, lust, hypocrisy, to which drunkenness is the master-gunner, and gives fire. The arch-pirate is the Devil who so violently assaults us, and boards us with his temptations, that often we are fain to blow up our decks, and leave our necessary appurtenances. Look to thy faith. Shipwreck thy faith and drown thy soul. Cast Judas out of the ship, and take Jesus in. That ship is troubled that harbors a traitor; the ship is safe that has in it a Saviour; he that hath Christ hath faith.

When a lewd malefactor, being condemned to die with just Phocion, railed at the judge, the laws, his enemies, and looked on death with terror, the latter cheered him: "Dost thou grudge to

die with Phocion?" O! faint heart, dost thou grudge to die with Christ or for Christ? Keep thy shield of faith, and thou shalt victoriously march with saints on earth, and triumphantly sing with angels in heaven.—*Gleanings from an old book.*

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO-USING ON POSTERITY.

SAYS Dr. Trall,—The law of transmission is now generally understood. That the offspring must necessarily partake to a greater or less extent, of the infirmities, malformations, and functional imperfection of the parent, is a proposition which all human experience affirms, and to which all intelligent minds will assent.

The habitual Tobacco-user, if he propagate his kind, will inevitably curse his offspring with an organization more or less disordered, and a class of vital functions more or less unbalanced. That parent whose blood and secretions are saturated with Tobacco, and whose brain and nervous system are constantly semi-narcotized by its influence, must transmit to the child so unfortunate as to be born unto him, the elements of a distempered body and erratic mind; a deranged condition of organic atoms: which invariably elevates the animalism of future being, at the expense of the moral and intellectual nature.

Against this truth let it not be urged that Tobacco-users sometimes have comparatively bright and healthy children. So do drunkards. But are they what they could have been, and would have been, had the parent been exempt from all contaminating vices? If there is any one act of criminality which nature stamps with especial abhorrence, and punishes with more terrible and relentless severity than all others, it is that of the parent, who, by marrying his own organization and vitiating his own functions, bequeaths irremediable physical decrepitude and moral degradation, for the inheritance of his children.

SAYS Dr. King,—It is undoubtedly true that sleeping with a person who

uses tobacco freely often has a prejudicial effect upon one who does not use it. As has been said before, the poisonous oils and alkaloid of tobacco are taken into the system and mixed with the blood whenever the article is used; a large portion of these poisons after going the rounds of the circulation, pass out of the body through the lungs, as the breath of every smoker or chewer testifies; therefore it is plain that any one who sleeps in the same bed with such a person must necessarily be inhaling the poison second-handed all night long; a case in point is reported by a physician of much experience: "The young wife of a great smoker grew pale, lost her appetite, became affected with palpitations of the heart, trembling of the limbs and a death-like sinking at the pit of the stomach; her sleep was often interrupted with darting pains and frightful dreams; she became nervous with symptoms of hysteria. At first, her physician was unable to account for this medley of distressing affections, but at length it occurred to him that they resembled the effects of tobacco; he communicated his suspicions to the husband, who immediately cast away the cigar, and had the satisfaction of seeing his wife recover in a short time without the aid of medicine."

Standing upon the piazza of a Saratoga hotel, with a doctor by our side, we said, "Doctor, see that portly, jocose man yonder, smoking like a volcano; he stands the racket,—smoking don't kill him." "No," the doctor replied, "but he is killing his wife. See her by his side, pale, shrivelled, tremulous, sinking into the grave. So far as health is concerned, she might about as well have wedded a cask of tobacco! He is, in some significant sense, a reeking tobacco cask!" The mischief stops not here; it afflicts posterity. Brodie, Queen Victoria's doctor, said, "this is a sin which afflicts the third and fourth generation."—*Geo. Trask.*

Your afflictions and desertions only prove that you are under the Father's hand.

THE UNDER-CURRENT.

BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

Nor long ago, I wandered, in a dream, beside a foul and sluggish stream, which wound its way through a dreary, loathsome valley. The very atmosphere of the place was reeking with pestilential stench, and every breath of air was impregnated with disease. Loathsome as this valley seemed, it had its inhabitants; but they were sickly and wretched. I wondered that any one could be contented to live in such a place. I wanted to hurry through it, and thought I would be only too glad to get away from it. I looked at the stream. It had a very strange appearance. Its surface was of a dull, reddish hue, and partly clear; but its under-current was foul and black, and its bed a perfect mass of filth and impurity. Every now, and then, a black line of filth would rise to the surface and discolor the waters. I thought to myself, Were this stream to be thoroughly stirred up, what a loathsome mass it would be!

For the last day or two, I have been thinking about life and its under-current, and my dream came into my mind. The gloomy valley, I thought, is a type of this "vale of tears," these "low grounds of sorrow" through which the wretched stream of humanity is winding its way toward eternity. The stream, itself, is human life, tolerably fair, in appearance, upon its surface, (if you do not look too closely;) but ah! its under-current! How it reeks with the filth of crime, misery, disease, and death! How black it is with sin, contaminating the very atmosphere with the pestilential stench of eternal death! The liberalist may talk about the goodness of human nature, and the poet may sing,

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it,"

but it only needs that Christianity and the restraining grace of God be taken away from earth to make it the most intolerable hell! I know that I have used strong language, but I believe it

to be no stronger than truth will justify me in using. I repeat it—let but the grace of God be withdrawn from earth, and men would become devils, and earth a hell!

That there is more of suffering in the world than appears upon the surface, nearly every one will allow. Even the popular sentimentalist will tell you there is an under-current of suffering in every life,—that we are deceived by appearances,—that cheerful smiles, hollow laughter, and gayety of manners often cover up sorrow and wretchedness,—that often those whom the world deem the happiest are the most miserable. But all this is but very little below the surface. We must plunge still deeper if we would gauge the wretchedness and moral pollution of humanity. Ah! were the stream thoroughly stirred up, and all its slime and filth, its pollution and degradation, its misery, crime, and woe brought to the surface, and exposed to view, who could bear to look upon the loathsome mass? But to see it in all its horrible loathsomeness we must hate sin, and every appearance of evil. Oh! how must it all look to the pure eyes of the angels, the "ministering spirits" who are sent into this world to minister unto the heirs of salvation! But there is an Eye that penetrates through every part of the universe. He sees it all at one glance. How must it look to the eyes of Him who is infinite purity and love, and "who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance!"

But let us summon courage to examine this under-current more closely.—Perhaps it will humble us, and do us good. Perhaps it will cause us to hate sin with a more perfect hatred, and cling closer, in our helplessness, to the cross of Christ—that cross which lifts poor degraded humanity above the pollutions of earth, and points the way to a better, purer abode in the skies. Let us stir up this mass of wretchedness, and watch the black jets as they bubble up to the surface. St. Paul tells us that "The works of the flesh are

manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like." What a black catalogue! What could we add to the list to make it more impressive? But let us take into the account both the wickedness and the sufferings of humanity, that we may more fully realize the terrible effects of sin. Ah! if we could only mount with angels' wings above this world of ours, and look down with spiritual eyes into its deepest recesses of misery, then we might do more justice to the subject. Then we might *see* the streams of tears that moisten the earth, might *hear* the sighs, the groans, the moanings of distress, and the wailings of despair, the master's lash, the clanking of chains, and prison bars, the horrid ribaldry, oaths, and cursing that fill the air, and mount up to the throne of the Most High. Then we might see the high-handed, heaven-daring wickedness of man in high places, and in low places, in the palace, and in the hovel, in public, and in private, in the broad noon-day, and in the silent midnight watches, under the guise of religion, or the bold blasphemy of open infidelity. Then we might witness the oppression of the rich, and hear the cries of the poor and the outcast,—might witness licensed wholesale wickedness black as the deepest shades of hell!—might see the streams of pollution flooding the earth, and poisoning its very atmosphere with the taint of hell,—might witness the degradation, crime and woe caused by hell's beverage, the fire-waters of the still, and mark the countless train of widows and orphans cast out upon a cold, bleak, selfish world,—might take in connection with all, these, the cripples, the blind, the deaf, the idiotic, the insane, and every form of deformed, distorted humanity,—might note the guilty suicides, the thousands who, disgusted with earth, madly dare to take the life which none but God can give, and reeking with pollution, rush into

the awful presence of insulted Jehovah,—might mark the midnight assassin plunging his blade into the throat of his fellow-man, and hear the gurgling groans of his victim,—might witness the wholesale murders of earth's battle-fields, where thousands of our fellow-beings, created in God's own image, lie weltering, groaning, dying in all the agonies of despair, and over, and back of all these, we might see the black fiends of hell mocking, leering, and urging man on toward his destruction. Great God! what a picture! But is it, *can* it be exaggerated? Does not the reality far exceed all that the imagination can conceive?

And, now, look at this picture of distorted, writhing, groaning, bleeding, dying humanity, and tell me the cause of all this. Answer,—Sin.

Ah, poor Moralist! Talk about the goodness of human nature, and expect to gain heaven, and the approbation of God by thine own goodness of heart and life? What folly! What madness! Seest thou this polluted stream with which thou art blended? How darest thou, in all thy pollution, expect to stand before the great white throne of Jehovah without first being washed in the transforming blood of Jesus?

And thou, Universalist! Talk about future punishment being inconsistent with the mercy of God. Look at all this suffering with which thou art surrounded. Consider its cause. Seest thou not that sin creates its own hell, and that God need only entirely for sake the earth and thou wouldst be in hell already? If such is the case now, while angels hover over these scenes of woe, while the Holy Spirit pleads with man, while the olive-branch is held out, and the hand of mercy is extended, while the Saviour pleads before the Throne for guilty, wretched man, showing his bleeding wounds, and praying,—“Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,”—O, what *must* it be when the day of probation is ended, the olive-branch withdrawn, the door of mercy closed, and God says:—“It is enough. Let them alone. They will

not yield to be saved. They have rejected all my offers of mercy. They obstinately persisted in rebellion. They declare they 'will not have this man Christ Jesus to reign over them.' Let them alone forever." Ah! ye who dislike to be disturbed by religious *fanatics*—who so much desire to be let alone in your course, God could not put a greater curse upon you than to *let you alone!* To be forever forsaken of God! Who can comprehend the magnitude of such a woe? What a horrible place must that be where are congregated none but devils, and obstinately wicked men! Forsaken of God, shut out from heaven into outer darkness, where not a single ray of light or hope shall penetrate through all the long ages of eternity,—left unrestrained in all their evil passions, with not a single spark of goodness, nor a single desire to be better, but perfect malice, perfect rage, perfect hatred, perfect fear, perfect horror, and perfect despair, forever, and ever!

O, God! help us to "flee from the wrath to come." Hide us away in the Rock of Ages that was cleft to take us in.

MY EXPERIENCE IN REGARD TO TOBACCO.

BY REV. G. R. HARVEY.

My father was a Preacher of the Gospel long before I remember. And before my birth, I believe, he used the filthy weed. And, I am sorry to say, he uses it still, he being a very exemplary man in every other respect. His precept was against the use of tobacco; but his example, as every one must see, was stronger than his words. As an evidence, all the boys but myself, used it in their teens. It was repulsive to my nature. Notwithstanding this, I tried it again and again. But finally I was persuaded by some of my friends, that it would improve my health to smoke. At that time, I had no light or consciousness that it was wrong, although I was preaching the

Word of Life to others at the time. I acquired the *HABIT* in 1855, by using very mild cigars, until I became not only a moderate smoker—but almost a constant user of the vile weed, either chewing or smoking. It was the first thing I did after I left my bed-chamber in the morning, and the last thing I did at the fireside in the evening. I used it in the street, in my study, and at last I used it so much that upon some few occasions I took it while in the pulpit. For this, I felt very much condemned. I often thought I would quit. I succeeded for three months, having made a vow to that effect. But as soon as the three months were expired, I resumed its use more than ever before, until it seemed as though I could not do without it a single half hour, unless I was sleeping, eating, or preaching.—O, what a slave! (and yet professed to be free in the Lord.)

In the fall of 1866, a new Church was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, in connection with the sitting of our Annual Conference. The house was clean and white, and *my nasty tobacco saliva* was the first I saw on the clean floor. I was cut to the quick. It seemed to me like spitting in the Almighty's face. I dared not do it again. I asked the privilege to leave the room a number of times during the session, to go out to gratify my artificial appetite, rather than use it in the house of the Lord.

I was certainly unfit for anything, but to smoke and chew, and to struggle with conscience. At that Conference, one of the brethren offered the following:

Resolved, "That we, the members of — Conference, do discontinue the use of tobacco in all its forms."

I had no confidence in the integrity of the brethren that offered the resolution, nor in myself to keep such a resolve. We had the majority. To the very man that offered the resolution, I had given a quid of tobacco when he came into the Church that evening.—And in a few weeks, after the rise of Conference, he invited me to assist him

at a meeting. I found him with his pipe, puffing away.

That Conference sent me to Stirling and Salem Circuit, in Wayne county, Pa. There, for the first time, I met the Free Methodists. They were all very much opposed to tobacco; they reproved me every time. Some took great pains to misrepresent them to me. I had no knowledge of them, as a Church, previous to the fall of 1866.

But I had not, as yet, given up the use of tobacco. I professed to be the Lord's. And now he had given me light upon this great evil. But I was afraid to trust Him. My three months expiring, the devil would keep before my mind, and tell me I could not overcome it. But in the strength of the Lord, I said, I WILL TRY: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I took hold of this: I did give it up. And glory to God in the highest, I received the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ: and have it still; praise the Lord.

I want to see all my ministerial brethren, especially, give up the use of this filthy weed. I never realized it was half so objectionable to persons that did not use it, until I quit using it myself. In the last four years I have enjoyed more religion. I am all the Lord's.

Shickshinny, Pa.

SOUL-HUNGER SATISFIED.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

THIS chapter commences with the beatitudes of Christ, or blessedness pronounced on particular dispositions or traits of character.

These blessednesses, or virtues, are so arranged as to constitute a climax of character. This climax begins with the poor in spirit, and ends with the pure in heart, taking six degrees or steps in making the rise, from the poor bankrupt soul, who stands destitute of merit or good works, to the open vision of God through purity of heart.

After crowning these mentioned

graces with purity, the Saviour speaks of three particular developments of this holy character, which are more practical; in these also he pronounces them blessed.

My text is the fourth degree in this rising scale of goodness. Hence, if this is a correct view of the order, and importance of the Christian graces—to hunger and thirst after righteousness marks a higher degree of spirituality than meekness, which has the promise of inheriting the earth, while meekness obviously ranks higher than mournfulness, which is the result of poverty of spirit. And is it not true that poverty of spirit is the beginning of salvation—the first, great, critical triumph of the Holy Ghost in a sinner?

My text contains a description of a rare and yet essential experience of the mind; not that the description is in words, so much as in the metaphor used:—

Hunger and thirst.

We have time, at present, only for a few particulars of this deep truth.

First, inquire what this righteousness is?

In some connections of Scripture it includes nearly all that appertains to practical and experimental Christianity, but in the text it is limited.

Here it does not mean rite, ceremony or worship; neither does it mean an open confession of Christ, a circumspect life, or godly conversation, but it does mean the root, or fountain of all these.

Righteousness in the text, if I understand it, is a dispensation, an impartation of the Divine, an influx of spiritual life—the soul's native aliment and element. What water is to the fish, in some respects, righteousness is to the soul. The fish lives in the water and his vitality is sustained by and through the water. So of this righteousness. It is the element in which a pure spirit moves, and the banquet of holy existence.

Second, What is hunger in general?

Hunger is not an act, nor a transaction, but a necessary result of unsatisfied want; the inward clamor of mind,

voidness, which is the natural state of man fallen.

Intense desire—immortal longings even, are natural to the mind, but the upward turn of these desires to a holy good is super-natural. It is the spirit lifting the soul from groveling toys up into its native sphere; for depravity has so changed the pitch of the soul's intense out-lookings and aspirations, that unaided by a higher power, it must eternally wander wide of the mark; for the world, even by its wisdom, never yet came to know God.

The trouble of the world, then, is not in want of desire. The hurry, surge and rush of mortals every where, is evidence of the force and intensity of mind-hunger, though misdirected. Everywhere is visible the apprehension of some outer good, somewhere and somehow, for which internal want is stretching forth its empty hands.

The lion in his cage, with the longing for his native territory and liberty, does not know what ails him, but thinks it is walking that he wants; hence the endless tramping from side to side. So the soul, shut away from its God, with a sigh for the celestial deep within, does not know what ails it, but thinks it is riches, or fashionable attire; hence the endless effort to mock immortal want with fleeting bubbles.

Give us the gauge to one's restlessness—of the intensity of his internal craving, and out-looking and longing, and we have his capacity either for blessing or for curse, for heaven or for hell. I do not mean his moral fitness, but natural capacity. In this view one may be more than another.

The phrase so familiar in these years, viz., "*Can't wait*," may have a deeper meaning than we suspect; often coming from the immortal anxiousness—the unrest of the soul.

This outside flurry and bustle, seen everywhere, is often but the diversion of inward fearfulness over impending destiny. It is true, it *appears* to be the hurry of nerves and muscles pressed with the cares of life, a mere surface excitement; but the impelling power of

mysterious man, lies back of flesh and blood, and bones.

We might as well attribute the motive power of that train of cars to the driving wheels. Those driving wheels are as the re-creation of a hidden power, which would blow itself up, but for this out-play of its pressure.

Hush down the crazed tumult of the world; uncouple man from his last driving wheel; shut him up to himself, bereft of outside entertainment; quiet him down, so still that he could hear the gnaw of immortal hunger, and he would go distracted over internal cravings!

Much of the desperate hurry, for amusement and pleasure—for riches and display, is but a shrewd mockery of the soul's unceasing clamor for its celestial sphere.

If the sentiments so extensively practiced upon be true, viz., "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die;" that is, if man's is bounded by this life; and his only enjoyments relate to the things which are seen—to the good of this world only, he is the greatest blunder in creation. He is the great, and the only, mis-make of the Creator! The curse of him, and the curse in him, is the over-make of him!

There is too much of man for this whole world. With all his efforts to circumscribe himself down to finite limits—to animalize his soul to carnal pleasures, he will fail to bring his great nature within the bonds of worldly good, while the overplus, when awake to his condition, is deep, unmitigated misery, the death hunger of immortality! Man over-laps finite limits on all sides!

My friends, will you ponder this great truth—that this world of created good is equal to only a part of you; to this mortal fraction—the outer house of an incomprehensive soul? What, then, is to be done with you—yourself?

An unholy soul is a disfranchised, out-cast nature, hanging in desolate, dreamy existence outside of both worlds! The celestial of his being excludes him from this corruptible world,

while the want of holiness shuts him out of the heavenly world. For if my nature—my whole nature, craves no more than what appertains to this world, why am I not satisfied when filled with worldly good?

If I have but five senses and these are all gratified, why am I not contented? Why this longing after something beyond—this indefinable hungering for something outside of mortal range? Ah, my friends, the trouble comes from the sixth sense—the spiritual nature.

Third, I come now to the definite hunger of the text:

My hearers will observe that hunger and thirst both are used in this passage. Not that we are to understand by this that two desires and two satisfactions are meant. It means more than this; it means a two-fold desire in one—a double distress for the great want of my being! Hunger and thirst are two intensely exciting facts; the pith and point of radical want and desperation. Let this great two-fold craving unite in one person literally, and we have a rare specimen of one idea and one business; it is said such will go through a stone wall. Would you think to pacify such an one with fine speeches of his beauty or learning, of fine apparel or stately mansions? If so, you know not with whom you are dealing.

The bright—the cheer the charm—the music and attraction of all things center in one great word, *Bread!!* He sees more to be desired in bread than in all other things. It outweighs with him all creation beside.

Shall I think to pacify a soul athirst for God, by administering talk of his good standing in society, of his talents and usefulness? With a look of disgust on such nonsense he exclaims, "Give me Jesus or I die!"

Aristocratic eating, like going to church, may be more an apology for the display of gilt-edged fixings than the relief of distress from want; for pride will starve rather than fail to make a display. Then what a privation to multitudes would it be to have the churches closed, not because it is the banquet-

ing place of the bread of heaven, but because it is the best show-room of fashion in all the land where for one still hour the claims to rivalry in beads and feathers may be canvassed to advantage.

But mark this: Real hunger is not whimsical as to the style of serving; the greatest word in its vocabulary is, "*Give me enough.*"

Then, hunger is an acute discerner of the difference between a display of china and bread; as this is the last case to divide his feast between mouth and eyes—great dazzle and little food. To mock the appetite by administering to eyes, is an insult to hunger.

So some churches in the land, for the want of something to eat, substitute ceremonies for soul-eating, ceremonies of contrasts, and ceremonies of harmonies, to parade, and maneuver, and make-believe eating, like children playing "come to see."

But when we come to the kingdom entertainment we find another thing. Here is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost—joy unspeakable and full of glory, where the saints cry out and shout because the Holy One of Israel is in the midst of them. You may administer common prayer-book and machine worship to mummies; but if there are living souls in that church they know the fraud, and if they really hunger for the holy, you may look out for *uncommon* prayer, prayer, too, as never yet was printed. You may entertain nerves and muscles with empty sound, but when immortal hunger opens its mouth, woe to the man who feeds chaff.

Brethren, the experience presented in the text is excited by the Holy Ghost, and it is definite. Wherever you find a mind under the operation of the Eternal Spirit, you find a definite thing, one not only of deep and clear discernment, but of definite convictions and wants.

When I see a saint on his knees, or a minister in the pulpit, struggling for lost men against the compromise of sin and the policy of the world, with

authority and pathos and daring, I know the case; then the gleam of the two-edged sword is seen striking, and cleaving and dissecting with a discernment and precision positively above the human, running its sharpness between joints and marrow. I stand in awe before the visible motions of the Holy Ghost. So of every want and experience when by the Holy Ghost it is marked with definiteness.

How unlike the fondling, commend-ing, prayers that sometimes come drive-ling through the lips of flattery over a half awake sinner, whose rebellion and pride God is trying to break down!

To hunger and thirst for a definite good pre-supposes a knowledge of that good.

Awakened sinners desire Christ, but they desire him more for what he can do for them, than for what he is.

They have no moral fitness for the enjoyment of Christ, but they have a terrible necessity for his pardoning mercy. Hence they desire him from necessity, as the sick desire the doctor for his medicines. But this is not hungering for righteousness. This experience is peculiar to the righteous.

Hunger knows its own wants both instinctively and experimentally. Were you in a freezing condition, you would not only know what you wanted, but you would be carried back to former experiences of warm fires. Although you might have read of Southern climes where winter is unknown, you could hardly imagine summer weather in winter, but you could see and almost feel your own home-fire. If you were starving, you would not busy yourself in reading over the description of luxuries in foreign countries, but you would remember the good food eaten, with the old taste still in the mouth. So when the Spirit makes the soul athirst for righteousness, a recollection of former experiences intensifies the deep longing for the holy; for hunger tastes the banquet from afar.

It is marvelous to see how persons with a strong relish for the spiritual, will sometimes filter through the milk

of the Word from the minister's dilutions. These require truth as naked of human words as possible to its understanding. Then their spiritual taste is so exquisite that they are the first to turn to loathing over a mere human compound; while on the other hand they taste a heavenly banquet from the distant odor. I have known some of these, tasting things Divine, when the sermon seemed all human and dead at that, just leave their bodies respectfully seated in the pew, and *themselves* go off to hold meeting with patriarchs and martyrs, and sometimes their holy communings failed to close in time for the body-meeting to be out.

I hardly dare speak of the inferences which the minister is making, as he marks the heavenly countenance. "Guess I've preached a great sermon this time." No, no, don't think it. Alas for us ministers—poor dispensers of the bread of life, when our hearers make more by going off gleaning, than to wait for our empty hands—when they get more edification and excitement by sitting with the righteous dead than hearing the tinkling cymbal of the living. Be patient with us, friends; for we cannot always preach as we would wish.

Then on the other hand I have seen the prediction of coming sumptuousness by the kingdom manner of the first hymn. No marvel if the man of God when surcharged with heavenly truth and love, should, perchance jostle the brain a little before the time; I mean the *aristocratic* time for being blessed.

It is said that shepherds, in calling their flocks about them, sometimes, to save salt, put pebble stones into the dish, when the little, foolish lambs leave a good bite of grass to run after the shake of gravel stones; but the old sheep disdain so much as to lift up their heads for such nonsense. So these hungerers after righteousness, found more or less in every church, cannot be cheated; neither can they be pacified with the shell of the Word only. Their constitution demands the deep things of the kingdom.

Fourth. Trace out some analogies between literal and spiritual hunger.

1. The strongest constitution—the best conditioned stomachs are the first and last at the table. So spiritually, the best Christians in the Church are the first at the altar and to the mercy seat for more righteousness.

2. On the other hand dyspeptic persons are better judges of the manner of the feast than the feast itself. A little mistake in serving, spoils their eating. It is counted a nice point to meet the fastidiousness of their appetite. So spiritually, there are multitudes of professors who are experts in the outward manners of religion, and that is as far as they can appreciate it. Their relish for the spiritual is too weak to overcome the circumstantial defects of the externals. They see and hear and judge by the spirit of the world; hence every thing in things holy must meet this carnal taste or it goes for nothing.

After a very spiritual meeting, one of the smart ladies was asked how she liked the sermon? She said the preachers hands were not white enough for a minister! Just as though the man had been ordained to go round the world to exhibit hands! No doubt the lady was a judge of hands, and perhaps of voice.

I once visited that wonderful panoramic painting of the Mississippi where three thousand miles of majestic creation were reeled off in one evening, taking us through sunshine and shower, midnight and noon, the break of day and setting of sun; rain, hail, thunder and lightning—a grand display of heaven and earth. A man was asked how he liked it. He said the cotton cloth was too coarse. Probably he had worked in a cotton factory!

3. Take a case of relapsed sickness, with the disease greatly intensified. Yesterday food was relished; to-day the thought of former hearty eating is nauseating; even the smell of food in a distant room is sickening, and to see others eat is out of the question. So it is spiritually. These relapsed souls

who have gone back, like the dog to his vomit, are the first to be disgusted over the hosannahs of the kingdom. And especially those who pretend to be a little better than those who make so great an ado over religion.

When the elect of God cry day and night, like children around father's table clamoring for bread, they call it a reproach to the Church, and sometimes leave the house in a rage. They can't help it; they are sick. Others seem to know, from the accent of the joyful sound,—they know, from death instinct, where the heavenly banquet is spread, hence they keep clear of these hosannah places. Such prefer common prayer-book and machine religion. But take one who is recovering from sickness, where food is being measured out to a craving appetite. What a pleasure to see others eat! How it excites his appetite! So in the kingdom. Let a person, though having small relish for the holy, and very weak, enter a strong religious meeting, and how it puts the soul longing for the heavenly!

Finally the promise; "Shall be filled!" Glory to God! Immortal cravings can be satisfied! There is something in the universe equal to the vast want of mind. "Shall be filled!" This is the law of Divine Infinitudes, to fill every thing that comes; from high arch-angel down to babe in Christ. There are no degrees or limits in the Infinite. The seat and center of the infinitudes are in him.

Every one carries in *himself* the measure of his own receiving. The question then is not, how much can God give, but how much can we receive? Let it be more or less, *fullness* everywhere is the low water-mark of the kingdom, and if we let the Spirit have his way in us, if we do not interrupt this influx of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, we shall be made to run over with heaven before God says it is enough.

This is not our fashion in dispensing earthly goods. We measure out with exactness, and the law prescribes how

we shall strike the measures of grain; but if our storehouses were inexhaustible, and our benevolence equal to the supply, we would throw our measures to the winds and give every one who came all he could carry away, and then throw a good scoop-full after him, as much as to say, when you want more come again, for you see I have plenty.

I once went to a brother for grain; he filled the bags without measuring. When I offered to pay he said, the pay is this, that when you are out come again. That is grace for grace!

A brother in Waterford was very guarded and measured in his representations of the work of the Spirit in himself. I asked him why he was so careful with his words on this point. He said, "I don't like to say too much." That is right, but go on to know the Lord, my brother, and your soul will soon get out of the reach of your tongue; for God's salvation takes us into the *Unspeakable*—above what we are able to speak or think?

Now, my friends, are you filled? If so, you are satisfied; there is no hankering for carnal pleasures, for the leeks and onions of Egypt; from these we are only cured in the taste of milk and honey in Canaan.

We close with one contrast. In literal we graduate the quantity by appetite, and when the relish ceases, we are through; no disposition to eat more. Not so in spiritual things; here the relish never abates by eating, but to the reverse, it increases. The soul is never cloyed with things heavenly, by the superabundance.

What then? We are just filled, filled with an unabated love for more, but don't want, because we are filled.

Friends are you satisfied in Christ, and with Christ? If not, you have not yet reached the Divine fullness. Brother, I beseech you, don't be satisfied with present attainments, while you are in a condition of unrest from unsatisfied wants; neither be discouraged from this dissatisfaction; this hungering for righteousness is the best evidence you have, perhaps, that God

is with you. then the strongest hold and the best hope the Spirit has of you is in this same distress.

O my dear fellow-pilgrim, cherish this groaning after God, but don't administer cordials in your songs. Let this groan go through to the great conclusion, where, lifting up holy hands, you exclaim, "*I am filled!*" Amen.—*Rev. B. Pomeroy, in Living Epistle.*

TO CHRISTIAN LADIES.

Dear Sisters in Christ; will you allow, and accept, a few plain but kind words on a subject that occupies a great deal of time among ladies, and even among Christian ladies; that costs a great deal of money; that is an occasion of stumbling to many, and is universally regarded as an index to character. I refer to superfluous and ornamental dress. We are all entreated to "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness and meekness." That vocation is holiness. "For God hath not called us to uncleanness, but unto holiness." Holiness is a scriptural idea term; its true import and scope can only be understood in the light of God's word, which is the only reliable exponent of the "mind of the spirit," and the Spirit it is promised to "guide us into all truth."

The word of God *defines* holiness; it *promises* holiness; it *illustrates* holiness: partly by prescribing what belongs to holiness, by prohibiting what is inconsistent with it, and by citing us to authenticated examples of holiness. These things are understood, and need not be argued. The subject of dress comes under this general head; it stands connected with holiness. This must not be denied. Too much thought, too much feeling, too much time, too much money, are bestowed on it to ignore or deny its relation to holiness. Not a Christian lady, who aims at holiness, who does not find the mind, the heart, the conscience taxed with moral and spiritual aspects of the subject: how far to conform to

prevailing fashions, where to pause, what is allowable, what is forbidden or inconsistent with holiness. Mr. Wesley said of the General Rules of our Discipline, including the one on "putting on of gold and costly apparel," "All these we know His Spirit writes on truly awakened hearts." So that if truly awakened hearts are thus led to conviction on the subject of dress, how much more intelligent Christian women, who have known more or less of "the deep things of God"! Do not, then, pass over the subject lightly, nor say, "Is it not a little one (thing)?"

I will not now speak of mere fashion and taste. There is room for a great variety of judgment and taste in the details of fashion. But does not Christianity give to each one some general principles which, rightly understood and applied by an educated, sanctified conscience, will regulate these details so as to lead Christian women to "lay aside all superfluity of naughtiness," and clothe themselves with modest apparel? It is not difficult for an intelligent and pure mind to determine what is modest, nor to judge of what is "costly array." To a conscientious mind, which seeks to know the mind of the Spirit, there will be little room or occasion for caviling.

Only it must be observed that the *costliness* of an article is not to be determined by the ability of persons to purchase—that is, by their wealth. It is true, doubtless, that the nominal price does not always determine the comparative costliness. But whoever will analyze closely the motive governing in the purchase and wearing, will be able to discern whether pride of position or true economy dictates the outlay. Here is the great test-point, the governing principle, the final cause.—This is the point to be scrutinized. This is what God weighs. And though this does not always determine the moral character of the *act*, abstractedly it does determine the moral character of the *actor*; so that it is not always true that "it matters not what we wear, if our hearts are not set upon it, if our motive

is right." That sentiment needs to be scrutinized. The heart ought to be right, and the outward act ought to be right also. The latter must be judged by the infallible word of God, while the heart ought to be so instructed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost that its behests will always tally with the word.

But now, as to "ornaments!" especially ornaments of jewelry—of "gold and pearls," of ear-rings, of chains, of pins, of rings. What can be said of these, as to utility, as to Christian taste, as to economy, as to benevolence, as to consistency with holiness? What as to the motive that demands and wears them? Mark! First, they are explicitly interdicted and reprehended. The severe reprehensions of these by Isaiah, chap. iii., and the judgments pronounced upon the daughters of Zion by reason of these, and the spirit that prompted their use, cannot be caviled at or reasoned away even by learned divines, who would parry off the word of reproof from the heads of worldly professors. The more positive prohibitions of Paul and Peter are incapable of such a construction as would render them inapplicable to Christian women of to-day, or that the evils prohibited in principle and in fact, are not now prevalent in the Church, and their deleterious influence mightily felt. St. Peter's description of the manner in which "in the old time the holy women who trusted in God adorned themselves," is significant and instructive. He is endeavoring to encourage pious wives to seek to win to Christ their husbands, who will not be won by the word. And how shall they now do this? Not by the "outward adorning of plaiting" (curling, frizzling, as some render it,) "the hair, of wearing of gold and putting on of apparel," but by "subjection to their husbands," by wise and chaste conversation, by the "incorruptible ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," adorning "the hidden man of the heart." There is a strong antithesis here, between the "outward" and the "inward adorning."

Who has not been compelled to notice the dangling, pendant ear orna-

ments; the staring cameo, or less ostentatious pin, looking you right in the eye, the gaudy chain and bracelets, the flaunting rings, so numerous as to require figures to make the count?

"But, my friend, my husband gave me these; I wear them out of respect to him." Are you sure? Do you not wear them out of respect to yourself and your position, either enjoyed or desired? Is it not that you may be admired, rather than that your friend may be remembered? You would not forget that friend if no jewels adorned your person. But suppose it to be a memento of a friend, living or dead, will you not lay them aside out of respect to your *better, best friend, Jesus, who forbids you to wear them?* "Lovest thou me more than these?" "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

"But I only wear a modest pin and ring—a marriage ring?" Aye! But then by that you sanction the wrong; your little modest ornament violates the divine prohibition as much in principle as the more ostentatious. The stealing of a pin or penknife is theft as much as the stealing of a plow or full pocketbook. "He that is unjust in the least is unjust in much." You conform just enough to silence your testimony on the subject. You give sanction to the extravagance of the more worldly. Young converts and seekers of holiness are misled or stumbled; they judge, from your example, that either you have not been wholly sanctified or that the wearing of jewelry is not inconsistent with holiness. In you it is not so much the excess, but the sanction you give to a *wrong principle* in Christian practice. A glass of wine, as a beverage, sanctions the drinking of intoxicating drinks as a beverage! Nay, sisters, there's a mistake about this.

"Holiness becometh God's house forever," but these things do not become professors of religion, a *holy* religion; they are "spots on the white robes." I speak not of all. There are those on whose minds God has written the conviction that these things ought

not so to be, and they are true to their convictions. Who shall say they are less attractive? that they think less of their husbands? that the absence of these showy ornaments indicates less character, or an inferior social position? Is it not true that those who wear a cozy little ring or pin, or a delicate guard-chain, never bear testimony against worldly conformity; or if they do, something reminds them or others of "the mote and the beam." Ministers who display their flashy chains, rings, pins, or studs, never preach against these things; or if their wives are thus adorned, their husbands must restrain their testimony. They fail to declare "*all the counsel of God.*" Their silence adds to the burden of those who feel impelled to remove these worldly insignia.

These are small leakages of power; they are specks in the eye that affect the sight: they are freckles on the face, eruptions on the surface: they are the understood badges of affinity for the worldly spirit. A good test of this affinity will be the reluctance felt to surrender them all for Christ and the truth. "Without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," is the standard for "the bride, the Lamb's wife."

Dear sisters, accept this appeal! "Prove yourselves clear in this matter." "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." "The beauty of holiness," the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in God's sight is of great price; to "abound in good works," to represent Christ; these shall suffice for a *holy woman*.

The *standard* of holiness must not be lowered to meet a vitiated and worldly taste, or the *power* of holiness will be eliminated. Christ is collecting jewels for his crown. Of his saints he says: "They shall be mine, saith the Lord, when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."—*W. Reddy, in Christian Advocate.*

Editorial.

Fanaticism.

THE genuine fanatic is not a hypocrite. He is sincere and earnest. His fundamental mistake is in being consecrated to his own will, and thinking it is consecration to God. "Am I not," he says, "always led by the Spirit of God? And can the Spirit of God lead one wrong?" He assumes that his will and the will of God are always the same. Whoever, therefore, opposes him, he takes it for granted is fighting against God! "Of course he cannot be a Christian!"

This is the spirit which presided at the Inquisition, and kindled in all ages the fires of persecution. It is impatient of contradiction, cruel and relentless.

The Spirit of God begets kindness and humility. It never, in its zeal for the truth, pursues any individual to his injury. It leaves the recompensing of evil to God, to whom vengeance belongs. It never consigns a man to perdition till God sends him there.

Fanaticism, when restrained by law from violent persecution, seeks its compensation in severe judgments and fierce denunciations. It puts the worst construction upon actions, and calls offenses, real or imaginary, by the hardest names. He who has the Spirit of the Lord, imitates Michael the Archangel, who, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee."

The fanatic cannot bear contradiction, or take advice. He can give, but cannot take reproof. He who has the Spirit of God is as teachable as a child. Moses talked with God face to face. But when a friend suggested a better course than that he was pursuing, Moses listened to the suggestion, and adopted the plan proposed for the administration of justice. He was taught of God, and so was not above being taught of man.

The fanatic is unyielding in his course; but they who are filled with the Spirit, submit themselves one to another in the
r God.

Fanaticism is not always attended by extravagance of conduct. It may be very quiet outwardly, while malignant passions burn within. No degree of extravagance, while unaccompanied with malevolent passions, can constitute one a fanatic. Fanaticism is not wildness and extravagance merely; but its essence consists in substituting, for that love that beareth all things, unkind feelings and a furious zeal.

The great enemy and sure preventative of fanaticism, is HUMBLE LOVE.

Excitement.

NOTHING should stir men like the great truths of the Bible. Heaven, hell, the claims of God, the danger of sinners, ought to move men's feelings to their lowest depths. Indifference is the greatest absurdity; moderation is utterly out of place.

But in the public estimation, excitement on all subjects except religion is proper. In the gold-room,—in the stock exchange,—men may go wild and no ado is made. But let there be a little religious excitement, and what a hue and cry is made!

Even around the gambling-table, men may die from excitement, and scarcely a comment is made. No serious effort is made to close these avenues to hell.

The following cases are reported as having occurred the past year:

"At 17 Ann street is a gambling hell, kept by a man generally known by the fraternity as 'Uncle John.' One night, about six months since, a young man dressed in the height of fashion, with gold watch and diamond pin and rings, entered and began to gamble. He was unlucky, and rapidly lost his money; then he staked his watch, and that, too, followed his money. His diamond was next risked, and still fortune was against him. Then he took from his finger a ring—a beautiful solitaire diamond—for which he was allowed one hundred dollars. And now he won. Fortune seemed to have changed and was smiling upon him. Every bet he made won, until his 'stack' of 'checks' was larger than that held by the 'bank.'

"Suddenly his head dropped forward on

the table, and he was dead. Of course, immediately all was excitement and confusion around the table, during which 'Uncle John' quietly raked in the 'checks' and closed the 'bank,' thereby saving himself over \$6,000, which the dead man had won. On the inside of the ring was engraved the dead man's name. He was a young man of good family, and was to have been married next week. His friends were notified and took the body away, and it was given out that he had died suddenly of the heart disease while reading a paper at home.

"Far distant from this was the case of the poor devil who died in a gambling hell in East Broadway, a short time after. He was one of the 'regulars.' For twenty years he had been a constant *habitué* of faro banks. When he commenced, he was doing a good business, had a happy wife, and was in a fair way to fortune. When he died, he was a vagrant and outcast,—his wife died of a broken heart long ago, his children had grown up in misery and vice, and he had not a friend in the whole great city, where once he had hundreds of them. The coroner was notified, an inquest was held, and a verdict rendered that he, too, had died of heart disease, but no effort was made to conceal the fact of where he died. He had no wealthy friends or influential politicians to 'see' the coroner and press and 'fix' things. No one was harmed by the fact that Henry Pettibone died suddenly in a fourth-rate gambling hell on East Broadway.

"There have been at least half a dozen other sudden deaths in this city during the past year, to say nothing of three who have committed suicide there."—*Cor. Plattsburg Republican.*

Your Children.

MISSIONARIES in heathen lands send their children back home to be educated. No matter how pious the father and mother are, nor how capable of imparting instruction; they find it impossible to bring up their children amid heathen influences, without their imbibing more or less of the spirit of the country.

The same difficulty is experienced in

Christian lands, by those who would bring up their children after a Christian manner. Pride and fashion prevail. Children want to dress and have the same amusements that other children do with whom they come into contact. If they are not gratified, they feel oppressed. It requires a great deal of firmness to resist their importunities.

But what shall Christian parents do?—There is but one thing for them to do. Unless they would lose their own souls, and peril the souls of those they love more than they do themselves, they must stand firm. They must *command their household after them.* They must not furnish their children with money to gratify pride. It is as wrong for them to furnish means to buy jewelry and artificials for their children, as it is to wear these things themselves.—They must not be cruel under the guise of tenderness. Out of love for the souls of their children, they must stand firm, and tell them they cannot encourage them in that which God has positively forbidden in His word.

St. Charles Camp-Meeting.

THE attendance at this meeting was much larger than at any of the previous ones held there. Fifty tents were arranged in beautiful order, and filled with devout worshipers. The meeting was, in all respects, *eminently successful.* It was thought that about forty were converted. Special attention was given to the subject of holiness, and many gave themselves up fully to the service of God. The order and attention were all that could be desired.—The communion service, the last night of the meeting, was a season of special refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

THE MICHIGAN CAMP-MEETING.—We were unable to stay to the close of the meeting, but it gave promise of being a glorious success. The work is rapidly spreading in Michigan. We never saw it taking so deep root in the consciences of the people. There were fifteen tents on the ground, but the attendance was large from the country around.

Sin.

There is no compensation for sin, even in this life. He who commits the least sin for gain or pleasure is the loser, no matter how great the gain or pleasure may be. No worldly possessions can compensate for the loss of a good conscience. He whose heart does not condemn him, has confidence towards God, and happiness in himself.

A New Volume.

With this month's number commences a new volume of the *Earnest Christian*. We record our devout thanksgiving to God for the assistance we have thus far received.—He has given us the best of friends. They are the friends of the cross.

We ask, beloveds, your continued co-operation. Now is the time to get new subscribers. Send them on. God is doing a good work through the *Earnest Christian*, in all parts of our land, and in foreign lands. Spread the holy fire. Induce your neighbors to subscribe. Send a copy to some friend for whose salvation you feel an interest.

If your subscription expires with the present number, please renew without delay. If you are indebted to us, the amount, however small, will be acceptable at any time.

In writing us on business, do not fail to give us your Post-office address.

Literary Notices.

Origin of Masonic CONSPIRACY: Work and Labor of the Craft; and their Method of Working. By Rev. John Levington, Dayton, O. United Brethren Publishing House. 1870.

This is a new work by the author of "The Masonic Conspiracy." In this work, the able author shows the origin of Masonry, and proves by incontrovertible evidence that it did not exist earlier than A. D., 1717. He shows that the "Work and labor of the Craft" consists in secret and continuous efforts to deprive opposers of

their rights, and defend and uphold Masons though it be in defiance of the laws of God and of their country. He gives an account of the death of Morgan, and also gives other well authenticated Masonic murders.

This work contains 334 pages, is neatly printed, is bound in muslin, and may be had by addressing the publishers, at Dayton, O., or the author, at Detroit, Mich.

DYING TESTIMONY.

SARAH J. LINES, wife of W. J. Groo, Esq., was born in Monticello, Sullivan Co., M. Y., December 31, 1835; died in Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y., May 12, 1870, aged 34 years, 4 months and 13 days.

Mrs. Groo was the only child of pious parents, who still live and mourn her loss.—They brought her "up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Their pious work was not in vain. In the days of her childhood, when only twelve years old, she gave her heart to God. She obeyed the commandment which says, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In her Bible she found this promise, "Those that seek me early shall find me." Relying upon this, she earnestly sought the Lord, and to the joy of her repenting heart, she "found Him of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets, did write—Jesus."

She was converted under the ministry of Rev. A. C. Fields, and baptized by Rev. S. M. Knapp. During her youth, she was the joy of her parents and the light of their home. They gave her superior advantages, so that her mind became well disciplined, and her heart well cultivated. She increased in knowledge and piety, and in favor with all who knew her.

At the age of twenty, on her birthday, she was joined in marriage with him whose faithful and affectionate wife she has been during more than fourteen years.

As a mother, she was in many respects a model. Very unlike many mothers, she felt that it was her duty to superintend the mental, moral and physical training of her children, who have been at school but little, yet because of the instruction received from their mother, are advanced equal to,

if not beyond, most of their years. Like the Roman matron, she looked upon her children as her jewels, and tried to polish them and make them her ornaments at home, and an honor to her when abroad. She tried to lead them to Jesus, and before her death she saw her eldest joined in fellowship with the Church of Christ. Mrs. Groo was a very acceptable and highly esteemed member of the Methodist Episcopal Church during more than twenty years, and, as a Christian, she drank deep of the fountain of life. No one who knew her doubted her piety. As a friend she was constant, and her friendship was highly prized by those who were so fortunate as to enjoy it. As a woman, she commanded the respect of all who knew her. She was loved because of her kind feeling toward all. Although I have conversed with her very much, I never knew her to speak unkindly of any one. This trait of her character greatly assisted her in gaining and retaining the many friends who mourned at her funeral, and will in the future often shed a tear over her silent tomb.

About three years ago, she experienced the blessing of sanctification. She was present at a meeting where the following request was made: "All who are determined not to leave this place until they feel that they are entirely sanctified, are requested to come forward and engage in prayer." She was the only one who came. God powerfully blessed her, and gave her a pure heart.

When she was on her death-bed, her husband said to her, "Is the Saviour precious to you now?" She replied, "Yes, *very precious*." He quoted these words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Yes," said she, "it will be sweet rest in Heaven, to wander amid ambrosial flowers and sing God's praises forever." He said, "You are very sick, but you are not afraid to die?" "No," said she, "perfect love casteth out fear. Blessed be God who grants us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"—He asked her if she thought she was fully sanctified. She said, "Yes, through the blood of Jesus. Oh, how precious is re-

ligion! When all is happiness, we do not know the value of it; but when our graces are tried, we learn to lean wholly upon Jesus." Then she thought of her loved ones, and said to her husband: "If I go, you will bring up our darling children to love and worship that God whom their mother had tried to serve. He will not desert me; I will trust in His strong arm."

Then, her soul being on the wing for celestial flight, and beholding as "through a glass darkly" the glory of her future home, she said, "Throw that veil from my face and let me look into the glories of Heaven, and I think I shall behold a more beautiful picture than it will be permitted many to see; then I will tell you whether I will recover or not."

I sat by her bedside a few hours before her death. She was perfectly triumphant. I said to her: "Do you enjoy peace in your mind, while you are so much afflicted in body?" "O, yes," said she, "I have that peace that passes all understanding—unspeakable peace." Then she added, "I have not a doubt or fear. O, how precious this religion is!"

Thus she triumphed in God, and over death. In "the valley of the shadow of death," the Lord was with her. About half an hour before her death, she seemed to cease to suffer, and after lingering so for a while, she who had been an affectionate wife, a kind mother, and faithful Christian, calmly, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

"Gently!

She is sleeping now:

She has breathed her last.

"Gently!

While you are weeping,

She to Heaven has passed."

Middletown, N. Y.

J. G. OAKLEY.

ORIN ROBINS died of typhoid fever, at his residence in Ransom, Hillsdale Co., Mich. Dec. 4th; 1869, aged 38 years.

Bro. Robins was converted about one year before he died; and at the camp-meeting held on this circuit, in Wright, last August, he gave a clear evidence of his acceptance with God, and united with the F. M. Church. The last Sabbath he met with his class, he was so happy that he shouted the praises

of God several times aloud. This was unusual for him, as he was commonly very still. During his sickness, he sang one day and night, most of the time. His sickness was short. I saw the diary which he kept of his experience for several days before his sickness, which gave evidence that he was working out his salvation with fear and trembling, also with much rejoicing. He leaves a bright evidence that he has gone to possess his mansion on high.

J. W. BELL.

LOVE FEAST.

E. C. CHILDS.—It was my happy experience to have my heart changed from nature's darkness, into the marvelous light of God's love, at the age of seventeen. But, oh! what crooked paths I have made for more than twenty years. What hungering and thirsting I have had, many times, after a deeper work of grace in my heart, or a something of a higher nature that my soul longed for in its deepest recesses. But, glory to our God! it has been manifested to me what that need was. It was a *clean heart*. Yes, Jesus saves me every day—praise His holy name! and the nearer I get to Him, the more I feel my unworthiness and weakness. But oh, what strength he imparts to them who put their strength entirely in Him, and venture upon His holy promises! I feel from day to day, even amid trials, such joy and confidence that I am ready to exclaim, "Eternity is none too long to sing of Jesus' love!"

"Oh, Lord! oh, love divine!
Once more I follow thee;
Let me abide close by thy side,
That I thy face may see.
I clasp thy pierced hand,
Oh, thou that diedst for me!
I'll bear the cross thro' pain and loss,
So that I follow thee."

Words seem so cold and powerless to express this sanctifying love of Jesus which I feel in my soul from day to day. Glory, glory, glory!

Ridgeville, N. Y.

JAMES W. ROBB.—I belong to the army of the Lord, and my Saviour is my Captain.

He leads me forward in front of the battle, and I always gain the victory. Why? Because my Saviour never lost a battle, glory be to His name! I love the *Earneſt Christian*. It always brings rich food to my soul. I love to read the testimonies of those that love Jesus. My testimony is, that my way grows brighter and brighter. Hallelujah! Christ has made me free. Praise Jesus! Oh, how the love of Jesus burns in my heart! Hallelujah! I ask the prayers of all that love the Lord.

Viola, Ills.

HERBERT E. JOHNSON.—I love the *Earneſt Christian*. I was converted at the age of seven years, which is over five years ago. I praise God that He has kept me. I feel His grace is sufficient for me. I feel that the world has no charms for me; my joys are from heaven. I feel to say, with J. B. Taylor: "From the world we do not expect our joys. They flow from another source—a pure fountain. Let the world share but little of our mind—but little! nay, we must not love the world at all.—Love not the world."

"Next door to death He found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save."

So far I have found God faithful in answering prayer.

Beloit, Wis.

E. J. SHARP.—I have the witness just now that I am saved—yes, saved! What a glorious realization, to know that God is our Father, Jesus our Saviour and Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost our Sanctifier and Comforter. I feel it—glory be to God! I thought a year ago that I was entirely dead to the world, but I find that I am dying daily; and at this present moment, I have the victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, through the blood of the Lamb. This holy Sabbath evening, I can

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

Glory to God for ever and forever!

Wyoming, Ills.