

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

AUGUST, 1870.

THE LIVING GOD.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

It does not injure any one's reputation, at the present day, to believe in the God of the Bible. It is highly proper. The most respectable people openly profess faith in Him. It is readily admitted that he performed, in ancient times, in behalf of His people, the wonders recorded in the sacred Scriptures. Popular preachers relate, in strains of thrilling eloquence, how He delivered Daniel from the rage of untamed lions, and the three Hebrew children from the fury of the flames. For believing this, no one's respectability is questioned. He may still pass in good society as a man of sense.

But let him manifest a belief in God as really alive to all the interests of His children as He ever was, and as ready to answer their prayers for temporal mercies, and his soundness will soon be questioned. In a time of severe drouth, two earnest Christians, in a regular week-day prayer meeting, importuned God to send the much-needed rain. They were brought up before the official board of which they were members, for their fanaticism, as manifested in praying for rain. It was to no purpose that they pleaded that rain

was needed, and that it came the very night they prayed for it. They were pursued until driven from the Church.

To doubt that Jesus, when on earth, healed all manner of sicknesses, and all manner of diseases, would be accounted as little better than infidelity; to believe that supernatural cures were effected in answer to the prayers of Wesley and Bramwell, is expected of every good Methodist; but whoever expresses confidence that the same thing is done to-day in answer to the prayers of His people, does so at the risk of his standing in the Church and in society.

Why is this? Has God changed? Has the administration of His moral government changed? Does He no longer answer prayer, except for spiritual blessings, and then in an almost imperceptible manner and degree?—Has He wound up the affairs of this world as men wind up a clock, and set them to running, subject only to fixed laws, without any of His interference? Has He withdrawn Himself from all observation of human affairs? This certainly is not the representation of God which the Scriptures give us.—Jesus assures us that *the hairs of our head are all numbered, and that not one of them falleth to the ground without our Heavenly Father.* St. James tells

us that, *Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.* And St. Paul says, *WE TRUST IN THE LIVING GOD.* This, then, is the Bible view of the case. His attributes are the same that they ever were. His power is a living power. It is not one of the things of the past. It exists to-day in all its freshness and vigor, undiminished by age, unweakened by exercise. Whatever God undertakes, He can easily accomplish. Omnipotence never grows weary—immortality never becomes infirm. Men's energies are soon wasted. The hero of one war is usually eclipsed in the next appeal to arms. Napoleon could not conquer Europe but once. Milton could never write a second *Paradise Lost*. But whatever God has done, He can do again. The monuments of His amazing power are so many standing declarations of what He can still accomplish.

The same is true of His love. It is undying. From year to year, from generation to generation, it burns with undiminished vigor. It never dies out. His compassion is just as great to-day as it was when the Psalmist cried out, *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.* His willingness to keep His children from sin is the same that it was when Enoch walked with God three hundred years. Human friendships fade away; those who have long lived together in sweetest love and harmony, become alienated; but the love of God is undying. Notwithstanding the deep ingratitude of the human family, He still showers blessings upon them as lavishly as at the beginning.

His justice is alive. It may slumber for a season—for He is long suffering toward us—but He will by no means clear the guilty. To the truly penitent, He forgives iniquity, transgression and sin; but upon the persistently wicked, justice shall be meted out.

Let the saints, then, take encouragement. As you read in your Bible what God has done for His children in the past, remember that the same blessings are reserved for you. If you meet the conditions upon which His promises are suspended, you shall find that their fulfilment will, in due time, take place without failure or abatement.

"Every human tie may perish,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love."

He never leaves His children when in trouble. Afflictions and poverty may cause our friends to forsake us, but God is a present help in every time of need. *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors.*

What a warning to sinners, and to those who wickedly depart from God! In the punishment inflicted upon evil-doers in past ages, they may read their own unerring doom. *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!* His whole nature was never more opposed to sin than at the present time; and His determination to punish those who continue in sin, is the same as when He rained fire and brimstone upon Sodom and Gomorrah. *He is in one mind, and who can change Him? Therefore am I troubled at His presence, when I consider I am afraid of Him.*

WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

BY MRS. MARY H. BLISS.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

"Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity."

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the ungodly."

MANY are professing to be the children of God, and yet walking in the counsel of the ungodly, and standing in the way of sinners, and sitting in the seat of the scornful. "They are heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." And that is not all: they are fierce, despisers of those that are good.

They have a form of godliness,—but what of that? They deny the power thereof.

"Clouds they are, without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit; twice dead, plucked up by the roots."

They compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, they make him twofold more the child of hell than themselves.

Their throat is an open sepulchre; their feet are swift to shed blood; there is no fear of God before their eyes.

But some fear the Lord and serve their own gods. But the Lord says to his children, "Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing: and I will receive you." Be not at ease in Zion. For such are they who have lost their first love.

I feel constrained to write this, for the commandment is, "Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins."

Kansas.

Leave it All with Father.

BY JANETTE PALMITER.

I KNOW I'm very weak and small,
But Jesus wants to teach me
His holy will, from day to day,
And for His service fit me.
So, yielding, at His feet I sit,
And information gather;
Then go and tell what I have learned,
And leave it all with Father.

And though the work allotted me
May seem to self forbidding,
He understands the reason why,
Though from my vision hidden.
Trusting in His unerring mind
And tender love together,
'Tis mine to work, and wait, and work,
And leave it all with Father.

The husbandman has need to wait
After the seed is planted,
For early and the latter rain,
By the kind Father granted.
So, trusting Him whose will it is
That we rich fruit should gather,
Patient, we'll wait, and work, and wait,
And leave it all with Father.

With cheerful song, from day to day,
Our heavenly work pursuing:
Knowing He guideth all the way,
And guards with care our doings.
And he who sows in tears his seed,
No doubt at last shall gather
With joy his precious, golden sheaves,
To rest at home with Father.

If our piety is questioned even by our enemies, let us search closely, and see if we have not given occasion for it, by frivolous or imprudent words, by unkind carriage, by a spirit too nearly bordering on levity on the one hand, or on moroseness on the other.

If you will not do that which God hath enabled you to do, how can you expect that He should do that for you, which, of yourselves, you cannot do?

LONGINGS FOR HOME.

BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."—Phil. i. 23.

Is it any wonder that "Paul the aged" desired "to depart, and to be with Christ"? His had been a long life of unprecedented labors and sufferings, in his Master's cause. Hear his own account: "In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." And this account was written before he had taken that last memorable visit to Jerusalem, in which he came so near suffering assassination at the hands of the infuriated Jewish mob, and which was followed by his tedious imprisonment at Cesarea, and the disastrous voyage to Rome, where, as a prisoner, he wrote his Epistle to the Philippians, in which he speaks of his desire to depart. Is it any wonder that, worn out and weary, after all these labors, afflictions, and persecutions, he should long for the rest of his heavenly home? For him to live was to toil and suffer, for he says—Acts xx. 23—"The Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." To die was to rest forever with Christ in glory. And did not Paul know something of that glory? Had he not been "caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful (or possible) for a man to

utter"? How natural it was that, in his declining years, he should desire to quit the busy scenes of his active life—the turmoils, perils, and tribulations of earth—to enjoy the glory that awaited him in heaven! Perhaps in his lonely prison his thoughts had gone back to the time when he was "caught up to the third heaven," and his imagination dwelt in rapture upon the scene then presented to his view,—the angelic hosts—the unspeakable songs of rapture and praise, that swelled around the throne of God, and floated away over the glad fields of heaven—the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb"—the beautiful streets of transparent gold—the jasper walls—the pearly gates—and, above all, the ineffable glory and majesty of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,"—and dwelling in rapture upon the blissful surroundings of his eternal home, his great soul might well pant to burst its prison-bars, and soar away to be "forever with the Lord."

How many weary, suffering ones, since the days of Paul, have felt this same "desire to depart, and to be with Christ"! Amid the toils and discouragements of life, the heart often grows faint and sick,—the spirit becomes weary—oh! so weary—of the world, and longs to throw off its fetters of clay, and flee away "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Nor does this desire proceed from this source alone. It may come with the rapturous joy which the soul feels when holding sweet communion with Jesus, and when bright visions of the glory-world are unfolded to the spiritual sight. Then the soul, in transports of rapture, may long to throw off every clog that binds it to earth, and mount up to hold uninterrupted communion, face to face, with its God, and to dwell in His presence, where there is joy forevermore. And how much there is to encourage this feeling, if we consider our own well-being alone. If we isolate self from the rest of human-

ity, and consider only our own happiness, what is there to entice us to desire to remain on earth? "In the world ye shall have tribulation." We cannot escape it. It is the lot of all, and often, more especially, the lot of the truly devoted servant of God. "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you," are the words of Jesus. Then, in consideration of the fact that we are traveling through a "vale of tears"—that trials, temptations, and tribulations beset our pathway to the skies, and that just before us lie the fields of life—the hill-tops of glory—where is perfect rest, perfect peace, perfect love, perfect joy, perfect purity, perfect harmony, and bliss ineffable,—is it any wonder that the enraptured or the weary Christian should feel a longing desire "to depart, and to be with Christ"?

But is this the *right* view of the case? Is it the view we *ought* to take of it? In other words, Is it not a *selfish* way to look at it? "What!" you say; "did not St. Paul feel this desire? and was he selfish?" Turn to the first chapter of Philippians, and read the two verses following the one quoted at the head of this article. "Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you. And having this confidence, *I know that I shall abide and continue with you all for your furtherance and joy of faith.*" Yes, "Paul the aged," the worn and weary servant of God, could cheerfully turn away from all his bright prospects of heaven, and the joy of dwelling in Christ's immediate presence, and willingly stay where he knew that "bonds and afflictions" awaited him, that he might still labor for the good of others, for the salvation of immortal souls; and it is said that, after this, his first imprisonment at Rome, (and it is supposed that he was past sixty years of age, at this time,) he traveled, preaching the Gospel, and establishing churches, throughout Spain, France, and even as far west as Britain.

Ah, yes! we may grow weary, and faint by the way, and long to depart, and even pray, as did Elijah, "Let me

die!" But God knows best; and in His own good time He will say, "It is enough. Come up higher!" How true it is, that "we know not what we should pray for as we ought," without the intercession of the Spirit! How often, in our weariness, or impatience, do we ask for things which, if granted, would only prove injurious to us, and to others; and God, in granting them, would only be thwarting His own gracious designs regarding us. Suppose, weary one, that God should grant thy desire to depart—should send His angels to convey thee home; and after reaching the hill-tops of glory, thou shouldst be permitted to look back to earth, and see thy own *unfinished* work—the work which no other may ever do,—see in the great harvest-field of the world, the sheaves which should have been *thine* to gather, lying scattered and wasted over the plains,—the souls which it was *thy* work to lead to the fold, going the downward road to ruin, with no hand reached out to save,—the weary, aching hearts which it were *thine* to cheer, the tears which it were *thine* to wipe away, the drooping spirits which were *thine* to raise,—all this undone because thou wert not there. Oh! if it were possible, wouldst thou not even then desire to come back, that thou mightest finish thy work? And then, when others were coming in from their *finished* labors, laden with their golden sheaves, to feel that part of *thine* were forever wasted; and when others receive their crowns, all glittering with beautiful stars—the emblems of the souls saved through their instrumentality—to feel that *thy* crown had been plucked of some of its brightest stars; and then, through the never-ending ages of eternity, to feel that there were souls wailing in hell, who might have helped to swell the hallelujahs of heaven, hadst thou finished thy work upon earth;—oh! it seems that, if such a thing were possible in heaven, an exquisite regret must pervade thy soul, and mar its eternal happiness.

Who can estimate the value of one immortal soul? It has been well said

that if only one soul were to be saved through the life-time labors of a minister of the Gospel, it were well worth his while to have been born, to have lived, labored, suffered, and died just for the salvation of that one soul. Can we not, then, afford to toil and suffer on a few years longer, for the sake of the souls who *may* be saved through our influence? What are a *thousand* years, compared to eternity! Ah! do you remember the time when you got very near to God, and it seemed that your vision could almost pierce the screen that veiled the secrets of the great Hereafter, and, in the light of eternity, you dimly realized something of the worth of an immortal soul, how you felt as though you could willingly stay on earth a thousand years, if it were the Lord's will, that you might labor for the salvation of immortal souls? Then let us not grow weary, and faint by the way, but let us arm ourselves with all the mind that was in Christ, put on the whole armor of God, and with heavenly zeal and courage, press on doing with all our might whatsoever we may find to do in the vineyard of our Lord.

"Hold the light up, higher, higher,
Thousands need your aid,
Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,
Urge, constrain, persuade;
Borrow torches from the altar,
Blazing like the sun,
Hold them up, nor flag nor falter,
Till thy work is done."

Oh, what would have become of us, had the Saviour grown weary of his mission upon earth, and returned to the bosom of his Father, ere the work of man's redemption was accomplished? Let us gather fresh courage, and follow the example of Him, who, when dying upon the cross, exclaimed "It is finished!"

We do not know what a glorious age we may be living in—glorious, I mean, in its relations to eternity. It has been thought and *felt* by many, that the final conflict is coming on—that we are fast approaching the "last day," or rather, perhaps, that we are now living in those "last days," in which, we are

told, "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived." Clashing elements are coming together—the world is in a state of fermentation—like a volcano before some terrible eruptions, already its tremblings and groanings can be almost perceived, before the bursting of the dreadful storm. Is this, then, a time to faint, and grow weary in the service of our Master, just when He has perhaps the most need of us?

Who, that loves Jesus, does not desire to be in the thickest of the conflict, battling for God and the right? Now is the time to fight for the honor of God, to win laurels for the cause of our Master, and gain stars for our own crown of rejoicing. And let us not be discouraged at the formidable appearance of our adversaries, but remember that though the "weapons of our warfare are not carnal," yet they are "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." "But" says one "I should not complain if I could only be engaged in active service. But I am laid aside; I am old and infirm—or I am an invalid; and I cannot see what good I can do, or what is the use of my remaining here any longer." God knows best about that. He knows just what you can do, and just where He wants you. In the time of war there must always be brave ones at home to cheer the hearts, and stay the hands of those who are engaged in the conflict. Says another, "I could cheerfully toil and suffer, if I could see any permanent *good* resulting from my labors." It is not for us to know, at present, how much good we may be doing. Some of the fruits of our labors may be gathered after we have gone to rest. We are commanded to sow the seed, and God insures the harvest. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again rejoicing, bringing his sheave with him."

"But it is so hard to wait." Yes, it has been said,—*"The waiting time is the hardest time of all."* But is it any harder for us than for others? Think of the saints of all ages, how they had to wait, and *wait*. Take one single example, that of Moses. His whole life, of one hundred and twenty years, seemed to have been one continual waiting for the fulfillment of God's promises. He seems, according to Acts vii. 25, to have always had the understanding that God, by his hand, would deliver the children of Israel from their oppressive bondage. "And when he was full forty years old (and, surely, one would think he was old enough then, if ever, to engage in his life work; and Moses probably thought so too.) it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel. And seeing one of them suffer wrong, he defended him, and avenged him that was oppressed, and smote the Egyptians: for he supposed his brethren would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them; but they understood not. And the next day he showed himself unto them as they strove, and would have set them at one again saying, *Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another? But he that did his neighbor wrong thrust him away, saying. Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us? Wilt thou kill me as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday? Then fled Moses at this saying, and was a stranger in the land of Midian.*" What a discouragement this must have been to Moses. Even his great heart must have sunk, for a while beneath it. How was Israel to be released? Had he not, by his rashness, frustrated the whole plan of their deliverance? Such painful thoughts as these must have entered his mind, as he wandered off alone, "a stranger in a strange land." But God knew best when he wanted him; and He suffered him to remain there forty years longer, before He called him to his great life-work. Just two-thirds of his life gone. Who would think, now, of beginning the one great work of a whole

life-time at the age of eighty? It seems that Moses, himself, had abandoned the idea, as impracticable; for when the Lord called him, see how backward he is, and how many excuses he makes, before he finally yields to go back to Egypt, to work out his people's deliverance. Perhaps there never was a time before, when he was really a fit instrument for the work. Forty years before, he was self-sufficient; but now, he had lost all confidence in himself;—Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel, out of Egypt?" He had become the meekest of men, and God saw that He could now use him for the accomplishment of a great work. I shall not speak of the forty long years of patient waiting, and meek forbearance, in the wilderness; but you know that he only obtained a sight of the promised land, but was not permitted to enter. But he has gained a "better country, that is, a heavenly;" and his name glitters on the page of Bible History, as one of the brightest examples of the true servant of God.

Then, suffering one, learn to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible;" and in the great Hereafter, when all of God's mysterious providences shall be clearly understood, thou wilt see that

"Not for naught

Had sorrow, suffering, love and thought,
Their long still work of preparation wrought.'

Then fight on! soldier of the cross, until thy work is done, and Jesus calls thee home; and then thou canst triumphantly exclaim, in the language of St. Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have *finished* my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

"Let me not die till I have done for Thee
My earthly work, whatever it may be;
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled;
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled,
Impress this truth upon us—that not one
Can do my portion that I leave undone!"

EXPERIENCE.

BY H. A. CROUCH.

In early childhood, I had deep religious impressions,—so much so, that often during special efforts for the salvation of souls, I could hardly restrain my feelings. My whole being seemed to reach out after God. It then appeared to me that I had only to rise and manifest my desire, to have God's blessing rest down upon me. Yet no one said anything to me personally in regard to my soul. I distinctly remember walking nearly two miles with a good deacon, at a time of a revival, when the great desire of my heart was that he would say something to me in regard to my condition. I did want to unburden my heart to some one, but was too diffident to tell any one of my state. I passed along, year after year, and gradually those deep impressions, or convictions of the Spirit, wore away, and other things came in to occupy my thoughts, until those tender feelings of childhood were all gone, and I had begun to speculate upon religious matters, and was naturally becoming quite skeptical. It did seem to me, as I saw the dead, lifeless professions of religion, that it was all imaginary, and that there was no reality in it.

I was then living in the little town of La Grange, N. Y. There was but one church in the place. The minister—whom many will remember who read this—was Rev. VanAlstine. He was a man of thought, and I became very much interested in his preaching, and was a constant attendant upon the services of his church. In the fall of 1854, I heard him preach a thanksgiving discourse. I was then twenty-eight years old. In the evening, I was led to attend the regular prayer-meeting. If I remember correctly, there were but three women, the preacher, and myself, present. It was then and there that deep convictions from the Holy Spirit fastened upon me. I saw if the Bible was true, it was awfully true; and if there was any reality in religion, it was

the all-important business of my life, and there, before I left that room, I resolved to test the matter for myself, and to avail myself of the first opportunity of manifesting my position publicly. The following Sabbath evening, in the public congregation, I declared my purpose to try for myself the realities of religion. It took all the courage and strength of my manhood to take this stand. There were extra meetings immediately started, and others sought and found the salvation of their souls; but for six weeks my heart remained hard and unmoved, and nothing but the naked cross stood before me. Not one ray of light or joy to encourage me.

One evening, after I had spoken and told my condition, just as I was sitting down, my heart melted; and sometime in the night, the joy of salvation came into my soul. Soon after that, the conviction rested upon my mind that what I had received was not all that there was for me, and my soul reached out after something more. As I looked into God's word, and saw what he required, I began to hunger and thirst after righteousness; but being ignorant of the way, and having but little help, I made the sad mistake that thousands of sincere souls are now making—that of trying to *grow* into a state of holiness. Hence, when I would go to the prayer-meetings or other means of grace, I resolved to *live* so as to obtain that blessing. I lived in this way nearly four years, constantly longing and feeling my need of a deeper work of grace. My hungerings and thirstings became so intense, that it did seem that I could not live unless I obtained that holiness of heart without which no man could see the Lord. I tried to get this one and that one to help me, but did not get any help.

About this time, I went to a camp-meeting on the old Bergen camp-ground. In the light of a sermon preached by Bro. Ives, then Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison, I saw my true state; and when the invitation was given for those who desired the blessing of holiness to

come forward, I went but received no help. The next day, when the invitation was again given, the thought came to me that it was of no use. Then I began to feel that it was a *cross* for me, and went forward. I had such a feeling of desolation at this time, as I never had before in all my life. I was cut loose from everybody. I saw there was no human arm that could reach my case, and there was no promise of salvation in all this world only in God's word. I saw that He promised me salvation, free and full; and right there, without emotion, without excitement—for it was one of the coolest things I ever did in all my life, I ventured my entire being on the naked promise of God's word, and in an instant my heart melted down like wax before the fire, and my soul rested on the immutable and unchangeable word of God. I knew then, as I had never known before, that God's word was true. Every step I took upon it was everlasting rock under my feet. I then made a public declaration of what I had done, and there I rested, just like a little child, on God's word. No great joy, nor emotions, but the sweetest rest I had ever felt.

That night, as I went to my boarding place, the word seemed more precious than ever before; and all night long, during my sleep, my soul was awake to the sweetest joys—much more so than when awake. This continued for three days. I had gone home from camp meeting, and on Thursday, during the day, the suggestion came that I would have to tell in the prayer-meeting that night what the Lord had done for me. It was a great cross, for there were none in the church where I belonged that professed that blessing; yet I made up my mind to do it, and waited in sweet rest until the hour should come.

I went to the meeting at the usual time. I happened to get there before any one else came; and as I knelt down to pray, God so filled me with His glory that I could have told the universe what Jesus had done for me; and when I gave in my testimony, the Spirit an-

swered to the blood and told me I was born of God. Not a cloud, not a shadow intervened between my soul and God. The Spirit cried in my heart, "ABBA FATHER," and as I uttered those words, my whole being thrilled with joy.

Columbia Farm, Pa.

TALK OF REV. B. POMEROY,

AT THE LATE N. C. M. AT HAMILTON, MASS.

THIS is a great spiritual focus,—this is where heaven and earth blend—where the two kingdoms come together.

No common thing can answer here.

Come to a focus in faith—in thought—in feeling and talk; give us truth as naked of words as possible.

Bro. G. asked me if I felt like spreading myself. I said, No; I feel like condensation—full of pith and point.

No common song, nor sermon, nor prayer, can meet the demand of this occasion.

This is a high dispensation of light and truth, and power. This is too glorious, too Divine, for the old routines to maintain themselves.

How the old circles of thought, and talk, and feeling, get mixed up here.

Now break out of the old ruts of monotony, and make a new track on the field of holy vision.

Now take in the Revelations—go where you never were before.

But don't go off for Pisgah,—don't try to soar; but go down to lowliness, meekness, and child-like simplicity.

O, let us bend and bow before this New Testament Shekina—this Holy Ghost dispensation; lie down in the trough of this sea, and let God's waves go over us.

The heavenly tide is coming in,—I seem to hear the rush of coming waters!

THE same spirit of faith which teaches a man to cry earnestly, teaches him to wait patiently; for as it assures him that mercy is in the Lord's hand, so it assures him it will be given forth in the Lord's time.

IMPRESSIONS OF A CAMP-MEETING.

BY MRS. S. A. COOK.

I HAD heard, in my own native land, of the camp-meetings held in America, and had often thought how much I should like to attend one. A cordial invitation from some dear friends to join them, and the providence of God opening up my way, I started on a lovely Sunday from Chicago. We arrived on the camp ground as a minister was telling of the glorious privileges of the sons of God. It felt upon my ear as the key-note of those days of worship, "the privileges of God's children."

Very early in the morning, ere the sun had risen, I was awakened by the song of praise, and directly the words of the Psalmist came into my mind, "The voice of thanksgiving and praise is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous." From tent to tent rose up the voice of prayer and thankful praise, mingled here and there with the sob of some convicted sinner, pleading for forgiveness, or wanderer coming back with many tears to his Father's house. Strolling out into the woods, vocal in the early morning with the song of birds, everything delighted the eye and ear. Still, the songs of God's redeemed ones would rise in notes of fuller praise, and I felt drawn back again from communion with God in nature to communion with saints.

After one of God's dear children had spoken with much of the Spirit's help, several left their seats and came forward for prayer. Then began a scene such as I had never witnessed. A hundred knelt in prayer, apparently almost unconscious of all around, as each one realized it was the burden on his or her own heart that was then to be brought before God. As I looked from one to another, I felt almost bewildered. A dear sister, noticing that to me it seemed like a scene of confusion, said, "You should join in yourself, to enter into the spirit of it." And as I knelt in that worshiping throng, and brought the desires of my own heart there, I

realized that our God was not confused by the number of petitions ascending to Him. Each real worshiper's prayer ascended clear and distinct before the mercy-seat, presented with the atoning sacrifice of our Intercessor before the throne.

Do we not read that once, when the multitude was so great they thronged the Saviour, one touched Him in faith? She did not stay for a time of quiet, when alone she could spread her case before Him. Encouraged, it may be, by the testimony of those around her of His willingness and power, she pressed her way to Jesus, touched, and was made whole. On that day when the books shall be opened, will be disclosed how many at that camp-meeting touched and were made whole; for we do know that the power of the Lord was present to heal.

Why were all those wondrously different circumstances recorded of our Lord's miracles of love and mercy when He dwelt upon earth, but to teach us that no time or circumstances can prevent His blessing to the believing, seeking soul. "According to thy faith so be it unto thee," is still the language of our ascended Saviour to every one of us. The lonely one, coming to the well of Samaria in all her sinfulness—not even wishing for the living water—has the great deep of her heart broken as the Holy One reveals to her Himself. And so many, on the Sabbath, came to that camp-meeting without one thought of meeting Jesus; and it might be that some came there with enmity to Him and His people, akin to that which prompted Paul on that journey from Jerusalem to Damascus; and they may now be seeking some to guide them to the Saviour. He who loveth the gates of Zion, hovered over the scene where His own children had come alone to worship Him. It was not to listen to the voice of some great one they had gathered there—though the word preached by His servants was full of unction and power; but specially, ministers and people had gathered for a fresh anointing of His Spirit, to

fit them for the conflict,—and it came : a full tide of holy, sacred influence, felt by some as distinctly as when, with such wondrous power, it fell on the day of Pentecost.

One great lesson the Lord, in His tender love, has long engraven on my heart, is this : The oneness of His own redeemed family. This lesson has been deepened during these services,—associated now in different bands or sects, but all taught by the same Spirit, redeemed by the same precious blood, and soon to share one glorious home. The nearer we approach in spirit to our Saviour, the less will appear the importance of the minor things in which we differ. Dear brethren and sisters, we shall soon join, without one jarring note, in singing that song of adoring love—"To Him who hath loved us and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory, dominion and power for ever." Amen.

WHAT MEN OF SCIENCE SAY ABOUT TOBACCO.

Dr. Mussey says, "Physicians meet with thousands of cases of dyspepsia connected with the use of tobacco in one of its forms."

Dr. Rush says, "It produces dyspepsia. It prevents the early and complete digestion of the food." Again, in another place, "It imparts to the complexion a disagreeable dusky color." This change of color, we may be certain, had something to do with derangement of the liver, and of the biliary system generally; but this state of things always involves or presupposes more or less of indigestion.

Dr. Cullen says, "I have found all the symptoms of dyspepsia produced by snuffing. The dependence of the disease on the snuff was perfectly evident."

Dy. Hosack, late of New York, says that "The recent great increase of dyspepsia among us is attributable in part to the use of tobacco." Professor Hitchcock says, "It excites indigestion." The *Journal of Health* says

that "Most, if not all, of those who are accustomed to the use of tobacco, labor under the dyspeptic symptoms."

Dr. McAllister, of Utica, says of the habitual and habitually suffering smoker, that "He pursues a course which continues to weaken the organs of digestion and assimilation, and, at length, plunges him into all the accumulated horrors of dyspepsia." Dr. Stephenson says, "From the sympathy subsisting between the olfactories and nerves of the stomach, the use of snuff has sometimes produced dyspepsia."

Authorities on this subject might be multiplied, were it desirable or necessary, to almost any extent. But, however far this were carried, and however numerous the cases presented, the slave of tobacco would still say in his heart, "All this testimony, and all these facts and cases, are nothing to me; for, though my case may be a peculiar one, I know certainly, if I know anything, that tobacco, instead of hurting my digestion, greatly helps it."

Riding in a stage-coach, not long since, with a young man of twenty, and of general good sense and habits, I found him in the full belief that he could not possibly digest his dinner till he had followed it by a quid of tobacco; and I have no doubt of his sincerity. Now, can it be that God so made the stomach that it cannot do its appointed work till aided by a quid of tobacco, a pipe or cigar, or snuff-box?

"I was once," says a clergyman, "standing by the side of a man who fell dead with a pipe in his mouth. The thought struck me that I had heard of some who died on their knees in prayer—of some who died in the pulpit, and in other places; but I should not like the last act of my life to be smoking; and I am resolved never to smoke again."—*George Trask.*

This is a threefold mystery : a gospel published in the midst of an ungodly world; a little church preserved in the midst of devils; and a little grace kept alive in the midst of corruptions.

BAPTIZED WITH THE HOLY GHOST.

THE following account of the remarkable experience of Mr. De Forest B. Dodge, a student at the Hartford Theological Seminary, is copied from the *Springfield Republican*. The events referred to, took place in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, in that city.

Some days before I attended the Springfield meeting, I had heard of the deep religious interest existing there, and listened to the Christian experiences of Mrs. Van Cott, related to me by a brother. I felt a strong desire to hear her, and attend one of the meetings. Last Tuesday evening I decided to go, and reached the church about five minutes of eight. When I entered she was engaged in prayer. My friends and self were conducted to a front seat. The room was very full. In the portion of the prayer which I heard, I immediately marked three things: a sweet affection toward God, implicit confidence in him, and vital union with him. It seemed to me that the dear sister realized she was talking face to face with her listening Saviour, who stood ready to give her "what things soever she desired." She then opened the Bible and read for a text—Job 23, 2. "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." All I will say of the sermon is that before it was through, the question was settled in my mind that the Holy Ghost *does* call and qualify some women to proclaim the salvation of our Lord Jesus. After the sermon, she invited those Christians who desired more of the "fullness of God" to come forward to the altar for a season of prayer. (Just previous to this, and immediately after the sermon, opportunity was given to those who loved him to testify for Jesus. Some seventy-five spoke; I also said a few words.) After the season of prayer, the brethren and sisters returned to their seats, and Sister Van Cott formally dismissed the meeting, requesting all who could, to stay for

another season of prayer. She then addressed some pungent remarks to the unconverted who were "halting between two opinions." At the close of these she gave out an invitation for all who wished to become followers of Jesus, all who were hungering and thirsting for righteousness, and those Christians who were in a spiritual frame of mind, to come forward for a season of prayer.

The altar was filled—more than a hundred in all, I should think. A moment before this, I resolved to have nothing to do with the matter, neither to kneel nor pray. But just here, Sister Van Cott, who was now at the remote end of the rail, motioned with her hand for me to go into the altar. An impression came upon me that I ought to go. I instantly stepped over to the end, and a brother taking me by the hand drew me in. Then we all kneeled, and Sister Van Cott coming out where I was, asked two brethren to lead in prayer, and asked me to follow. The moment these brothers ceased, a sister began; when she ceased, another brother. The instant he ceased, a brother behind me commenced. When this brother was about half through his prayer, an indescribable sense of the gloriousness of God came powerfully before my mind. The view was so distinct and clear that my emotions instantly rose very strongly. I felt impelled to break forth at the top of my voice in praise to God. But I restrained myself with the thought that, as I was to pray in a moment, I might praise God just as much as I liked, then, without interrupting anybody. When the brother ceased, this same view of God's goodness, glory and blessedness continuing and having deepened, I found it impossible to begin to pray otherwise than by shouting "Glory to God!" "Blessed be thy name, O our glorious God," and such like expressions. This bright view continued some two or three minutes, when instantly the loveliness and blessedness of God passed from my mind; and a clear and powerful view of the spiritual condition of sinners then kneeling at the altar came

before me. Then recovering breath I broke out in earnest prayer for them that God would show them the sin of slighting Christ's love, and so reveal Christ to them, *just then*, as to induce them to put forth immediate and saving faith.

I recollect that just at this time a strong assurance ran through me that God had answered my prayer, and of exclaiming, "Lord, we believe that Thou hast saved them." This assurance growing stronger, I repeated the same words louder than before. Just at this instant the assurance amounted to a perfect certainty; and as, like a flash of lightning, I realized the value of an immortal soul, and the absolute certainty that those seeking ones for whom I was praying were saved, I broke out involuntarily at the tip-top of my voice, "Lord, we know that thou hast saved them." Up to this moment I had been troubled with huskiness in my throat, but now I felt something warm in it, the choked sensation suddenly gave way, and I have since been told my voice from this moment more resembled a blast from a trumpet than anything human. All I am conscious about it is that my voice was very loud, and I experienced a great relief at the giving-way in my throat. I believe I repeated the sentence "Lord, we know that thou hast saved them," twice; the second time louder, if possible, than the first.

I remember now, for an instant, a total blank in my mind, when there rushed through my soul a clear discernment of the spiritual condition of those Christians kneeling at the altar, who were earnestly desiring more close union with God. I remember seeing the condition of the souls pictured almost as clearly before my spiritual eyes as I ever saw a landscape in the meridian sun. I remember praying for the descent of the Spirit upon them, but cannot recollect the language I used, until I came to this sentence, "Lord increase our love to sinners, to Christians, and to thee." These words just escaped my lips, when the loveliness of Christ began to dawn upon my mind with inex-

pressible sweetness and mighty power. I felt the world suddenly receding and myself carried into the ocean of God's love. I have a recollection of saying to Christ, "Lord, we do love thee." Then I lost all consciousness of this world, and I am told I fell back on the floor, perfectly silent, motionless and rigid, for some quarter of an hour, during which it is said my countenance shone with a sort of phosphoric light.

While lying there it seemed to me I was out of the body and out of this world. I felt myself right in the immediate presence of Christ. God and Christ seemed blended in one. I realized with the most vivid clearness the infinite loveliness, goodness, worthiness, sweetness and glory of Christ. My soul was ravished with the view and filled with intensest love. I realized Christ was a Spirit and that I was viewing him spiritually. At the same time there seemed to be a mysterious, a mystic veil, which prevented my soul from gazing directly upon the blessed Jesus. O how my soul fluttered and panted and struggled to break through this screen, which seemed so very thin and so easy to be pierced. Blessed be God, I have the glorious assurance that the time is near when that veil shall be rent, this gazing on Christ through a glass darkly shall be forever done, and I "shall see his face." Glory to God!

Toward the last part of the time I was lying there, my soul filled with a mighty and sweet assurance of my own salvation. Nothing doubtful now. No more faint "hopes," trembling beliefs, hesitating trusts, that I was saved. All is now a glorious certainty. It is a positive knowledge that I am accepted of God. Oh, how this burst upon me! 'Twas like the glare of the noonday sun. My friends tell me I here shouted awfully loud such sentences as these. "My own dear Saviour, I am thine!" "I know I am thine!" I know I shall dwell with thee forever!" "I know I shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb!" "O my glorious Redeemer!" "Thou art mine!"

After some twenty minutes this view

of Christ partially passed away and I opened my eyes. I remember, as I looked around, a strange, confused feeling came over me for a moment, and I asked "Where am I?" and "How came I here?" A dear brother replied, "The Lord put you here." Thus it flashed back into my soul that I had been passing through a most blissful experience of a revelation of Christ by the Holy Spirit. I was helped upon my feet and walked around, shaking hands with those dear brothers and sisters, until some one began a hymn which the Holy Spirit powerfully applied to my soul. I could not contain myself, but began to shout at the extreme power of my lungs, during which I sank again on the floor, and for some twenty minutes more enjoyed the same sweet revelation of the blessed Jesus which I had just passed. I then walked about shaking hands with Christians a few minutes, when there came over me an overwhelming desire to pray. The great desire now of my heart was that I might be made mighty to win souls. And standing there before the rail, I remember I yielded myself to this overpowering influence, and prayed till I could not make a sound and sank exhausted into the arms of some brothers around.

There are some things in that prayer which I distinctly remember. I realized that I was talking face to face with God, and the manifestation of his presence was so strong that it seemed my soul would leave the body. I had a distinct knowledge that the invisible, mysterious power which was pouring the truth like lightning into my mind was the "Holy Spirit." This knowledge was so distinct, so definite and powerfully impressed, that I could not refrain giving utterance as loudly as possible to this sentence, "O God, thou knowest thine Holy Spirit is now making intercession in my soul." And as I said these words I felt as if I was breaking away from this body and going into God. My desires were of the intensest degree. The sensibility is so correlated with intellect that the intellect determines and governs

the actions of the emotional nature. The objects for which I prayed came so clearly into my mind that my emotions necessarily rose to a tremendous pitch, so much so that all through this prayer I felt my soul was being rent or bursting. I also realized a distinct assurance in the prayer that every thing was granted me for which I prayed. O bless the Lord, my soul, and all within me bless His holy name! The assurance was just as powerful as the desire.

The present effects of this experience may also be noted. This world seems to me a new world. The old heaven and the old earth seem passed away. All nature seems a friend to me. The sun looks down affectionately, and the shining of the moon seems so sweetly gentle and tender! I love all nature. The trees and stones call emotions from my heart. They are my fathers. They are the handiwork of my Saviour. The fear of man is perfectly annihilated. My heart has been accustomed to tremble and flutter under some circumstances. There is nothing of that now. All is serene, peace, pure, perfect. My soul is filled with love toward all men. My love for the Bible is powerfully increased, and my understanding of it much more clear than it was. My experience in prayer is entirely changed; in prayer I now find Jesus, and realize that I am talking with him. Spiritual things affect me now with new power.

This experience was from God. Every spiritual Christian can see this at once. It did not come from the devil. "By their fruits ye shall know them." It was not merely a frenzy of animal excitement. The meeting that evening was very calm and unemotional. My disposition of mind is naturally sedate, quiet, void of deep excited feeling, not easily aroused. In fact, I have found my nature so slow to be aroused that I have suffered some in mind, whether I should be able to present the truth with sufficient feeling and power. The first thing I was conscious of in the experience was that truth was being powerfully presented to my mind. Clear

views of truth came before or into my intellect. This truth was of the most spiritual nature. It was the character of Christ and God united in one. The divinity of Christ (I never doubted it) was distinctly revealed to me that night. I saw God in Christ. I saw the character of God revealed through Christ. Christ is divine. Behold this, ye Unitarians and spiritualists! "Behold this, and wonder and perish." Jesus Christ is the "true God." "No man cometh to the Father but Him."

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY GEORGE B. STRONG.

In the year 1865, I attended a Methodist protracted meeting, with a load of young folks. While listening to the sermon, the Spirit of God melted down my proud heart. I tried to suppress my feelings, but tears would flow. At the end of the sermon, a young man came and led me to the mourners' bench. Praise God for that! As soon as I had knelt down, my good feelings were all gone. In my heart I began to curse God, myself, and all that were praying for me. I said, If I ever get away from here, I will never come again. As the minister was about to close the meeting, he requested all to stand up. Again the Spirit of God touched my wicked heart, and I cried out, "I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more. I will serve thee, though I perish pleading." O, would that the world might come to that point! At that moment, I felt that my load was gone. I would not ride home with my young companions, but commenced to serve the Lord. I attended class-meetings. Praise God for class-meetings!

After a time, I heard of the blessing of holiness, but could not find any who said they enjoyed it. I heard a sermon from a young man, from these words, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." I thought I had found the man; but alas! he believed in it, and preached it, but did not enjoy it. I attended a

camp-meeting. Heard a sister tell how she found the blessing. I sought, but found it not.

So I continued. For ten years I was a class-leader in the church, at times satisfied with my attainments in the divine life. In the fall of 1865, a brother came to my house. He was a stranger to me. The Lord sent him. He asked me if I enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. I told him I wanted it. He asked me if I had a vehement desire. I told him I had, but learned afterwards I had not. We went to prayer. He called on me to pray. I commenced to pray, and he would stop me and tell me to tell the Lord what I wanted. The devil told me the man was crazy. We continued to pray and sing. I saw the blessing by faith, as I never had before. My desires became vehement. The neighbors came to see what was the matter. I laid everything on the altar but my life. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." The devil said, "You will die if you receive what you are asking for." I felt my breath growing short—my strength give way. I saw the blessing ready to depart. I cried out, "Come life or death, give me the blessing!" At that moment, I was lost in the fullness of Christ. Glory to God! I had received full salvation. I did not shout nor rejoice, but I was above the clouds, sailing in the presence of the Sun of Righteousness. Not a cloud did arise to hide the Saviour from my eyes. Not a temptation for two days. At last the enemy said, Perhaps you are mistaken. I felt I was coming down into the valley. I went before the Lord in prayer. These words came to me, "Thy debt is all paid." The sanctifying power went all through my soul and body. "I will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."—Surely, the fire had come. I told the Lord I would never doubt again. It has been five years. Praise God, I am on the rock yet! The devil has succeeded in getting the sword at times, but never the armor. When Jesus gives me the sword, I can chase a thousand.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

DR. EDWARD D. GRIFFIN, was a minister of high standing in the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches. He was born at East Haddam, Ct., January 6th, 1770. He stood foremost among the ministers of his day as a man of deep piety, great talents, and sound and thorough education. For many years he was President of William's College, Mass. We lay before our readers, for the encouragement of parents, the following account which he gives of his struggles for the salvation of his children:

When college came together several returned under deep impressions; and it was soon evident that God was among us. My eldest daughter at that time was married and lived in the neighborhood; and my youngest daughter was at school at Hartford, (Conn.) about 90 miles off. As Louisa had been awakened in a revival at Newark in 1817, I came to the conclusion, as soon as I was convinced that the Spirit of God was among us, that she would, in all probability be brought in then or be lost. During the months of October and November, my agony was great and increasing for her, and her husband, and for the college. The seriousness in college continued to increase; but it was not, I think, till about the first of December, that the Spirit came down like a mighty, rushing wind.

My wrestlings for the college and the town were great during all this time; but Louisa's last chance appeared to have come. She and her husband were very interesting objects to me, and my absent child also. That passage in—Luke, xi. 5-13, opened upon me with a most interesting reality, particularly the last verse, "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." I believed the truth of that promise as fully as I believed my own existence, and applied it to supplications for the Spirit

on others as well as myself. It appeared indeed a wonder that God should regard the prayers of such polluted worms, until I discovered, in the light of that text, which for the first time opened upon me,—Rom., viii. 26, 27, that it was the Holy Ghost that prayed. I could not help exclaiming, "No wonder that God hears prayer when it is the Holy Ghost that prays. What an awful place is the Christian's closet! The whole Trinity is about it every time that he kneels. There is the Spirit praying to the Father through the Son." My sermon on the Prayer of Faith, which I had just sent on to the National Preacher, and a copy which I leave in manuscript to my children, was copied, with great exactness, from my exercises at that time, mingled in with my exercises in other revivals. Except the single clause, "because men keep not God's law," under the first head, (which I drew from the experience of David,) all the eight particulars were drawn from my own experience, with as much exactness as I could possibly attain. My desire on this occasion was heart-breaking. I searched diligently to see if I was setting up the interest of my children against God's interest, or my will against his will. I could not find that I was. I felt my absolute dependance; and yet could never stop in the use of means. I felt greatly abased under a sense of sin. O how did I feel often when upon my knees I was forced to say with tears, "Although my house be not so with God." The case of Jacob at Peniel and that of the Syrophenician woman always stood before me. And so confident was I that the promise was everlasting truth, that I saw I might indeed take hold of it and draw the blessing down,—that I might lawfully keep hold of it until the blessing came. I seized it with both my hands, and said, "Here I plant myself down, and on this spot I will receive the blessing or die. I hold thee to thy word and will not let thee go." Once an objection started up, "Is not this holding of God to his word a taking from him the right

of sovereignty?" I was alarmed at this, as though, in pursuit of every thing dear, a wall from heaven had dropped upon my path. I threw my eyes farther, I thought, than I ever did before, into the regions of truth, and soon I saw the solution: "If God had not given me this spirit to hold him fast, I should have been a clod. His sovereignty was fully exercised in that gift." As when a dam has suddenly stopped a rapid torrent, and after a time is suddenly removed, and the waters impetuously sweep; so did my restrained and eager spirit, when I saw the whole field open before me, and not a fence nor a bar in the way, sweep it with my whole heart and soul and mind and strength. If that was not prayer, and in some measure the prayer of Penuel, that could not in some degree to receive the blessing, I believed that I had never prayed, and was yet in my sins.

After placing myself on my pillow and disposing of all other matters, I used to betake myself to this struggle, first for others, and then for my children. And if I ever prayed, it was in those nocturnal agonies. And after thus staking my own salvation, as it were, on the issue, I would go in the morning, or in the course of the day, to see how my daughter was affected; and she, knowing the kindness of my intention, would meet me, week after week, with a filial smile. I could never have thought that such a filial smile would so wither a parent's heart. My stated question was, "Do you realizingly feel that it would be just for God to cast you off?" And she would as uniformly answer "No." She knew all about the doctrines; her understanding was fully convinced; she was awakened, and attended all the meetings; but she went no further.

In the latter part of December, I sent for my daughter Ellen home, that I might lay her at the Saviour's feet. If I failed in my object, I knew the world would say, "There, he tried and could'nt." But I thought with myself, "She can but die." And so her brother-in-law went for her 90 miles in that

season of the year. When she came home I desired her to do nothing but read and pray and attend the meetings. She complied, and was sober, but not convicted, or even awakened.

Thus things went on till Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th, 1826; in which time my anguish of spirit had well nigh laid me upon a bed of sickness. That evening after meeting, I visited Louisa, and put to her the old question, "Do you feel that it would be just for God to cast you off?" After a considerable pause, and in a low voice, she answered, "Yes, Sir." I started, as a man awoke in a new world, and said, "Do you, my dear?" After another pause, and in a low voice, she answered again, "Yes, Sir." That evening upon my pillow, I began to say, "Was she not awakened at Newark? Has she not knowledge enough? And is she not now at last convicted of her desert of hell? Has not enough been done in a preparatory way? Wilt thou not this night take away the heart of stone and give a heart of flesh?" At that moment something within me said, "No; let her be more deeply convicted of her sin and ruin, that she may know what she owes to our redeeming God and his dying Son;—that she may see the distinctive glories of that God and Saviour whom I maintained against a world in arms before she was born." The prayer passed from her to her husband, and then to her sister. Their personal interests, which had pressed like a mountain so long upon me, were swallowed up and lost, and the all-absorbing desire was, "That eyes so dear to me, may see the glory of our redeeming God and his dying Son, and that souls so dear may show in their salvation the same glory to the universe." I then saw, as I never saw before, what it is for God to be glorified, and felt conscious that I desired that object more than all others. It appeared the most glorious object; and my whole soul went out in pantings after it.

The next morning, before I was up, Mrs. Griffin came back into my room,

and said, "I have been in Ellen's chamber, and found her weeping. She says, 'Mamma, I woke up this morning early, and began to think how good God had been to me and how ungrateful I had been to him; and I can't sleep any more.'" This was her first conviction. That same morning, as Louisa was coming down to spend the day with us, (for the family spent every Thursday with us,) and when she had reached the gate, "The thought," (as she afterwards expressed it,) "dropped upon my mind, that God reigns; and it was a glorious thought." She did not tell me of this till Friday night. On Saturday morning, when I called to see her, she was all dissolved, and related the views she had had of her sin and the mercy of God the last evening. On Thursday, Ellen attended Mr. Gridley's inquiry meeting, and he told me afterwards, that in addressing her, he had tried every string, and not one of them vibrated till he touched on the goodness of God, and then she wept like a child. On Friday or Saturday I said to her, "My daughter, where do you expect to spend your eternity?" She answered, "Why, papa, I have'n't thought of that." "What then have you been thinking about?" "I have been thinking how good God has been to me, and how unthankful I have been to him." On Saturday morning, after conversing with Louisa, I took Dr. Smith, my son-in-law, into a separate room, and pressed him with all the power I could apply. He wept. The next day, (Jan. 22, 1826,) I preached a sermon with a view to try Louisa's hope, from—Psalm xcix. 9, "For the Lord our God is holy." I noticed that Dr. Smith devoured every word. The next day I learnt that he had been hoping since Saturday. I searched for him and found him, and after dinner he came to me. We sat in my study, and Ellen sat by the window behind me. I cast my eye back upon her, and she looked more like the image of misery than ever before. She felt that she was left alone indeed. The Dr. retired, and Ellen left the room. Not long after, Mrs. Griffian came in,

and said, "Ellen has been saying to me, I am afraid papa don't feel about me just as he did about Louisa." "Tell the dear child," said I, "to bring in, my surtout, (as I was going out,) and I will talk with her." She came in, in great distress. After some conversation, I knelt down with her, by my library. The spot and the time I never shall forget. The Syrophenican woman had been much before me. She was before me then; and so was the glorious Personage to whom she applied. And he appeared as near to me as he did to her,—as near as though he had been bodily present. And it was as easy for me to put my child into his arms, as though he had been visibly in the room. And I did put her into his arms, with all my heart and soul. And it seemed to me that it was impossible, but that she would give herself to him before she arose. When I arose I took her in my arms and said, "My dear, have you given yourself to Christ?" "Oh, no," said she, and was apparently overwhelmed. I left the room and went out to visit a family, where I met my dear Louisa, who appeared the happiest creature in the world. She was going that evening to the first prayer meeting she ever attended, as she thought. Upon my return after tea, Mrs. Griffin met me and said, "I never witnessed such a scene. Ellen has been weeping upon my neck, and saying, Christ died for me, and I have never done any thing for him, and I cannot live so any longer." I asked her to send her in. She came in, when the following dialogue took place between us. "My child, where do you expect to spend your eternity?" "Why, papa, I think it most likely that I shall spend it in hell." "Well, my dear, that question God will decide, without asking counsel of you or me." "I know that, papa, and I don't want any body else should decide it." "Why, my dear?" "Because he appears so good and so just." "Do you think that you deserve hell?" "Oh, I know I do." "What is the greatest desire of your heart?" "To love and serve God all my days." In that con-

dition she remained eight and forty hours, without a particle of hope. At the end of that time, (to use her own expression,) her burden fell off, and the preciousness and loveliness of Christ appeared to her view.

HOLINESS.

THE Scriptures present two prominent phases of Christian experience:—

1. The legal state, portrayed in Romans vii. 8-25.

2. The evangelical state, or the state of liberty and deliverance, indicated in Romans viii., and elsewhere.

The truth I wish to bring out with special prominence will appear in the following statement of the various methods of interpretation of Romans vii.

1. One class of expositors assert that the apostle, in this chapter, draws the portrait of the Christian in his normal experience, and that any advancement beyond this is, except in a few rare cases, and those at or near death, not to be expected.

2. Another theory is that the apostle has no reference whatever to a person in a justified state, but to a sinner under conviction for sin.

3. Still another interpretation is that the apostle has in view one in a justified state, but unfortunately entangled in the wilderness of legality, one who lingers near Sinai, amidst its surroundings of sterility and barrenness, while Zion and its pleasant associations are his privileged dwelling place. I invite the careful attention and comparison of the reader of Gal. iv. 23-26, and Heb. xii. 18-24.

Having thus stated the three theories of interpretation, let us examine somewhat into each of them, and ascertain, if we can, which is correct. Those holding the first theory ascribe to fanaticism the theory that offers deliverance from the state of bondage so painfully expressed by the apostle. Indeed, it would appear from their writings and their preaching that one of the most marked evidences of a gracious state is, with becoming submission

to an inexorable law, to exclaim, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" With apparent satisfaction, they plead in extenuation of their many shortcomings, and even secret and open sins, the declared fact that "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." Many others who realize the galling fetters that bind them, and would fain avail themselves of proffered deliverance, are left to their life-long bondage for want of light and information. Holding the theory that deliverance is not practicable this side the dying hour, they but seldom rise higher than their creed proposes. The judicious Albert Barnes truthfully observes in substance that "in general a person has about as much religion as he believes he can attain in this life. If he believes in a high state of grace, he is likely to rise in that experience; if however, he does not believe in the attainment of an elevated state of grace, he never rises above his own standard." In this fact is found the reason for the low type of piety in so large a part of Christendom. Surely a reformation is sadly needed here, or the mass of moral corruption that finds shelter in the church under the protecting wing of this deception of the enemy may endanger the life of the church itself, and involve the arising up of another church to execute the gracious purposes of God. If the atonement of the Son of God does not contemplate a higher and nobler type of Christianity even in this militant state, then we are led to conclude it is deficient in its provisions of mercy. If men are not to be saved *from their sins*; if they are doomed to a life long bondage to the carnal mind, to innate pride, ambition, petulancy, love of the world, unbelief; if they are meanwhile to be mocked with glittering expressions of a promised state of deliverance, always, however, placed in the remote future; all their tears and prayers and aspirations without avail or remedy; the conclusion is inevitable that the great remedial agency of heaven is not fully adapted to the necessities of the

case, an effectual bar to which conclusion is found in the hope-inspiring declaration, "Wherefore he is able also to save them *to the uttermost* that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

No wonder is it that the progress of Christianity is so comparatively slow; that the wickedness of the age is so great and heaven-daring, when the church, to whose custody God has intrusted his precious truth, has discounted that word; has permitted the enemy, while she slept, to sow tares in the garden of the Lord, and then, in her blindness, feeding upon that intoxicating, poisonous darnal, unfitting her for vigorous, effective labor in the Lord's vineyard. It is high time that she awake out of sleep and shake herself from her slothfulness and error, and go forth upon her proper mission ere her Lord come and find her wanting.—*G. Hoke.*

Jesus's Love.

BY REV. C. H. SOUTHWORTH.

SAVIOUR, to thy bosom fold me,
Let me with a strong grasp hold thee:
And, though devils 'round me gather,
I shall conquer through thee, Father.

Soon my mission will be ended;
And, as Christ on high ascended,
Crowned with joy and life eternal,
Treading down the foe infernal:

I shall rise with shouts of glory,
Proving true the God-man's story;
And, while angels 'round me hover,
Jordan's stream will I cross over.

Then, with saints, and angels, singing,
All to Christ be ever clinging;
At His feet my crown be casting,
While my soul tastes joys e'erlasting.

Oh, that all might learn to love thee,
Thou who dwellest high above me,
May they yield to thee this hour,
Yield, and feel thy saving power.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

A FRIEND told me, not long ago, a beautiful story about kind words:—A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking-saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very pale, and his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as, with oaths, he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged upon the man who had ill-used him. He was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady, who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking what was the matter.

At the first kind word, the young man started, as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said,—

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you?"

With the sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of nervous temperament, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh, yes, I had a mother, and she loved me. But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost—lost for ever."

"No, not lost for ever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling, which had been long untouched, in the young man's heart, wakening a host of tender emotions which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house which she entered, and wrote the name which was on the door-plate

in his little memorandum-book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her. Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlour, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice, too—it is so much like my mother's!"

These last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking-saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down, and told the lady how those few, gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he was.

"The earnest expression of, 'No, not lost for ever,' followed me wherever I went," said he; "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and, by the mercy and grace of God, I have been enabled in some good measure to do so."

Let not religion be your diversion, but your business.

THE BIBLE.

Who composed the following description of the Bible, we may never know. It was found in Westminster Abbey, nameless and dateless; but, nevertheless, it is invaluable for its wise and wholesome counsels to the erring race of Adam:

A nation would be truly happy if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book.

It contains everything needful to be known or done.

It gives instructions to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate.

It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as the mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her, as well, how to manage.

It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience on children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor, and the servants to obey; and the blessing and protection of God to all that walk by its rule.

It gives directions for weddings and burials.

It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his widow is to trust; and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to get his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife; entails the right of the first born; and shows how the young branches shall be left.

It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, over-reacher and trespasser.

It contains the choicest matter; gives the best instruction; and affords the greatest degree of pleasure and satisfaction that we have ever enjoyed.

It is the first book, the best book.

It contains the best laws and most profound mysteries that were ever penned; and it brings the very best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It exhibits life and immortality from time everlasting, and shows the way to glory.

It is a brief recital of all that is to come.

It settles all matter in debate; resolves all doubts; and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and all that trust in such; in short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong; of wisdom that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies, and confronts all errors; and it is a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities and strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of angelic myriads, the human tribes and the devilish legions.

It will instruct the accomplished mechanic and most profound critic.

It teaches the rhetorician, and exercises every power of the most skillful arithmetician, puzzles the wisest anatomist, and exercises the wisest critic.

It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on; the best deed that ever was sealed; the best evidence that was ever produced; the best will that will ever be signed.

To understand it, is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to be destitute of true wisdom.

It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housekeeper's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion; it is the school boy's spelling book, and the great learned man's masterpiece.

It contains a choice grammar for a

novice, and a profound mystery for a sage.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's directory.

It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave; it is also its own interpreter, and that which crowns all is, that the Author is without partiality and without hypocrisy, "With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

THE WORLD ASLEEP.

BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

THE world is, spiritually, fast asleep. The generality of mankind, while awake to temporal things, seem to be wrapped in the profoundest slumber in regard to their truest interests. They are all alive to the things of the present, forgetting that "the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 Cor. iv. 18. They seem to forget the fact that they have immortal souls, or that there is any such thing as death, after which is the Judgment, when all shall be judged according to the "deeds done in the body." The Bible represents them as being in a state of darkness, which is the natural condition of sleep. "For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people."—Isa. lx. 2. "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night."—1 Thess. v. 6, 7. Therefore we say of those, who begin to feel aroused, and in earnest concerning spiritual things, They are awakened; and those who have been born of God are called "*children of light*," and "*of the day*;" and it is said of them, they have been *delivered from the power of darkness*—which is Satan's kingdom—and have been *translated into the kingdom of His dear Son*—Col. i. 13—which is a kingdom of light and liberty. "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light,

and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness."—1 Thess. v. 4, 5. St. John tells us that "the whole world lieth in wickedness;" that is, that mankind are sleeping, as it were, "in the arms of the wicked one." And how careful he is to keep them fast asleep! How he dreads to see them arouse and become conscious of the thick darkness which surrounds them, and manifest a desire for the light! How he will soothe and hush them, and if possible, lull them to sleep again! And when once they have yielded to their drowsy inclinations, and sunk back into the deep sleep of spiritual death, how he will wrap closer than ever the black drapery of darkness around them, seal tighter than ever their eyes, lest they might discover the Day-Star from on high, and stop closer than ever their ears, lest they might hear the voice of the Spirit pleading with them to "flee from the wrath to come." Satan understands administering opiates. "He was a liar from the beginning." "Thou shalt not surely die," has been repeated more than once, since it was first breathed into the ear of Eve, in the garden of Eden. "Why this looking for a judgment to come? Take your ease. Sleep on. There is no need of being alarmed. 'Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.'"—2 Pet. iii. 4. And drowsy men are easily soothed by his lullabys; for they are "willingly ignorant" of the fact "that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."—2 Pet. iii. 8. And thus they will sleep, unconscious and secure, on the very verge of the burning pit. But should one really begin to awake, and discover his lost condition, Satan will try to induce him to procrastinate. "There is no immediate danger." "Time enough yet." "Not now." "Some other time." These are some of the opiates he administers, and if they are swallowed, the sinner will soon be fast asleep again, and as unmindful of his danger as ever.

Let us notice some of the indications of the spiritual slumber.

First, the indifference of mankind in regard to eternal things. The Bible tells us that the righteous shall be eternally blessed, and the wicked eternally damned. They have heard this truth more than a hundred times, it may be. But does it concern them, generally? Are they eager to gain eternal life, and shun eternal death? Far from it. On the contrary, let a child of God manifest the same interest in eternal things, that they do in the things of time, and they raise the cry, Fanatic! Fool! Enthusiast! Madman! How strangely inconsistent they are, too! If he is unlearned, they conclude it is because he is ignorant, and does not know any better; but if he is learned, they think, Poor fellow! he has studied too much, and his brain is turned. This was said of one of the mightiest intellects that ever enlisted in the cause of Christ.—"And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad."—Acts xxvi. 24.

Second, their touchiness in regard to their spiritual condition. A sleeping man does not like to be disturbed. The sounder asleep he is the more he will growl if you attempt to awake him. Even though his house may be on fire, and the flames rapidly approaching him, he will not thank you for troubling him, until he is fully awake, and sees his own danger. Just so with those who are spiritually asleep. Try to awake them—tell them of their danger—be in earnest with them—take hold of them to arouse them from their lethargy—and perhaps they will curse you for your pains. "They hate him that rebuketh in the gate, and they abhor him that speaketh uprightly."—Amos v. 10. Why? Because he disturbs their slumbers. They would much rather be soothed and lulled by vain sophistries, and fallacious lies; and they will seek refuge beneath the most absurdly constructed fabrics of man made systems of belief, rather than come to the clear light of the truth as it is in

Jesus. For this reason, daubers of "untempered mortar," and those "who do the work of the Lord deceitfully," find more favor in their eyes than those who rightly handle the Word of God, which is "quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—Heb. iv. 12. While thus sleeping, the language of the heart is—"Prophecy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits."—Isa. xxx. 10. But, in the case of the man whose house is burning over him, would you desist from your efforts, because he manifests an unwillingness to be awakened? Would you not rather be more in earnest? and if you could not arouse him to a sense of his danger, would you not, if possible, pull him out of the flames by main force? The Bible enjoins this earnestness upon us in regard to the unsaved. "And others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh."—Jude 23.

Oh! how many of us, who profess to have "passed from death unto life," are really in earnest in trying to awake the sleeping men and women around us! O ye servants of the Most High God! do you realize that you live in a sleeping world? and that it is your mission to awake the inhabitants thereof? The storm of wrath is gathering over them, and the horrid flames from the bottomless pit are rapidly approaching them, and yet they sleep on, dreaming, perhaps, of happiness, unconscious of the impending danger which so surely threatens them. "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"—Isa. xxxiii. 14.

O ye watchman on the walls of Zion, give the trumpet a "certain sound," and blow a blast so long, so loud, and so earnest, that the sleeping nations of the earth shall hear the sound, start up from their slumbers, and fly into the "cleft of the Rock," before the great

day of God's wrath shall overtake them! May God help us all to be more in earnest, and more faithful in dealing with souls; that we may be found "pure from the blood of all men," in that dread day when we shall be called to give an account of our stewardship at the flaming bar of God!

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand.—Joel ii. 1.—*Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.*—Eph. v. 14.

ETERNITY.

Look forward a little to the period, when all the noise, and tumult, and business of this world shall have closed forever. How has it vanished! How have their short-lived multitudes departed! Their business over, their little pleasures finished, their hasty sorrows ended; their doom pronounced, their endless dwelling fixed, and their once gay, distracting, perplexing world lost! vanished! gone for ever! Let its admirers tell us of honor and fame, that will last as long as the sun shall shine or the world endure. Alas, contemptible honors! that will endure for so brief a span! The sun is but a lamp that lights our pathway to an endless world. The earth is but the road, prepared for pilgrims to travel, till, in the eternal abodes of grief or bliss, they reach an endless home. It is but as a moment, as an inch of time, as the darting of an arrow, the falling of a star, the twinkling of an eye, or the glancing of a thought, before all which you now behold shall pass away from you as a dream when one awaketh, and give place to those eternal scenes. . . . Then farewell a busy, or an idle, a sad, or a pleasurable world! but no farewells are known beyond the grave. To the scenes which will then open upon you, you will never bid adieu.

Start forward, then, my fellow-pilgrim, start forward, in your thoughts,

to everlasting scenes, and roam among the immeasurable ages that lie beyond the Judgment-day. How the world recedes as you advance. It sinks to a speck—to a mote—to nothing. How six thousand years, or six thousand ages, dwindle as you sail down the tide of eternity; they sink to an hour—to a moment—to the twinkling of an eye—to nothingness itself. O, remember that on that awful tide you must shortly sail, when the world is nothing to you. Strive to love it no more than you will do, when, myriads of ages after its destruction, you will look back upon it. Value its honors as you will value them then, and prize its pleasures as then you will prize them; and let the prospect of those amazing scenes strike deeper on your heart the salutary and useful thought—*I am but a traveler here.*

Above all, let the full prospect of eternity deepen the impression: let but the solemn idea of eternity dwell in your mind, and life must then appear a journey or a dream. "Suppose," says a writer of the seventeenth century, "that the vast ocean were distilled drop by drop, but so slowly, that a thousand years should pass between every drop, how many millions of years would be required to empty it! Suppose that this great world, in its full compass, from one pole to another, and from the top of the firmament to the bottom, were to be filled with the smallest sand, but, so slowly, that every thousand years only a single grain should be added, how many millions would pass away before it were filled! If the immense superficies of the heavens, wherein are innumerable stars, were to be filled with figures of numbers, and every figure signified a million, what created mind could tell their numbers, much less their value! Having these thoughts, I reply, the sea will be emptied drop by drop, the universe filled grain by grain, the numbers written in the heavens will come to an end; and how much of eternity is spent? Nothing; for infinitely more remains."—*Rev. J. G. Pike.*

Joy in Heaven

HERE, brief is the sighing,
And brief is the crying,
For brief is the life!
The life there is endless,
The joy there is endless,
And ended the strife.

What joys are in heaven?
To whom are they given?
Ah! what? and to whom?
The stars to the earth-born,
"Best Robes" to the sin-worn,
The crown for the doom!

O country the fairest!
Our country the dearest,
We press towards thee!
O Sion the golden!
Our eyes are holden,
Thy light till we see:

Thy crystalline ocean,
Unvexed by commotion,
Thy fountain of life;
Thy deep peace unspoken,
Pure, sinless, unbroken,—
Thy peace beyond strife:

Thy meek saints all glorious,
Thy martyrs victorious,
Who suffer no more;
Thy halls full of singing,
Thy hymns ever ringing
Along thy safe shore.

Like the lily for whiteness,
Like the jewel for brightness,
Thy vestments, O Bride!
The Lamb ever with thee,
The Bridegroom is with thee,—
With thee to abide!

We know not, we know not,
All human words show not,
The joys we may reach;
The mansions preparing,
The joys for our sharing,
The welcome for each.

O Sion the golden!
My eyes still are holden,
Thy light till I see;
And deep in thy glory,
Unveiled then before me,
My King, look on thee!

—*St. Barnard.*

SYMPATHY.

THE two extreme experiences of a human heart, which comprehend all others between them, are "bitterness" and "joy." The solitude of a human being in either extremity is sublime and solemnizing. Whether you are glad or grieved, you must be alone; the bitterness and the joyfulness are both your own; it is only in a modified sense, and in a limited measure, that you share them with another, so as to have less of them yourself. We speak of sympathy, and sympathy means community of emotions between two human hearts. Doubtless there is a reality corresponding to that attractive name, but the share which another takes is a thin shadowy thing in comparison with the substantive experience of your own soul. A physical burden can be divided equally between two. If you overtake a weary pilgrim on the way, toiling beneath a load of a hundred weight, you may volunteer to bear fifty of them for the remaining part of the journey, and so lighten his load by a full half. But a light heart, however willing it may be, cannot so relieve a heavy one. The cares that press upon the spirit are as real as the load that lies on the back, and as burdensome; but they are not so tangible and divisible. We speak of sharing them by sympathy, and there is some meaning in the words, some reality in the act; but the participation in kind and effect comes far short of the actual partition of material weight. The law of our nature in the last resort is, "every man must bear his own burden." The weight that falls upon my body may be divided with you, but the weight that falls on my soul must lie all on my soul alone. There are, indeed, some very intimate unions in human society, as organized by God, and existing even yet in a fallen world. The family relations bring heart into very close contact with heart, and joys or sorrows that abound in one flow freely over into another. The closest of them all, the two, "no longer twain,

but one flesh," is a union of unspeakable value for such sympathy as is compatible with distinct personality at all; but when you estimate this union at its highest value, and take it all into account, there remains a meaning, deep and wide like the ocean, in this touching world, "The heart knoweth his own bitterness." The wife of your bosom can indeed intermeddle with your joys and sorrows as no stranger can, and yet there are depths of both in your breast which even she has no line to sound. When you step into the waters of life's last sorrow, even she must stand back and remain behind. Each must go alone. The Indians *suttee* seems nature's struggle against that fixed necessity of man's condition. But it is a vain oblation: although the wife burn on the husband's funeral pile, the frantic deed does not lighten the solitude of the dark valley. One human being cannot be merged in another. But the isolation of every man from his fellow in the hour of eternity may become the means of pressing the sufferer nearer another companion, who is able even then to remain. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Such is the person of Emanuel, God with us, that the spiritual life of a believer is not a separate existence, but a part of His. As a branch in the vine, or a member in the body, so is a disciple in the Lord. The Christian is one with Christ in such a way as no human spirit can be with another. When the fangs of the persecutor vexed the life of his little ones, the pain throbbed that moment in the heart of Jesus; the Head on high cried out when the enemy hurt His member, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Only Christ's sympathy is real and complete. He who suffered for our sins can make himself partaker of our sorrows. He who went through the wrath of God to make a safe path for His people, is able to keep them company in the swelling of Jordan. Long ago they saw His day, and rejoiced in His perfect sympathy. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow

of death, I will fear no evil, *for thou art with me.*"—Ps. xxiii. 4.—*William Arnot.*

GOD IS TRUE—HIS WORD IS TRUTH.

IF God is not to be believed no one is, and if God is to be believed, no unconverted man can enter the kingdom of heaven, and if the gates of celestial bliss are barred against all who live and die in their sins, if none are to be admitted into the kingdom but such as have been truly converted from sin to holiness, from Satan to God, let each one seriously and honestly enquire whether such change has been wrought within him. It is a question of the greatest moment, and a change involving the highest interests of man. Have we been born again? Have we been renewed in the Spirit of our mind? Have we, who were once afar off, been brought nigh by the blood of Christ? Has the strong man, Satan, been bound and cast out of our heart, and the stronger than he, even Jesus, set up his throne in our heart and does he rule and reign over us as he has a just right to? Do we possess the Spirit of our Master, even Jesus? Are we led and influenced by the Spirit? Do we enjoy the enlightening, comforting, and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit? Hear what Jesus says, "If a man has not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The word of God teaches us that as many are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God. The Spirit should guide us into all truth, and the truth shall make us free. We are brought out of bondage under sin, to the liberty of God's dear children. The gospel is powerful to save us. It is truth; truth is mighty and must prevail.

Great are the privileges of believers. They are saved by grace through faith, are made sons of God, joint heirs with the immortal Jesus, to an inheritance on high. Oh, Christian, rejoice in that love bestowed upon you. Let the prospect before thee cheer thy heart. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,

neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. Heaven, with all its grandeur and bliss, is thine, if faithful to the end. Child of God, thou shalt see Jesus as he is, for the Lamb shall dwell with his people forever. Thy companions shall be the redeemed of all nations who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Do not forget that all hopes and the life of a Christian are laid up in Jesus Christ. If ye be risen with Christ seek those things which are above. He that has Christ has a sure foundation, has hope, comfort, life and peace. How can we draw near to God without a Saviour? How can we appear in judgment without an advocate? Oh, ten thousand woes to the man who must stand at the judgment without an interest in the blood of Christ. You may occupy a place among Christians here, but still be out of the ark of safety. Converting grace alone can plant you in Christ, the living and true vine. Not they who say Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but those that do the will of the Father in heaven.—*Church Advocate.*

"WHEN the devil cannot come he will send." A proverb of very serious import, which excellently sets out to us the penetrative character of temptations, and the certainty that they will follow and find men out in their strictest retreats. It rebukes the absurdity of supposing, by any outward arrangements, cloistered retirements, flights into the wilderness, sin can be kept at a distance. So far from this, temptation will inevitably overleap all these outward and merely artificial barriers which may be raised up against them; for our great enemy is as formidable from a seeming distance as in close combat. "Where he cannot come, he will send."—*Trench.*

CREATURE comforts at the best, and to the best, are only delightful, not satisfying; pleasant, not gainful.

Editorial.

Salvation.

SALVATION is a comprehensive term. A great deal more is included in it than is commonly imagined. In its fullest sense, it implies deliverance from everything that can injure us. It embraces deliverance from sin—its guilt, power, and penalty,—deliverance from dangers and troubles of every kind.

The Salvation of the saints—take the word in whatever sense you will—comes primarily from above. *The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord; he is their strength in the time of trouble.*—Ps. xxxvii. 39. He saves them from sin. When they came to Him confessing their sins, He fully forgave them all of their transgressions. *The Lord saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.*—Ps. xxxiv. 18. He keeps them by His Spirit, and by His providence, from falling into sin. He purifies their hearts, taking away sinful appetites and sinful tendencies. His gracious language is, *Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.*—Ezek. xxxvi. 25. *Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.*—Matt. i. 21. Do you not see that salvation from sin is of the Lord? You may then be saved. There is power in Omnipotence to save you.

If you would be saved from sin, you must come to God for salvation. Your resolutions and endeavors to do better are not enough. You must call upon the Lord.—Acts ii. 21; Rom. x. 13. Be in earnest. Turn to Him with your whole heart. Let there be no pretense. With a downright determination that nothing can shake, to be wholly and forever the Lord's, present your body a living sacrifice to Him, and plead with Him until He puts His Spirit within you. If you really want, down deep in your heart, to be saved from sin, God will save you.

Are you in trouble? It will do no good to run here and there for sympathy and

help. *Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High; and call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me.*—Ps. l. 14, 15. The Lord will save you from trouble, either by removing its cause, or by giving you so much of His Spirit that you can rejoice in the midst of it. *This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.*—Ps. xxxiv. 6. The greatest mistake that a human being can make at any time, is to forsake God. This is especially so in time of trouble. Those who go to the intoxicating bowl to drown their sorrows, but multiply them a thousand fold; but those who go to God, find Him a very present help in time of trouble. Make the Most High your refuge, and you will be enabled to say, with the Apostle, *I am filled with comfort. I am exceedingly joyful in all our tribulation.*

The best farm will not yield a family a support unless it is cultivated; the best religious system will not give you comfort in affliction, victory over the world, and triumph over death, unless you live up to its requirements. There is everything in the religion of Jesus that the soul needs for happiness and support. Many a man has had in his field a mine of wealth, of whose existence he was ignorant. So, many a halting, timid child of God, has in his religion a treasure of whose value he has no adequate conception. The Apostle Paul declares that *Jesus is able to save to the uttermost*; but how much is implied in this uttermost salvation passes our comprehension. There is no danger of your setting too high an estimate upon it. Eternity alone can reveal its value.

Take heed, then, that you do not neglect so great a salvation. Embrace it in all its fullness: hold it with an unyielding grasp, until you go to the home of the glorified to prove its worth.

Orpha Pelton.

THIS devoted, young disciple of Christ has passed from the sufferings of earth to the glories of Heaven. Her name is familiar to the readers of the *Earnest Christian*. Highly gifted; carefully cultivated,

a pure, simple-minded, earnest follower of Jesus, she was one of our most valued contributors. She was as eager for grace as the miser is for money. She was not satisfied with common attainments in piety, but was constantly pressing on in the Divine life.

A severe fit of sickness, last winter, left her broken down in health and affected in mind. She was exceedingly despondent, and at times in despair. We have not the particulars of her death, but learn that she died quite suddenly.

Chili Seminary.

THE next term is to commence on Tuesday, the 6th of September next. Rev. G. W. Anderson, Principal; Miss F. F. Clement, Preceptress.

Our effort to establish and carry on a school upon religious principles has been, thus far, a complete success. The literary advantages are good—the religious superior. Board will be furnished in the Seminary for \$2.50 per week—wood and lights extra. Fifty cents per week extra when tea and coffee are used. If you design to send your children away to school, send them here.

We are greatly embarrassed for want of the money pledged for this enterprise. On the strength of these subscriptions, we have gone on and completed the building, and incurred obligations that we ought not to carry alone. Come, brothers, help us bear this burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

New Subscribers.

WILL not our friends make a special effort, at once, to increase our list of subscribers? Many are doing well; and they demonstrate that our list could, with united effort, be easily carried up to ten thousand paying subscribers. Shall it be done?—Will you do your part toward it? We have daily testimonies of the great work God is doing through the *Earnest Christian*. Help on the work by extending our circulation. You may do more good that way, than in any other manner.

Literary Notices.

"The Soul's Inquiries Answered in the Words of Scripture." A Year Book of Scripture Texts. Arranged by G. Washington Moon, member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature. London: Hatchards, 187 Piccadilly.

MR. MOON is one of the most eloquent and accurate of the English writers of the present day.

The elegant little volume before us contains, under each day of the year, a question taken from the Bible relating to the welfare of our souls, and two appropriate Scriptural answers to the question. On the opposite page is a blank diary, intended, says the author, "for a treasury of the autographs of your friends, under their respective birth-days. But not for that only. In one copy of this little book, kept for your own private reading, the diary will, I trust, be used for brief, but grateful records of God's merciful dealings with you and yours."

A cheaper edition is printed without the blank diary. This valuable little work may be had by addressing the American publishers, Pott & Amery, 5 Cooper Union, New York.

Fire! Fire! Gospel Fire!

HAVE you it, friend? Are you full of it, —the fire that purifies—that consumes the dross—burns up the chaff, wood, hay, and stubble? makes meet for heaven, glory, glory! What's this heavenly fire worth—the pentecostal, fire on fire!—blazing out? Will gold purchase it, millions on millions, seven times purified?

"Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral or pearls; for the price of this heavenly fire is above rubies. Live without it? sing without it? breathe without it? preach

without it? exhort sinners to flee the wrath to come without it? minister comfort or consolation without it? talk without it, edifyingly? minister grace to the hearers, without this fire from heaven, purifying, sanctifying? Whoever did? Did Paul, Peter, James, or John? God is fire—"a consuming fire"; the Holy Spirit is *fire*—Matt. iii. 21; the Saviour is a fire—a "refiner's fire"—Mal. iii. 2; the word of God is a fire.

"Is not my word like as a fire, saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"—Jer. xxiii. 29. Holy angels are fires, burning, blazing!—Ps. civ. 4.

The sword of the Spirit is quick and powerful—

"Where'er it enters in;
Is sharper than any two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin."

The Bible is the text-book—a book of fire—fire on fire! "I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled?"

The Waldenses were gospel fire-brands. They were not permitted to open their lips in the pulpit, till the Bible was their daily food, their meat and their drink; till sanctified through it wholly—spirit, soul, and body; till strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Consequently, "they spake as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

The Waldenses were more remarkable than any other people on the face of the earth, for the large portions of Scripture which they committed to memory. Scripture was their *all*; and as the Jews treasured the manuscripts of the Old Testament, and carried them everywhere in their wanderings, often, as in the persecutions in Spain, winding them around their bodies, to part with them only with their lives; so these Waldenses laid up rich portions alike from the Old and New Testaments in their hearts, so that they *could not* be taken from them. The preparation of their pastors for the ministry, consisted in learning by heart the Gospels of Matthew and John, all the epistles, and most of the writings of David, Solomon, and the prophets.

These Waldenses preached what they practised, and practised what they preached. Their souls were alive in God, fired with holy love—fire on fire—the fire of the Bible.

The holy prophets had fire—fire on fire—blazing out. Where did they get it?—From the Bible? Yes; from the Bible.—John the Baptist had fire, holy fire; Paul had fire; Peter, James, and John, pentecostal, baptismal—fire on fire—blazing out. Where did they get it? From the Bible? Yes; from the Bible. Luther had fire, Wesley had fire, Bunyan had fire—fire on fire—blazing out. Edwards had fire, Whitfield had fire, the Tenants had fire, Payson had fire, James B. Taylor had fire—fire on fire—blazing out.

Where did all these gospel firebrands get their fire—fire on fire? From the Bible? Yes; from the Bible. Oh for this fire—fire on fire! "Man in the pulpit," will you have this fire—fire on fire—blazing out? Go to the Bible, read the Bible, pray it out, search it out, live it out.

"Hail! sacred truth, whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light."

"I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I, if it be already kindled?"—Luke xii. 49.

This holy fire is God's; the sword is His; the glory shall be His. It is the Bible—the blessed Bible—now, henceforth, and forever.

This is the Christian's trusty sword;
And shall his sword not burnished be?
Shall rust corrode the blade?
For want of practice shall he flee,
When Satan's hosts invade?

This holy fire is wanting in the pulpit, in the press, in meetings for social worship, prayer, and praise, in family circles, at home or abroad. We long to see ministers on fire—parents and children on fire—editors on fire—every man, woman, and child in the Church on fire *gospelly*; fire from heaven, burning, blazing out, hotter and hotter—so hot, indeed, that no rebel sinner, no formalist, backslider, hypocrite, or time-server can live and breathe in the region or atmosphere of this fire pentecostal, or tongue of fire.

What could the holy prophets have done without this fire—the apostles, Paul, Peter, James, and John—Luther, Wesley, Fletcher, Whitfield, Edwards, Baxter, Bunyan, Payson? It was fire on fire—fire here, fire there, fire all about them, in them, and out of them. It was this fire on fire that kept them alive, blazing out—made them blazing firebrands, causing Satan to fall as lightning!

This is just the fire wanted, here, there, everywhere. "The Sword that cuts, the Fire that burns."

Oh for this fire on fire, this fire of love, of salvation—heaven-born, gospel fire—blazing out, shining brighter and brighter, rising higher and higher, intensified.

If the heart is on fire—the fire of God's love, the tongue will be fire, the pen will be fire—fire on fire!

Lord, give us this fire more and more—send out this fire, till the whole world is on fire!

We are dying—dead and buried for lack of fire—the fire of salvation, holy fire. Oh for the breath of heaven, to breathe on these dry bones!

The whole world is perishing for want of fire! The people want fire, and will have it. Sinners hate the truth; they have no heart, no desire for things holy or heavenly, and yet they are tired and sick of dead formality, a sickly sentimentalism, a hypocritical half-heartedness, a wretched, time-serving policy. Impenitent sinners, wicked as they are, conscience-seared as they are, dead in trespasses and sins, will flock where fire is, true pentecostal fire—the hotter the better. God so ordains.—Therefore, if editors and publishers want patronage, a rapid sale for their publications—tracts, books, and periodicals; and if ministers wish for crowded houses, large audiences, and attentive hearers, let them get their souls on fire from above, and pour in this heavenly fire—scorching hot—hot as hot can be—as when "the melting fire burneth," and our word for it, Satan, with all his legions and hellish machinations, cannot keep these sinners from this fire—fire on fire. Was it not so on Pentecostal day? and the cry, "Lord, save, we perish?"

Oh, that men were wise and understood this!

"Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought." N.

LOVE FEAST.

MRS. S. B. PENFIELD.—Jesus is leading me through green pastures, and beside still waters, for His name and mercy's sake. During the past fall, I was brought down near the gates of death; and oh, how clear the way looked to the river! and beyond it was so beautiful, and my Saviour and Redeemer was so near, that Death was disarmed of all his terror. I was more fully than ever before, enabled to comprehend that the sting of death is sin; and if that is all washed by the blood of Jesus, there is no sting left. O, praise the Lord! I have been redeemed, yes, redeemed thro' the blood of the Lamb. After I had lain about three weeks, sweetly resting in the will of my Heavenly Father, the Spirit, in a vivid manner, placed before me the sins and snares that would beset the feet of my two little ones, and asked, "If you are taken away, who will teach those children the narrow way?" and suggested to me, "Ask for your life to be spared, that you may train them for heaven." Jesus seemed so near, that I simply closed my eyes and asked, if it was for His glory; if so, I would willingly suffer on, in pain, or bear trials, and press through difficulties, or would walk any path He marked out, only so He could be glorified through me. Most sweetly did I realize the Divine approval as the petition ascended heavenward; and from that day the hand of disease was stayed, and I began to recover; and since then, the Spirit is wonderfully teaching me the will of God concerning me. And oh, how clearly I see all the way 'tis Jesus and the cross! but oh, how glorious does that cross appear! Yes, it is glorious to be permitted to bear the cross in any way it may be presented, at home or abroad. Then really are our lives hid with Christ in God. Glory be to Jesus, who has purchased our pardon and redemption!

Dundee, Mich.

S. G. CHANEY.—My testimony this evening is, that I love the Lord, my God, my Strength, and my Redeemer, with all my heart, might, mind and strength. How plain the path is! My Shepherd's voice is very clear, and I will follow Him. He has prayed for me as He did for Peter, that my faith fail not. BLESSED JESUS! Jesus can use the *Earnest Christian* out here to help poor pilgrims over the thorny way.

Ogawaka, Ill.

SARAH F. JOHNSON.—As I have long been a believer in Christ, I will send you part of my experience. It has been over forty years since I sought and found the Lord, blessed be His name! I am still a stranger, out on the ocean sailing. I fear not the storms that gather around, for they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. Praise the Lord! I find that He is still the same. His blood cleanses me from all sin. I am determined to spend the rest of my days to His glory. Praise the Lord for the light I have received from the *Earnest Christian*. I used tobacco for many years. I used it for disease of the throat. But the Lord has shown me how to overcome it. I will give Him all the glory for my salvation. Hallelujah!

MRS. SUSAN KENT.—I feel the love of God welling up in my heart—all glory be to His name! I praise the Lord for this Christ-like faith, which takes God at His word—that faith which laughs at impossibilities, and cries, "It must be done!" Jesus saves me to-night. He reigns in and rules over me—glory be to His name! All I have is on the altar, and every day I find by fresh consecration something to give. If we are the true disciples of Christ, we will leave all and follow Him. I take the word of God as the man of my counsel, as a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path to lead me in the way of righteousness.—His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are paths of peace. I expect one day to come out victorious. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name!

Flint, Mich.

LOUISA A. KEECH.—I love to walk in the narrow way, for then I have enough to eat and drink, and am saved from sin and the pleasures of the world. I have the last number of the *Earnest Christian*; and while reading the piece on the first page, I felt to praise God that He had given me a fixed determination to serve Him, for I should have been lost without it. My nature, without grace, is easy to bend to the opinions of others—especially to relatives or friends. But now my will is in my Redeemer's hands. I can do all things—glory to His name! I loved my mother too well, and I have been severely punished. I love her now; but the Lord's will must be done first—and I am ready to do or suffer the will of God. My children are His. I will dress them for Him. Just as soon as I was called to dress plain, the light shone on the little ones. I love salvation that is consistent in all things. Glory! glory! for I know that my Redeemer lives!

Coldwater, Mich.

LOUISA A. HODGES.—I love the Lord with all my heart, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin. I prize the *Earnest Christian*.—enjoy the Love Feast,—and have had it in my heart to write for it, but my experience was not sufficiently clear to do so. I was much profited and blessed at the St. Charles camp-meeting, and now I know there is power in Jesus's blood to wash as white as snow. One thing I regret most sincerely: the officiousness which drives our young people from the place where His people meet to worship. No sooner do they set foot on the camp-ground, than they are probed with questions which only Paul could answer; and the consequence is, where are they? Formerly, our camp-meetings were brightened by the presence of our sons and daughters, with their friends and acquaintances. Now, our walks are deserted, our tents are desolate, and who is to blame? O, my dear friends, let us not lose sight of the serpent's wisdom, or the innocence of the dove. Satan, if it is possible, will still deceive the very elect. May God help us!

Big Rock, Ill.