

The Earnest Christian

AND
GOLDEN RULE.

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LITTLE THINGS.

BY REV. T. S. LADUE.

THE Bible furnishes numerous instances of the importance of little things. But the act on which hung the most stupendous issues, was an offense, seemingly, the smallest possible: that was, eating a little fruit. The Lord told Adam and Eve that they could eat of the fruit of every tree but one, and in the day they ate thereof, they should surely die.

This must have been a literal eating; for if the fruit and eating were an allegory, as some say, then we may make the garden an allegory, and the man and woman an allegory; and then their descendants are an allegory. How little the act—how tremendous the consequences!—thrusting from the garden—a cursed earth—sweat and toil—and, worse than all, sin, sin! the foulest monster, the offspring of devils and fallen man. Look at the world now; think of the daily wickedness, the discontent, the selfishness, intemperance, lust, prisons, murders. Think of the mighty wars—an earth drenched with blood. Think of the deaths,—think of these for one day,—seven thousand; think of seven thousand corpses; think of the funeral processions for one day. Think of all this, and then multiply by thousands of years, and how the mind recoils from the fearful aggregate. And when we reflect,

“Tis not the whole of death to die,”

and the mind pierces the veil and hears the wailing, and then sees the multitude, like a vast, black, ceaseless tide, rolling, hurrying on to that hell,—and so it has been for sixty centuries,—then we can form a little idea of the importance of one little act; for all was suspended on the eating of that fruit. How impressively this teaches that any transgression, no matter however apparently trivial, is awful!

The Bible teaches the importance of little things, when it speaks of the little foxes which spoil the vines; and more forcibly when it says, “For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.” A point, in mathematics, means that which occupies no space; in morals, we may say, it is the smallest thing possible. How small then, seemingly, a point of the law! And how important that little point, the infraction of which virtually constitutes a violation of the whole mighty Law!—that Law, the authority of which compasses the universe of intelligences, and to which the tallest archangel in reverential submission bows.

One sign of the importance of some little things pertaining to religion, is the opposition they meet with from the world and worldly churches. For instance, the little matter of apparel.—How any strictures on this are sneered at by the people of the world, and, alas! also, with but few exceptions, by ministers and church members. “What little business!” is echoed from every side, “meddling with so little a matter

as dress!" We might reply, that Paul meddled quite seriously with the little matter of the mode in which women should wear their hair. Now this contempt poured on this little thing of contending for plain attire, to the exclusion of all jewelry and artificial flowers, and costly array, is a proof, to our minds, of its importance. Why are they so excited about it, if so unimportant? Why such sneering and ridicule, and finally hatred and persecution, when urged to the practice of the plain Scripture injunction, "In like manner, also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array"? If so unimportant, as they aver, why not yield it as such, and be on the sure side—the side which is certainly safe—that of denial, and in accordance with the plain reading of the Scripture? This matter is little in itself; and yet, little as it is, nothing has a stronger hold on the mass of church members; and an enforcement of the simple word of God in this respect, as once enforced by the discipline of the Methodist Church, would raise a commotion of the first magnitude, and would actually break up many of the magnificent establishments of the day.

Our littleness is shown by our hanging so on little things. And still, little as they are, we never could overcome them in our own strength; they are larger than we are; they master us, unless we have help from a foreign power—even God. Oh, how little we are!

Judas sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. How pitiable a sum—the price of a common slave—for the Son of God! How mean, how contemptible, the covetous, traitor spirit, which could do this! But thousands are selling their Lord for a smaller sum than thirty pieces of silver,—for some paltry bauble of pride. Think of it! the Lord of Glory, a kingdom, a crown—all Heaven—sold for a bit of jewelry, a piece of ribbon, a painted rag!

It is the policy of Satan, to make

little things, connected with the service of God, seem unimportant; for in these often are involved great principles. He doubtless exults more over victories gained by little means, than by great. And the smaller and meaner the things by which he can accomplish so stupendous a work as the ruin of a soul, the greater his exultation. And we have thought, that he chuckles in diabolical jubilee, to see ministers and churches often chasing after what they think to be lions, while "the little foxes," all unnoticed, are spoiling the vines. And what is worse, they, meanwhile, sneering at those who count the little foxes of sufficient consequence to call for a share of attention. How the following items of the Divine Statutes are violated: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." How this cuts off all unhallowed gratification of the passions and the palate, "all filthiness of the flesh and spirit"! How it puts its veto on all displays of vanity and pride in dress, equipage and building! How it applies its withering censure to the universal trimming for honor from men! "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?" "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity against God?" Never was Satan so wheedling this world—this great, big bulk of formalism and conceit called Christendom—down to hell, by the mean, contemptible things of pride and earthly honor, as now.

The principles involved give importance to little things. They are often signs or expressions of principles which underlie the whole government of God,—principles which must be respected, or disaster and ruin will come upon the transgressors, and finally ruin upon the entire Divine government. Little things, we repeat—little words and

acts—are often signs or expressions of great principles; as “the still *small* voice” of God, which derives its importance, not from the fact that it is still and small, but because the voice of God—all Deity—lies back of it.—We may, like Elijah, hear the “great and strong wind,” sweeping with the fury of the wild tornado, and filling land and sea with its violence; but the Lord may not be in the wind. We may feel the earthquake, and see mountains move and oceans lifted, and this not be of so much importance; for the Lord may not be in the earthquake. We may see the fire—we may look upon a great volcano in full eruption, as Vesuvius, when, with a deluge of molten brimstone, it buried Pompeii and Herculaneum; we may hear the crackling of the flames, and see the hissing lava as it comes plunging, a red river down the steep sides, and hear the bellowing of the mountain’s throes, as if ten million furies were raging within,—and yet the Lord not be in the fire. All this may be, not so much God speaking directly, as nature, or God through nature. Now we hear a “still, small voice,” the whisper of the Spirit to the soul,—no noise, not even a breath; and then we “veil our faces,” for God, the Holy Spirit, is in the “still, *small* voice.” That voice, though little, is mightier than tempestuous winds, heaving earthquakes, and volcanic fires, because a sign, an expression, of something back of it greater than all other things. So, small words and acts are important, because signs or expressions of great principles.

See that flag. It is a little flag, comparatively. It contains a few yards of cloth, and some red and white and blue stars and stripes on it. Yea, it is dirty, and full of holes and in tatters. And yet, what makes that multitude rend the air with cheers when it appears, and seem beside themselves with excitement? Because it is the star-spangled banner, and belongs to one of the bravest regiments of the army, and has been through the bloodiest battles of the war. But why should even this

make that little, torn rag so important? Because it is a sign, a symbol, of mighty principles,—principles underlying a great government,—principles of liberty, and all that Americans hold dear. And its bullet-holes and tatters are signs of great battles fought in defense of those principles. And so in spiritual concerns. Some little act or word is a sign of a mighty principle, underlying the infinite government of God.

I look on a little star of brass on the uniform of an officer, and I think intently. Why? Because that little thing is a badge or sign of vast principles or transactions. I read in that, war. I see through that, as through an intense magnifying glass, great armies, tumultuous conflicts, and fields drenched with gore. As I look through it down the track of time, from the present to the creation, countless millions of embattled hosts come tramping before me, and many garments rolled in blood appear. As that little star on that uniform is a sign, so that little bauble on that dress is a sign, a sign of a mighty principle—even pride,—a principle which underlies all of evil, we may say, in the universe, constituting the very foundation of hell. I look through that bauble as through an intense glass, and I see myriads of mighty angels falling from the battlements of Heaven down to the bottomless pit. I see a world of worms puffing themselves up against the Almighty, too proud to worship Him. I see jealousy, revenge, and many murders. I see millions of dollars used in vain attire and extravagance—ten thousand, to one for religion—while the cause of God goes a begging, and millions of souls thronging the way to hell perish for the bread of life. I see an awful abyss, crowded with tormented victims; and every spire of flame, as it licks the black vaults of perdition, and curls around the lost, hisses, “Pride, pride has brought these here!”

If little things are so important; if for one little act of impatience and self-will, the great patriarch and law giver was excluded from the goodly

land; if for one act of disobedience, Achan, with his family and every living thing that he had, was stoned to death; if for one little act, our first parents were thrust from Eden and cursed with disease and death, and the ground cursed for their sake, and the flood-gates of sin and woe opened on this world, and the pit gorged with their fallen posterity; if one violation of God's law, no matter how little, condemns the transgressor as guilty of all; if all this is true—yea, as all this is true—how need we to tremble whose lives have been a series of transgressions, and those not small, but many of them great!

How much, sometimes, is suspended on a little space of time, and on a little word—a Yes, or No—and on a little sentence, or a little act! The dying thief gasped, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom;" and that prayer of nine words—not taking more than as many seconds to utter it—changed his destiny forever. In a moment, he exchanged condemnation for pardon, sin for holiness, and remorse for peace. In a little while, he would have been wailing in hell, there to wail forever; but in a little while, he was rejoicing in Paradise, there to rejoice forever. In a little while, devils would have snatched his soul and tormented it eternally; in a little while, angels convoyed it to the world of glory, there to rise higher than they. On the threshold of eternity, how little an act of prayer and faith turned his steps from depths of woe to heights of bliss! Sinner, such may be your case if you will.

Most ministers are accustomed to set Christ before the people. They lay down the Gospel clearly and beautifully, but they do not urge men to enter in. Now, God says, Exhort, beseech men, persuade men; not only point to the open door, but compel them to come in. Oh, to be more merciful to souls! Oh, that we would lay hands on men, and draw them in to the Lord Jesus!—*M'Cheyne*.

"THY THOUGHTS."

BY C. P. HARD, A. M.

If these words were human only, they might not make this topic impressive. But the inspired psalmist allows us to state that God gives thought to the condition and welfare of His servants, having in them abundance, variety, and sweetness. He exclaims—"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God."

We are not sure that we get the full meaning of these words, unless we take them in both an objective and a subjective sense, or respecting ourselves. They may be both the thoughts of God toward us, and the thoughts awakened in our minds toward Him on account of His regard for us, known and expressed to us.

It becomes very important for us to appreciate God's designs toward us, the privileges which He throws open, the good which He promises, the character which He would have us secure, and the destiny to which He invites us.

1. His thoughts are those of Love.

They have a pity, which only the Divine mind can have in compassionating our weaknesses and follies.

They have sympathy, for the Saviour has been tempted in all points like as we are.

They have tenderness; for infinite power touches our bruised humanity with a gentleness greater than a mother's affection knows.

When we pray, we should not seek to overcome an unwillingness on the part of God to bless us. Such does not exist. He sees the prodigal while far off, before the wanderer has lifted up his downcast eyes to catch a glimpse of home.

This love of God is a thought which He has been pouring into the heart of the world for the centuries of earth's history. It whispered in the promise given in a desolated Eden, assuring sinful man of a salvation which would retrieve the forfeited possession. It came out in clear notes with our

blessed Saviour's loud cry upon the cross.

Our strange lessening of God's love in our thought, has often made prayer an embarrassment and burden, when it should have been the conversation of friends—the interview of devotion upon both sides—the joy of company with the Redeemer.

God loves His children more than they can love Him. The parent's love for the child is more intense than that of the child for the parent. Views of nature and responsibility make it so.

God's nature is holy, and therefore He acts with a full flow of all that is blessed. He has attributes and names; but the comprehensive statement of His being is "Love." He has other qualities; but this is what He is, in the impressive language of Scripture.

His love was proved to us in the hour of conversion, and we felt that a thousand lives of service would be a slight return for pardon.

It was made to be more deeply graven upon our hearts, when a full salvation was given.

We find nothing higher or deeper in the proofs of this love, than forbearance with our delays, defects, failures, since we started for Heaven.

This is "love divine, all love excelling."

God designs for us a large gift of that love of which He has an infinite store. He wills that we shall be like Him in this particular, and have "perfect love." This is a precious thought to us. We may delight ourselves in considering the Father's affection for us, and in experiencing the movings of a begotten love on its way to find its source.

2. God's thoughts to us are of Bestowment.

He has vast treasures for us. He sees our poverty, and holds out possessions of priceless value.

He offers us holiness. Every provision has been made for our purity. A cross has been raised, and a spotless victim nailed to it, that His blood might fill the fountain which supplies

the remedy for all uncleanness. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.

He desires His Church to have power, to overcome the world and bring the nations to Himself. He has given the Holy Spirit to endue disciples with power. Feebleness is not desired. A vast field is to be occupied, possessed, and held by the advancing army of Christ. It may be a terror to the enemy, and invincible in its efforts.—Power from on high is at command. A cry of soul will bring the help of the Omnipotent Spirit. Filling a single heart, He will make it brave, prudent, victorious. Dominant in the Church, He will make it always successful.

The God of nature, where there are such displays of might as to awe all souls into reverence; the God of mind, whose workings we recognize as having startling weight; the God of the nations, doing His will amid their jarring plans and gigantic turmoils; the God of the angels, who excel in strength; the God of Heaven, where redeemed spirits rush to do His bidding;—He it is who plans our endowment with all grace, happiness and spiritual power that can glorify His name and make us blest.

Christ has gifts for us. These are as various as our wants, and as constant as our need. All power is given to Him in Heaven and earth, and He utters the command to go to the missionary work of teaching all nations, with the assurance that every element and item of strength that is necessary, shall be promptly furnished to the Church.

Every believer is invited to become strong. Might comes to those who wait upon God.

This thought of bestowment is precious to us.

3. God offers us Communion with Himself. The creature may speak to the Creator; the subject may take counsel with the Supreme Ruler. The child may hear the Father's voice.—Our fellowship may be with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.

How precious this is, only experience can tell.

All utterances of human friendship are but fragmentary and partial. All replies are half failures. Souls may not fully express themselves to their fellows.

But we can go to the Master with all that we know; and our hearts can throb our wishes into prayer, and send our questions up to the throne, and pour out the tide of our hopes and fears and longings into the ear of the Most High.

And God will answer. The soul knows the reply, understands the response. More delicate than the ocean cable's signs on the mirror, the writings of God's Spirit on the soul are not unknown.

The heart is open to New Jerusalem's of light and truth and glory let down to earth.

It knows the life which is far above that which finds its goal in any thing on earth.

It has the sum and end of good. It has God.

As a consequence of a knowledge of these thoughts toward us on the part of our Father, the believer has a blessed contemplation of God.

He thinks of Him as having the perfection of all that is great and good, and employing all this for the benefit of those who are His own.

He looks into the future, and believes that Christ will be His portion forever; and his heart fills with raptures as he thinks of an eternity of the Master's love and power acting in his behalf.

No other thoughts could be so precious!

Believer: our spiritual life will be moulded by the views which we entertain of God's thoughts to us. Let us gather them up at Bethlehem, Calvary, and the Mount of Ascension, finding in them the proofs of His infinite love, and the assurance of a power which is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

Be just and fear not.

SICKNESS AMONG DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN.

CHILDREN in families that are not well governed, are not so healthy or long-lived as those who are properly governed. Why is it not "well" with those who do not honor father and mother? why their days not so "long on the earth" as those of others? why, in short, do they not "live out half their days?" For it is not the gluttonous, the intemperate, the licentious, or the suicide alone, that cuts short his days of misconduct, but also the disobedient to parents.

First—There is more of sickness in disobedient than in obedient families, other things being equal; very much more. The children are not bound by those restrictions by which health is ordinarily preserved.

Second, Disobedient children, if actually sick, are apt to be worse than other children; nor do they so often get well. There are numerous reasons for this. 1. The same bad passions which rage uncontrolled when they are well, are apt to be excited during sickness, with consequences still more unhappy. Neither efforts of the functions of the body, nor of the medicine which is taken, nor indeed of the reaction or rallying of the vital powers, can be at all calculated upon, where the mind is so unquiet. 2. Disobedient children do not often take medicine, as the physician directs. The parents cannot always induce them to take it, even with all their flattering, and artifice, and falsehood. The latter, indeed, the assurance that is *good*, only leads them to suspect it still more than before, and to resist with still more firmness. And as for compulsion, *that*, with such parents, is very seldom resorted to. 3. Medicine, when taken in such circumstances, does far less good. To be most useful, it must be taken regularly and cheerfully, if not with confidence or faith in its efficacy. Indeed, the least departure from the physician's prescriptions, either by omitting a dose, or in any other way, may not only de-

feat his whole purpose, but render what is actually taken injurious.

Thirdly, Disobedient children, if they get well, do not recover in so happy a manner as other children. One of two courses should be taken with children who are sick—we might indeed say, all persons who are sick—either to trust the disease wholly to God and nature and good nursing, or to follow implicitly the directions of the physician. Any other course is more or less unsafe, and will be attended sooner or later with injurious effects. But neither of these courses is adopted in the case of disobedient children. The kind parents who do not govern a child, would never trust the cure to nature, in a country where physicians are as abundant as they are among us; nor do they even follow implicitly the physician's orders. The consequence is, that the child either dies, or, as the result of possessing a constitution naturally firm, recovers in spite of his half treatment; but recovers with his constitution impaired. Either certain parts or organs are left greatly weakened, or the seeds of some new diseases are sown in some other way, to spring up at a future time, when a new cause of disease is applied, or when an accumulation of old causes seems to render an *expulsion* necessary.

Fourthly, and lastly, Disobedient children, if they live on to middle age, or even to old age, are more burdened with infirmities than children who are obedient. These infirmities, as they are called, of old age, are almost universally the punishment of former errors, either of sickness or health. They are precisely that germination and growth, which from the seeds sown, either ignorantly or voluntarily, should have been expected. The truth is, we seldom witness any thing which is worthy of being dignified, with the honorable name of old age. What we call age is a state of premature decrepitude; a mass of punishments justly due to our sins; which, being attached to the oldest we have among us, is, for want of a better name, regarded as old age. But

the old age of obedient children is a greener, more juvenile old age, and far more free from what are called infirmities, than the so-called old age of those who never learned nor practised this virtue.

Seldom, however, after all, is the disobedient child found to attain any thing which approximates to old age. His ungoverned temper, and its terrible consequences, invite or aggravate diseases of various kinds, which sweep him away usually much sooner. Nothing perhaps which could be named, except intemperance and impurity, has a more direct agency in fulfilling the prediction, that the wicked shall not, that is, *will* not—live out half his days, than disobedience. Parents and teachers, hear this, and consider; for it is an important, nay, a solemn subject. Hear it, and tremble for your lives, and the lives of the children God has given you.

A HEART-RENDING REPROOF.

A SHORT time since, a lady who had been remarkable for her thoughtlessness requested a professedly pious lady to accompany her that day to visit another lady, also professedly pious.

The afternoon passed away, and the subject of religion was not mentioned, probably for fear of offending the gay friend who proposed the visit. As the two neighbors walked towards home, the first mentioned remarked that she had lost the afternoon, for nothing would have induced her to leave home but the expectation of hearing something about religion; but, she added, "I came to the conclusion that there is nothing in religion, or that my neighbors do not possess it, for if they did they would speak to me about my soul." She said she had been greatly alarmed about herself for several days; but had concluded that afternoon, that if religion was not worth talking about, it was not worth thinking of.

"Never," said that pious neighbor, "shall I forget that look of despair and reproach. I felt that I had murdered a soul by neglect."

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY HENRY BUNDY.

I WAS born in the year 1828. I soon became the annoyance of all that knew me. My father and mother were members of the Baptist Church. I well remember mother keeping me shut up in a room, with very little to eat, for many days, because I would not go to school, nor mind their good advice in any way. Before I was ten years old, mother lost control of me. My father took me with him to keep me, and with kind words and thrashings he tried to make me better. When he would talk kindly to me, I would love him and promise to do better; but as soon as temptations came I was overcome. I annoyed the people all around so, my mother and father bound me to the sea for seven years. I was to have forty pounds for the seven years. So you see I was not valued very much.

I believe in the year 1839, I entered on board the barque *Habel Gower*, of London, for Bombay, with the understanding that father and mother could not make me obey. I was very large for my age. The captain was very cruel to me; but God will deal justly with him. I hope he has repented, and that I shall see him in Heaven. For fourteen months I was tortured. When the ship arrived home, I saw all my friends, mother and father, and wished in my heart I could stay with them. But I was shipped off in the barque *Buford*, of London, bound for Quebec. I continued to sail all over the world, only having a few days on shore out of each year, except when I was kept in jail for some weeks together, for fighting on shore or on board, as the case might be. For nineteen years I sailed that way. Then I came to Buffalo, shipped on a lake vessel, and shortly took the berth of mate, next mate and sailing master.

In 1862, I was married to Miss Margaret McCredie. In 1863, I partly owned and sailed the schooner *Henry Hager*. In 1864, I bought a part of

the barque *Potomac*, which vessel I now sail. On November 30th, 1867, in a heavy north-west gale of wind, the vessel became unmanageable and was drove into the bay of Cleveland. To prevent her from going ashore, we let go the anchor; but we did not lay there long before we found the vessel was sinking. The pumps were frozen solid; the vessel was in nine fathoms of water. We had to slip the cable, or sink where we were. The vessel was laden with pig iron. The sea was like a cliff. As the vessel neared the shore, we never expected to be saved. I went into my room, and asked God to have mercy on us and save us. The next minute she struck. I heard the men cry out, "She has broken in two!" Three or four heavy seas drove her to the breakwater, and we all jumped and were saved from death.

As soon as I got on shore, I was so taken up with business I forgot all about the kind deliverance from death, and went into sin as before. But my conscience troubled me more than before. But I still cursed, drank whiskey, smoked, and done other terribly wicked things. Although I did all this for pleasure, still I was far from being happy. So I commenced to pray, and sometimes wept and vowed I would do better; but when temptations came, I fell into sin. I continued this way for one year. When I moved my family on the vessel to live for the winter, a good brother in the Lord came and spoke to me, and asked me if I was a Catholic. I told him, No. He asked me if I would come to a prayer-meeting on the vessel that he was keeping. I was staggered to think of my going to a prayer-meeting. The wife and I concluded we would go. Quite a lot of sinners from other vessels, attended the first meeting, and some of God's children from the shore. As they prayed, sang and spoke, I felt very much condemned. I thank God they were Christians. They led me to the holy presence of Jesus. When I got there, I cried for mercy and found it. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord—amen!

I went to Bro. Hall's prayer-meeting in Chicago on Tuesday night. They used to come to me on board the vessel, and Sister Hall would make the path to Heaven look very plain to me, and so did Bro. Bolton also. The first night at Bro. Hall's meeting, I cried to the Lord, and He heard me; and delivered me from all my fears. I felt such a change in both soul and body, that I leaned on Bro. Clamer for support on coming home. When I got home, my wife asked me how I got along. I told her that I had found the Lord, and I intended to serve Him all my life, and asked if she would help me. She said Yes. I burst into tears and fell on my knees, and asked God for Christ's sake to strengthen us, and He did. For three weeks I felt happy.

When I came to fit the vessel out, the mate began to swear. I told him not to swear, and he left. Then the devil told me I could not stand out the season and serve God. All my acquaintances laughed at the idea of my living as I said I felt. Some told me to my face, I was a fool. I never felt such a burden as I felt that day. That evening I went to hear Bro. Hart preach. He preached upon faith. I left the meeting with Bro. Clamer; walked home very slow, for I felt I had a terrible load to carry. All my thought was, Don't let me go into the world again, my blessed Saviour! It was twelve o'clock when I got home. I took the Testament to read. My wife was in bed with the children, and reminded me I had to get up early. So I knelt down, just to ask Jesus not to let me go into the world again, when I found I could not stop, and my prayer became loud and then louder. My dear wife got hold of my arm with both hands, and entreated me not to pray so loud,—that I would wake the neighbors; but I could not help it. I prayed for about two hours that way for the Lord to seal me ever for Himself. As I was praying, I was surprised to hear my own words. My prayer had changed to praising. I felt all lighted up. The room looked light

and beautiful. I felt all pure and holy. Then I fell in an instant as dead. But I praise Jesus, I was alive to God. I believe Jesus Christ came into the world to save His people from their sins.

After smoking twenty-five years, I thought I could not do without it. But the very look and smell has become offensive. I always liked to feel the whiskey in my head. The smell of that has become offensive. How true it is, if we seek first the kingdom of Heaven, all things shall be added unto us. You do not need to join any societies, or take any pledges.

I praise the blessed Son of God that I have received all the blessings that Jesus has promised in His Sermon on the Mount. I feel that I have an Advocate with the Father, just as I feel I have a mortal body. I did not know what the blessing of holiness was; but I have found out since that this was it. For I have been ministering holiness to the Lord night and day ever since. In the morning, I told the good tidings to my dear wife and children, and to Bro. Clamer. I have never ceased since to proclaim Jesus my Redeemer from all sin. I praise Jesus I have seen, since that, my dear wife converted to the Lord, and have seen three sailors converted on the vessel. At this present time, there are two under deep convictions on the vessel. I know it is the will of the Lord they should be made every whit whole. I could keep telling of the goodness of the Lord. I pray Jesus this experience may be the means to help some to find the path that shines brighter and brighter every day.

If we could see the end as God does, we should see that every event is *for* the believer. When we get to the haven, we shall see that every wind was wafting us to glory.

MANY branches fall off the trees when the high winds begin to blow—all that are rotten branches. So in times of temptation, or trial, or persecution, many false professors drop away.

DIFFICULTIES OF INFIDELITY.

THAT great problem—to account for the origin and establishment of Christianity in the world, with a denial at the same time of its miraculous pretensions—a problem, the fair solution of which is obviously incumbent on infidelity—has necessitated the most gratuitous, and even contradictory hypotheses, and may safely be said still to present as hard a knot as ever. The favorite hypothesis, recently, has been that of Strauss—frequently re-modified and re-adjusted, indeed, by himself—that Christianity is a *myth*, or collection of myths—that is, a conglomerate (as geologists would say) of a very slender portion of facts and truth, with an enormous accretion of undesigned fiction, fable, and superstitions; gradually framed, and insensibly received, like the mythologies of Greece and Rome, or the ancient systems of Hindoo theology. It is true, indeed, that the particular *critical* arguments, the alleged historic discrepancies, and so forth, on which this author founds his conclusion, are for the most part not original; most of them having been insisted on before, both in Germany, and especially in our own country, during the Deistical controversies of the preceeding century. His idea of myths, however, may be supposed original; and he is very welcome to it. For all the attempted solutions of the great problem, this will be hereafter regarded as the most untenable. Gibbon, in solving the same problem, and starting in fact from the same axioms—for he, too, endeavored to account for the untractable phenomenon from natural causes alone, assigned as one cause, the *reputation* of working miracles, the reality of which he denied; but he was far too cautious to decide whether the original founders of Christianity had pretended to work miracles, and had been enabled to cheat the world into the belief of them, or whether the world had pleased universally to cheat itself into that belief. He was far too wise to tie himself to the proof, that in the most

enlightened period of the world's history—amidst the strongest contrarieties of national and religious feeling—amidst the bitterest bigotry of millions in behalf of what was old, and the bitterest contempt of millions for all that was new—amidst the opposing forces of ignorance and prejudice on one hand, and philosophy and skepticism on the other, amidst all the persecutions which attested and proved those hostile feelings on the part of the bulk of mankind—and above all, in the short space of thirty years (which is all that Dr. Strauss allows himself,) Christianity *could* be thus deposited, like the mythology of Greece or Rome! These, he knew, were very gradual and silent formations; originating in the midst of a remote antiquity, and an unhistoric age, during the very infancy and barbarism of the races which adopted them, confined, be it remembered, to those races *alone*; and displaying, instead of the exquisite and symmetrical beauty of Christianity, those manifest signs of gradual accretion, which were fairly to be expected; in the varieties of the deposited or interrupted substances—in the diffracted appearance of various parts—in the very weather-stains, so to speak, which mark the whole mass.

That the prodigious aggregate which the New Testament asserts would, if fabulous, pass unchallenged, elude all detection, and baffle all skepticism—collected in the course of a few years, energetic and zealous assertors of their reality in the heart of every civilized, and almost every barbarous community, and in the course of three centuries change the face of the world, and destroy every other *myth* which fairly came in contact with it—who but Dr. Strauss can believe? Was there no Dr. Strauss in those days? None to question and detect, as the process went on, the utter baselessness of these legends? Was all the world doting—was even the *persecuting* world asleep? Were all mankind resolved on befooling themselves? Are men wont thus quietly to admit miraculous pretensions,

whether they be prejudiced votaries of another system, or sceptical as to all? No: whether we consider the age, the country, the men assigned for the origin of these *myths*, we see the futility of the theory. It does not account even for their invention, much less for their success. We see that if any mythology could in such an age have germinated at all, it must have been one very different from Christianity; whether we consider the Messiah of the Jews expected, or the hatred of *all* Jewish Messiahs which the Gentiles could not but have felt. The Christ offered then, so far from being welcomed, was to the one a "stumbling-block," and to the other "foolishness;" and yet he conquered the prejudices of both.—*Edinburgh Review*.

TOBACCO AN INEBRIATING AGENT.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

THERE are, doubtless, many professing Christians who use tobacco, thinking it is not a sin to do so. I have heard of one, joined to his idol, tobacco, arguing on this wise: "All manner of sin is condemned in the Bible.—Murder, adultery, theft, Sabbath-breaking, swearing, drunkenness, and such like, are mentioned by name. But tobacco is not once spoken of." This is an artful sophism, cunning enough to come from Satan himself. There are many species of sin, and every subtle subterfuge of the sinner is not mentioned by name. The Bible says nothing about mixing artistically-molded clay pellets with roasted coffee beans, and selling it all for coffee. But the Bible does not forbid fraud. God lays down broad, sweeping laws, and these laws include and govern little things by force of general principles. "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." "The law of the Lord is perfect."

Facts easily, irresistibly, overthrow the tobacco-users' fallacious logic. Science classes tobacco among the things that intoxicate. Dr. Macnish, Member

of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, says, in his "Anatomy of Drunkenness," after describing the action of tobacco, "Its effects, therefore, are inebriating; and those who habitually indulge in it, may with propriety be denominated drunkards." These are the calm, significant words of science, not the heated talk of an ignorant zealot. Right science is truth. And truth must be obeyed whenever known, for God is the author. The offender against practical truth must be classed with him who "maketh a lie." Truth is eternal. Stand to it though stars fall.

The effect of tobacco, says Dr. Macnish, is "disposing to placid enjoyment and mellowing every passion to repose." This is the state of physical bliss eagerly coveted by the dram-drinker and beer-guzzler. Is it very much worse, think you, to "drown sorrow in the flowing bowl," than to forget dull care by sucking solace from a soothing pipe or quid, or snuffing up titillating felicity from a snuff-box?

Even if you only doubt the propriety of using tobacco, not being really sure it is wrong, you are still bound by God's word to leave it. "He that doubteth is damned if he eat."—Rom. xiv. 23. He is not in a right state of mind toward the Lord. Fleshly lust makes love swerve from God.

Can a true Christian whose body is a temple of the Holy Ghost, have power to lift up his face unto God with child-like purity and trust, while he continues to indulge in the use of this unclean, inebriating agent? Read Gal. vi. 7, 8, 9. Oh, consider well and act promptly. An eternity of enjoyment of the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," is greatly worth living for even though crucifixion be between.

An awakened soul is not a saved soul. You are not saved till God shut you into Christ. It is not enough that you flee, you must flee into Christ. O, do not lie down and slumber. O, do not look behind you. "Remember Lot's wife."

A SKETCH OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY WM. FELL, A POLICE OFFICER.

I CAN truly say with the Apostle, that by the grace of God I am what I am, and also with the Psalmist, that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. My past life has been one of sin and folly, and brings with it painful and unpleasant recollections. In my early days, I evinced a peculiar dislike for every thing that was good. Unlike the most of children, I had a natural aversion to the Sabbath school. When Sunday came, I preferred to be off in company with other boys in all kinds of mischief, and had it not been for the overruling Providence of God, I might have been, ere this, numbered among the lost. The Lord in a very remarkable manner has preserved me several times from an untimely death. Three times I met with a narrow escape from drowning, once by fire, once by falling from a tree, and once by falling from a horse, going at a rapid rate, with my foot hanging in the stirrup. Truly, God has been good to me in sparing my more than useless life, praise his holy name forever. In my youthful days, I acquired the use of tobacco; notwithstanding the number of times it made me sick trying to learn the pernicious habit, I finally succeeded, and became an inveterate chewer and smoker. I also learned the use of cards, and whole nights would be spent in playing cards and drinking beer. These habits clung to me as I grew up, and I would squander my father's money by gambling and in various ways. My father would talk to me, and admonish me, but all in vain; I became a slave to my passions; I was ugly and vicious, and at times uncontrollable. On a certain occasion, I had some words with my father; with shame, I confess it, I acted like a brute; I cursed and swore like a fiend let loose from hell. He begged of me to stop. I am sorry to say my temper was fearful, more like a tiger than any thing else. Being dissatisfied with home, I

ran away, and went to Detroit. Here I fell in with young men as bad as myself, and my nights would be spent as usual in drinking and carousing, and frequenting the low haunts of iniquity. After remaining away a short time, I returned home, and my father sent me off to school at Geneseo, Livingston Co., N. Y. Here I got to quarreling and fighting with some of the students; for my ugly nature would not stand much, and the principal, Mr. Nichols was going to dismiss me, but I begged off and promised to do better. After remaining at school a few terms, I left for home. I remained at home a short time, and then packed up for Buffalo in the fall of 1858, and went into a Surveyor's Office. Here I formed the acquaintance of a number of young men, who were agreeable to my nature; and instead of growing better, I sank deeper into iniquity, and went from bad to worse. One of my associates, a lawyer, died with the delirium-tremens; night after night we had been together, drinking and playing cards.

Little did he think that death was so near. Before his death he cried for me, but poor man, I could be of no help to him, and still this did not seem to move me. Another young man who was an associate of mine while in sin, was found dead in the office where he worked. Drink had killed him. We had been comrades together in sin, and for awhile worked together in the same office, but death cut him down in the prime of his life. How fearfully true it is "that the wicked will not live out half their days."

At times I would feel serious and resolve to do better, but my resolutions would soon fail me: for as soon as I met my associates I would be bad as ever, all my efforts to reform were vain, so long as I continued in sin; for sin had perfect dominion over me, and "the devil led me captive at his will." I knew the way I was going would soon lead me to ruin—I left the surveyor's office and went to work in the Erie Co. Clerks office. Here I found young men who loved the social glass and card table, and whole nights would be spent

as heretofore drinking and carousing; my Sabbath's would be spent in a similar manner, either revelling or working in the office. Very seldom I went to the house of worship; I had no desire in that direction. Still I felt deeply at times, and believed there was a reality in religion. One night after retiring to rest, I dreamt of being shot, and I thought I must surely die, and that without hope. Oh! the horror that seized my poor heart in that moment was beyond any thing I can describe. I felt I could not die in that state. I thought if God would but spare my life, I would give him my heart at once, and live the remainder of my days in his service. I awoke, and to my happy surprise and comfort, it was a dream; but I thank God that dream followed me, and made a deep and lasting impression on my mind, for not a great while after I gave my heart to Jesus, in accordance with the vow I had made in the dream. Shortly after, I went home to my parents in Canada, on a visit. Here I was introduced to a minister who was holding a series of meetings in the village. He kindly invited me to attend, I did so. After the sermon was through, the invitation was given for sinners to come forward. In the same seat with me sat an unfortunate man who was addicted to drink. A friend came and invited him forward, he rose up, and I also rose in my seat, and the person spoke to me and said I had better come too, so I went forward, thinking it might encourage him who had just risen to go forward. We knelt down, I had a big chew of tobacco in my mouth, and felt very indifferent about my soul's salvation. My convictions were light, but I knew I must have religion or be lost forever. Often I wished I had it, but like thousands of others I had put it off, and even now the devil tried to get me to put it off, by telling me I was not in a condition to receive it. But no, I had started and committed myself, and by the grace of God, I would go through with it.

The very first thing that came up before me was my tobacco. Yet this

did not seem strange to me, for I knew it to be wrong before I ever thought of seeking the Lord. I felt I could no more use tobacco and be a child of God, than I could drink beer and whiskey, and be in the way to heaven. I believed it to be contrary to the teachings of Jesus Christ; so will every one who is honest with God and their own souls. The fact is, men do not as a general thing like to let go their idols; but God struck my idol the first time. It was a right eye, and I could part with any friend easier than my tobacco, although there were church members present that used it, and I afterwards learned from the minister himself that he had used it, but had given it up when I told him I could not use it and be a Christian. I would to God that all professors and ministers would follow his example, and give up the filthy habit, and also their connections with secret societies; for I could no more be a member of the Masonic or Odd Fellows lodge, than I could belong to a band of thieves. I had been connected with three different secret societies, but thank God I have forever separated myself from them, praise his name forever.

The invitation was given for those who came forward to speak. I rose up and said I had served the devil long enough, and was determined to serve God the remainder of my life, still I had not yet obtained salvation, but was resolved to seek until I found it. One night at Father Darrow's, a colored brother's house, (a good old saint of God,) I felt quite happy in my soul, and encouraged; still I was not satisfied. I had not yet obtained the evidence of my sins forgiven. I felt I must have something deep and thorough in my soul, for nothing else could satisfy me. I had been a wicked man, and nothing less than the grace of God and, and an entire change of heart could save me or any one else. My ugly nature would try and break loose, and the devil would throw obstacles in my way, but I held on to God and cried for help. One night while all alone in the store, I felt bad, and in fact did all day. I be-

gan to feel more than ever that I was a sinner. My soul was troubled, and I felt I must know my true condition before God. I fell down on my knees before Jesus and made a complete surrender of every thing, the world, my tobacco, and my associates, and promised God I would live for him the remainder of my life, and cried, "Oh! God, settle this matter." In an instant, as quick as a flash, I felt my sins had left me, glory be to God! He had spoken peace to my soul, it was truly a peace the world could not give, nor take away, praise his name forever!

The language of my heart was, "precious Jesus,—precious Jesus." I quietly retired to bed, and while meditating upon the mercy and goodness of God to me, it seemed as if I could see the blessed Saviour by faith, looking upon me, and such a joy came pouring into my soul! It was unspeakable and full of glory. I shouted, I cried, and laughed, and felt that heaven had come down into my soul. I wanted every person to know what the Lord had done for me. This was in the year 1860, at the age of twenty-one. I loved every one now. Individuals that I had hated, I went to and asked their forgiveness, and also restored money to persons that belonged to them.

I returned to Buffalo, to resume my occupation in the County Clerk's office. The news reached them that I had been seeking salvation, and they very soon found it out. God helped me to do my duty among the Lawyers, Scribes, and Pharisees. The devil raged because I would reprove sin. At times I would tremble under the cross. On a certain occasion, I reprov'd my employer, and O, how God blessed me after that. I felt it was a glorious thing to obey God at all times.

After the lapse of a few years I left the office and got married, passed through a few sharp trials, was brought down on a sick bed; the storms of adversity and affliction beat against me, but thank God, my house stood. The Lord raised me up; then my wife was taken down, but Jesus was with her,

and kept her as sweet as heaven, glory be to God! He brought us through like "silver tried in a furnace; tried seven times." Nearly four years ago I joined the Police force of Buffalo, and God has kept me, praise his holy name. Amidst trials and conflicts he has been with me. I never was in a place where patience needed to have its perfect work more than in this place. I see misery, wretchedness and want, and my heart melts with pity and love for their precious souls, and God helps me to speak words of comfort to them, and point them to Jesus, and tell them what he has done for my poor soul. I feel that God has put me here to do good, and not to show my authority, unless where it is absolutely necessary. I am frequently called upon to make peace in families, especially between man and wife. In this respect I feel I am a peace maker. I have, after making them promise they would live together in peace, and give their hearts to God, got down and prayed with them. To-day my soul rejoices in God. I feel as sweet as heaven. The precious blood of Christ cleanses my heart now; and I expect by and by, with all the saints of God, to "Crown Him Lord of all."

Buffalo. N. Y.

REMEMBER, anxiety for the soul does not save the soul. Sailors in a shipwreck are very anxious. They cry much to God in prayers and tears; and yet, though they are anxious men, they are not saved men—the vessel goes to pieces, and all are drowned. Travelers in a wilderness may be very anxious; their hearts may wither within them: yet that does not show that they are safe; they may perish in the burning sands. So you are much afraid of the wrath of God, and it may be God has, in mercy, stirred up these anxieties in your bosom; but you are not yet saved: unless you come to Christ, all will be in vain. Many are convinced who are never converted; many are now in hell who were once as anxious to escape as you.—*M'Cheyne.*

THE BIETINGHAUSEN BIBLE.

PECULIAR interest has attached to the province of Hohenzollern during the past year, on account of a Roman Catholic Bible, which was presented through Mr Davis to the library of the society by the pastor of a Protestant congregation, composed of persons formerly in communion with Rome, all of whom had been brought, through its teaching, to a saving knowledge of God's truth, though it was accompanied by a Popish preface and a Popish Catechism. The circumstances connected with this remarkable event are thus related by Mr. Davis in a letter which has already appeared in the "Monthly Reporter:"

In the heart of Suabia, enclosed on all sides by the territories of the sovereigns of Wurtemberg and Baden, lies the little principality of Hohenzollern.

It extends from the slopes of the Black Forest across the Nectar, the Danube, and the Stockach, nearly as far as the shores of the Lake of Constance. It is a tiny State, covering not more than twenty-one geographical square miles, and embracing a population of 64,000 souls. At the beginning of the century, Spain was not more Popish than Hohenzollern. The "unity of the faith" was perfect.

In Hohenzollern there is a little village called Bietinghausen. The priest of the village occupied himself, it seems, with the study of prophecy. One Sunday, when the first Napoleon was at the height of his power, he preached from this text "And the king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every God, and shall speak marvelous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished; for that which is determined shall be done." This king, said the priest, is Napoleon, and God's decree concerning him has gone forth.

Xavier Ruhn, the village schoolmaster, was in church, and was wonderfully impressed by the text. But he had no Bible. He determined, if possible, to get one, and, after waiting and searching

for a long time, he induced an acquaintance, in whose house he found one, to sell him his. It cost him eleven florins (18s. 4d.), a large sum at that time, and for a man in his position; but the book had in his estimation a higher value, and became, for him and many others, as we shall presently see, "a pearl of great price." The identical copy of the Bible which Xavier Ruhn bought I have now before me.

The spirit in which Ruhn, and those who joined him, entered on the study of the scriptures may be judged from the following pencil jottings found on the cover and fly-leaf of the volume. One of them writes: "this is the Holy Bible of the Old and New Testament, but mark well, the Catholic, *i. e.*, the unadulterated Bible." And again, "Grace and peace, spirit and life, are to be found in this Bible." And again, "The letters are, it is true, dead things; nevertheless, when interpreted according to the right interpretation handed down from century to century, they can be filled with life and spirit."

I do not know that what was meant by "the interpretation handed down from century to century" did much for Ruhn. But a strong, vigorous understanding applied to the interpretation of Scripture, and the illumination and aid of the Holy Spirit, did a great deal. A new spiritual world was opened up to him, widely different from that in which, up to that time, he had contentedly lived. The passages printed in large type, with their asterisks, led his mind to perfectly different conclusions from those taught in the appended Catechism, and embodied in the formularies of his church.

He found nothing about the confessional, and he accordingly no longer frequented it. Rites and ceremonies which had no Biblical authority, he quietly abstained from. Ideas even of confessions, which, as a member of Christ's church, he had a right to demand from his parish priest, began to spring up in his mind. Meanwhile, he did not put his "light under a bushel, but on a candlestick." The neighbors

began to feel that a new and divine thing had appeared among them. They gathered around Ruhn, and he read the Bible to them. Then they bought for themselves other copies and other versions: last of all, Luther's followed. The existence of a body of awakened Catholics became a feature in the religious life of the little principality; but they showed no signs of a wish to leave the outward communion of their church. All they sought was freedom to live out the truth, which, without human teachers, they had found in the word of God.

But this freedom was to be contested. The priests opposed and persecuted.—The leaders were imprisoned. They appealed, and at last their case was brought before the highest court in their little State. During the last session of the court, the prince himself listened to the proceedings from an adjoining room. It became clear to him that the accused were honest men, good citizens and loyal subjects. It became equally clear that they were not men to tamper with their consciences, or abjure their faith. So, like a wise prince, he quashed the proceedings and set them free.—From that day they remained unmolested.

The church changed its tactics. It ignored their non-appearance in the confessional, their abstinence from prescribed rites and ceremonies, fasts and festivals; yea, it went so far as, after a fashion, to administer to them the communion in both forms, giving them the so-called "rinsing cup" (Spukelch.)—Thus there lived and grew in strength a little Protestant flock in the very bosom of the Romish communion.

But times changed. The tolerant priests were followed by intolerant successors. The "cup" was again refused. And in all this they saw the finger of God bidding them come out and be wholly separate. Thirty-nine adults—the youngest more than twenty, several more than seventy years of age—announced their intention of leaving the communion of the church of Rome, and joining the churches of the Reformation.

All but four remained firm, and on February 2, 1858, the rest were received into the full fellowship of the Protestant church. On September 2, 1860, they were followed by eleven more. All these, more or less directly, owe their conversion and present position to the reading of the small 8vo Catholic Bible published in 1781 by the priests of the Teutonic Knights, as a weapon with which Protestantism was to be successfully combated, and the members of the Romish church more firmly established in Roman doctrine.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MISS FRANCES SPEARS.

WHEN very young, I saw myself a sinner, and often wished I was a Christian. I thought Christians must be happy. I saw something in them very interesting, and loved to be in their society. I was taught to pray by a Christian mother, and I did not wish to lay my head upon my pillow without praying. Still I felt I was a sinner, and far from anything good. I often resolved that I would do right, and be good and kind to every one; but all in vain. Still, I was happy only when I was kind, and gentle, and good; but, oh, how I could see where I failed, if no one else did.

Time passed on; I was no better, and finally became afraid to pray before my older sisters, fearing they would ask me why I prayed. Still, I felt very bad to close my eyes without praying, and would hurry myself to sleep night after night, repeating some verses which I had learned, so that I might not think of the past or the future, fearing that I should die before morning; and when I would awake and find myself alive, how thankful I would be that I had lived through another night! During this time, my mind dwelt mostly on the things of God, and for about two years, I felt that if I should die, I should be lost. Oh, how these thoughts troubled me day and night; but being very bashful, I said but little to any one.

When in my fifteenth year, I attended a protracted meeting held by the Free-will Baptists, at West Kendall. I was under deep conviction, but let no one know it. I wanted to go forward, but could not. The cross was too great. I would go and look on, but return with a heavy heart. Truly, I longed to be a Christian. But when New Year's night came, oh, how I felt! I thought, Can I sit here, and listen to the invitations given, for all those who want religion to come forward, and I not go? Oh, the thought of living another year, as I had lived in the past, seemed awful! but I had such a man-fearing spirit I dared not go, and rather than hear the invitation given, and refuse, I arose and went out.

Soon after, I attended the Free Methodist meetings in the same place, and the first night I was there I went forward, as a seeker of religion. I could hold out no longer; and as I knelt there, it seemed that God was very near. But still I dared not pray aloud; yet I felt, I *will* pray—I *will* seek religion. I was so bashful, it seemed as though I never could stand up and speak before so many. I shrank.

I thus sought the Lord for over a year, having deep feelings, but not daring to express them. I always felt that there was a false and a genuine religion, and I could not be satisfied with any but the real religion. Twice during that year I felt for a short time that I was saved; but, fearing to take the cross and confess Christ, I soon felt that all was dark again. Oh, how the Lord bore with me! How great His love, or I should have been cut down as a cumberer of the ground.—He bid me come every hour. His arms were extended to receive me.—Oh, for more love like His!

The spring I was sixteen, I thought if I could go to camp-meeting, I would there get the real religion that would take away the fear of man, and give me a contented, willing mind; if I could not, I would stop praying, stop thinking about religion, and try to seek happiness in some other way. I went

to the meeting Saturday morning. Bro. Freeland preached in the Rochester tent. After preaching, they invited those forward who wanted religion. I did not look around me to see if any one else was going, but went myself, alone. My feelings were inexpressible. I could only groan. God knew my heart. I felt that no one else could do me good. I had been prayed for, and talked to so much; God must undertake for me now. And sure enough, God met me there. My burdened soul was set free. Oh, how I was changed! That fear was all gone. I felt as though I could face the world, and tell them what the Lord had done for me. I loved everybody, and feared nobody. I knew without a doubt I had religion. I praise God He never let me rest without a *knowledge* of sins forgiven.

Time passed on, and I began to feel that the work in my heart was not finished. Oh, such a sense of want came upon me! I must be filled with all the fullness of God. My appetite went from me. Such longings after God—to be made perfect in love! But, all glory be to God! on that long-to-be-remembered Wednesday morning, Jesus came in power and accomplished the great work. My longings were satisfied; my soul was filled with peace; my joy was complete. Oh, what content, what comfort I found! My whole soul and body was filled with light and love.

Thus I lived for six months—being perfectly blest, willing to live or ready to die. But to my sorrow I confess, that in the hour of trial I yielded to temptation. My mother was sick, and home cares rested upon me; and being of delicate health, I found my burden seemingly as great as I could bear.—One day, having been repeatedly teased and tried by my younger brother, I said impatiently, "I'll bear it no longer; I'll report you to mother." It was not the words I spoke, but the spirit in which I spoke them. But oh, how I felt the moment it was done! I would have given worlds, had they been mine to give, had I not thus spoken; but oh

they were spoken, and my soul was robbed of its joy. I went to Jesus; He forgave. I felt His love again, but that keeping power was gone. I would get into trouble again and again. I had had great light, and I could not be happy unless I knew I was fully saved. I saw the way very narrow. The Lord showed me what He would have me to be. I saw very plainly it was holiness or hell.

About this time, I attended a camp-meeting held near Lyndonville. There I gave myself anew to God. Oh, how sweetly He saved me! I felt I could go alone with Jesus. I also saw that I could not remain justified, without seeking the higher life. My soul longed for it. I was willing to take any cross, and knew the Lord was willing to save me fully; still I could not seem to grasp the prize. But I was all consecrated, and went home feeling so. I felt the Lord would do the work in His own time. One morning, while getting breakfast, my heart was going out after the deep things of God, and something seemed to say, "According to your faith, so shall it be unto you." It seemed as though Jesus handed the blessing out to me, and I had only to take it and live. Then the thought came, You cannot finish getting your breakfast if you do; you had better wait a few moments. I yielded. Oh, what sadness came over me! I hardly knew what to do,—had never felt so before. I hardly knew whether I had religion or not, I was so strongly assailed by the enemy. But the light began to shine. I saw where I was. I felt a strong determination to lead a Christian life. But right here the enemy suggested to me, as he had often done before, You had better live the best you know how, but do not say anything more about holiness. It was of no use. The light shone so clearly, I saw it was holiness or hell.

Soon after, I attended a camp-meeting at Spencerport. I there saw I must give up friends as never before. There I died to this world and its applause—in fact, to everything but God. I felt

cut loose from every entanglement below. I was dead, and my life was hid with Christ in God. I could say,

"Go, friends that would keep me from Him;
Go, joys that would share in His love;
Go, hopes that would draw me to sin;
Go, all that from Him would remove."

Oh, glory be to Jesus! He had given me the desire of my heart—purity, and the keeping power. He gave me that love that casts out all fear. Then I felt,

"I wander now no more;
Not all this world can give,
Can turn my footsteps from that shore
Where God and the angels live."

Since that time, I have been near death's door; but so peaceful; Jesus smiled. I could calmly say, Come life or death—I that to thee resign; O God, thy will be done. I have stood by the death-bed of my much-loved parents; have watched at their graves until they were covered from my gaze; have turned away, a lone orphan, to grapple with the stern realities of this life. Yet amid it all, I have felt His mighty, all-sustaining power, keeping me unmoved and without a murmur. I calmly say, God knows best. Jesus comforts my heart—oh, bless His name! Truly, I have no certain abiding-place on earth,—a pilgrim and a stranger here; but Heaven is my home. Precious Saviour! He is a Father to the fatherless. He is a sun and shield. Yes, bless His name! He will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly.

Kendall, N.Y.

DEAR believers, be ready to leave your loom for the golden harp at a minute's warning; be ready to leave your desk for the throne of Jesus, your pen for the palm of victory; be ready to leave the market below, for the street of the New Jerusalem, where the redeemed shall walk. If you were in a sinking ship, you would not cling hard to bags of money; you would leave all, and be ready to swim. This world is like a sinking ship; those who grasp at its possessions will sink with it.

NOTES ON SCRIPTURE.

BY JOHN T. JAMES.

"And it came to pass after the year had expired, the time when kings go forth to battle, that David sent Joab, and his servants with him, and all Israel: and they destroyed the children of Ammon, and besieged Rabbah. But David tarried still at Jerusalem.—1 Sam. xi. 1.

WHEN David was confirmed king and there was no rising up in the land from Dan to Beer Sheba, he made a grievous mistake—the same that many others have made since. God gave him peace and quietness throughout all Judea and Israel, but it was not that he might sit down in indolence while God's enemies were in the countries round about him. David's cedar house and wives became a snare unto him. He forgot that it was his but to be "a man of war" all his life—1 Chron. xxviii. 3—while it was left for his son Solomon (*peaceable*), to have "rest from all his enemies round about."—1 Chron. xxii. 9. David's kingdom was only "from Dan even to Beer Sheba"—2 Sam. iii. 10. Solomon's was "over all kingdoms," from "the river unto the end's of the earth."—1 Kings, iv. 21—Ps. lxxii. 8. David was a type of the Christian *now*—Solomon a type of the *millennial saint*, when there will not only be rest in his own land—soul and body, but also in the circumstances without.

There the Christian will reign "over all kingdoms." Hence it is a great mistake to anticipate millennial rest, except in our spirits and bodies, and even then it is a precarious thing, liable to be destroyed as David sadly experienced. We can have millennial times in our own land, but we must not forget that enemies are without. Hence there is no point in Christian experience where we are exempt from war against the enemies around us. The stronger we become in our own souls, the readier we should be to wage war against the unsanctified souls around us. Hence we may lay it down as a proposition easily sustained.

The integrity of soul-government de-

mands a state of war with all unsanctified things without. With the soul, as with governments, foreign war often preserves peace at home. With the soul, as with governments, war abroad strengthens the home government, by uniting the elements of power, by developing its resources, and by begetting a spirit of enterprise. And again, by victories which are the sure result of soul-war under the banner of Jesus. How wonderfully the Prussian victories have strengthened the North German Confederation. With the soul, as with government, foreign war enriches, by its spoils, the home people. What riches poured into Rome, and into Carthage, by the conquests of their armies and fleets abroad! Yes this is the way to be strong and rich in our soul—to wage war against the enemies without; to take the cities of man-soul one after another, and establish the authority of one King in them. *The law of Christian warfare is—that we build up ourselves at home by pulling down the strongholds of power's abroad.*

"David tarried at Jerusalem," and what was the result? As he did not keep the war in the enemy's land, the war came to him at Jerusalem. Soon there is "rising up" again in the land, and right in his family, and by one who had sprung from his own loins. He is fleeing from Jerusalem—the city of peace, and out of the land of Canaan, across Jordan, into the wilderness—the place where all fallen kings belong. And is not this just the way a good many more get driven from their throne in Jerusalem, across Jordan, into the old experience of "rising up" within? They gain wonderful victories—get established—and then settle down to enjoy their experience. They may have a little look, or something of the kind, out in the field, like Joab, but that does not do. Soon there is trouble at home, and they lose place and forever. God help all such who have thus fallen, to pursue the rest of David's course, and get back again. *After one has been a king at Jerusalem, and lived in a cedar house, there cannot be any happiness be-*

low that experience. And yet how many fallen kings there are to-day, wandering up and down the Eastern bank of Jordan.

Another error that souls fall into, is just the reverse of that of David. He failed to go forth to battle "*at the time when kings go forth to battle,*" and the battle came to him. Others fail to recognize that there is a special time for battle, and so they are always in battle. It is difficult to decide which is the most serious error. In war, there is a time of preparation, and a time of resting and recruiting. An army constantly marching and fighting would soon be destroyed. In soul, as in body, there must be refreshment, and recuperation. We see this truth very plainly indicated in the book of Joshua. As soon as the Israelites passed over Jordan, they "encamped in Gilgal." This became a great place, and corresponds in Old Testament history, to Pentecost in New Testament. Here in the camp at Gilgal, the Lord rolled away the reproach of Egypt.—Jas. v. 9. They were saved from all inward longings after Egypt, and were satisfied with "the old corn of the land."—Jas. v. 12. Hence it was a place of strength. There power was turned on. They were strengthened by feeding on the old corn—which is a type of the soul, feeding on a risen Christ. Now we find that the Israelites did not forsake their camp after resting and feeding there once—no more than the early church forsook their Pentecostal way of waiting upon the Lord, for the renewal of their strength.—Acts. ii. 1-4; iv. 21-31. By reference to Josh. ix. 6, x. 6, 7, 9, 15, 43, we see how Joshua and his army returned to their old camp at Gilgal, after the battle. There they rested, and from this place of rest and recovering of strength, they went forth to fresh conquests. Joshua knew there was a "time to go forth to war," and a *time to return to Camp.* And after an unusual long campaign, we find him and all Israel returning to their old camps at Gilgal.—Josh. x. 43. And it is well they did, for they soon

had need of fresh courage and strength, as we see in chapter xi. Now this is just what some modern Joshua's have not learned. There is an idea that men may grow strong in soul, by being constantly in battle. They are always on the move, sometimes have two or three campaigns on hand at the same time.

They are always at war and never in camp. They are always before the people, and scarcely ever alone before the Lord. The result is, they are weak and dry, and their preaching is often more a source of trial to their hearers, than a means of refreshment. And then when the powers of darkness come pressing against them, as on a Sabbath at some great meeting, they are almost helpless, and are glad when night comes and the sinners go away.

Would to God our leaders would study Joshua's tactics, and then we would have more of Joshua's victories, and fewer of these shameful defeats we sometimes suffer in conflict with the unbelieving. The more labor a man attempts to perform, the more physical strength does he require, and the more of solid food does he need. The more fruit a tree produces, the more sap does it demand. Luther could not get along with the enemies around him, without being in Camp two and three hours a day. He needed this much time for communion with God—for the flow of divine unction into his soul.

The more a man is promoted in the army, the nearer he gets to Headquarters, and the more he is with the commanding officer. It would seem to be so in religion. It is so. With the Israelites there were three circles or orders. First, there was the circle of the men of war.—Num. i. ii. Then the circle of Levites round about the tabernacle.—Num. iii. iv. And lastly the innermost circle of priests, ministering in the holy place. O, that some of our priests would visit that holy place a little oftener, and stay there long enough to get some "fresh oil" upon them, and some power and freshness in their souls!

Beloved—if there is "no rising up,"

in your kingdom, don't forget "there is a time for kings to go forth to war." Forget not also that there is a time to return to Camp.

Homeward-Bound.

HOMeward-bound, homeward bound,
O'er a long and hostile ground,
With a weary step, and slow,
Onward still I go, I go;
Noontide heat and midnight chill
Storm and tempest work their will,
Yet one blessed view of Home
Cheers me on where'er I roam.

Homeward-bound afar, afar,
Gleams my precious guiding star,
Giving forth no borrowed light
Yet, for ever pure and bright.
Night may throw her sable shroud,
Win'try winds may whistle loud,
But the Star of Bethlehem
Storm and tempest cannot dim.
Through this desert drear and wide,
Star of hope, be thou my guide.

Homeward-bound, they call me on,
Loved ones, who before have gone;
Once on earthly ground they toiled,
And their garments kept unsoiled;
Now as witnesses they stand
Beck'ning to the better-land,
While in robes of white they sing,
Praises to our Saviour King.

Homeward-bound—homeward-bound,
Light from heaven beams around;
Brighter still that light shall be,
Till its blessed source I see.
Now the Spirit doth reveal
To the souls he comes to seal,
Things that worldlings never knew,
Gloriously sweet and true.

Homeward-bound my motto be,
Weal and woe alike to me,
Knowing well I shall not fall
While I trust in God my all;
He will lighten every cross,
He will lessen every loss.
And at last my soul receive,
Ever in his smiles to live.

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELER.

HAVING tarried a few days in a beautiful village of the West, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbor he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew a book from his pocket and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain uttering oaths, terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book on the chair, and, kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and though his soul seemed to burn within him, I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," etc. Presently he seemed in agony of spirit for these swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading with God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow-passengers to rest, not having spoken of God or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was waked by a loud voice at the door of the companion-way,—"Here! whose tracts are these?" followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against tract distributors, Bethels, and temperance societies.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but he calmly said, "Those tracts, sir, are mine. I have but a few, as you see; but they are very good, and you may take one, if you wish.

I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, "Captain," said our young companion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask his blessing on our repast."

"If you please," replied the captain, with apparent good-will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologise for the profanity of his men, saying, "It was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young man, "I think we can put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, the captain was puzzled for an answer; but after a little hesitation replied, "I might as well attempt to sail against a head wind as to think of such a thing."

"But I meant all I said," added the young man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarterdeck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him a history of the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followed the ocean. He had been tost on the billows in many a tempest; had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do any thing that could be done by a sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," said the hardy tar, "and will not be out done, my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word he ought to be believed. I know a

sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing; and he did so."

"Ah!" said the old sailor, "you've anchored me; I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your shipmates' oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as the opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a Bible, which he said was given him in early life by his father, with a request that he would never part with it. We listened as our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection; and then looking round upon us he said, "He is risen—yes Jesus lives; let us worship him."

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sung a hymn. It was a happy place, a *floating Bethel*. Instead of confusion and wrath, there was sweet peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last cheering rays.

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and was engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

After this, for three days, we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects; for there was nothing in the young stranger to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives; and from his fearless but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the gospel. From all he saw,

he gathered laurels to throw at his Master's feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port we ascertained that he was a *mechanic*.

Before we reached the wharf, the captain came forward, and with much feeling bade him farwell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had done no longer—his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added, "I have had ministers as passengers on my vessel Sabbath days and week-days, but never before have I been so touchingly reminded of the family altar where my departed parents knelt." As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many, and the esteem of all.

We soon found ourselves in a canal boat, where were about thirty passengers of various ages and characters; and my curiosity was not a little excited to learn how my companion would proceed among them. The afternoon had nearly passed away, and he had conversed with no one but myself. At length he inquired of the captain if he were willing to have prayers on board.

"I have no objection," said he, "if the passengers have not; but I sha'n't attend."

At an early hour the passengers were invited into the cabin, and in a few minutes the captain was seated among them. After reading a short portion of Scripture, our friend made a few appropriate remarks, and commended us to God.

As soon as he rose from prayer, a gentleman, whose head was whitening for the grave, said, "Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a Deist. I once professed religion, but now I believe it is all delusion."

"Sir," said the young man, "I respect age, and will listen to you; and, as you proceed, may perhaps ask a few questions; but I cannot debate, I can only say that I must love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner."

"I do not deny that men are sinners," said the old man, "but I don't believe in Christ."

"Will you then tell us how sinners can be saved in some way, and God's law be honored?"

We waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded:—"Not many years since, I was an infidel because I did not love the truth, and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer is my conviction of its truth; and that there is no way of salvation but through a crucified Redeemer."

As the passengers sat engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder recently perpetrated by a man in the neighborhood, while in a fit of intoxication. To this all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity for the stranger to begin his work. He was the advocate of temperance as well as religion, and here gained some friends to this cause.

"But," said he at length, "though intoxication occasion an immense amount of crime and misery in our world, I recollect one instance of murder with which it had no connection." He then related, as nearly as I can remember, the following story:—

"In a populous city of the East, was a man who seemed to live only for the good of others. He daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence toward his fellow-men; sought out the poor and needy, and relieved their wants; sympathized with and comforted the sick and the afflicted; and, though he was rich, his unsparing beneficence clothed him in poverty. He deserved the esteem of all, yet he had enemies. He took no part in politics, yet many feared that his generosity was a cloak of ambition, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself the reigns of government. Others feared that his religious views, connected with his consistent life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length a mock

trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and put to death."

"Where was that?"—"When was it?"—"Who was it?" was heard from several voices.

"It was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. By his enemies he was hung upon the cross, and for us, guilty sinners, he died."

Every eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested upon every countenance. He opened a Bible which lay upon the table, and read the account of Christ's condemnation and death; the captain nodded to him as a signal for prayer, and we all again fell on our knees, while he wept over the condition of sinners, and, for the sake of Christ, besought God's mercy upon them. Here again was a floating Bethel.

In the morning, the stranger was not forgotten; and he evidently did not forget that there were immortal souls around him, hastening with him to the bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with each individual, except an elderly gentleman who had followed him from seat to seat, and showed much uneasiness of mind; the realities of eternity were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with many hearts.

As the mantle of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested an interview with the aged man.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I have been all day wishing to see you, but you were talking with others."

He acknowledged that he had tried to be a Universalist; and though he could not rest in that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw his lost condition. "And now," said he, "I want you to tell me what I shall do."

The young man raised his eyes to heaven, as if imploring the Spirit's influences, and then briefly explained the nature and reasonableness of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly, that he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, my soul, my soul! How have I sinned against God! I see it—I feel it; yes, I have sinned all my days."

"But Jesus died to save sinners," replied the young man; "will you, my friend, give him your heart?"

"O yes, yes! if I had a thousand hearts he should have them all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something, in an hour like this, awfully solemn. Heaven was rejoicing, I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again. "Yes, I will serve God; I will, I will." After a time, his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, with both hands raised, he broke out in singing,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

And then again he wept, and said, "Yes, O Jesus, precious Saviour!"

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master's service he had stolen our hearts, and each pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.

Such was the influence of one individual, whose unwavering purpose it was to *live for God*. He felt for dying sinners; and, relying on the help of the Holy Spirit for success, labored for the salvation of souls around him. Will not the reader solemnly resolve, in God's strength, that henceforth, *whether at home or abroad*, he will make the glory of Christ, in the salvation of men, the one object of his life? When Christians universally shall do this, we may expect soon to hear the song of Zion float on every breeze: "Alleluia! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ."—*Canadian Merchant*.

GIVING TO GOD.

THE cure for those evils which most commonly beset the charities of Christian people, must be sought in a higher and more Scriptural manner of giving. The principle which it is of most consequence to seize, appears to be this, that a man's benefactions to the Church and to the poor are really offerings of pious gratitude, devoted directly to God. It cannot be too strongly urged that such benefactions are only given rightly when the giver distinctly contemplates God himself as the real, though ultimate receiver of them; and this implies that the transaction is lifted out of secular conduct into that of religious worship. This principle is unquestionably overlooked in practice by many charitable people, and the statement of it may be even questioned by some. It is true that the clergy are quite in the habit of talking about sums that are paid into church funds as given to the Lord; but people are apt to set that down as a professional phrase, through which it is sought to cast a false sanctity over ecclesiastical revenues. Some grasping churchmen whose talent was to fleece, not feed, the flock, have perhaps sought to foster a devotion on which they themselves grew fat. Sometimes, too, such language may be merely sanctimonious, meaning little on the lips that use it. It covers a truth, nevertheless. It is neither an empty phrase nor a mask for cupidity.

There is a real, and, if real, then a most blessed sense, in which God claims for Himself what is given to charity and religion, so that it becomes a tribute consecrated to the service of the Most High. To affect to see in sacred offerings no sacredness, and in every appeal for pious liberality nothing but the selfishness of priests, is either a clumsy pretext or a more clumsy blunder. Christian men within Christ's Church, ought to know better. They at least can recognize Jesus in His poor members whom they relieve. They surely know that God has a kingdom among us in which His servants work,

and towards which our gold can lend some aid. They ought to see in the Church of Christ, His spouse and body, and feel that when they deck her, they honor Him. Even the Hebrews recognized religious giving as an act of worship. Twice over they made splendid national offerings for Divine service—in Moses' days, for building the desert tent; in David's, of the city temple; and on both occasions, when they brought to the treasury their munificence in gold and silver, purple and linen and costly stones, we read that with willing and perfect hearts they "offered an offering unto Jehovah." It ought to be equally possible for a Christian, amidst the multitudes of claims upon his generosity, to keep his invisible Lord in view, and in giving to this one or to that, to give unto Himself.

It is no objection to this view of religious beneficence that Christian men consider themselves as wholly God's property, and, as His stewards, are bound to consult His will and honor in the disposal of all their means. No doubt it is not the fragment of a man's wealth bestowed upon the Church which alone is sacred from abuse, or in the disposal of which God claims a voice; for everything with which we are intrusted by the Supreme Lord and only Giver of all good, is held by us as a trust from Him, and is ours to use only within the limits and for the ends which his will has ordained. When a Christian devotes himself to his God and Saviour, he includes his property in the dedication, and that not with the false and greedy reserve of Ananias, but in the spirit of whole hearted Barnabas. Thenceforward he and his are things devoted, sanctified, separated to divine use and service. But all this does not hinder the special consecration to purposes which have a special divineness about them, of a portion of the Christian's substance. It rather lays the foundation for it. Because the "lump" is holy, holy "first fruits" of it can be offered without shame. Because the man is made a priest, he is able to offer acceptable sacrifices on God's altar

The gifts of the wicked are an abomination. God will not take a little from us, to let us do what we please with the rest. We cannot commute with Him, by a percentage paid in charity, for the luxury, self-indulgence, display and pride in which we waste the remains. Only the pure in heart can give purely. He who has first given himself to the Lord, will rightly realize the privilege of giving back to God part of what God has given him. When he comes to lay his gift, with pure and priestly hands, upon the altar, he presents it only in humble attestation of his thankfulness to 'God his Saviour, not only in humble imitation of His grace who impoverished Himself to make us rich, but also an eloquent token that he has got from God, and holds for God, the whole bulk and body of that worldly wealth whereof he renders back this "peppercorn" of tribute.

How much each Christian ought thus to devote to the service of God, it is, of course, for each Christian to say.—But it may be laid down as a rule, that it ought to be a definite proportion of his income, fixed by himself, under the joint influence of Christian generosity and Christian wisdom. It may be a large percentage, or a small one; but a percentage deliberately taken off his winnings, as his seemly and willing tribute to God, it ought to be; not a casual donative, dropped here and there at random out of his superfluity. The reason is plain enough. Giving, like any other duty, cannot be well done, when done by chance. If it is right to give at all, it is right to give so much and not more. The amount of this item in one's expenditure is too important a matter to be left an unknown quantity, or to be decided without forethought. No doubt, some room must be left to impulses of pity or of piety. It is good to have the feelings stirred by the calls of human suffering from without, as well as by musings of devotion within. Such feelings are entitled to a certain indulgence. Yet, on the whole, control must be exercised over one's liberality, as over everything

else, by the educated, Christian conscience. It is not safe to trust only to stray influences and exciting emotions. These come too fitfully—act too blindly. A man is bound to consider how much he can spare from other right and dutiful items of expenditure, and wherein it becomes him to deny himself luxuries for the sake of charity; and, on the whole, what proportion is dictated by the ardor of his religious gratitude, under the control of sound Christian wisdom.

THE SABBATH.—"The streams of religion run deeper or shallower," says Calcott, "as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected." A preacher in Holland called the Sabbath "God's dyke shutting out an ocean of evils." A preacher in Louisiana said, "Brethren, stop that *crevasse* in the Sabbath, or your plantations will be inundated with immorality." "The more entirely," said McCheyne, "I give my Sabbaths to God, and half forget that I am not before the throne of the Lamb with my harp of gold, the happier am I."—Sir Walter Scott said, "Give to the world one-half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other half." S. T. Coleridge writes, "I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in the year." "Where there is no Christian Sabbath," says Justice McLean, "there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot long be sustained."

WAS IT A MIRACLE?

FOR thirty years Muller, of Bristol, has lived by faith. If he wants money, lands, food, clothes or health, he goes and asks for it, and gets it. A few men in this country have tried that system, with various shades of success.—Fulton street presents some remarkable instances of direct answer to prayer, if you can believe human testimony. A case occurred here a short time since, and I send you the facts just as they occurred. The parties are well known,

and the facts can be confirmed to the satisfaction of any one. Ministers out of employment drift to New York, partly to get away from the scenes of their former triumph, partly to find employment outside the profession, without being meddled with.

As Stewart's store is said to be a hospital for decayed merchants, because so many bankrupt traders are employed in that house, Brooklyn may be regarded as the rendezvous of pastors without a parish. One of this number has been doing a little business, sometimes up and sometimes down. One Saturday he found himself almost wholly cleaned out. His purse was without a penny, his larder empty, his credit exhausted. On his way home he went into a store, and asked for a bill of goods on credit until the next week.—The storekeeper blandly but firmly refused. The poor fellow went to his home sadly enough. There was nothing to eat in the house. He called his wife and children together, told them he was penniless and without food, and said: "My dear children, there is no help from man; let us go to God."—The little household knelt in prayer, and went supperless to bed.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, the family were aroused by a loud knocking at the door. The husband went down, and found a man waiting to see him. He was a well-known merchant of the city, and knew nothing of the distress of the family, or that the household was in want. Addressing himself to the occupant of the house, he said: "You may be surprised to see me here at this time of night. I undertook to go to bed, but I could not sleep. I felt impressed that it was my duty to come here. I tried to shake it off, but I could not, and I am here to see if your family want anything." The man told his story from the fullness of his heart.—His friend left him with a sum of money, and promised to see the family early on Monday morning. Late as it was, the relieved gentleman went out for his Sabbath supply, and spent the night in thanksgiving. He believes in

direct answers to prayer.—*N. Y. Com. Journal.*

STEPS TO SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. R. W. HAWKINS.

1. A CONVICTION of the necessity of holiness, and faith in the possibility of its attainment.

2. The witness of the Spirit that you are now freely justified.

3. The light of the Holy Spirit, revealing the nature of the consecration required, and the fullness of the atonement as the all-sufficient procuring cause.

4. The act of entire consecration of soul and body, with all we have and are, without reserve, in a perpetual covenant; placing all on "Christ, the Altar," just as it is: unholly—unclean—worthless.

5. Appropriating faith. Receiving Christ, and Christ only, as our sanctification. Trusting the promise, without any feeling except the *rest* which instantly follows true faith, and is a continuous state of soul so long as faith is exercised. Faith—not in the mere letter of the promise; but in what it contains and reveals: *The Blood; Faith in the Blood. It is the Blood of Jesus Christ that cleanses from all sin.*

"His blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify the unclean."

6. Patient waiting for the Holy Ghost. Tarrying at Jerusalem until endued with *power* from on high. Waiting with faith, with earnest desire, and momentary expectation. Hungering and thirsting after righteousness, *expecting to be filled*. Crying out after the living God; saying with heart and voice—

"Come Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come;
Refining Fire, go through my heart—
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

Do not presume, you are not yet come to the heavenly Canaan.

Editorial.

Revivals.

THE time for putting forth special efforts for the salvation of souls is at hand. In every church there should be a revival spirit, and souls should be saved the year round. But as the evenings get longer and the people have more leisure to attend religious meetings, special efforts should be put forth for the salvation of souls.—Whatever your position in the Church may be, make up your mind in the name of God, that you will contribute something toward a revival of pure religion. He that winneth souls is wise. If you cannot reap, you can carry water to those that do, and keep them at it. If you cannot bind, you can glean. In the vineyard of the Lord, there is room for every one to work. Not only so, but there is work suited to the capacity of every one. An idle Christian is a contradiction of terms. The unprofitable servant shall be cast into outer darkness.

Make all your calculations to have a protracted meeting. If the saints do not have one, the devil will. Begin in season. Take the ground at once. If it is pre-occupied, it will be much harder to gain possession.

Get all the stumbling-blocks out of the way. It may be you are yourself a stumbling-block, and do not know it. Find out. Get all differences healed as far as possible. Let there be no old grudge in your heart. If you cannot get everybody reconciled to you, still you can be reconciled to everybody. Pay your vows to God. If your Church has been dishonest, and cheated the preacher, or cheated any one else, be prompt to make confession and restitution.

Let the revival commence in your own heart. The better your state, the more capable you will be of being blessed, and the more ready you will be to break down before God. *Be filled with the Spirit.* If the dry wood does not take fire, the green certainly will not. If you do not feel for the cause of God, you cannot expect that sinners will. A revival, to be permanent and sin-subduing, must go through the heart of the Church. A revival in the Church gen-

erally commences with the very best members. They see, with the greatest clearness, the claims of God, and their own duty, and they have the most honesty and courage to take the necessary steps and get right. The fire of God is catching. If you wake up, fully, to eternal realities, you will make such a stir as will wake up some one else.

Do not be afraid of excitement. There never was, and there never can be, a deep revival of the work of God without great excitement. What an excitement there is over politics just before election! And what is it all about? Mainly to determine which party shall have a chance to plunder the public in the name of law! It is folly to suppose that a community can have any adequate conception of eternal things, without being deeply excited. As President Edwards says, "Eternal things are so great, and of such vast concern, that there is great absurdity in men's being but moderately moved and excited by them." Not only will there be deep excitement in a genuine revival of religion, but there will be more or less of extravagance. Where the work of God goes on as it should, men and women of all classes and temperaments will be reached. Their feelings will be deeply moved. To expect that these feelings will be manifested on all occasions with propriety, is unreasonable. You must not encourage extravagance, and you must not fight it. Let it alone. Push on the real work with renewed energy. In battle, soldiers often shout in a wild and unearthly manner. But the captains do not, on that account, stop firing.

Be ready to make sacrifices, in order to promote a revival of religion. To get souls saved, is the hardest work that is done on earth. To accomplish it, there must be sacrifices of time, of money and of energy. We have done some hard work in our day, but we never found anything more exhausting to the energies than a real burden for souls. The Bible appropriately calls it *travail*. Let the elect of God feel this yearning for souls,—this agony of spirit for those who are out of Christ,—and many newly born into the Kingdom of God, will cause

rejoicing on earth among the saints, and joy in the presence of the angels of God.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Conscience toward God.

PAUL said, that prior to his conversion he had *lived in all good conscience before God*.—Acts xxiii. 1. This was when he was under the law. He was not a Christian then, and did not profess to be. After he became a follower of Jesus, he still obeyed the inward monitor. *Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man*.—Acts xxiv. 16. Here lies the secret of his stability. There were no "ups and downs" in Paul's religious life. He lived according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience. He was not strict by fits and starts,—at one time self-indulgent, at another rigorous.—He lived by rule. There was uniformity and consistency in his course.

Whatever our talents, or education, we may imitate Paul in this particular. If we cannot equal him in ability, we can be his equal in conscientiousness.

1. CULTIVATE THE HABIT OF OBEYING CONSCIENCE. Paul said *he exercised himself* in this particular. He practised at it all the while. Any faculty of body or mind is strengthened by continual use. The sailor can discern a wreck or a sail at sea much farther than the landsman. Conscience may be quickened so, that the slightest departure from duty will give pain; or it may become so stultified, that the worst crimes excite no alarm. The greatest calamity that can befall a human being, is to have a seared conscience. Guard against this as you would against hell itself.

But the conscience does not become seared at once. This fearful work is done by degrees. If you are, in any respect, disobeying the inward monitor, the process of searing is going on. Then exercise your conscience. Let it pass judgment upon all you do and all you say. Respect its decisions. Obey its verdict. Submit to whatever penalties it inflicts. Let its reign in the soul be undisputed.

2. HAVE A CONSCIENCE VOID OF OFFENSE TOWARD GOD. Make a conscience of the duties you owe to God. These duties are paramount. Our highest allegiance is to our Creator. He has the first claim to our obedience. If we are conscientious toward any one, it should be toward God. Yet many, even professing Christians, are lacking on this vital point. They make no conscience of their duties to God. In other respects, they may be blameless; but in this, they are greatly at fault. An appointment made with a fellow-being is carefully kept. *Their word is at stake*. But the most trivial excuse relieves all uneasiness for a failure to meet God at the appointed time and place—be it in the closet or at the prayer-meeting. The reason so commonly assigned, "I do not feel like it," is the strongest reason why we should hold a season of communion with God. When we do not "feel like" praying, it is because something is wrong. Things will never become better until we get to God and obtain His blessing upon our souls. We should, then, make our attendance upon all the means of grace a matter of conscience. Let it become so tender upon this point that the society of the dearest friends you have upon earth will become irksome, if it keeps you from paying proper worship, at the appointed time, to the Most High.

Exercise yourself to have a *conscience void of offense toward God*, in respect to the use of your property. God giveth the power to get wealth. You are not your own. Your property is not your own. It belongs to God. If you were ever converted, you made a consecration of it to His service. But do you use it to His glory? Do you feel as troubled when you squander any of it to gratify pride or vanity,—either in your apparel, your house, your furniture, or worse still, in the house of worship,—as you would if you had misappropriated money that did not belong to you? Are your promises of money to the cause of God, as sacredly kept as your promises to your fellow-man for a material equivalent? Is your subscription to a benevolent object as good as your note? Do you pay your

preacher as honestly and conscientiously as you do your lawyer or your merchant? Many are utterly lacking in these important particulars. They may be honest in the estimation of the world, but they have not a conscience void of offense toward God. They seem to feel perfectly easy while neglecting the plainest duties they owe to Him. They may stand well in business circles, but they certainly have no right to call themselves Christians. Sterling principle must lie at the foundation of all true Christian character.

Robbing God.

Will a man rob God? It seems incredible that a man who believes in God should attempt it. When men rob their fellow-men they expect, in some way, to escape detection and punishment. But he who robs God, can indulge in no such deceptive hopes. His detection is certain; for *The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.* His punishment is sure; for *God will, by no means, clear the guilty.* Is it possible, then, that it is ever done? God says, *Ye have robbed me.* But ye say, *Wherein have we robbed thee?* *In tithes and offerings.*

Do you conscientiously devote a tenth of your income to the cause of God? Are you as careful to pay Him His dues, as you are your taxes to the government?

Are your free will offerings which you promise to the cause of God, carefully paid? If not, do not wonder that you are either barren in your soul, or unfortunate in business. *There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.*

CHILI SEMINARY is prospering. The trustees need, very much, every dollar that has been pledged for it, and more. On the strength of subscriptions made, as they supposed, in good faith, they have made bills for necessary furniture which must be paid.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE of the Free Methodist Church closed its session the 20th of October. The proceedings were harmo-

nious, and generally satisfactory. The *Free Methodist*, which had become seriously involved, is to be removed to New York, and published by Joseph Mackey at 88 White street. The people may expect a live, stirring paper, issued promptly.

A new Conference, embracing the States of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, was organized.

The statistics showed a gratifying increase in nearly all the Conferences. A synopsis of the proceedings, in connection with the Minutes of the Annual Conferences, will be published at this office in about two weeks. Price, fifteen cents a copy.—The new Discipline will be issued as soon as possible.

Correspondence.

REV. B. T. ROBERTS:

My dear Brother,—Through the kindness of Mrs. Swatz, I have had the reading of the *Earnest Christian* since January last. I am in full sympathy with its earnest desire to be good, and to do good. Your late article on "Perfect Love," is a gem. It inspired me with a desire to write you. Possibly a few lines from an old man (61,) of varied and tried experience, will not be without interest to your readers. Thirty-three years ago, I was in the Congregationalist ministry. For some years, I had attended and labored more or less in the meetings of all denominations. I was sectarian in spirit. During some years I have prayed most earnestly, and with intense desire for "Perfect Love,"—but under the disadvantage of educational doubt of its attainability in this life. My surroundings in youth had been Calvinistic. At length, I felt an impelling desire to preach entire sanctification. I realized that no one could do this in life and power only as he had attained it, and was living it. I prayed from four to six hours in a day, for two months, under a vow that I must and would have the victory or natural death; that I would gain what I sought, or die on my knees. I seemed to prefer death to life, without this ability to do good to others. The blessing came—not death. Before this, I had raised the standard of Christian purity

and life, as high as the Congregationalist's churches could possibly bear it. Some of my ministerial Brothers, did not like to be responsible in any way; for the "heresy of entire sanctification." I asked for it, and they erased my name from the Association. I was asked to take a letter, and join the Methodist Church and ministry. The methodists about me, *only preached* the doctrine; and that faintly, and much diluted. I chose, on the whole, to preach independently,—and did this to good congregations, while my limbs and lungs would permit. I have been in most every radical reform, and have changed much, in gaining more wisdom and goodness, I hope—since I withdrew from the Calvinistic ministry. But I never believed more than in the ability of men, to attain the purity of heaven *here*. Your article urges that "Perfect Love" will impel men to *do good—to charity—to beneficence*. When I gave myself up to the cause of God, as I understood it, I gave up, and used up, for it, all of temporals which I possessed. I never believed all men were required to do this. I now think I was. But a practically selfish man, cannot be, and is not a good man.

It is now over twenty years since I have been able to preach—or but seldom.

Thirteen years ago, inflammatory rheumatism so crippled me, that I have not stepped on my feet since. I have not fed myself for almost nine years. I have suffered deeply from poverty, in the thirteen years. One year, I lived mostly on corn meal for bread; not eating over forty pounds of wheat flour. Wheat was dear. I have not received in direct donations, to the amount of thirteen dollars, in the thirteen years, from all these so-called Christians about me. Many of them are well off—some rich. I know not if I have a personal enemy among them. They appear friendly to me. I have not made the statement above, in a spirit of complaint. But from it, I desire to urge a moral. Brothers and Sisters of the "Earnest Christian," I beg you to remember that Jesus was the soul of beneficence. He taught that to do good—was to be good—was to serve God, and to be his friend. Do not forget the poor, sick, and suffering about you. In love with all

men, and an assurance of a better life coming, I am your Brother,

AUSTIN KENT.

East Stockholm, N. Y.

LOVE FEAST.

MRS. MARGARET EVERETT.—My soul is filled with grace and glory. All glory be to Jesus for free and full salvation! I have been a member of the M. E. Church for over seventeen years. For the first five years I did not enjoy religion, although an earnest servant of the Lord. At last, I came across a little book on Christian Perfection. Oh, how my soul longed for that blessing! I found I had been trying to establish my own righteousness by the law. Oh, how many good resolutions I used to make in my own strength, but found them all to fail. I soon found the fountain must be cleansed, before the stream would be good. After finding that in me was no good,—that I was nothing but sin from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet,—I was driven, by the necessity of my case, to throw myself and my sins upon Jesus by faith. As soon as I made a full surrender, glory be to God! He spoke peace to my soul, and filled me for some time with grace and glory. My unsanctified nature was so much subdued, that for some time I thought I had the blessing of holiness; but soon found risings of heart that troubled me—pride, and bitterness of temper. I sometimes thought I was worse than I was before I obtained pardon. But this was not so. It was the blessed Spirit showing me the remaining corruptions of my heart, and leading me to that ever-open fountain for sin and uncleanness. I knew it was not to be obtained by works, but I found it good to walk in the path of self-denial. I never had the boldness to wear a flower in my bonnet from the time I joined the church, and I believe them unbecoming to every follower of Jesus. His precious head was crowned with thorns.

I was sometimes under clouds, and sometimes, as it were, upon Mount Pisgah, viewing my glorious inheritance. After wandering through the wilderness one year, I

was enabled by faith to plunge beneath the purple flood, and rise washed from all uncleanness. Glory to Jesus! What a great salvation! It was

"That holy awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

For over eleven years I have been enabled to say,

"Not a cloud does arise to darken my skies,
Or hide for one moment my Lord from my eyes."

About four months ago, I got acquainted with a little company of people called Free Methodists. God bless them! I love them, because they go back to the old landmarks of Methodism. I saw they had more of the holy fire in them than I enjoyed. I immediately reconsecrated myself to God more fully, and, glory to His name! my joy is full. I am sailing out on the broad ocean of eternal love, and expect, by the grace of God, to land safe, high up in glory.

Mansfield.

HANNAH J. BRILL.—My soul is in an ecstasy of joy. Jesus feeds me with the finest of wheat, and milk and honey from the Rock. Jesus is around about me as a wall of fire, and His glory is in the midst. I never expect to die, for I am immortal, and I shall live forever. My course is onward and upward, clear through to the Celestial City.

Binghamton.

ANNETTE GROVE.—"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." He saves me this morning, soul, body and spirit—glory to His holy name! Saves me to the uttermost; saves me from *all* my sins. I had professed holiness for ten years, but never knew what it meant to be "crucified for Christ," until the camp-meeting near Coldwater last August. Oh, the mortal agony of that hour. I realized, as never before, what Christ felt when He cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"—God withdrew for a few hours, to show me what I was without Him. Oh, what a loathsome sight, is the human heart destitute of the Holy Spirit! If I had any rev-

erence for human nature previous to this, I am cured now. God gave me my work, and I am doing it with my might. Two brothers and myself are standing straight for Jesus, and testify to the whole truth.—I realize as true what Bro. Roberts used to say of those that took this position. "The people will fall out with them, or with their own sins." They are doing both here in this place, glory to God in the highest!
Coldwater, Mich.

M. L. VORHEIS.—My experience to-day is one of sweet rest in Jesus. Language could not describe the peace and joy which has filled my soul during the past few weeks. And to-day, while I write, I feel the cleansing power of Jesus' blood all through my being. Oh, blessed be God! I expect to praise the name of Jesus through all eternity, for what He is doing for me. During the past six months, He has been leading me in a way that I knew not; and to-day the language of my heart is:

"Lord, obediently I'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou my Leader be,
And I still will follow Thee."

Galva, Ills.

M. A. GITCHELL.—I know that my Redeemer lives; and because He lives, I shall live also. Glory to God for a full salvation! There is redemption in the blood of Christ from all sin. I expect, by the grace of God, to prove faithful unto the end. I want to constantly abound in the work of the Lord, ever be strong in Him, and in the power of His might. I love this pure religion—this precious narrow way—this denying ourselves of all ungodliness and worldly lusts. When there is no cross, there is no crown.

ISAAC B. WARNER.—After being tormented over this curse of using tobacco, I resolved, on the 30th of last March, to quit using it in any form. I took my case to the Lord, and told Him that He must now help me; and He heard my cry, and saved me from the appetite for it. Now I mean to hold the light to others, by the help of God. I praise His name for His love to me.

East Milan.