

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

OCTOBER, 1870.

THOUGHTS ON ETERNITY.

BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

IN contemplating vastness, the mind is apt to become bewildered; and, unless there is some familiar standard by which to measure, the conceptions formed of the object will fall far short of the reality. To a traveler standing on a level plain, the distant mountains appear much nearer than they really are; and the conception formed of the distance is often very erroneous. They may seem within a day's journey, when, perhaps, it will take several days to reach them. It is said that travelers are generally disappointed in the first impressions made upon their minds by the Egyptian pyramids. Not that they are less stupendous than they are represented to be; but, seen in the vast, sandy level in which they are situated, there are no familiar objects, such as trees, hills, etc., by which to measure them; and the mind, unassisted by these, cannot, at once, take in their immenseness.

Of all vast things, eternity is, by far, the vastest, and farthest beyond the reach of finite comprehension. Imagination may spread her wings, and attempt to explore its borders; but she soon wearies, flutters, and sinks down with exhaustion. "Mortality must put on immortality," before we can begin to grasp the awful import of the word Eternity. A writer of the seventeenth century, endeavors to give some ideas of its duration, by measuring out the

ocean, drop by drop; by filling the compass of the world with fine grains of sand, grain by grain; and by writing unoccupied space full of figures of numbers. But his conceptions are in themselves so vast, that, unless we stop and measure them again by some other standard, we fail to perceive the vastness of the numbers they are intended to convey to the mind. "Suppose," he says, "that the 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!" Let us stop here, and examine this measure. According to the Bible account, the earth was created four thousand and four years before the Christian era, and it has stood one thousand eight hundred and seventy years since that time,—making in all five thousand eight hundred and seventy-four years since the creation. Suppose that the dropping of this ocean had begun at the creation. At the rate of one drop for a thousand years, but five drops would have fallen to the present time; and one hundred and twenty-six years must yet elapse before the sixth drop will fall. What a mighty stretch of years does it seem to us since the creation! What revolutions have taken place with the human race! Generation after generation has passed away,—nation after nation has arisen, flourished, and fallen,—cities, which were the wonder of the world, have been built, and now, not even their ruins can be found,—prophets foretold of things that should come

to pass in the then dim, misty future, and now we look back upon their fulfillment in the far-away past; and yet only five drops of water have been distilled from this mighty ocean! With this thought in my mind, I asked a lady how many drops of water a teaspoon would hold. She answered, "Sixty, I believe." Oh, just think of it! Fifty-four thousand one hundred and twenty-six years must yet pass away—that is, the earth must stand one thousand two hundred and sixty years more than nine times as long as it has already stood—before even a teaspoonful of water shall be dropped from the ocean! Does it not make one's reason almost reel, to think of the mighty stretch of ages that must pass away, before the ocean is emptied? Is it any wonder the Bible declares that "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day"? In the sight of Him who "inhabiteh eternity," they are both so insignificant that one appears as long as the other.

And God is as great as the eternity He inhabits. Oh, we have an awful God! "A thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."—Ps. xc. 4. "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. . . . Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."—Isa. xl. 12, 15.

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure, nor end."

We shall not attempt to follow out the other thoughts, concerning the sand, and the figures of numbers, for we shall become bewildered if we do.—We shall touch upon them, however. "Suppose," continues this writer, "that the great world, in its great 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!"—Five grains of the smallest sand would occupy a much smaller space than one drop of water—"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 this number, much less their value,"—i. e., suppose we had a character to represent one million, and unoccupied space were to be filled with these characters, and they should be added together, million by million, who but God could tell their vast sum!—"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.*"

Reader, where do you expect to spend this boundless eternity? in Heaven, or in hell? with angels, or with devils? with the purified and redeemed, who will sing, and wonder, and adore, around the dazzling throne of God? or with swearers, drunkards, gamblers, libertines, and murderers, who shall writhe, and curse, and wail, in the dark regions of despair? Are you thinking anything about it?—making any preparations for it? God is preparing a great feast—the marriage supper of the Lamb—and you are invited.

"Come all the world! come sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now."

But before you go, you must put on the wedding garment, and this is the dressing-room where you must array yourself. All who shall be found at the feast without the wedding garment, will be thrust out into outer darkness, where shall be weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. All the light and love, and glory, will be there, all without will be "blackness of darkness," hatred, and despair, forever.

Ah! poor sinners! how we pity you! Christians weep in their closets, for you. Angels watch you with tender solicitude, and whenever one of you accepts of eternal life, all Heaven is filled with rejoicing. The Holy Spirit pities you, and He hovers around your hearts, and pleads with you to accept of proffered mercy, while you may. God pities you so much that "He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Jesus pities you so much that He left the shining courts of glory, and came down into these "low grounds of sorrow," to suffer, bleed and die, that you might be saved from eternal woe. You, alone, are unconcerned. Oh! will you not pity yourselves! and fly to Jesus for refuge, before it is eternally too late? May the Holy Spirit deeply impress these thoughts upon your hearts, for Jesus' sake. Amen!

A WORD TO WORKERS FOR CHRIST.

WE are daily being warned against the enemies of the Protestant religion, the Romanist and the Ritualist. These are enemies outside the camp; but there are others who are greater enemies to the cause of truth—I mean professing Christians, who, day by day, are raising their voices to warn others to flee from evil and do good, but who preach what they never practice. I am positive if some were to practice more and preach less, letting us have more sermons of the life, and less of the lip, they would do more good to the cause of Christ than they do at present.

Would to God I could impress this on many of the laborers in the vineyard, that if they never strive to follow out more fully their Great Pattern in their dealings with their fellow-creatures, it would be far better for themselves, far better for the cause they profess to serve, and far better for the Master they profess to exalt. They say they take Christ for their example; now let us see how they follow Him. To my mind the most beautiful trait in

Christ's character is his long-suffering and forgiving love. How do some Christians bear with the erring ones? Can they forgive an injury, or forget an insult, so far as to take the sinner again into their favor? How much humility have they? Are they swift to hear, slow to speak? Do they possess that charity that can cover a multitude of sins in others? Do they return good for evil? Do they strive to govern their tempers? Do they serve God in their home duties and relationships as consistently as they do in the meeting?

If you have an immense deal of charity in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked; if you are at work speaking and telling of Jesus from morning to night, what does it profit if you do not show that you are a real Christian? Would that all Christians remembered that they are as a book read by the multitude—an "epistle known and read of all men." I know many who have a high name amongst Christians, and yet have proved a stumbling-block in the way of others, because they preach one thing and practice another. Oh be very careful lest you prove a stumbling-block, by preaching abroad while you are leading an unlovely life at home.

"Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another; if any man have quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."—Col. iii. 12, 13.—*The Christian, (London, Eng.)*

TRUE eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip around him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish fall aptly into their own places.—*Milton.*

GOLD.

BY R. H. DUNNING.

"And the gold of that land is good."—Gen. ii. 11.

This passage seems to imply that there is some gold which is not good.

The children of God are compared to gold. Gold is a precious metal.—Why? Not because of its usefulness; for the baser metals are more useful than gold. It is its *scarcity* and its *purity* which gives it its value.

Some gold is good, and some not so good, because it is mixed with the baser metals. If we have this impure gold, we do not *know* its *value*. A man finds a quantity of gold. A friend tells him it is not worth more than fourteen dollars per ounce. What does he do with it? Must he sell it at man's estimate of it, and suffer loss? He takes it to the mint, where it is melted and assayed, and its true value stamped upon it by order of the government. Then he gets its true value for it. He might melt the gold times without number; still he could not make it any purer.—It was still the same impure gold, with *all* the baser metals in it. He had to apply to a *higher power* to get it *refined*. It goes through the melting process preparatory to being refined. Pharaoh put a chain of gold about Joseph's neck. It was a distinction of honor.

Some gold has so much of the baser metals in it, that they predominate over the gold, and it is not fit to be used.

So, some that are called children of God are not very good children, although man may exalt them to the clouds; and they may be called flaming lights in the world, and have all manner of praise heaped upon them. They may hoist the banner of Holiness, and recommend it in the daily walks of life; and still there may be no soundness in them. They may have had conviction after conviction, and their hearts may have been melted, and their eyes overflowed with tears. If they have not been refined with the power of the Holy Ghost, they are like sound-

ing brass and tinkling cymbal. All their labor amounts to nothing. If they have any fruit, it is not of that quality which remains, but fades like a leaf when the sun shines upon it.

If they are like iron, constitutionally, they are stubborn and self-willed—not easily led, but guided by a strong, selfish feeling.

If like lead, they are so soft that they can be bent so as to suit the times and place where they live. And they bend the word of God so as to justify their ways.

Their hearts have not been refined by the Word and Spirit of God, which both agree. God's image has not been stamped on their hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Some gold has not so much of the baser metals mixed with it; but it is alloyed with silver—one of the *precious* metals, but of less value. This, when weighed, is found wanting. This silver must be parted from the gold. The gold being pure from all the baser metals, man is not satisfied after he gets it pure. The government tells him just how much of the baser metals may be put in it to make it *LEGAL*. In go the baser metals again. It is melted, and stamped with Caesar's superscription. It is what one calls "*filthy lucre*," because it is not pure, or because so many covet it, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

This represents the *LEGAL* child of God. He has been made pure. The baser metals have been all taken out of him. He has been sanctified by the Holy Ghost; but not being satisfied, he begins to reason with the enemy. He begins to listen to the charmer. He now yields a *very little*, and drinks in a very little of the alloy—just enough to make himself not too peculiar. He still has enough of the *legal* so that he will pass *current*.

Then there is the Christian, who is wholly given up to God, and sanctified entirely. He is set apart for his Master's use; is willing to let God lead him any way. He holds fast his integrity in God. He has been refined and tried

as gold is tried. He stands the test. God looks, and sees and loves His image there. Hallelujah!

The child of God is liable to be led off into vain customs of this life—such as smoking, drinking, and complaining; liable to taste of these pleasures, and drink in a very little of the alloy.—But he stands upon the watch-tower, watching for the enemy, and guarding his bulwarks and fortifying the weakest points, so as to be ready on the approach of the enemy. He whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps says unto him, *Lo, I am with you; fear not, I am thy God.*

He seeks to do good to both the bodies and souls of men, by warning every man and teaching every man. If his enemy hungers, he feeds him; if he is thirsty, he gives him drink. By so doing, he heaps coals of fire upon his head.

Gold is hid away sometimes in the rocks. These rocks sometimes are found on the surface of the earth, sometimes a little below the surface, sometimes hundreds of feet below the surface.—These rocks often have to be broken before the gold can be seen which has been held in them. Then, when it is seen in such small particles, many would say that it was so small, and so scarce, and so little of it to be seen, that it is not worth while to bother with it; and then, when it is not seen by the naked eye, it still is there, and to see it the magnifying-glass has to be used. In the rock, where this glass cannot detect it, it may still exist. Gold being so very scarce, men will seek after it in many of the out-of-the-way places, such as selling whisky, and by deceitful telegrams, and by extortion and cruelty.

The child of God is hid away in Christ, and no weapon formed against him shall prosper. God hides His child *Himself in Himself*, and he is safe. He fears not the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the destruction which wasteth at noon-day; and though a thousand fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand, it does not move him, for his feet stand on the Rock of

Ages, which was cleft to let him in.—He knows that the promise is, that all things work together for good to them that love God.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZABETH TEMPLE.

In my early childhood I was convinced of sin. My mother, being a Methodist, and my father a Free-will Baptist, I was taught to think about my soul. My father was taken sick when I was fifteen. He said that he had not one child to pray for him. That brought me under conviction; I went away by myself to pray for my father, that the Lord would spare his life, not thinking of the danger that my own soul was in. My prayer was only, that my father might be restored to health again, so that I could get religion and pray with him; as my father's health came, my convictions left me. Time rolled on, I was married at the age of nineteen. I lived happy one year with my husband. He went out one day to chop wood, a tree fell on him and killed him. He was brought in to me a lifeless corpse. I was then deeply convicted again, my convictions bore heavily on me for awhile, but I could not yet consent to yield. They wore off again. At the age of twenty-four, I went to a great ball, and while on the floor, dancing, about the middle of the dance, I felt as if I was dancing over hell, and that it was but one step to get into it. I was so horrified at the sight of a yawning hell, that I fainted, and fell, and was taken up and carried out. Still I resisted the strivings of the Spirit of God, till I was about thirty. I went to an old fashioned Methodist meeting, at Montpelier, Vt., where Orange Scott was preacher in charge. There my convictions came again in a ten-fold manner. There I promised the Lord that I would seek religion, but did not want the world to know it, for I wanted both at once; my convictions and burden grew heavier and heavier. For three months or over, I lost my appetite, and grew

poor. My friends thought I had the consumption—called in the Doctor, he left me some medicine; my mother told me I must take it; I told her there was but one Physician that could reach my case. Then she understood my case. I had given up going to meeting, thinking I should have to give an account of all these privileges that I had unimproved. My mother was an every day Christian. She fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and was a way mark for glory.

She prevailed on me to go to meeting, the following Sabbath. The text was, *Grieve not the Spirit of God*. I plead guilty. At intermission I wanted to go home, but mother kept me there, I then began to look up to the Lord, and plead for mercy, saying, Save my soul, O Lord! I became willing to do any thing to get saved. I became so intent on salvation, that I did not know when the afternoon services commenced. But as the preacher gave out his text, which was this, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light," at that instant I sprung to my feet, and fell back. Then the minister said, that if there is any thing revealed to the second, Let the first hold his peace. He sat down, and I got up, and told them how the Lord had saved my soul, and we had a shout in the camp. Then he finished his sermon. In about two weeks after, I attended a Camp-meeting. There I received the blessing of sanctification, and lived it two years. Then I married the second time, moved to Hartland, Vt. I lost the blessing of perfect love, but still held on to the Lord by faith, for about thirty years. During that time I met with others at the house of a sick man. There we had a prayer meeting. The preacher was with us. The sick man spoke and said, that he was about to cross over the river, and felt very happy. The preacher had nothing to say. I could hold out no longer. I got up and gave an exhortation. I told them I was a poor, despised Methodist, and I thanked God that I was brought to see and feel the love of God shed abroad in my heart. It has

kept me through trials and conflicts. Praise His Holy name. Fifteen rose for prayer, my husband and son with the rest. My husband did not find peace till laid on his death bed. Then he found peace, and felt that the blood of Jesus cleansed from all sin. He passed off in great triumph. Then I was left again, but I felt the Lord to be with me; as he has promised to never leave nor forsake those that put their trust in Him. Oh, how good to feel that we have such a friend, in the hour of trial! My only child, a son, was in the army. He came home and was soon afterward married. He moved to Vineland and soon wrote for me to come, and told me what good revivals they were having, that he had got religion, and joined the Presbyterian church. I came, but did not find the fire I expected. I wanted a deeper work of grace in my heart, to live here in Vineland. I besought the Lord to pour out His Spirit in power that I might be thoroughly purged from all that was not holy in His sight. I asked some that I met, how to get into that glorious liberty. But how could they tell, if they did not enjoy that glorious blessing themselves?

This was in Aug., 1869. I still sought on till Feb. 1870, when I got into perfect liberty. At that time they started a Free Methodist society. Brother John James, and Brother Roberts of New York, came on here and held a meeting. I laid at the fountain. When I told Brother James my case, he pointed out the way so plain that I was enabled to take hold by living faith, and take Jesus at his word,—and feel that I was thoroughly washed from sin, and uncleanness, glory be to His holy name, for such a fullness of His love and mercy!

He does keep me through trials and conflicts. He has been with me, and filled my heart with His holy love, through the drought and heat of summer.

Bless His holy name! My soul burns within me, while I talk of His abundant goodness. I feel He saves me now, praise His holy name.

Vineland, N. J.

MISSIONATING.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"Keep the gospel-trumpet sounding,
Always give a CERTAIN sound:
Lo, temptations are abounding;
WATCH and PRAY—your help is found."

READER, are you a missionary? What kind? Where do you missionate? When? How often? A missionary of the cross is one sent of God. Christ came from heaven. What for? "To missionate? Yes; go about doing good, healing the sick, raising the dead, casting out devils. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prisons to them that are bound."—Isaiah, lxi. 1-3. Have you this same missionary spirit of Christ? "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Missionary friend, is your conversation, your daily walk such as becometh the Gospel of Christ? Have you come out from the world, separated yourself entirely from its follies and fashions, and presented your body "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service?" Is your adorning that "of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," instead of plaiting the hair, wearing of gold, pearls, or costly array? Does your personal appearance correspond with Gospel purity and simplicity—commend itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God?

The beloved Judson was a devoted missionary to Burmah. "Though dead, he yet speaketh" In his appeal to the sisters of America, on the subject of conforming to the world in dress or fashionable costume, he says:

"Dear sisters, let me appeal to conscience, and inquire what is the real motive for wearing ornamental and costly apparel? Is it not the desire of

setting off one's person to the best advantage, and of exciting the admiration of others? Is not such a dress calculated to gratify self-love, and cherish sentiments of vanity and pride? And is it not the nature of those sentiments to acquire strength from indulgence? Do such motives and sentiments comport with the meek, humble, and self-denying religion of Jesus Christ? I would here respectfully suggest that these questions will not be answered so faithfully in the midst of company, as when quite alone, kneeling before God."

Consider the words of the apostle (1 Tim. ii. 9): "I will also that the women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, *not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.*" (Also 1 Peter, iii. 3.)

Surely, you can hold out no longer. Can you rise from your knees in your present attire? Methinks I see you taking off your necklaces and ear-rings, tearing away your ribbons, and ruffles, and superfluities of headdress; and I hear you exclaim, "What shall we do next?"—an important question, deserving serious consideration. The ornaments you are removing, though useless and worse than useless in their present state, can so be disposed of as to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the sick, enlighten the dark-minded, disseminate the Holy Scriptures, spread the glorious Gospel throughout the world.

"To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Your cheerful feet repair:
And with the gifts your hands bestow,
Relieve the miseries there."

No one is duly prepared for missionary labor abroad, either in a foreign or domestic field, unless he is first a missionary at home, in his own house and cut of it.

"The love of God flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts (the scantiness is such)
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides."

Missionating are you? For whom?

the Lord or for Satan? for light or for darkness? for heaven or for hell? Is your life a missionary life? Does your whole being, spirit, soul, and body missionate—your thoughts, words, and actions—your every-day walk? What unruly sinner did you labor to save—to pull out of the fires of hell—the last week, the last month, the last year? What one yesterday and to-day? How many perishing souls have you pointed to Jesus, meaning while saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" "escape for your life;" "look not behind you?" How many fervent prayers have you offered for salvation to go forth as the light of the morning? What Bible truth have you hid in your own heart, that you might not sin against God? What number of tears have you shed for the desolations of Zion, because so few come to her solemn feasts? "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Can you say with Jeremiah, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people?"—Jer. ix. 1. Or with Paul?—Rom. ix. 2, 3. Are you fighting the Lord's battles, acting aggressively—carrying the war into the heart of the enemy's country, stretching every nerve Godward in the path of duty—*flying* on salvation's wings? In a word, are you on *fire*, pentecostally, for God's glory in the salvation of a world lost! *lost!*

What say you, friend, in reply to these few interrogations, intimately connected with the missionary life? Is your answer in the affirmative or in the negative?

Make the tree good, the fruit will be good; where the fountain is pure the stream is pure. When the heart is right, goodness flows out spontaneously, readily, freely, continually. Saving sinners will be uppermost, your meat and your drink.

Friend, begin at home to missionate, in your own house, your parlor, your kitchen, with your next neighbor, and so on. Let your missionary spirit be seen here, before you talk about mis-

sionating abroad. Persons who have no heart to do good and communicate, pull sinners out of the fires of hell, in their own vicinity, are not the ones to go to the heathen abroad. Christian men, Christian women, so called, without souls on fire, baptized pentecostally, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, are not the ones to save the perishing heathen.

What sad, awful mistakes are made by missionary-boards, in sending out mere skeletons of piety, gay, fashionable, worldly-minded—having a name to live while dead! What an immense amount of outittings have been expended on unworthy objects—worse than lost—widow's mites, likewise of hard earnings—that better have been cast into the depths of the sea! Is it not an imposition, a burning shame, to send forth to the poor heathen mere nominals—those professing godliness, who have not learned the first principles of Gospel salvation? "Woe to the world because of offences, for it must be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

Let those offering themselves as missionaries first be proved at home. Are they active in divine life, consecratedly—given up wholly, unreservedly to God's service, constrained by God's love, with right hands severed, right eyes plucked out?

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

"Come, look o'er the nations in darkness who moan! Beyond where the light of the Gospel has gone. Yes, lift up your eyes, and behold each ripe field. All white for the harvest, their increase to yield. Then haste to the heathen, and gladly proclaim The news of salvation, in Jesus's name."

On earth, many go about to establish their own righteousness; in heaven, all sing, "Glory to the Lamb." On earth, many take Christ as part of their righteousness, and their duties as part; in heaven, all give glory to the Lamb.—Does this song find an echo in your heart?

THE GOOD PILOT.

SOME years since, on a stormy night upon the New Jersey coast, Mr. Holmes, of the life-boat station, was awakened from his sleep by the low, heavy sound of a cannon booming over the angry waves. As he listened, he found that the sounds came at regular intervals of a minute, and his practised ear directly understood the warning notice of distress indicated by "The Minute Gun at Sea."

Rousing from his rest, he quickly manned and launched his life-boat. In the darkness he could only determine the direction of the vessel in distress by his ear; and as he listened, he guided his boat nearer and nearer, till at last a flash of lightning revealed a vessel stranded on an outer bar. Escape for the passengers was impossible. As well might they plunge into the wide ocean as into that angry sea; and the waves, as they rolled in, broke over the vessel with a force that would soon rend it into pieces. The lurid lightning only showed to the panic-stricken passengers the hopelessness of escape.

While they were thus giving themselves up to despair, the brave pilot was approaching still more and more closely, though undiscovered by them. The waves beat so high, that in vain he tried to board the vessel on the windward side, and he came under her lee; but so rapidly was his life-boat driven, that here, too, the hope of boarding was vain. His bold heart and clear head, however, in a moment devised an expedient. As he passed under the vessel he seized a rope hanging from a yard-arm—he raised himself by it; his boat was swept from under him, and he swung himself on the wreck, to share the fate of the passengers and crew. He called them to him, and told them that *if they would trust him*, he could wear the ship off the bar, and carry them safe to land. Astonished by his heroism and self-sacrifice, crew, and passengers, by common consent, gave every thing into his hands, and every soul on board was saved. When

they had all safely reached the beach they brought to their brave pilot their precious things, and besought him to accept all they had, for to him alone they owed their lives, their all. He had placed himself in their sinking wreck, and saved them from a watery grave. He declined their gifts, and went back to his post of danger, ready again to save those who might need his skill and daring.

Reader, to the best of my recollection, this is a true narrative of what occurred on a part of the Atlantic coast which I recently left. Does it not bring to your mind the sweet story of grace—the story of One who left the glory of His father's home, to take His place among the ruined and dying—and not subject Himself to their death only, but to hang upon the cross, a curse for sinful man? Does not His voice call upon *you* to trust in Him—showing you how vain it is to attempt, in any other than the way He has provided, to escape the flood that God will bring upon the ungodly?

"Come to Jesus, come and welcome;
Lay your worthless efforts by;
Find in Him complete salvation,
By Himself alone brought nigh;
Worthless sinner,
Look to Jesus Christ and live."

Learn God's great lesson, "MAN'S RUIN AND GOD'S REMEDY," and put your trust in One mighty and able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. Poor human nature is but a shattered bark, wrecked already, and the waves of divine wrath even now are threatening to engulf you. Escape is hopeless. And now Jesus Christ, who alone knows the depth of man's ruin and need, who alone can save, cries, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and *there is none else*." Will you look, and look now? Ah, how readily men trust their fellow-men, but how slow are they to trust Christ! The evil heart of man would rather brave the stormy tide than resign himself into the hands of the good Pilot!

And notice, dear reader, if you are a

Christian, yet one other thing. The brave pilot made no bargain with the wrecked mariners. All he asked was for them to *trust him*. He did not first demand their valuables, and refuse to save them unless they would bestow them all upon him. He saved them freely, and *then* their hearts were opened to pour out all they had to their deliverer. Yet how often the gospel of God's grace is mistaken, as though God demanded from the poor sinner some great works before He will listen to his cry for mercy. But, ah, no; God's way is very different. He saves us freely, and thus wins our hearts; so that, as we contemplate His mighty love, we feel that nothing is too near or too dear to pour out for "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever."
—R. P. S.—*Times of Refreshing.*

Christian Experience.

BY HELEN L. SMITH.

THINK you I'm left to go *alone*? Ah, no;

A form, surpassing earthly loveliness,
Goes just before me, and my darkest woe
Is turned into the sunlight of God's peace.

Think you I tread *alone* the narrow way?

Though rough and thorny, 'tis a shining
track.

I know it leadeth up to endless day;

Jesus is with me, why should I turn back?

Think you I fear the dangers that I meet?

The vulture's eye hath never seen my
path;

And, while I mark the print of His dear feet,
I smile in triumph at the tempest's wrath.

Think you the cross is heavy? Well, 'tis
true;

But Jesus lifts the cross, and me beside:

I know this is the *living way* and new,
Cast up for pilgrims by the Crucified.

Think you the journey seemeth to me long?

No; for the City, even now, is near;

I hear the echo of the angels' song—

The "Hallelujah Chorus," sweet and clear.

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

I was preaching my ordinary weekly lecture in the evening, when I was sent for in great haste to visit a woman who was said to be dying, and who very much desired to see me. I closed the service as soon as I could, and went immediately to her house. She was a member of my church, whom I had known very well for years; with whom I had been acquainted ever since her first serious impressions, before she became a communicant. As I entered the room where she lay, I found it filled with her friends, who had gathered around her to see her die. Making my way through the midst of them, I reached the side of her bed, and found her apparently in the last agonies of death. She was bolstered up in her bed, gasping for breath, almost suffocated by the asthma; and the whole bed shook by a palpitation of her heart, which seemed to be shaking her to pieces. It appeared to me that she could not live the quarter of an hour. I said to her—

"Mrs. M., you seem to be very sick?"

"Yes," said she, "I am dying."

"And are you ready to die?"

She lifted her eyes upon me with a solemn and fixed gaze; and, speaking with great difficulty, she replied—

"Sir, God knows—I have taken him—at his word,—and—I am not afraid—to die."

It was a new definition of faith. "I have taken him at his word." It struck me in an instant as a triumph of faith. "God knows, I have taken him at his word, and I am not afraid to die." It was just the thing for her to say. I have often tried to think what else she could have said, that would have expressed so much in such few words.

I prayed some four minutes at her bedside, recited to her some passages of God's Word, and was about to leave her for a moment to her friends, whom she seemed anxious to address. She held me by the hand; and uttering a word at a time as she gasped for breath, she said to me—

"I wanted to tell you—that I can—

trust—in God—while—I am dying. You have—often told me—he would not—forsake me. And now—I find—it true. I am—at peace. I die—willingly—and happy.”

In a few minutes I left her, uttering to her such promises of the Saviour as I deemed most appropriate. However, she did not die. She still lives. But that expression of her faith has been of great benefit to me. It has aided me in preaching, and in conversation with inquiring sinners, very often. It gave me a more simple idea of faith than I ever had before. It put aside all the mist of metaphysics, speculation, and philosophizing. It made the whole nature of faith plain. Every body could understand it:—“God knows, I have taken him at his word.”

If I am not mistaken, many of the speculations about faith have no tendency to *invite* faith. Rather the contrary. The speculations tend to throw over the exercises of faith an obscurity—tend to give them a dimness and distance, which make them too uncertain and too far off, for either clearness or comfort. We cannot afford to take such long journeys, and through such intricate windings. The Bible never asks us to do it. “The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is, the word of faith which we preach, that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” This is all clear; “nigh thee.” It is God’s word. Speculations cannot improve it. Explanations cannot make it invite faith, only as they make its simplicity understood.

Many of the published Dissertations on the so-called philosophy of the atonement may be deep, but they are dark. We cannot afford to travel along such weary distances, and through such twilight paths, in order to get at the fact, at what it *is* that we are to believe and trust in. The Bible puts it directly before us; “slain for us—the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.” We are asked to receive it, just on God’s

testimony: not by the aids of philosophy, but on the declaration of the fact. We “make God a liar,” if we do not “believe the testimony which he has given us of his son.” We must take it *on God’s declaration*. That is faith. The speculations may be useful to silence skepticism; but they never soften hearts. They may make us scholars; but they never make us children, or lead us home. The atonement satisfies God. He says so. That is enough. Leave it there. Men may try, but they will try in vain, when they attempt to convert the weapons for defending against infidelity into bread to feed God’s hungry children. We must “take God at his word.” The philosophy of religion is just faith, nothing more.

Many of our treatises on the subjects of faith (having a kind of germanizing about them—a kind of crazy philosophizing), are so filled up with explanations, and labored justifications, and attempted analogies, that they have more tendency to awaken doubt than call forth faith. They have just the effect to make the reader believe, that the authors are not themselves quite certain of *the thing*, since they take so much pains to demonstrate, explain and *justify it*. They appear to go back of God’s word, and invite other people to go along with them, as if God’s words needed the props of their philosophy. This is no aid to faith. Let us “take God at his word.” No philosophy can prop up a divine promise, or build a scaffolding to reach it. Some of our theologians, having a kind of German baptism, are more likely to make infidels than make Christians. The same thing may be said of a great deal of modern religious literature, filled with philosophy, “falsely so called.”—*I. S. Spencer, D. D.*

He loves the weakest of those for whom He died. Just as a mother loves all her children, even those that are weak and sickly; so Christ cares for those who are weak in the faith—who have many doubts and fears—who have heavy burdens and temptations.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY V. A. ROFF.

I WAS converted in the year 1870. I then united with the M. E. Church. I then gave my heart to God, with the firm resolve to live and die a faithful Christian. I committed myself to Him, to be His forever. He mercifully led me, and kept my feet from falling.—He supported me and was with me through many and severe trials. Praise His holy name! I resolved to work for Him. Engaging myself as a teacher, I determined to work in the name of the Lord. I met at times with persecutions, while teaching in B., in Ohio, among Spiritualists, who knew no God and were opposed to the Bible being read in school. They called a meeting to discharge me because I read the Bible and prayed in school. Yet the Lord was on my side. I was permitted to go on. I have enjoyed many seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and have labored to save sinners—always feeling blessed while working for the Lord, and talking of His mercy. He led me through fiery trials and deep affliction. I strive to put my trust in Him. I had poor health—much to suffer. Now came days of darkness and spiritual gloom—sad days for me. I know I murmured at my stay, and wished my sufferings less. During all this, my Father's care was over me. He was guiding my frail bark with an unseen hand, and though the waves would have taken me in, He saved me. I was again awakened, and I resolved to live more faithful than before, the Lord being my helper.

In the summer of 1869, I went down into the oil country to teach. I went, thinking I would live faithfully, and be separate from the world. No Sabbath—no religious ones with whom to associate. The associations with this people soon told upon me. I grew less devoted, and more conformed to the world. Dress and fashionable amusements took the time that belonged to the Lord.—

Finally, I was enabled to see where I would eventually come out, and I resolved to return to T—, where I taught during the following winter.—Doubts and fears now seized hold of me; I did not enjoy peace. A few weeks of meeting was held here. I did not receive light until the last. I sought for peace, and the Lord blessed me. I did not expect to find hindrances in the Church; but festivals, dress and gayety took my time. I groped in darkness, and knelt to the idol Fashion. Praise the Lord since I have had light!

In the spring I went to Meadville, and I prayed the Lord to give me a situation. I prayed him to direct me in any way, and I would follow. Before I was told by any one I should have a school here, the assurance that my prayer was answered was mine. I promised the Lord I would do anything I could for Him. I felt I ought to do more for Him than I had done. The first Sabbath at M. led me to the S. Street Church; and the next I attended, Bro. Chesbro preached a heart-searching sermon. I was awakened, and after a precious season of general class, went home. After retiring to my room, I fell upon my knees and prayed for deliverance. I prayed the Lord to open the way. I was faithful in attending upon every means of grace. I became a teacher of the infant class. The Lord was with me and blessed my labors. I now saw things in a new light. I believed I did not enjoy what others did. A meeting for seekers of holiness was given out by our beloved pastor. I resolved to improve these meetings.—Night after night I found my way to these meetings, being deeply convicted and having no peace. I continued to pray for the blessing—not willing to go to the altar. Oh, the mercy and love that kept me through such open rebellion to his commands! I felt I could not hold out thus. After services one evening, I resolved not to leave until I had received the blessing. The burden was great. I broke down—a weeping, mourning, burdened soul.—Hallelujah! I found my way to the

altar, and knelt beside another sister who was under great clouds. Those wishing to leave had been dismissed. Thank God! a faithful few remained to pray for us. Then and there I consecrated myself, and all I possessed, to the Lord. I said, Lord, take me; I will be thine—I am thine; thy will be done. Glory to God! His blessing soon came down in copious showers.—I had the assurance of my acceptance. He blessed me—oh! so wonderfully. I never knew such bliss before. My lips were unsealed; I did not fear to shout His praise. Hallelujah! Such light as shone upon my soul no tongue could tell. It is all joy and peace—praise His holy name! As the light shone, I was enabled to walk in it.

While writing my experience one day, I said, I had laid all upon the altar. I was convicted and could go no farther until I had disrobed my head of its adornings, and I was blessed in thus doing. I still wore an indispensable gold pin,—had had no especial light here until I heard Bro. Roberts preach from these words, “Enter ye in at the strait gate,” etc. I was troubled, and found others were stumbling here. I laid it aside—not for the opinion of the people, but for the glory of God. As light is given, I endeavor to walk in it.

ASSURANCE AND PRESUMPTION.

1. THEY differ in the method or manner of working: divine assurance flows from humiliation for sin; I speak not of the measure of humiliation, but the truth. There are in Palermo reeds growing, in which there is a sugared juice: a soul humbled for sin is the bruised reed, in which grows this sweet assurance. God's Spirit is a spirit of bondage, before it be a spirit of adoption; but presumption ariseth without any humbling work of the Spirit: “How camest thou by the venison so soon.” The plough goes before the seed be sown; the heart must be ploughed up by humiliation and repentance, before God sow the seed of assurance.

2. He who hath a real assurance will take heed of that which will weaken and darken his assurance; he is fearful of the forbidden fruit; he knows, though he cannot sin away his soul, yet he may sin away his assurance; but he who hath the *ignis fatuus* of presumption, doth not fear defiling his garments—he is bold in sin,—Jer. iii. 4, 5. “Wilt thou not cry unto me, my Father? Behold, Thou hast done evil things as thou couldst!” Balaam said, My God; yet was a sorcerer. It is a sign he hath no money about him, who fears not to travel at all hours in the night; 'tis a sign he hath not the jewel of assurance, who fears not the work of darkness.

3. True assurance is built upon a scripture basis; the Word saith, “The effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance forever.”—Isa. xxxii. 17. A Christian's assurance is built upon this scripture; God hath sown the seed of righteousness in his soul, and this seed hath brought forth the harvest of assurance; but presumption is a spurious thing, it hath not scripture to show for its warrant,—it is like a will without seal or witnesses, which is null and void in law,—presumption wants both the witness of the Word and the seal of the Spirit.

4. Assurance flowing from sanctification always keeps the heart in a lowly posture: “Lord,” saith the soul, “what am I, that passing by so many, the golden beams of thy love should shine upon me?” Paul had assurance: is he proud of his jewel? No,—Eph. iii. 8, “To me who am less than the least of all saints.” The more love a Christian receives of God, the more he sees himself a debtor to free grace, and the sense of his debt keeps his heart humble; but presumption is built of pride. He who presumes, disdains; he thinks himself better than others:—Luke, xviii. 11, “God, I thank thee, I am not as other men are, nor as this publican.” Feathers fly up, but gold descends; he who hath this golden assurance, his heart descends in humility.—Thomas Watson.

TOBACCO.

BY GEO. E. B. JAYNE.

"There is an evil that I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men."

THERE are a great many evils existing among men, but the greatest of these are *Rum* and *Tobacco*, twin brothers. Of the former much is said and written, of the latter but little. Such a practice ought to be discarded by respectable citizens, fought against by church members, and thundered at from the pulpits.

The love of Tobacco is acquired; no one loves it at first; until repeated efforts are made, a person cannot generally use it, without becoming sick.

It is poisonous; so fearfully so, that when first taken into the system, it begins a terrible war. Tobacco invades the quiet domains of man's existence. Man with this weapon fights against himself. The system repels the attacks and is for a season successful, but by repeated assaults, it is overcome, and man becomes a slave to a powerful habit.

It is a most disgusting and filthy habit. It pollutes the breath with pestilentials enough to sicken a dog. *The professing Christian who uses it is a stumbling block.* The following incident came under my notice at a Camp-meeting two years ago. At a gathering for prayer, earnest invitations were given to sinners to seek the Saviour, and among others who came forward, was a lady deeply convicted.

A gentleman who made it his business to talk to mourners, kneeled down by her side, and tried to point her to Christ. She went away from that meeting, and never returned again. When asked the reason why, she said, "I came very near being taken sick, while that brother talked to me." What a terrible thought it will be to that brother, all through eternity, if he has been the means of keeping that one soul out of the kingdom! "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him, through whom they come." Paul says,

"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat while the world stands."

It is positively forbidden. "Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh."

"Whatsoever is not to the glory of God, is of sin." *It is a useless expenditure of money.* There is money enough spent for tobacco in the United States, to build thousands of Churches, to clothe hundreds of thousands of beggars, to build comfortable homes for all the orphans in the world, to satisfy the cravings of the multitudes who prowl about our cities, and if properly used, with the blessing of God, might be the means of saving thousands of souls.

Is it a harmless indulgence? Ah! Is it not the choosing of hell that assigns us there? Is it not stepping at once from innocence to vice? It is not the thoughtful choosing of the service of Satan that ruins our souls, but it is yielding to these so called harmless indulgences, that make us the agents of the Devil, and will make us the inmates of hell. Dear Brother, let us "put on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof;" "that we may be vessels unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

Search Me and Try Me.

BY R. A. HUMPHREY.

O LORD, my Lord, search thou my heart—
Search close, my Lord, search every part;
I stand before thee, let thine eye
Search through my soul, e'en though I die.

I would not aught of sin conceal;
Thy burning glance, Lord, let me feel;
I would not trust in outward show—
Thy searching truth, Lord, let me know.

I bare my soul before thine eye—
Search me and try me, lest I die;
Though I might hide my head in shame,
For all my sin, in Jesus's name.

And through His sacrifice divine.
I claim His holy kinship mine;
And gladly, Abba, Father, cry,
Search me and try me, lest I die.

SECRET PRAYER.

BY MRS. S. E. JACKSON.

OUR Saviour has impressed this injunction on all His followers, by precept, by promise, and by His own blessed example: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Ill health, affliction in the family, unfavorable weather, distance, and many other circumstances, may keep us from the public means of grace; but none of these can prevent our praying in secret. We may be desirous of enjoying the benefits of a domestic altar; a want of piety in our friends may deprive us of this means of grace also. But neither friends nor enemies can prevent our holding communion with our God in secret. We may go to Him at any time, in any place, under any circumstances. No time is unseasonable, no place unfit for such a purpose. There is no place so secret but God is there. He has ever an eye to see, an ear to hear the cries and groans, and a heart to grant the desire of him who sincerely prays to Him. However confused the desires, however broken the requests, however feeble the effort, it will not escape His notice. "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open to their prayers."

The *Christian* does not forget God—does not neglect the "duties of the closet." God is the object, and His glory the end of his secret devotions. Neither is he satisfied with a mere external performance of the duty. Not so with the hypocrite. He has ever at hand some excuse for the neglect of private prayer—though he squanders, every day, much of his time in frivolous conversation, or unnecessary visiting. He can persuade himself that his engagements are so urgent, that he has no time for private prayer, without neglecting his worldly interests or his family. Should his conscience testify that

he has sufficient time, another circumstance will generally furnish him with an excuse—the want of a *convenient* place. But the trouble is, he wants a *heart* for it, more than he wants *time* or *place*.

He who loves secret prayer, and values such privileges for the effect they have on himself, in humbling the soul, weaning the heart from the world, and rendering the mind more spiritual; he it is who habituates himself to, and perseveres in the practice of it.

How lamentable it is that a duty so obvious, a privilege so great, a means of grace so enriching to the soul, should be so much neglected! The incalculable benefits of private prayer, cannot be known to those who retire to their closets by "fits and starts" only. If it be necessary for a man to pray, when suffering from the upbraidings of his conscience, or smarting under the rod of affliction, it is equally so in time of prosperity, when it is probable his real danger is greater, and fresh trials may await him.

The Christian should pray without ceasing. It is not he who begins in the Spirit and ends in the flesh, but he that endureth to the end that will be saved.

Johnsborough, N. Y.

AN EXAMPLE.—If Christians, when they have a matter of difference, would graciously agree to meet with each other in prayer, and pray together kindly for each other, their contention would soon end; but one cannot stoop and the other will not. They are not so wise as Luther's two goats, who once met upon a narrow plank over a deep water; they would not go back, and they dare not fight, at length one of them lay down while the other walked over him, and so peace and safety attended both. Why should not Christians try this method?

God's anger is like a river damned up. It is getting higher and higher, fuller and deeper, every day against every soul that is out of Christ.

"ONE THING I KNOW."

You are home from camp meeting. God in his love, greatly blessed you there, and you came home rejoicing in the belief that the blood of Jesus cleansed you from all sin. But Satan knows where you live, and will, if he has not done so already, pay his respects in due time. He will insinuate doubts as to your having made such great advancement in the divine life. He will persuade you that you are hardly sanctified. You have already, perhaps, found that some of the members of your church receive your story rather incredulously. The quality of your faith is about to be tested. Will you stand by your camp meeting record? God help you. Meet the doubtmongers with "One thing I know."

We read of a blind man to whom Jesus restored sight. The Pharisees heard of it, but did not believe it. They went to him and asked him about it. He said, "Yes, He put clay on my eyes, and I washed and do see." The Pharisees doubted, and went to his parents to ask them if it was really so. The parents sent them back to the son. To him they come again in a manner that seemed to say, "See here! there must be some mistake about this matter of your receiving sight. Remember you have been blind from your birth. You must be under a delusion." But the answer was, "One thing I know: that whereas I was blind, I now see." "Well, if you have obtained your sight, it could not have been restored by Jesus of Nazareth, because he is a sinner." "Whether a sinner or not, one thing I know, I now see." "But how did he open thy eyes? What did he to thee?" said they, still being full of unbelief and opposition. Still he held to the "old, old story," and added to it argument to prove that Jesus must be the Christ.

Then they cast him out of the synagogue; but as he went methinks he said to himself, "Cast me out if you will, but one thing I know, I now see."

You know that Jesus did bless you

at the camp meeting; you had such an experience as you never had before. Now hold on here. If Satan or any one of his helpers comes to reason you out of your blessing, at once take up the blind man's refrain. "One thing I know." Stand fast on that ground. Give not an inch. Take no lower stand. Make no concession—no compromise. If any one suggests that you cannot hold out, fall back on the "One thing I know." Jesus hath said, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee," asking every moment for the needed help. Thus by faith you may ride out the storm, and be saved at last.—*R. V. Lawrence, in Home Journal.*

Pleading.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

SOFTLY I bend from my window, to fill
Two hands lifted pleadingly up to the sill;
My hands drop the fruit, my lips a quick
smile,—

So little to round up the palms of a child!
I watch it depart.

O, face with a smile! and O, hands lifted up,
With tiny-veined palms, like a white lily's
cup!

Thou framest so often a wish, and a prayer,
I wonder if doubt ever entereth there—
O, little child-heart!

So certain thou camest! My child, I would
go

Unto the All-Father, with hands lifted so;
O, voice with the silvery chord running
through!

I would I could ask as prevailingly too.

I would, in my need,
The hands lifted up unto God were as pure:
My faith in His promises half as secure,—
That, framing a prayer in the simplest of
speech, [reach:

The ear of "the Loving" I knew it would
As oft would I plead.

MANY have lazy desires after Christ,
that are never satisfied, and they are
none the better for them—like beggars
wishing they were rich.

THE KIND OF LABORERS NEEDED.

BY REV. GEO. W. ANDERSON.

THE words of Jesus are as appropriate now as they were 1,800 years ago. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to the harvest." There is work to be done in and out of the Church; in arousing the lukewarm, in sanctifying the carnal, and in leading sinners to Jesus. There is much to be done, and only *few* to do it: at least few of the right kind.— Were ministers baptized from Heaven, and professing Christians aflame with love for God and souls, the Church would be a potent influence in the earth. Jesus calls for reapers, not for men who seat themselves by the lunch-basket, crying, "give, give;" for laborers, not for Doctors of Divinity and kid-gloved gentlemen; for workers, not for men who flourish their polished sticks high in air above the grain, but men who will bend to their work with a will.

Soldiers are wanted—earnest, determined, unflinching men and women to meet the advancing columns of the enemy, who is gaining some of his greatest victories just now, right in the heart of the Christian Church. Soldiers who will not be content in camp with pompous parade, flourishing their polished yet bloodless weapons of forms, fine sermons, pretty speeches, and airy music,—but men of wisdom and soul, who will do away with empty forms and showy ceremonies, taking the simple truth of God's word as David did the smooth stones from the brook. There was a certain pompous General of the rebel army, who at a certain time when no enemy was in sight, announced to his Captain of Artillery that the crisis had come, and commanded him to fire. The Captain ordered his men to action: they wanted to know at what to aim. "Why," said he, "didn't you hear the General say the crisis had come?" We hear too many talking about the "crisis:" this and the other social and political question, when they should be

exhorting sinners to *instant* repentance. There was another General, who in the heat of a battle seeing a blacksmith forge, thought it was a piece of artillery, and asked why it was not in action. A Dutch soldier replied, "we can't shoot mit a blacksmith shop." Some ministers will set folks to praying and exhorting in a revival meeting who will do no more damage to the Devil's works than the blacksmith's forge.

Above all: we want men filled with the Holy Ghost. No matter how finely moulded the shot may be it will drop powerless at the muzzle of the gun if there is no powder behind it to drive it to the mark: so of learned, flowery sermons. They do not reach the heart though they may be aimed at it, for the Holy Ghost is not in such sermons to force them home to sinner's consciences. We have heard of the oil swindle where a party after a great expenditure in boring, failing to strike oil, placed a tank full of the hid treasure below the line of observation from which they pumped the oil into a tank on the surface of the earth where by a secret passage it found its way back into the pump again, and by so doing the well was sold to a poor dupe of a fellow for the large sum of \$75,000. Men are needed with a deep religious experience who have the well of water springing up within them to life everlasting, with something more and better than a mere tank full of religious ideas and theories drawn from the well of other men;—those who will draw their supplies fresh and free from Jesus Christ, bringing from their communion with Him "things new and old" for the conviction of sinners. When I hear ministers in the pulpit and people in the prayer meeting going through an almost endless repetition of stale ideas, ideas at least drawn from anything but a soul warm with holy love and faith, I can't help thinking of the "oil swindle," pumping, pumping, away with a constant flow of nothing but the same *pointless, insipid* stuff.— These moralizing, speculate sort are not the kind of laborers that we want.—

They might help fill up a church and be good to plan for a fair or a picnic, but they could not go out among sinners warning them to repent and turn to God. You who preach the gospel, you who superintend Sabbath schools, you who lead class meetings, you who pray and exhort, get the baptism of the Holy Ghost, "the sword that cuts, the fire that burns." The devil does not fear you so long as you preach learning, so long as you talk and pray in a dead, formal manner—get your lips once touched with a live coal of fire off of God's altar and you will be feared in hell, and be powerful on earth, and be approved in heaven.

NONE BUT JESUS.

BY MARY E. EDINGER.

"Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way."

How the blood of the Lamb flows through my soul! Hallelujah! The truth makes me free. How I dare testify to the saving power of God in my soul! When we get the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire on the soul it is then we have the "mind of Christ."—Then we can sympathize with our beloved Master in the garden of Gethsemane. Oh the agony of soul which He endured when He was "exceeding sorrowful even unto death." I can "now realize somewhat," the worth of an immortal soul. We must suffer with Him, if we would "reign with Him." After having suffered agony of soul on account of unsaved people and even ministers, the "Balm of Gilead" is applied to my heart, and a halo of joy and glory pours into my soul, and my "peace is as a river." O glory to Jesus! He is the Rock of my salvation. I can say I glory alone in the cross. I am so saved by the blood of Christ that I care not for the applause of the world. I find the Word of God and the Spirit agree, and my soul is "hungering and thirsting after righteousness." I want to know the

"height and depth" of Jesus' love.—I am persuaded that "nothing can separate me from the love of Christ," for I am dead and my life is hid with Christ in God. I now know, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Precious promise! "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." I claim that promise. I find that "in God all fullness dwells;" praise His name forever and ever.

About one year ago I went to a Free Methodist Camp Meeting for the first time; and that for curiosity. I was a member of the Church—United Brethren—had the form of Godliness, but denied the power. The last morning I was there, (which was the day before the meeting was ended) the Spirit of God strove with me mightily, and, I was as it were, compelled to say,

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more:
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror."

God for Christ's sake gave me the clear evidence of my conversion, and I was led to ask the forgiveness of some there: for I had fought this glorious doctrine of holiness.

At the time of my conversion I did not believe in sanctification subsequent to justification: nor did I believe it would take from the heart inbred sin; for I felt the uprising of the carnal nature. I vowed to God that I would walk in the light, as it shone on my heart. For two months I seemed to walk in the sunlight of heaven. Then there was another Camp Meeting which I attended and the Lord blessed me wonderfully. When Bro. Hart gave the privilege to all those that were justified to come forward and seek the blessing of holiness, I thought I had obtained it at conversion and did not go. The Lord partially withdrew his Spirit from me. But the word of God that cuts sharper than a two-edged sword was presented to my mind: part of this verse, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." But I tried to think of other passages of

Scripture something like this, "Who-soever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." All the afternoon I thought of that verse I first alluded to in 1st Thessalonians. That evening the Spirit strove with me in great power, and before I received this glorious, cleansing power of Jesus on my soul, I vowed to God that I would own this as a second and cleansing work of grace in the heart. Praise the name of Jesus!—After consecrating all to him, my faith failed me three times, for it seemed the Church and people were like mountains before me. But the voice of Jesus whispered, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and all the living faith that I could I exercised, and my soul was entirely cleansed: and filled with all the fullness of God. I could almost seem to hear angels singing all night. Heaven seemed to be in my soul and all around me. I still feel the cleansing and saving power on my soul.

"The cross of Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear,
I'll hail reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus lead me there."

Aspiring.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

O LITTLE, pearly fingers,
That strive to gather in
Too many glitt'ring treasures,
Within their tiny ring!

The tinted shell, and flower,
Slip from their clasp alike—
From hand, relaxed and feeble,
From fingers, soft and white.

O soul, with tendrils reaching,
And trembling with desire,—
Oft blindly reaching, O my soul—
Be sure that *thou* aspire.

Be sure thy best affections,
Thy tender, flexile rings,
Reach upward—clinging only
Unto Eternal things.

WHAT A FALL!

A MINISTER of the Gospel told me in 1847, one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home, for the first time in his life, intoxicated, and his boy met him on the door-step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him round, staggered and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, (I could give his name if necessary,) "I went out and bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it; I walked up and down the hall. There was his child dead; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man but thirty-five years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark on the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him round, and a wife on the very brink of the grave! "Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. They told me I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke, he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What's the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Where is my boy?' he inquired. 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way; I will see my boy!' To prevent confusion, I took him to that child's bedside; and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a shriek, 'Ah! my child!' A year after that, he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is, to-day, a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston! Now tell me what drink will do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute, and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is not vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking, or hellish. We are united, brethren, are we not, to fight it till the day of our death?—*John B. Gough.*

A THANK OFFERING.

BY AGNES F. BARBER.

A HEART filled with praise to Jesus, and gratitude to the dear friends of the Pilgrim's Camp Meeting at Bainbridge, N. Y., prompts this testimony. I have not a doubt the desire to attend your gathering was from the Lord, and, as He opened the way I went. Bless God that I did. I will first state that I was blessed with devoted Baptist parents. Early influences led to my conviction, and fifteen years ago I was converted at a Camp Meeting which I was induced to attend by the Christian faithfulness of a friend, now one of your number. I shall bless God forever for that "happy day," and also, that the Divine Spirit led me to the M. E. Church as my spiritual home, where I have found such precious helps to growth in grace. Before I arose from the sacred spot where I received converting grace, I was convicted for entire sanctification. And I had every advantage for obtaining it. In the revival that soon followed a number of old members and converts were brought into its enjoyment. My leader and several of our class too, were living witnesses. But I was "slow of heart" to believe, and failed to enter the promised land. I still, however, continued to seek, and about four years after, thought I found the priceless pearl. But soon giving way to fears and doubts, the waves overwhelmed me. As soon as I ceased to testify to the precious rest I had found in Jesus, how rapidly my steps went downward! Worldly ambition and cares "choked the word," and although I maintained a form of godliness my life was wretched. The depravity of my heart brought me into snares, till, discouraged, and under severe trials I fearfully rebelled against God. Oh, the bitter memory of that portion of my life. Would I could blot it out. But though my tears cannot, yet, glory to Jesus, His all cleansing blood *does* eradicate every stain. I did not entirely give up prayer, but disclaimed anything like religious

enjoyment. But oh, the amazing forbearance of God! His Spirit did not leave me. August 2d, one year ago, I went to ask a Christian brother to try to win a backslidden friend back to the fold, and, as Job's captivity was turned when he prayed for his friends, so, in trying to save another I was led by kind Christian exhortation to unusual prayer for myself, when, with astonishing readiness, my Father welcomed me back, and *melted* that terrible *bitterness* out of my heart, and I again rejoiced in the light of His reconciled countenance. But I could not rest in sins forgiven. Again came the conviction for purity of heart, but I failed to regain the lost treasure. Still I was graciously favored with rich answers to prayer, and really think I was growing in grace when I went to your Camp Meeting, a few weeks since. But there was one heavy cross which had for weeks been almost constantly before my mind, which it seemed to me would be like taking my life; and could it be my duty to assume such a grievous burden which I verily thought would make every day a perfect dread? It was the family altar.—My father had recently died. My aged mother and invalid sister did not feel called to continue the practice he had so faithfully maintained, and could I, the youngest, take upon myself this solemn responsibility alone? No. I thought I had thus got the question comfortably settled some time previous. But I now bless God for the clear light that shone down from the throne into my soul in that consecrated grove. When I went into the prayer meeting Sunday morning, Bro. Roberts was laboring to help a soul out of darkness, and sung, repeatedly, a verse beginning,

"Thy holy will be done, not mine."

How little he knew how God was using it. The words,

"I dare not, Lord, the cross decline,
Nor lay the heaviest burden down,
The richest jewel of my crown,"

went like an arrow to my heart, and, bless God, the wound remained till di-

vinely healed. The various meetings were crowned with such manifestations of Divine power as I had never before witnessed. Others were receiving great blessings, and my friends tried to help me into the pool, and, thank God, I was, through this means, enabled to take some advanced steps, breaking chains of folly which had bound me; but though the power of the Lord was so manifestly present to heal, my heart seemed impenetrable. I was trying to agree with the Lord that I would do every duty if He would first take from my heart all inbred sin, so I should be sure of exhibiting no inconsistencies in my life. But I did not get blessed on that plan. I therefore came home much as I went. But thank God, that divine light, and those blessed influences followed me, and by help from on high, I commenced at once, Wednesday night, to take up that terrifying cross. And oh, how the Lord himself had prepared the way, straitening the crooked places, and removing mountains of difficulty. The lions by the way were securely chained. A sacred awe seemed to rest even on the unconverted boarder, and I found my soul lightened of a crushing load. Thursday morning, as I went alone to seek strength for my new duties, I found Jesus was verifying to me His precious word, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," and I felt, clear in my soul, the unspeakably blissful consciousness, *I am wholly consecrated to God*. Oh how God's Spirit talked with my spirit. Passage after passage of Scripture was applied with such Divine power to my soul, especially this, "Bring ye all the tithes—and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord." And, verily, there was not room enough in my heart for what I received, it had to be communicated to others. Sacred is the memory of that precious waiting before the Lord. And then as I engaged in the increased labors naturally resulting from several days' absence, how the Lord helped me, so blessedly saving me in the midst of perplexities usual to such a busy day. Glory to His name. Sabbath, and social meet-

ings came. What should be my testimony? My heart was full of praise to God for the blessed light and liberty into which He had brought me; but I had always insisted on having as clear a witness of entire sanctification as I had of my conversion, which nothing could ever make me doubt. I prayed earnestly for this; but instead of receiving the desired answer, the Scripture account was repeatedly brought to my mind, of John sending his disciples to ask Christ if He was "He that should come, or if they should look for another." Instead of giving a direct answer, He went right on working His miracles, and then said, "Go, tell John the things you have seen and heard, and blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." And so it seemed in my case. Christ was constantly working miracles for me, in so wondrously saving me from sin and self, and I dare not do less than tell how saved I am in Jesus. And as I keep confessing with my mouth, what I believe with my heart, God continues filling my soul with His salvation.—Glory to the Lamb! As I go about my busy cares from day to day, I can but exclaim, Oh, how He saves! how He saves!

I have also other witness, which to me is of untold worth. My friends, who are unbelievers in the doctrine, readily acknowledge the astonishing change, and the great benefit that camp-meeting was to me. Oh, there is a blessed union in my soul with the dear pilgrims. I want especially to thank those who labored personally for my spiritual advancement. Take fresh courage. "Your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

It was truly restful to the spirit loathing earth's vanities, to see Christian women who proved, in their personal appearance, their respect for the wisdom of their Creator, by not resorting to the popular devices of art for improving the Divine workmanship.—And, dear sisters, in Christian faithfulness I feel bound to ask, Are you as consistent in nonconformity to the world

in regard to tight-lacing and other suicidal fashions, as you are in outward adornment? In the light God has given me, these two species of worldly conformity are comparatively like murder and theft. While both are positively sinful, a greater degree of heinousness attaches to one than to the other. Adornments are theft, inasmuch as they rob God of money, time, and labor; while compressing the various organs of the body into unnatural form and position, and wearing heavy clothing, uncomfortably fitted, improperly supported, and unequally distributed, is virtually murder, because it destroys health, thus preventing our full measure of usefulness, and in many cases doubtless causing premature death, when we ought to devote the undivided energies of a long life to the service of Him to whom we have professedly consecrated our bodies as well as our souls. May God bless you with increased light in this regard. Oh, how God does bless my soul and body in walking in the light given for both. His love is like living fire in my soul, and my body is indeed His temple. "Not by works of righteousness which I have done, but by His mercy He saves me." Glory to the Lamb!

A FATHER'S CHASTENING.

God is the world's Sovereign, but the believer's Father; as Governor of the world, He treats men righteously in his judgment; as the Father of His people, He treats them graciously in their afflictions.

If David could account it a kindness to be smitten by the righteous, surely ought we to rejoice to be chastened by the Lord. Men may err in their rebukes, but God cannot. He is too wise to be deceived; too good to send a needless sorrow. He deals with his people not in anger, but in love; not as enemies, but as children; not to punish in wrath, but to refine by grace; to make us more like Himself. We should therefore receive his corrections not only as chastenings, but as those

favours of which all his children more or less partake.—Noah had an affliction in a child. Abraham and Jacob were afflicted with famine. Isaac by an Esau. Moses was fain to escape for his life; and Jacob having lost goods and children, was reproached by his friends. To have a share in affliction is to travel upon the road by which all God's favored ones have gone before. Affliction is one of the clauses in the covenant of grace, the property of those owned as children of Zion. One and all are visited with the rod, from none is loving kindness taken away. God had one Son without sin, but none without sorrow. That *One* must suffer ere he entered into His glory; and he was in a marked way the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," an example to those who "through much tribulation" must enter the kingdom. Where there is evidence of grace in the heart, affliction is a mark of favor, a sign that we are not forgotten by Him who remembers our sin no more. We might well doubt of a relation to God, if he took no care of us; well fancy we were not his sheep, if he used not His crook to pull us to Himself. If we were wholly strangers, He would abandon us. His paternal rod is for His children, His rod of iron for His enemies.

Let every afflicted believer rejoice in that he is made low. God deals our comforts, joys, and sorrows with exact, unerring hand, in number, weight, and measure. We have not a grain too little, or a grain too much. If less were for our good, less would be given.

It is a curious fact in natural history, that seeds may be preserved for almost any length of time. Seeds that have been kept in a drawer for many years, yet, when sown in their proper season, have been known to spring up, as if they had been but a year old. So it may sometimes be with the seeds of grace. They may be kept long in the soul without in the least affecting it, and yet may be watered by the Spirit, and grow up many days afterward.—*M'Cheyne.*

LACK OF LILIES.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

IF it is not generally understood that lilies in the Bible are a type of little children, it would be better for me to head my article,

SCARCITY OF OLIVE-PLANTS.

Christ, the Beloved, says of himself, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." And that those who become "*as little children*," are one with him, and likewise called *lilies*, we see by the next verse. "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."

The pillars of the temple at Jerusalem were a type of Christians who shall be exalted to the heavenly temple of the New Jerusalem: as Jesus said, "Him that overcometh will I make a *pillar* in the temple of my God."

"And upon the top of the pillars was lily work: so was the work of the pillars finished."—1 Kings vii. 22.

"Lily work," and "open flowers," are sometimes rendered "*openings of flowers*," which is very suggestive of that class of lilies which are just budding into life.

Or, if the figure does not seem a plain one, we will take the other. Who does not remember that Christ is spoken of as the good olive-tree, (Rom. xi. 24,) and little children as "*olive-plants round about thy table*"?—Psa. cxxviii. 3.

Why are there so few lilies in the garden? Why so few olive-plants around thy table? Let us answer this question *in the presence of God*.

"God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

"And God blessed them, saying, Be *fruitful and multiply* and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth."

And so they do, *even to this day*.

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. (What a glorious privilege to be made in the likeness of God!)

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be *fruitful and multiply*, and replenish the earth and subdue it."

And so they did until these last perilous days. Now mankind have sought out many inventions, and many ways to resist the command and will of God.

When mankind for their sin had been swept from the earth, and only Noah and his sons remained, God blessed them and renewed the command, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth."

Is the earth replenished? If it could be divided to-day, every man, woman and child might have an area of twenty-two square miles to cultivate.

God calls children a blessing.

"Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward."—Psa. cxxvii. 3.

"Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive-plants round about thy table. *Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord.*"—Psa. cxxviii. 3, 4.

Some do not want to be blessed this way, and yet they talk of consecration, and sanctification!

Woe to them that call that a curse which God hath called a blessing!

Let us look at the results of the perverted taste, perverted judgment, perverted conscience, perverted practice of the present day. What is it working for us as American people,—a blessing or a curse? No one is ignorant of the fact that our land is being flooded with emigrants from the old country, and that the mass of these are *Roman Catholics*. No one is ignorant of the fact that they have universally large families of strong, healthy children. Perhaps it is not so generally known that among the American-born in some of

our states and cities there are *five* deaths to *one* birth.

Let a little child sit down and tell us how long it will be before our country will be in the hands of *Roman Catholics*, and, instead of Millennial days, we find upon us days of blood-shed and martyrdom!

What is it working for us as Christians? Behold the effeminacy of the church! Where is the vigor and strength and power of the early Christians, or even of early Methodists? As said an old white-haired veteran, with tears streaming down his face, "the preachers looked as if they had just dropped down from heaven, and the people fell all around under the power of the word like swaths of mown grass."

This evil is in itself enough to sap the life-blood of the church, if we look for no other cause. Sampson may go out as at other times and shake himself, but his strength is departed from him. God's grace is

—"Just as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
And Job endured the trying hour."

And his willingness to impart it just the same; but God will not put his treasure into an unclean vessel, and we may sing as often as we have occasion,

"Take my soul and body's powers,"

but God sees right down into the heart, and he knows the *reservation*. As the devoted wife of a Baptist minister said, "A woman will consecrate every faculty of her body to God—except her faculty of bearing children." There she puts in her claim. She dare not leave herself in the hands of God: and her husband is agreed with her in this matter. Together they have agreed to tempt the Spirit of the Lord. Unwittingly, perhaps, but nevertheless they do.

Perhaps they plead *poverty*. Where is your *faith*? Did you ever see the parent-birds flutter uneasily over their brood of four or five every spring, and consult together if it were not better just to live for themselves alone, and put a stop to this matter of having so many mouths to feed? Especially

since they have neither store-house nor barn, and nothing laid up for a rainy day.

Hear it! "*Your heavenly Father feedeth them.*" Are ye not much better than they?

Perhaps they plead inability to meet the care and ceaseless toil consequent upon a large family. We must concede this point if it is so that present habits of life must be kept. With all the ceaseless variety of table dainties, which take no small share of a woman's time to prepare, with all the patchwork and fine quilting, knitting of counterpanes and shawls, tidys, mats and hanging-baskets, tettings, crocheting, ruffling, tucking, braiding, embroidering, plaiting, flouncing, hair-crimping and puffing, calls and tea-parties, etc., etc., no wonder there is no time to pet a babe, or hem its gown.

Perhaps there is a deep-seated root of *pride*, which, except for habits which are *not God-originated*, might blush to answer the question, "How many children have you?" As well might the shepherd blush to count his lambs.

Have you renounced the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, so that you will neither follow nor be led by them?

But if I talk to consecrated souls, I talk to those who walk with a *single eye to the glory of God*, and whose only purpose is to spend their time, strength, and money, in a way that shall be pleasing to him; and who, to say the least, are *not conscious* of the indicated "root" spoken of.

But may not Satan come to these even as an angel of light, and suggest that they cannot be so constant in the work of God, or labor so efficiently in the vineyard if bound at home by little ones, as they might otherwise do?

If this is true, God knows it as well as you. "He also is wise."—Isa. xxxi. 2. Probably he is not a whit behind mankind in doing that which will be most for His advantage and glory. Suppose John Wesley's mother had pursued a course dictated by the worldly wisdom of the present day. However

she might have shone in the circles of the world, however she might have employed her talents in spheres of literature and art, however she might have labored in the vineyard of the Lord, *she never would have given John Wesley to the world.* Ah, she was doing her God-given work when she "hid herself five months," when she held the helpless babe, when she stilled his cry, washed his face and hands, and crumbed him bread in milk.*

Woman! will you bury your talent, and unblushingly say to God, "*I knew thee that thou art a hard man?*"

Holy mothers! From whence shall we look for the holy seed that is to renovate this earth?—the *undaunted invincibles* that are to rise up against the tide of iniquity, and boldly and nobly plunge into the battle for God? From whence shall we look for future ministers and missionaries, holy mothers and martyrs? From whence?—I say. From the blood of foreigners who cross their hands and pray to the virgin Mary? From the vast multitude of those who flit in vanities' fair, and hardly have a thought above be-e-autiful eyes, elegant hair, and a perfectly splendid dinner? From the cigar-smoking, wine-sipping, base-balling, saloon-lounging throng? From the eager, anxious, wide-awake, grasping multitude, whose whole soul, and body, and spirit is swallowed up in the one idea of adding farm to farm, and store-house to store-house?

May God save them! But from

*"In advanced life John Wesley recorded the admiration with which he recalled this faithful mother; the skill with which she managed, with little assistance, and in no little poverty, the daily affairs of her family, comprising thirteen children, all of whom, that attained responsible years, became devoted Christians, and died 'in the Lord'; her household school, commenced daily with singing and prayer, and conducted solely by herself with academic regularity; her devotion as family priestess to religious duties; her daily evening hour of retired prayer and converse with her children severally; the prudence and zeal with which she conducted in the absence of her husband a sort of Sunday public worship, in the rectory, for the villagers as well as her family."—*Centenary of Methodism.*

whence do we look for the holy seed? If you are a *Christian* your children are holy, as saith the Word,—1 Cor. vii. 14,—and you have God's promise for their salvation, if you keep your part of the covenant.

Or if her children die early, God's will is done. We know the infant dead find the kingdom of heaven. Multitudes who die in infancy are saved forever, who might otherwise be lost. It is well that the pure lilies budded into existence, even though their life was one of suffering, or as an April day, "A little sun, a little rain." There must be just so many lilies gathered for the finishing work of the temple; and they will open their white leaves forever in that light which the Lord God giveth, where no rude blast sweeps by, nor biting frost withers. Yes, those little ones, redeemed by Christ from bitter woe, will give *glory to God* to all eternity. Will you rob God of such glory by robbing them of existence?

Will you rob those of existences who might grow up to be trees in the garden of the Lord, with branches heavily laded with fruit? Will you rob God of all the good that such might do on earth, and all the glory they would give to him in heaven? Will you rob God of all the good that those who might be saved through them could do on earth, and all the glory they would give to him in heaven?

But you say, My children might grow up to be wicked, and *lost forever.*

One promise of God is more to be trusted than all your fears.

"Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?"

"But thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for *I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.*"—Isa. xlix. 24, 25.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

THE full experience of Christian influence will never be known upon earth.

The consistent and prayerful servant of the Redeemer will, doubtless, learn many things in eternity on this subject, of which he never thought while here.

I once heard a Methodist minister relate substantially the following anecdote from the pulpit:—"There lived," said he, "many years ago, in a new western settlement, a man of great humility and much prayer. His unceasing desire was, that God would make him in some way extensively useful in building up his kingdom. Yet he never was satisfied; he never succeeded according to his wishes, and he died, as he supposed, without having done any good in the world. A short time after his death a young man appeared before the public, a zealous, eloquent, and eminently successful preacher of the gospel. In giving an account of his conversion and subsequent desire to preach the gospel, this young man stated that for several years he had been inclined to infidelity; but by observing the unobtrusive, holy and consistent life of the man above mentioned, his objections to Christians were completely silenced. He felt that there must be such a thing as genuine religion, because he saw it acted out in the daily life of that godly man. He felt that it was the duty of all to serve God, and himself in particular. He applied for mercy at the throne of grace by unceasing earnest prayer. He found it. His heart was filled with love to the Saviour. He devoted his life to his service by laboring to win souls. He lived till old age, engaged in the same glorious cause; and after turning many to righteousness, he died, and went to the abode of the redeemed. The latter was the late Dr. Gideon Blackburn; the name of the former is unknown to fame, but his record is on high."

The want of this earnest desire to be useful, in connection with prudence and Christian consistency, is one of the great hindrances to the prosperity of religion in all our churches. Judging from the lives of the majority, we might infer that they regarded the mere fact of their church membership, and free-

dom from irregular conduct, as constituting the sum of Christian duty. They seem never to reflect on the Saviour's words, "Come, follow me. Go work in my vineyard. Occupy till I come. What do ye more than others? If it bear fruit, well; and if not, then thou shalt cut it down. Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."

Much injury is done by imprudence. Many, we believe, do much evil by an unnecessary recital of their past sins and follies. They dwell on them in such a manner as rather to encourage, than deter, others from similar practices.

I once knew a professed preacher of the gospel, who would repeat shockingly profane language, and then say, "such, my friends, was the way I used to swear when I was a sinner." I have known many persons in the habit of repeating the oaths that others had sworn, when it would have been better, in every respect, to have passed them over in silent horror. I have heard many a professor of religion describing their former habits of dissipation and revelry, in such a manner as seemed to leave the impression on the minds of the young, that such conduct was quite proper for the young people before they become pious; and from which the conclusion might readily be drawn, "I too will sow my wild oats, and then become sober and join the church."—Eccles. xi. 9.

I have heard of a mother who was in the habit of telling, in the presence of her children, how passionately fond she had been of dancing in her younger days. At length a daughter, who was approaching the years of womanhood, was invited to a ball, and expressed strong desires to go. The mother refused her request. The daughter begged, and used as an argument, that she had often heard her tell how much she enjoyed such amusements herself. "But ah! my daughter," answered the mother, "I have seen the folly of it." "But do let me go, mother," replied the daughter, "for I want to see the folly of it too."—Presbyterian.

HIDDEN SINS.

THE dangerous sin is the hidden sin. Reproof does not reach it; rebuke does not ~~hinder~~ it; shame does not point her finger at it. If it were brought to the light men would loathe it and flee from it; but while it is hidden they love it, and doat upon it, and delight in it.

And yet it cannot long be hid. The dead man's bones will soon scent through the whitest sepulchre. The serpent gets through fooling with its charmer, and rears its head and strikes its deadly blow. The smouldering fire breaks out at last; though sometimes God's mercy *breaks in* and pulls it out to save the man from the consuming flame. Many a time God exposes man's sins that he may teach him righteousness; drags his wickedness into daylight that he may learn to hate it and forsake it; blasting a reputation in order to save a soul.

For this mercy of the Most High we may well give thanks. We are far too ignorant of ourselves. We learn too slowly the plague of our hearts. We do not soon enough detect the heart-wanderings which, through the providence of the Devil, beguile us into deadly sin. Who can understand his errors?

Ah, it is well that when we have locked up our hearts, with smouldering fires and guilty secrets within them, and have dreamed that all was safe, and pure, and right,—it is well then that some one who cannot be deceived comes to search our hearts and try our reins, and judge and chasten us in mercy, yet in power.

God knows us. He knows what is in us. He knows whither our every steps turns, and whither each path leads. He knows sin whether it appears in the seed, sprout, bud, blossom, or fruit; and he hates it in every form. He tears open the fatal mass, and flinging away the smouldering embers that we hide within, he saves us from the everlasting fire.

Let our hearts ever lie open to this

searching, and in our palmiest days of peace and joy let us still cry out, "Who can understand his errors?—cleanse thou me from secret faults."

STOCK IN HEAVEN.—A few years ago, a poor emigrant fell from a steamboat and was drowned, leaving his wife and one or two small children, who were on board, in destitute and distressing circumstances. On coming into port, the case was spoken of among a number of "river men" on the wharf, when one of them with characteristic bluntness observed, "*Come, boys, let's take a little stock in heaven!*" at the same time taking from his pocket a few shillings as his part of a contribution for the benefit of the poor widow. His example was followed by others, and a handsome present was the result of this rough impromptu exhortation. May we not hope that, like the alms of Cornelius, this act came up as a memorial before God?

It is a glorious truth, whether our generous friend of the steamboat understood it properly or not, that we are privileged to take stock in heaven. The poor widow who threw in two mites became a large stockholder, and her certificate is recorded both there and here. Reader, *have you ever taken any of this stock?*

We must be drinking the living water from the smitten rock, or we cannot speak of its refreshing power. We must be hiding our guilty souls in the wounds of Jesus, or we cannot with joy speak of the peace and rest to be found there. This is the reason why unfaithful ministers are cold and barren in their labors. They speak like Balaam, of a Saviour whose grace they do not feel. They speak like Caiaphas, of the blood of Christ, without having felt its power to speak peace to the troubled heart. This is the the reason why many good men have a barren ministry. They speak from clear head-knowledge, or from past experience, but not from a present grasp of the truth, not from a present sight of the Lamb.

Editorial.

Golden-Rule Christians.

WE love earnest Christians. Fervent devotions never disturb us. We can heartily sympathize with your joy when you get wonderfully blessed in waiting upon the Lord. But we want you to live up to your profession. We want the expectations realized which your devout manner naturally excites. The higher the rapture to which your feelings are raised in religious exercises, the better it is, if they only leave you a better man or a better woman;—if they only leave your spirit more sweet and gentle, and make you more conscientious in the discharge of all your duties toward God and man. This is the infallible criterion by which we may discriminate between the operations of the Spirit and mere excitement. People get excited at the theatre; but they become more hardened and unscrupulous. But let them be awakened by the Holy Spirit, and they become more tender, and sympathetic,—more keenly sensitive to the rights and the feelings of others. Earnest Christians, whether they are noisy or quiet, always walk by the Golden Rule.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Apply this rule—not to others, but to yourself: not in one thing only—but to all things.

1. To your treatment of others. Are you as careful in talking about them, as you would have them in talking about you?—Do you steadfastly refuse to take up a reproach against them, no matter who may bring it to your door? Are you considerate of their feelings, kind to those who may be under you,—lenient toward those who may be in your power? Can you say, with the great Apostle, *We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children?*

2. To your dealings with them. You know how you like to have people deal with you. You are quite willing to receive a fair equivalent for your money. Are you equally willing to give it to others? In buying or selling, do you make such repre-

sentations as you would like to have made to you? A general application of the Golden Rule would do away with all dishonesty and overreaching.

3. In rendering a service to others, do you do as you would be done by? If you undertake to look after their interests, either voluntarily or for a recompense, are you as faithful to their interests as though they were your own? If professed Christians lived up to the Golden Rule, they would be in universal demand. If a school-teacher or a clerk, a hired man or a hired woman, is wanted, other things being equal, the Christian would always have the preference, if professed Christians lived according to the Golden Rule.

No man can receive the real grace of God, without every one's being benefited with whom he has to do. His blessings overflow, and all around reap the advantage.

Get blessed, then, as often as you can and as much as you can; but see to it that your spiritual blessings leave you more unselfish, more benevolent, more faithful to God and man, than you were before.—*Let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same things.*

Free Churches.

SOME churches make their seats free from policy, and not from principle. This is especially the case in Mission enterprises.—Where the object is to introduce the Gospel, no one thinks of selling the right to join in the public worship of God. But it is too often the case, that when a church has been built up and become financially strong under the free-seat system, a new and elegant house of worship must be erected, and the table of the changers of money introduced, and the seats sold, and God's poor shut out. This is dishonest.—It is like robbing a man of money that he has fairly earned. It is defrauding a principle of the credit to which its success fairly entitles it. It is like depriving a General of his command in the midst of his victorious career, simply because the nation, through his exertions, has become sufficiently strong to dispense with his services.

If a man must stop swearing to get religion, he must stay reformed if he would keep religion. If a Church must preach the Gospel to the poor to gain God's blessing, it must continue to do the same work to keep God's blessing. Turn the poor out of a Church, and you turn Christ out. *The poor have the Gospel preached to them* That which is preached to the rich *exclusively* is not the Gospel. It may be faultless oratory, sound philosophy, refined morality, but it is not the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Where Jesus is, the poor hear him saying, *Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

Rum Murders.

A COLLISION recently occurred at Allegany, N. Y., between a work train and an express train. Four men were instantly killed, others wounded, and the lives of many put in jeopardy. The superintendent of the work train was entirely in the fault. The express train was reported to be about twenty minutes behind time, and he thought that by fast running he could reach the next station, and get out of the way before the express would come along. But they met at full speed—himself and three of his hands were hurried into eternity, and the only wonder is that more were not killed. What made this man so overconfident—so reckless? *Whiskey did it.*—His body, after his death, smelt so strongly of liquor that it was unpleasant to come near it. Four human beings killed, and a train loaded with passengers thrown into great peril, by strong drink! If the Indians had done it, thousands of dollars would have been expended, if necessary, to secure their punishment; *but strong drink* did the fearful work, and so it was passed over in silence. Neither coroner's jury, nor the press, even alluded to the cause. Why this silence? *Because rum-selling is licensed by law!* This is the secret. Strong drink may fill the land with mourning, and go unquestioned.

If the records of crime were accurately kept, we doubt not it would appear that in civilized countries, intoxicating liquors kill

more human beings than all other causes of murder. But this method of killing—the most cruel and the most successful of all—is sanctioned by law! Legislators, judges, juries, and journalists, themselves, too frequently drink, and so the evil works are unchallenged. How long shall this state of things continue? Till professed Christians do their duty at the ballot-box as well as in the prayer-meeting; till they combine together to place under the ban of outlawry this, the greatest scourge of our race.

Conferences.

THE SUSQUEHANNA CONFERENCE of the Free Methodist Church, held its annual session in New York, from the 14th to the 19th of September.

It was generally pronounced the best session of the Conference ever held. The business was done to general satisfaction, and in the spirit of harmony and love.—Three ministers joined the Conference from other denominations, and seven were admitted on probation. There was a gratifying increase in the number of members belonging to the various societies within the bounds of the Conference, and everything betokened prosperity.

The devotional services were of a highly interesting character. The Love Feast will never be forgotten by those present. Waves of glory swept through the house, melting hearts and filling them with holy awe and heavenly love. About thirty, we should judge—mostly men—were brought to their feet at once. Near the close of the morning service, a gentleman present announced himself as a High-Church Episcopal clergyman of the city—exhorted us to stick to our simplicity and plainness. He contributed fifty dollars towards paying for the church.

The hospitality manifested at this Conference, was of the Pentecostal character. About seventy were entertained at the parsonage of the church. A tent was pitched near the door in which to do the cooking; the floors of class-rooms and other rooms were covered with beds, and all who came received a cordial welcome and were kindly

cared for. The houses of our brethren and friends were also filled to overflowing.

A revival spirit prevailed. Sinners came forward to seek the Lord, and we trust that the work will go on with increasing power during the year.

Help the Freedmen.

ONE way to help them is to educate them. With proper training, they may make good Christians and good citizens; without it, they may become dangerous.

The Island Institute, located at Washington, embraces Industrial, Evening and Sunday Schools. It has been in operation a little over one year, and is strongly recommended, by Gen. O. O. Howard, to the kind consideration of all "who love our blessed Lord."

It is proposed to take up a collection for it on Sunday, the 30th of October. Contributions should be forwarded to W. S. Huntington, Cashier First National Bank, Washington, D. C.

A Word from Meadville.

To the saints scattered abroad; Pilgrims to Mount Zion; Strangers here below:—Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

I rejoice in the Lord this morning. The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid? I have been frequently asked, "Why don't you write for the *Earnest Christian*? Had I been aware that the simple "Words" had been of any encouragement, I should have written before."

My life has been one of continued blessings, mingled with conflicts, and trials, which have all worked for my good. "All things." My Father understands how to weave in the "warp" of prosperity enough of the "filling" of adversity to make the garment "seamless," and just what I need. Praise His name!

My mother often brought on the "dessert" after a good meal; and after eating, I felt like my little boy said once, "Pa, I am so full!" So Jesus gives us a "hundred fold," and then says, "with persecution," this is the "dessert" which causes the measure to run over. No room to receive it. Bless God for the "Flint Mill"! It is good to go through, and get so that God can use us.

Here in Meadville, God has a band of faithful ones, who take the narrow way and intend to "go through" on the "Bible route." Now this stirs the enemy. The devil lives; but Jesus reigns. Hallelujah! God has fulfilled His promise—"Although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a *little sanctuary* in the countries where they shall come." Bless the Lord for the "little sanctuary" here in Pennsylvania! I thank God for the warm hearts that are here. I know my labor has not been in vain. I rejoice for the experience God has given me during the five years past.

"The cross of Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there."

Yours, under a clear sky,
S. K. J. CHESBROUGH.

LOVE FEAST.

MARIETTA CONKRIGHT.—In the fall of 1865, I went to Brockport, N. Y., to visit relatives there. I was a *professor* of religion, but was living in a cold, formal way. Soon after I went to B., I commenced attending the Free Methodist Church there. I was not long a careless listener. God's Spirit sent the truths spoken by His servant—C. D. Brooks—with convicting power to my heart, and I was brought to see myself as I was. After a hard struggle with the enemy of my soul, the evening of our watch-meeting, I went forward to the anxious-seat, acknowledged my position, asked God to forgive all my sins for Christ's sake, and—praise His name!—He heard and answered my prayer, and I could tell what a dear Saviour I had found. I soon felt my

home was with that people, and I cast in my name with them, willing and glad to go the narrow way with the faithful few.

The summer of 1868, duty called me to Michigan. Since then, until within the past two months, I have been deprived of meeting with any—only occasionally—who profess to love the Lord; but while thus alone, surrounded only by unbelievers and scoffers, Jesus has kept me from falling,—praise His name! While I praise Him for what He did for me in B., I praise Him for what He has done for me all along,—since then, even until this present moment. I have had strong tests, and severe temptations, since I have been here; but thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory, thro' Christ, I am yet pressing on in the narrow way—caring not for the vain pleasures and fashions of this world. Christ is a satisfying portion to my soul; and what a blessed portion! Praise the Lord, O my soul!

There is no F. M. society in this place, and I have not worshiped with any who bear that name since I left B.; yet I find some that love the Lord, and are striving to follow Jesus. I love the *Earnest Christian*. It is a great help to me; I always feel *stronger* after reading it. God bless it, and those engaged in sending it through the land, is my prayer. I often feel such a strong desire to meet with God's plain, humble children, that at times it seems hard to be situated where I cannot meet with them; but I find Jesus is the same, yesterday, to-day, and I dare to trust Him for to-morrow,—for I *know* He will keep me, when I trust in Him, and in His own good time permit me to meet with the people of my choice.

Schoolcraft, Mich.

PHEBE J. OSBURN.—In September, 1865, I sought Christ openly and the pardon of my sins. I found sweet rest to my soul. I joined the Church. The members dressed like the world, and I thought I must follow them. I did enjoy some religion, but I was not satisfied. About a year and a half ago, a Free Methodist preacher visited us. The preaching was very pointed. I thought I was misused. But the light shone on dress,

and on some other things, and I saw I must give them up or I would be lost. It seemed like cutting off the right hand. I bless God, He did help me to make a wise choice, and let go the world. I sought the Lord earnestly for some time. At length, around the family altar, God did come in mighty power and gave me the witness I was saved from all sin. I was so happy, it seemed like heaven begun below. Oh, praise God for this full and free salvation!

A. C. SMITH.—I confess Jesus in me my sufficiency for all things. I am His with all that I control, and I will use it and I will be used as He makes it clear to be His pleasure,—glory to His dear name! He is saving me now from all sin by the precious blood of Christ, and I believe He will continue this work to its completion. I want to be a *perfect Bible Christian*—my life hid with Christ in God—that I may appear in the resurrection on the right hand of my Judge, and hear Him say, "Well done."—Spirit of God, lead me and make me a true son of God, to do the work given me to do, and then take me home to the mansion in heaven prepared for such a feeble one as I am. Glory be to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost! The Lord make me a little child in Jesus, that I may be continually growing in grace, and in the knowledge and love of God. I am living on the last year of threescore and ten, having eternal life in me. Glory to Jesus!

Wilbur.

U. WARTINGTON.—I want to say to all who read the *Earnest Christian*, that I am the *most wonderfully* saved man that you ever saw. I am a wonder to myself. I am to-night camping on the South side of the Delectable Mountain. I want to confess, before God and man, that my soul can scarcely contain the amount of glory that comes rushing down from the upper Fountain. I long to tell *all* that Jesus does for me, but can never do it—no; never! My peace is like a river, and my joy is like a flood. Oh, how my soul loves to trust in Jesus for all things! I can say, understandingly, To dwell within thy wounds, then pain is sweet, and life or death is gain. Oh,

I am dwelling in the light. It is all around me, and in me. I am lost in God. My poverty is riches. My weakness seems to be my strength; and in the thickest darkness, Heaven's glory shines the brightest. Every cross is a life-boat, and every lions' den or fiery furnace proves to be a healing balm to my immortal and sanctified spirit. I am careful for nothing. I only ask for one thing, and that is God. My soul thirsteth after Him, and I am hid away in Him.

Rushville.

LAVINIA REYNOLDS.—"Glory to God in the highest!" This is the song my heart is singing to-day, and has been singing most of the time since the last night of the camp-meeting at Bainbridge. Oh, glory to God! I shall never, *never* forget that night. The thought of it often makes my cup of joy to run over. I had passed through the week, receiving now and then a crumb; but that night I was permitted to feast with Jesus. Heaven never appeared so near before. After returning to my tent, a dear sister somewhere on the ground, sang,

"I'm nearer my home, to-day,
Thn ever I've been before."

That was just my experience. Oh, what a deep, sweet, holy peace filled my soul! I felt I was almost there. Since then, I have felt more than ever that I am a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth. Oh, when I have a foretaste of the joy that awaits the blood-washed in glory, I feel like exclaiming with the poet—

"How can it be, thou Heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?"

Oh, I am clinging to the cross. I feel like glorying in it. I have tried in vain to express my feelings, and have realized, as never before, how utterly impossible it is. Jesus sweetly saves me to-day. Glory to God in the highest!

Lock Sheldrake, N. Y.

MRS. CHARLOTTE DUDMAN.—I know that I am the Lord's, and feel that I am growing up into Christ in all things. He reigns in my soul. I am quite clear in the blessing of entire holiness. Praise God! I

love this tried salvation, and my whole soul says, Amen, to all the will of God.

Wethersfield.

M. BRAZEE.—I was converted last fall, at the Harpersville camp-meeting—not to the world, or to the church, as a great many profess to be, but to God—praise His name! I have lived in God ever since, and I am in Him to-day, and expect to be as long as life lasts. Christ is my all. His yoke is easy, and his burden light, because I am in the narrow way. It is a good place, and I am going to stay there.

Harvard.

S. E. WINGER.—I am glad the Lord led me to the Tonawanda camp-meeting; for since, I have been enjoying perfect peace through my Lord. Praise the Lord forever! I am free as I never was before. Not one cloud in my spiritual sky. Now,

"Jesus, all the day long,
Is my joy and my song."

SAMUEL GREEN.—I love the Lord with all my heart to-day, and I feel His love in my heart. I praise the Lord for a present and full salvation from sin. I love the high way cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. I am going through with the pilgrims, and mean to end this war down by the river, with the whole armor on.

Waterloo, N. Y.

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

Caseville, N. Y.

J. E. MILLETT.—Still Christ is the Captain of my salvation. His commandments are not grievous. He enables me to triumph. Glory be to God for redeeming grace and dying love!

Caseville, N. Y.

GEORGE GANT.—On the 18th of February last, I found that Jesus had power on earth to forgive sins; and He saves me to-day,—praise His name!

Rushford, N. Y.