

The Earnest Christian

AND GOLDEN RULE.

DECEMBER, 1870.

CONSECRATED TO WORK.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

DRIVING into Rochester, the other day, we stopped to water the horse just outside the city. A boy, that had stopped for the same purpose, stood near the pump, with a lumber one-horse wagon, and a load of produce. We inquired of him about his load. A lady with him whom we had not till then noticed, replied to our remarks. She said they had been out among the farmers and begged their load for the Asylum. We saw at a glance that she was a Sister of Charity. The little that she said showed that she was a lady of refinement—well brought up, and that she was not ashamed of her work. She had, in the fullest sense, renounced the world, the pleasures of society, the affection of friends, the delights of home, for a life of prayer, of self-denial, of unrequited toil for the good of others. Her work, whatever it is, whether begging for orphans, nursing the sick, or instructing, dirty, vicious, wayward children, is performed with cheerfulness, and in the very best manner she is capable of, for *it is done for Jesus' sake*. She does all without fee or reward. She never expects nor receives in any form,

any personal benefit for her labors. If any thing is given by those who are benefited by her labors, it all goes for the good of the community, for the Church, but nothing is appropriated for her personal benefit. This is done not for a day or a year, but for life—not by one only, but by thousands of intelligent, educated women. In this city they have a hospital, built and sustained by their labors and sacrifices. It is a large, substantial edifice, well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. It must have cost hardly less than three hundred thousand dollars. The money to pay for it was begged by "the Sisters," led on by one energetic little woman, "Sister Hieronyma."

In this spirit of consecration, found in many of its members, lies the real strength of the Roman Catholic Church. They have men and women ready for any enterprise they may wish to see accomplished. If there are schools to be taught, this Church can lay her hand on men and women, gifted in every branch of human learning, who will undertake it when and where, and as long as she directs. If a mission is to be established, she can send those who will penetrate any wilderness, endure any hardships, expose themselves to

any peril to carry abroad the symbols of their faith. Salary and even support are not taken into the question.

Let us learn a lesson. *Fas est doceri etiam ab hoste.* We may be taught by those from whom we disagree. Those who are not up to us in some things may be clear ahead of us in others. There are those among the Catholics who can tell us what entire consecration means. The word is of daily use among us. Let us learn its meaning. Its full import cannot be gathered from words, nor even from living examples. The Holy Spirit will unfold it to us as we are able to bear it, if we are only willing to walk in the light.

Consecration to God certainly cannot mean that we are to have our own way—choose our own work, and follow it as long as it is pleasant or profitable, and then go at something else as fancy or inclination may suggest. It does not imply a life of ease and self-indulgence. God has a work to be done on earth; and he who is consecrated to God has set himself apart to be a worker together with him. Then industry is demanded. Toil must be endured. Obstacles must be encountered and overcome.

Consecration to God, means that we are to stop, entirely and forever living for ourselves. All our energies, all our lives must be devoted to the good of others. We are to set about such unromantic work, as feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, and ministering to the bodies as well as the souls of the destitute. We must do all in our power—employ our means as well as tongue and pen to call sinners to repentance. For one who is "clothed in purple

and fine linen," and who "fares sumptuously every day," to talk of his being entirely consecrated to God only demonstrates the truth of that passage of Holy Scripture which declares that *the heart is deceitful above all things.* It seems impossible that one can be so blinded; but many are. They make no real sacrifices for Christ's sake. They are living a life of refined self-indulgence, and call it consecration to God. They have not yet taken the first step in the life of a true disciple of Jesus—self-denial.

Notwithstanding all that Christianity has done to ameliorate the condition of society, this world is still in the most favored localities, in a most deplorable condition. There is a great deal of rough work to be done, before the millennial glory will dawn upon it. If we are truly consecrated to God, we shall take our gloves off and go at it. We shall not seek for easy places nor large salaries. We shall not be afraid of having our faces browned by exposure, and our hands hardened by toil. The cry of "fanatic and enthusiast" will not cause us to swerve one hair from the path of duty. Our reputation, as truly as our lives, will be given into the hands of God, and we shall be content to wait for our vindication till the light of eternity shall make manifest the motives from which all have acted.

If you want, then, to be truly consecrated to God, devote your life to doing good. Do it without any expectation of becoming famous. Look for hardships and reproaches as a matter of course, and count it all joy when you fall into divers tribulations. Expect the coarsest fare and the hardest work. Remember that your Master had not where to lay his head.

OUR TESTIMONY.

BY REV C. P. HARD, A. M.

NEXT to its inner spiritual life, the testimony of the Church is of the highest importance.

This is its voice to the world, repeating clearly, or modifying, or misrepresenting the truth uttered by the Saviour.

Upon the distinctness, the quality and the zeal of its testimony, its success depends.

The evangelizing commission of the Master gives the mission of the Church to be a company of witnesses.

There is a wonderful power in truth-telling. The human mind is so constituted that experience is especially attractive. History has many readers. It keeps the world's attention, because it gives personal adventures, losses or gains. There is in it something which suggests cautiously the possibility of similar circumstances being ours. Anecdotes are always eagerly listened to. Individual action and feelings receive attention in their statements.

Belief is natural. We do not question the truthfulness of accounts, until we have reason to discredit their authors. God, who made the soul of man, and formed its susceptibilities of trust, has given us our blessed religion, and directed us to tell how great things have been done for us.

The influence of testimony lies here, that the person listening is convinced that experience, not theory; fact, not supposition, is offered as a sure foundation for his faith, and a guide for his action.

He marks the power which has saved another, who has the same evil nature as a foe; the same doubts and fears; similar hopes and longings, the same possibilities for triumph or ruin.

The word of salvation is thus portrayed—is examined—is proved—is convincing—becomes an exhortation to his soul—acts as the agent to bring him to Christ.

The proportionate responsibility of

the Church is as great as the value of religion, as the worth of souls.

1. The testimony of the Church should be based upon thorough experience. There is all efficacy in Christ's blood. The sanctifying truth has lost none of its power since the high priestly prayer of Jesus on the evening before crucifixion. The Holy Spirit is all glorious in its purifying and empowering, and illuminating influences.

An absolutely positive knowledge of salvation is the privilege of God's people. With this the Church is invincible. No cross-examination can bring out any mistakes. The heart is calm and assured, because it knows that it has passed from death unto life. The manner has the weight of truth—and the overwhelming power of earnestness. Details of soul journey or translation from sin to holiness, from burdens to joy, can be given at any time. A man who but half knows any thing is worth little as a witness. His shallowness soon makes unbelief. He gets embarrassed by the very fact of his consciousness of little knowledge, and hence little force in testimony.

2. Another essential is distinctness. This is necessary in telling the way of salvation. The natural heart is dull. A veil is over the soul. Scales cover the eyes. Unbelief has plated the heart with mail. Long contact with the facts of the gospel have, by the very resistance of the soul, lost much of their influence. The trumpet that would wake a dead soul must have no uncertain sound. Sinners are not raised by generalities. They need the particulars given them. The natural man does not discern the things of the Spirit.

Pointed effort only will succeed in bringing sinners to God. The wise laborer repeats the action of the Saviour, for "what he hath seen and heard that he testifieth." So in helping souls into full salvation, the words are precious which are direct; which tell the truth fully and simply; which make plain paths for the feet of men and women tired of circular journeys in the

wilderness, and longing for the rest of perfect love.

3. Testimony has power only as it is earnest. The words of a friend, stating the fact that your house is burning, would have no effect if spoken in a jocose or indifferent manner. The souls of men are moved by the truths of the gospel, when the Church utters these solemn facts with such a conviction of their value, that every power of the being is brought into the service of rendering them impressive. Truth comes through the eye as well as the ear. Those who saw Paul preach were doubtless assured of the sincerity of the man. It was not a careless, popular orator before them. But he stood in their presence "beseeching them with tears." This age is earnest. It is a time of thought-struggle. He does not get along who does not convince men that his whole soul is in his work. The Church has the mission of meeting the claims of the time. Right well it is responding to it,—in a great degree. To-day burning words go from soul to soul. The age is characteristically that of testimony, with the words of experience and sound invitation, and with that most efficient means of saving people, the practical exhibition of faith in God and love to men, the visible co-operating agencies of Christian activity. Oh, how earnest our words should be. The soul we address will soon be at the bar of God. The excitement of politics will quickly be past. The rush of trade will have swept by. The cry of the world's delirium will have died out. The shouts of merriment will be followed by the long silence. The mansion and cottage will have transferred their inmates to the quiet resting-place of all, as men call it. The wants and woes and wanderings; the toil, and tumults, and transports; the cares, and councils, and customs; the praise, and passion, and poverty; the opulence, and offers, and opportunities of the world will belong to the irreparable past. But these spirits, to whom we speak, hasten. Where are they going? Heaven has its glory. Hell has its

gloom. One or the other will soon be reached. God has given us a power by which we can win these souls. We can tell what Jesus has done for us. We can persuade men that there is a Saviour, by showing them who saved us, and how he did it. We can assure them that we are permitted to invite all to come to him. Our friends have confidence in us. We have their love, their trust. Have they heard our story of the love of Jesus shed abroad in our hearts? Let us make sure that all have heard our testimony. Let us throw by the money-making and the burdens which worldliness place upon us, for the privilege of going forth to tell of salvation through the blood of Jesus. If we should go hungry and thread-bare a few years here, eternity will repay all. But if souls do not hear our testimony, they may perish. If they perish, no remedy can then reach them. Multitudes have been saved by the testimony of the Church. Eyes which read these lines have often filled with tears upon thinking of dear and now sainted ones whose told experience was blessed of God to the salvation of these who are now left on earth to win others still by words of love. The work is going on. The cry, "behold the Lamb of God," is ringing through the world. Shouts of victory are in the air. Sinners are accepting the invitation to come to the fountain. Weary ones are finding rest in Christ. Holiness is widening its path of light. But, brother, testimony must be constant to accomplish all that is needed. There is much to do for Jesus in business circles.—Sister, words are things of power. You will henceforth have some thing to say for Jesus, will you not? A word may save a soul.

" 'Tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

HOLINESS maketh men's persons and presence dreadful to the wicked by reason of that majesty which God putteth into it.

CROSS BEARING.

BY MISS HELEN L. SMITH.

How small a proportion of those who bear the name of Christ understand what these words imply. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me." These were the conditions offered to the thronging multitude who hung upon his gracious words when he "taught in our streets." Among them were doubtless those who were so circumstanced in life that to leave earthly possessions, family and friends, to follow Jesus in his weary wanderings, would be not only to excite ridicule, but persecution and censure, the most pungent. We know not how many stubborn hearts were melted by his burning words, nor how many sin-sick souls would have fallen into his outstretched arms, but for the plucking out of right eyes, the cutting off of right hands, the *forsaking of ALL* that must inevitably have followed.

"Surely no man spake as this man," they say. "This *must* be he for whose coming we have so anxiously waited. How blessed it would be to accept him as the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Christ of God, and yet he teaches that to be his disciples, we are to leave our homes and our employments, and *follow him*, a sacrifice that we can in no wise make without the loss of every earthly interest." And so they turned away—perhaps with thirsty, withering souls, while Jesus stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

It has been ever thus. The Bible does not represent the narrow way as one of pleasantness and pleasure. 'Tis a lone, lowly path; but the one that Jesus trod, and not only Jesus, but *all that countless multitude who have* come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

God has work for his *every* child, and look well to yourself, timid, halting one, that you are not turning away

from the work he would have you do, laying down the cross *he* would have you bear, and walking after the devices of your own selfish nature.

There have been times in your history when the cross has been presented, and you have felt that God required you to bear it, grievous and crucifying as it appeared. It may have been to go and talk or pray with an unconverted friend, to give up some darling secret sin, to cast away some long-cherished idol, and you have seen your duty plainly, but it was so easy to *neglect God's call*, to silence the voice of the Spirit, and go on in the same old way, and Satan has whispered that perhaps it was not duty after all. Did you know that then and there your golden candlestick was removed out of its place? Did you realize fully that "The Servant that knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes?"

O, remember that God's word is immutable. Jesus meant all he said, and the only two alternatives for one upon whom the light shines is obedience or death. God help you to start this moment as never before, and on your bended knees vow to follow the Spirit's leadings, to take up every cross, be it ever so difficult, and from this time forth do work that will stand the fires of the judgment.

But says one, "The crosses that are presented to me appear as difficult to be taken up as would a mountain." Jesus will help you, dear soul, and these crucifying crosses are just what is needed to prepare the way of the Lord in your rebellious heart.

O submit to God's own way, 'twill be simply following Jesus, and 'tis glorious to know the "fellowship of his suffering." Bring all the tithes into the store-house and see if there will be room enough to contain the showers of blessings that shall be poured out as surely as Jehovah lives. No matter if you are misjudged. No matter if the world cries "crazy" and "fanatic," as it surely will. God will know. God will in his own time exalt those

who have been humbled under his mighty hand. Let your whole heart cry,

"Thy holy will be done, not mine,
Be suffered ALL thy holy will,
I dare not, Lord, the cross decline,
I would not lose the slightest ill,
Nor lay the heaviest burden down,
The brightest jewel of my crown."

Wheaton, Ill.

ON EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

BY L. FANNIE BROWN.

JESUS said, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you, from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me, and ye also shall bear witness."

Of this Comforter He said, "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you"—"He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you—"He will show you things to come." These words He spake to His early disciples, while He was yet with them. By His Spirit He speaks to us, *to-day*, "Ye are my witnesses. Ye to whom this Comforter *has* come, bringing to your remembrance the precious words, "The kingdom of God is within you." I ask to bear some humble part in testimony for God—that He *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath* translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." I can only think of this "kingdom of God within," as the constant presence of "love, joy and peace" reigning in the soul. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." With grateful remembrance I recall the dealings of God with me,—the way by which He has led me. In very early life He called me from the world into His service; and with the call, gave me grace to obey. When I first heard His voice, and resolved to seek Him, I went to the altar of prayer, not because I felt any deep conviction of sin, but because I wanted religion. I said, "I'll seek it now, because I am determined to spend

my life in God's service, and while I am young, I'll start for heaven, and leave the world behind." I lifted up my eyes unto the hills—my heart unto God—He heard my prayer for pardon and peace through Jesus—and just as I looked up and believed "He tasted death for me—I felt I knew my sins forgiven, my burden rolled away. God owned me for His child, and from that day I have called Him Father. He has borne with my many failings, and gently led me on. But I soon learned, the work was only begun. Just here I was taught there was something greater for me to do. My mother carefully and *prayerfully* selected my reading, and gave me Christian's Manual, and the life of Mrs. Fletcher. Though a child, I became fascinated with these books, and from them I learned of the glorious doctrine of Sanctification—Perfect Love, and then resolved I would never rest until I had all my Father had willed to me. Years passed away. I was not at rest. They were years of disappointment that I had not attained unto that blessed state. Though I had failed, I never became discouraged; still hoped I would *grow up* into it. Here had been my great mistake; the cause of my failure. God taught me another way. The instrument He used was one who knew that way—who could say, "I speak that I do know." By him my Father sent me a message—just what my soul needed. The Holy Spirit accompanied it, carried it right home to my heart, and stamped it there. I saw my privilege; instantly felt all things loss; that I could glory in the cross—endure all reproach. My life I counted not dear unto me, and I desired above *every* thing to enter right into that rest: "rest from inbred sin."—With the desire God gave me a determination to go over and possess the goodly land. He showed me Jesus "the way"—the altar all ready for the sacrifice I would offer. Jesus had said, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth. Then I knew He was ready for me, and coming out from the world and sepa-

rating myself from it, that I might be joined to the Lord, and be one with Him, I brought body, soul, and spirit, an offering forever consecrated to God, and laid all on that altar. By faith in God's word; because He promised "I will receive you," I knew I was received. The Spirit of Truth testified the sacrifice accepted, and to this I bear witness. When the joys of a full salvation were first revealed to me, as *mine*, bringing to my longing soul a perfect peace—a repose in Jesus—quietness and assurance, I felt I must breathe softly: "A sacred awe; I dared not move, and all the silent heaven of love." When I could speak of them, my soul praised God in those beautiful words,

"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine."

Oh the blood, the precious blood of Jesus! And love is the life—power of that blood! Some months after I had found this "Way, I long had sought," I was led to feel there was a *view* of that blood I had not seen—a power I had not known, but that it was for me. I knew the Holy Spirit alone could show it to me; for Jesus had said, "He shall teach you all things." With intensest desire I knelt right down and asked to be taught. I instantly saw, as never before, that "Blood is Life." I saw there was a "Fountain filled with blood," and ventured to plunge into it, and realized it was the Fountain of Life. I was *assured* by the Spirit of Truth, that this was the "new and living way," into which I had entered by the blood of Jesus.—Heb. x. 19. I learned here how the blood of Jesus cleanses from sin by giving *new life*—the life of Christ to the soul that loves its life—the life of self—of nature, for Christ's sake. "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." Then I saw how we can say, "I live not, but Christ liveth in me." "My life is hid with Christ in God." Yes—and the power of Christ's life in the soul—all given up to God—consecrated on the altar—in fellowship with Jesus—trusting in Him as a present, perfect

Saviour, preserves it every moment, and that blood—that Life—makes it a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable. I am persuaded that this glorious grace by which we stand and rejoice—(*receiving the end of our faith, even our salvation*) is a precious gift, not grown into, but willingly bestowed upon us, the moment it is believed for—and continued unto us on the same conditions. "As ye have received Christ Jesus, the Lord, so walk ye in Him." My faith is most severely tried just at this point; here Satan makes his fiercest assaults. "Can you hope to spend a life-time in this attitude in which you first received Jesus! to live looking at things not seen—often led to hang on the naked promise! The sufficiency of grace answers all these questions. We *know* if we abide in Christ—we live by His life—even as the branch is sustained by the true vine. There can be no failure here; but "kept by the power of God through faith"—we shall be able to say, "This is the victory that overcometh the world—even our faith"—faith in Jesus, because He said, "Be of good cheer—I have overcome." We never receive more of this saving grace than we keep or believe for.—"According to your faith." Our Father has richly provided us with all the means of grace—we can possibly need—precious means of his own appointment. Prayer—the prayer of living faith—the constant lifting of our hearts to him. "Looking unto Jesus." The closet prayer. "Enter into thy closet"—shut in with God—the world shut out. Can religion live, and grow, and burn, in the heart that has no closet—no mercy-seat when God has said, "I will meet thee, and commune with thee! I love that place—can never forget my first closet prayer. When six years old I asked my father to pray for me—and we went in and shut the door.—Can God fail to answer the united prayers of parents who bear their children to Him, in the arms of faith in Jesus? He cannot if they *abide in Him*, and *His words abide in them*. Abiding in Christ, implies of course, an every-

day use of all the means we have.—Fasting unto the Lord—greatly helps to confirm the prayerful habit of the soul. “And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, Jesus went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.” This precious privilege of early rising, that we may have time every morning to wait upon the Lord *until* our strength is renewed, we should carefully improve.

This new life is one not of ease—but constant work—work for Jesus.—All around us are souls for whom Jesus died. We must not weary. And then there are conflicts to meet at every turn. But there is an *every-day armor* for us, “Put on the whole armor of God.” To-day I occupy a stand-point from which I look back with gratitude and praise—especially over the past twenty months and ask, “What hath God wrought.” Praise the Lord! A full salvation. Jesus said, “I have finished the work”—then it must be a perfect work. A new life in us—giving us new tastes, new desires—new affections—affections, tastes and desires that are satisfactory only in Christ.

Amid raging storms He has been my refuge—my fortress. I praise Him for all I have endured. If my way had been smooth, I had never known the sweet sense of security I have found in Jesus as a Cleft Rock. If I had not been reproached for the name of Christ I had not known the happiness that reproach brings with it.—I Pet. iv. 14.

Jesus knowing the sorrows we would have in this world, in condescending love says to us, “These things (John xiv. 15) have I spoken unto you that you should not be offended.”—John xvi. 1, and in His Word bids us live, “Looking unto our sympathizing High Priest—“considering Him that endured, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds.” “Be strong in the Lord.”—The fullness of the gospel provision for each child of God is most clearly represented in II Kings xxv. 29, 30. “Father, and is thy table spread?” Lord, open our eyes that we may see,

“Streams of mercy never ceasing,”

and remember that we may “limit the Holy One of Israel”—may refuse the salvation offered to us—and all the riches of His grace may be to us the “savor of death unto death.”

May the Lord keep us, His humble working, Earnest Christians!

Reapers Needed.*

THE Master hath need of reapers,
And mourner, He calleth to thee;
Come out from the valley of sorrow,
How the fields with the harvest are
whitening,
How golden and full is the grain.
O, what are *thy* wants to the summons!
And what are *thy* griefs and thy pains!

The Master hath need of reapers,
And, idler, He calleth to thee:
Come out from the mansions of pleasure,
From the halls where the careless may
be.

Soon the shadows of eve will be falling
With the mists, and the dews, and the
rain;
O, what is the world and its follies
To the *mold* and the *rust* of the grain!

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, worker, He calleth to thee:
O, what are thy dreams of ambition
To the joys that hereafter shall be!
There are tokens of storms that are coming,
And summer is fast on the wane;
Then *alas!* for the hopes of the harvest,
And *alas!* for the beautiful grain.

The Master hath need of the reapers,
And he calls for thee and for me:
O haste while the winds of the morning
Are blowing so freshly and free;
Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle
Re-echo o'er hill-top and plain,
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.

*Written by Mrs. Bishop Thomson just before she was called to the bedside of her dying husband.—*Christian Advocate*.

“SACRED to God,” is to be inscribed on all our possessions, in the use of which we are to consult his honor and acquiesce in his arrangements.

MORAL COURAGE.

BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

"I pity the man who has no enemies."

I read this sentence years ago—I do not now remember when or where, but I was struck by it, and mentally exclaimed, What an idea! But reflection and experience have since taught me that the idea is not so strange or absurd after all—that, in fact, the man who goes through life without having enemies, *is* really to be pitied. He is really to be pitied for his want of stamina and resolution—for his lack of principle and moral courage. He is merely an instrument in the hands of others—a straw that changes its course with every passing current, and is borne hither and thither by every passing gale. He dares not stem opposition. He dares not plant his feet firmly upon the rock of duty and principle, regardless of consequences. He is anything, or everything that the occasion demands. He agrees with everybody because he has not the courage to do otherwise.—In conversing with him, whatever you say is "just his opinion;" even though it may flatly contradict something that has been previously said by some one else, that was also "just his opinion." He may not be *quite* such a passive negative character as that just described—and yet be so much so that it will prevent him from taking any decisive stand, and bravely doing what he knows to be his duty, for fear of ridicule or enmity. Such a character, though he may pass through the world without arousing opposition, will never inspire sincere love and respect. He who is not capable of having enemies, is not capable of having real friends. Look around you and see if you know any person who is loved and respected for his noble principles, decision of character, and firmness in the cause of right and duty, who has not enemies. It is the case with all the good and noble of earth, both of the past and the present.

In the words of another: "Even the

blessed Jesus had enemies; and all the gentle graces of his character, all the harmlessness of his benevolent life, all the good effected by his unwearied labors, did not prevent him from being the object of scorn and malignity, hatred and persecution."

Ah! this is not all! He not only *had* enemies when he was yet a poor despised wanderer upon the earth—when the light of the gospel was only *rising* upon our darkened world—before he had consummated the most benevolent action that was ever transacted in all the annals of time and eternity—that of giving his life to save a lost and ruined world—but now, when eighteen hundred years have rolled away, and the Sun of Righteousness continues to shine with increasing splendor, until his rays are permeating all the benighted nations of the earth; and the blessings of his word—his precious promises—have been the joy and comfort of innumerable hearts; and all the great array of witnesses—saints, apostles, martyrs, missionaries—have attested their lives, and triumphant deaths, his divine power, and marvelous goodness; and after all the blessings he has bestowed, and daily bestows,—who has now so many enemies?—whose cause is now so much reviled and assailed?—whose name is now so often contemptuously and blasphemously used as that of Jesus?—the Author of our being, and the Saviour of our souls!

It does not pay to be a compromiser, even in a worldly sense of the word. The world is filled with debates, contentions, and diversities of opinions; and no matter what cause you espouse, or what course you pursue, either in civil or religious life, it will have its enemies; and to avoid running against them, you must be ever deviating from your course; and if you follow this up, it will keep you dodging and skulking all the way through your life, and you will justly merit and receive the contempt of every intelligent person, even those whose favor you have sought by so doing.

Life is a constant warfare, and especially is it such to the Christian; for he is encompassed with enemies, both natural and supernatural. He has not only the world, with all its show and glitter, its temptations, ridicule and opposition to encounter, and resist, but a wily devil besets him on every hand, and his own weakness continually rises up against him, and opposes his progress; and it often requires more courage to say "No," when tempted to do wrong; or to go forward in the discharge of conscious duty, in the face of scorn and contempt than is required of the soldier to face the cannon on the field of battle. Death is often less dreaded than scorn or ridicule—yea, the zealous Christian, with his heart all on fire for God, may even envy the glorious death of the martyr who triumphantly proclaims, with his dying breath, his faith in his Saviour, and his bright prospects of immortality. But he should not forget that though he may never be called upon to attest it by displaying that moral courage which shrinks not from ridicule, reproach, or calumny—which will enable him to rigidly adhere to duty, and what his conscience tells him is right, although he may be in danger of having his actions misconstrued and misrepresented by the world.

How strange it is that a sneer, a taunt, or a smile of derision should be more dreaded than physical suffering. How strange, too, that the opinions of our fellow-mortals, who, all admit, are short-sighted and prone to be mistaken, should have more weight with many than the decisions of an all-wise God who knows our every secret thought and motive. What would you care what the rabble thought of you, if the king on the throne yonder, and all his retinue, should approve of your conduct, and commend your course. And yet we have a King who is wiser than any earthly ruler, and whose glory and power far exceed all earthly sovereigns.

He is "King of kings, and Lord of lords." And shall we dare His frown,

rather than provoke a smile, or a jeer from a fellow-worm?

There is such a dread of singularity. We dread to come out from the multitude around us, and stand alone to be a gazing stock. We would much rather have company; and it is more pleasant to be with the majority; for one seems to lose personal responsibility in a crowd—*seems*, I say, for it is not really so; for "every one must give account of himself to God!"—Rom. xiv. 12.—Ah! yes; there is a time when every one must stand alone, and answer for himself. We cannot hide in the shadow of others then. Friends may accompany us all the way through life, and down to the dark river of death; but our undressed spirits must appear alone before the Judgment Bar, and meet the flaming eyes of Omnipotence, there to receive the glorious welcome, "Come, ye blessed!" or the awful mandate, "Depart, ye cursed!"

How important it is that we should be prepared to meet God in peace.—And if we would gain his approving smile, we must live for that purpose. We must not expect to "receive honor one from another"—must not stop in the path of duty to inquire what this one, or that one will think of us; but we must expect to be misunderstood and despised—yea, even *hated*, for the Bible warns us of this, "And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."—Matt. x. 22.

If ever the Christian needed moral courage, he needs it to-day; for the time has come when the people have "itching ears," and will not "endure sound doctrine," and "he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey." But what though by carefully following the narrow way, we may make ourselves the object of ridicule and enmity; let us remember that our record is on high." Yea, though calumny should do its very worst, and even bury our influence, for the present; our cause is in the hands of God, and in His own good time, "He shall bring forth our righteousness as the light, and our

judgment as the noonday."—Psa. xxxvii. 6,—and what though we may even have to wait until the Judgment Day! O, shall we not then be more than conquerors, if the great Judge of the world shall justify us in the presence of all the angels of heaven, and the assembled hosts of the universe?

NEGLECTING OUR BODIES.

BY JENNIE E. GOFF.

"Ah," says one, "there is little danger of our doing that in this fashionable era. We are neglecting our bodies in more ways than one. The wheels of truth move more slowly on toward conquest. Among the most common of these ways are—neglecting to clothe and feed our bodies properly, and denying them nature's (the most effective antidotes against disease)—pure air and pure water.

Most of us wear clothing enough, but somehow we do not succeed in making our bodies comfortable. A tight waist, or a tight shoe impedes the free circulation of the blood and so tortures us for the time, besides working all the while at nature's fortifications until some point is sufficiently weakened to be easily captured and forever after held a prisoner by disease. If fashion so decrees, we expose our bodies to imminent danger and innumerable evils by wearing too much or too little clothing, and even if we avoid extremes and try to dress sensibly, or as conscience requires, we do not dress as *health* and *comfort* demand. With regard to eating, we are just as guilty, or ignorant as the case may be. We turn away from simple, healthy food, to gorge ourselves with unwholesome mixtures, invented by those who do not understand nature's laws, or the evils resulting from transgression; and then if our intellects are weak, our dispositions unpleasant, we lay the blame at nature's door, and attribute our bodily suffering to Providence instead of to the irritating, unhealthy food we are crowding our stomachs with.

We spend money for something to quench our thirst, and that something if nothing worse than tea or coffee is an injury to us, when pure, cold water, the beverage God intended us to use, is, or might be, within the reach of all. Only those who use it freely and wisely know how to prize its invigorating, health-giving qualities.

We spend money too, some of us a great many dollars in fitting up our homes, and we consider them comfortable only when we have succeeded in shutting out one of God's choicest blessings—pure, fresh air. We shut ourselves up night after night in poorly ventilated rooms, and when morning comes we do not allow our lungs to throw out the foul and drink in the pure air, and then we wonder why we feel so dull, so weak, and we see that we are growing old very fast, and somehow the world looks so dark, so full of trouble that we feel discouraged, and we cannot help looking sober, and the young say, "well if Christians have reason for looking so gloomy I don't want to be one."

I tell you, friends, we are putting a great stumbling-block in the way of sinners just by neglecting to care for our bodies properly. Who does not know that a *healthy, happy* Christian will do more good than a gloomy, sickly one?

Can we expect to reach the heights and depths of Christian joy and peace, unless we keep our bodies, the Holy Spirit's temple, as pure as God intended them to be.

By and by there will come a time when we shall see what we *might have been*, what we *might have done* if we had only taken better care of our bodies. We shall see how many more souls we might have been instrumental in saving, how many more stars we might have won for our crown, but then it will be too late. It is not too late now. There is time to work, time to get more wisdom. Shall we not improve it?

KEEP discretion and it shall keep thee.

HUMILITY.

BY REV. J. G. PIKE.

THE importance of humility is strongly enforced in the word of God. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly." "He giveth grace unto the lowly." "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "When ye shall have done those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do." "Be clothed with humility."

The Lord Jesus was humble. He left a spotless pattern, that we should follow his steps; and of the glories that unite in that example, none shines brighter than humility. Before he appeared on earth he was in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but with condescension that has no parallel, he became a man, a man of poverty and woe. When he appeared on earth, he appeared not as the son of a monarch, but of a carpenter; and chose for a birth place not a palace, but the stable of an inn. Unlike the proud, who think the employments of the lower ranks of mankind disgraceful, he most probably labored as a carpenter. When he commenced his public ministry, he invited not princes or philosophers to convey a message, which angels would be honored by communicating, but he chose for his apostles a few poor fishermen. With these he associated on terms so condescending, that he said, "I am among you as he that serveth." Unlike those who esteem poverty disgraceful, he who was so poor, that when a trifle was demanded from him for tribute, he had to work a miracle to raise even to the value of half a crown for himself and a beloved disciple. Instead of

sumptuous fare, he was contented with the plainest food, with small fishes and barley bread. No abode was too mean for him to enter; no office of kindness too humble for him to perform; no child of wretchedness too degraded for him to benefit. Though infinitely superior to the angels of heaven, no consequential behavior ever appeared in him; but the meanest of the mean was not below his kind attention.

O, think whose character you thus contemplate—whose humility you thus behold—his in whom every excellency met—the spotless innocence and perfect holiness—yet he was humble. His possessions were heaven and earth—his dwelling-place eternity—his servants cherubim and seraphim—his Father, the King eternal, immortal, invisible, whom no man hath seen, nor can see—his happiness the delights enjoyed in the bosom of his Father; yet he was humble: and when he came to earth, he led a life of humility as consummate as his benevolence was boundless. And can you be his follower, and cherish pride? pride which sprang up first in Satan's breast. Was he poor; and will you scorn the poor, or think it beneath you to enter the lowliest dwelling? Did he, when a man of poverty, labor for his daily support; and will you, a worm of the dust, look down with contempt upon a fellow-worm, because he does what Jesus, when incarnate did, earns his support by the labor of his hands? Did he make the pious poor his followers, and rejoice that such were his disciples; and will you look on piety itself as scarcely deserving notice if it be united with poverty? or think that piety in a fine house or costly apparel deserves a hundred times more attention than perhaps much superior piety in coarse clothes and a cottage? If these are your feelings, how different from those of him you perhaps call your Master. Were he on earth as poor as formerly, you would doubtless be ashamed of him.

It would shock your genteel feelings, to be the friend or associate of a journeyman carpenter, though under that

guise the Son of God were concealed. Yet, poor worm! of what are you to be proud? You by nature a child of wrath, and by sin's desert an heir of hell! You, who soon must leave all your gay apparel, to assume the dress of the grave. You, who must soon say to corruption, "Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and sister." Of what have you to be proud? Is it your property? God values it so little, that he gives it to millions of his enemies, but to few of his children. Is it your rich attire? does that add one grain to your real worth? Is it your beauty? it must soon be changed to deformity and rottenness; all of you that is mortal must soon be mouldering dust or a ghastly skeleton. O! think; Jesus was humble, and angels are humble; only devils and fallen men are proud.

A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

WHAT should it be? a light-house, a city set on an hill? the salt of the earth? What else? We insist that every school, public or private, seminary, college, university, should be for Jesus. "Holiness to the Lord" should be written in golden capitals on its walls and door-posts.

The *all-absorbing aim*—of every institution of learning, should be to train immortals, physically, mentally, and spiritually, for usefulness and happiness here, and for glory eternal hereafter.

Parents, guardians, what think you? is this the kind of school you prefer above all others? Are you in search for it? Is there anything short of this model safe or worthy the name?

For what were we created? For what do we live? "Wisdom is profitable to direct." "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

What! build up a seminary, and not for Jesus—altogether for Jesus, from first to last? Educate boys and girls, with hearts wicked, without a spark of

redeeming grace? What good will an education do to those on the side of Satan? The more intellectual-light they have, the more speedily will they build up the kingdom of darkness, death and damnation! This is true of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Hume, and others who despised the day of grace.

What avails learning, of the highest order, while the heart is at enmity with God?

Suppose Jesus Christ should appoint a school or seminary, would the model be less perfect? Would he give *any* license to sin? We appeal to the word and to the testimony. By and by the day is coming, that will burn as an oven. Who will abide that day? Our common schools, public schools, select schools, and higher seminaries, with all their excellencies, need reforming. A corrupting influence goes forth and *will* go forth, until there is a thorough and radical change in "rearing the tender thought."

Very many children educated in Christian families are sweet tempered, mild, gentle, affectionate, lovely and obedient, previous to their attendance at school, but O! what a sad change comes over them! Where now that sweet and heavenly temper, that mild, gentle deportment, once so visible? Where that pure, honest, simplicity, that entire freedom from guile, falsehood, and disobedience? O, where? Alas for that image of innocency and heavenly sweetness! Where has it fled? "How is the gold become dim, how is the most fine gold changed." An enemy hath done it. Parents see the fatal change when alas! too late, and lament. "O my son, O my daughter, what the cause? where and of whom have you inhaled the poison? Where and of whom didst thou learn these habits of evil? selfish habits, proud, foolish, disobedient, lewd, profane? Surely the serpent hath beguiled thee? Your education, I fear, will prove your eternal ruin.

Parent, "Take heed to thyself, lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land, whither thou goest, lest it be a snare in the midst of thee."

"Blessed is the man that walketh
not in the counsel of the ungodly."

"O 'tis a lovely thing for youth,
To walk betimes in wisdom's ways."

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." A kind, pious mother remarked recently, that her little daughter had been taught from her earliest lisps, to walk modestly, obediently—always. Never was she permitted to deviate a hair's breadth from virtue's path, strict, obedient, family discipline. She was bloomingly fair, as the morning rose; the smile of innocence beamed joyfully

"The charm of intellect was there;
And purest gems of lustre rare,
And richer far than gold,
Were stored in her capacious mind,
And in her heart of hearts enshrined.
These gems were knowledge, kindness, truth,
And heaven-born piety."

But, alas, on a sudden, in an evil hour, to her weeping mortification, she saw a change for the worse. This sweet, innocent lamb of a child, began, unexpectedly, to manifest signs of discontent, pride, deceit, self-will, disobedience. Where,—oh, where,—the serpent in the grass? This little girl had secretly mingled with children of a loose character, of a corrupting tendency, and the serpent's deadly influence had found its way to her heart, and her spotless robe of innocence was marred!

"False lights are darting all around
And voices tho' the air resound,
To lure us from the truth away,
'Mid all uncertain wilds to stray."

Every school or educational institution should be a nursery of piety, pure as the atmosphere of heaven. The influence issuing from these schools should be heavenly.

Children are the *property* of the Lord. As such, no created being has a right to misuse that property. But the parent who does not educate his child so as to glorify God, does misuse that property; he robs God of his own, yea worse, he takes that which belongs to God, and gives it into the hands of the devil. What sin more base than to rob God of his heritage, and transfer it into the hands of Satan? A stew-

ard is held responsible for the office and authority with which he is invested. How great, then, are the responsibilities of parents! Nor can they be shunned without incurring the curse of the Creator's law. Look around and behold the testimony. The consequences of the neglect and mismanagement of parents may be seen in nearly every direction.

An education merely intellectual without saving grace, proves a curse instead of a blessing. A learned man, without the fear of God before his eyes and grace in his soul, has it in his power to wield a more powerful and fearful influence on the side of evil. "He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

"What is the world without Christ? What is human life without Christianity? What is knowledge without grace? *Nothing but a showy deception, nothing but a specious vanity!* If the age needs any one thing above another, it is Christ in the schools. It needs sanctified learning. No one has either a call or a right to teach the youth of the land, except those who are able to answer the question of the great Master, 'Lovest thou me?' Only to those who can say yes to this searching question, has Christ ever given the commission, 'Feed my lambs.' An institution of learning where the Christian life is not made to underlie all knowledge, and held to be the principle that ought to control and direct all knowing, is nothing but a manufactory of brighter and sharper rogues than those which spring up from the vulgar crowd. Build up knowledge upon a bad heart, and you furnish its possessor only with a greater power of mischief. 'Educated nature is educated vice.' A wicked youth is only the more dangerous for his smartness."

"We are sowing, we are sowing,
Thoughts are seeds cast in a field;
Every act that we are doing,
Every word its fruit shall yield."

We are sowing, we are sowing,
And if to the flesh alone,
Then corruption ever knowing,
We our sad mistake shall mourn.

FAITH AND THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY S. R. HARSHMAN.

PERVERSION of the truth is one of the most common devices of the devil. But, especially is it characteristic of these last days. One of the most dangerous of these perversions held at present by the so-called Orthodox teachers, is that of the substitution of faith, for the witness of the Spirit. This false teaching is found in connection with the modern popular "Holiness" movement; hundreds, I fear, are being deluded by it, into a false hope and a false profession. In connection with it, is the kindred error, that men can surely know that they are wholly consecrated to God, by the testimony of their own spirits alone. Many are stumbled here. But the Scriptures teach that the unsanctified heart is *deceitful above all things*, and desperately wicked. How impossible then, that any man should confidently rely upon the testimony of a witness, known to be so deceitful. But no one can believe the promise of God, until he has full assurance that he has complied with its conditions. He must then have the testimony of a more competent and veracious witness. This witness is the Holy Ghost. When the consecration is complete, he receives from the Holy Ghost a divine assurance that it is so. This is the enabling act to faith, which for the first time becomes possible; and not only possible but easy.

Faith is the spontaneous act of a soul divinely assured of complete consecration. This power to believe is the direct gift of God; and a gift never imparted to any but a fully consecrated soul; but always given to such a soul. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves! it is the gift of God."—Eph. xi. 8. That which men suppose to be faith, which is exercised without this divine assurance of faith, is mere presumption; which deceives them instead of saving them. Another error is, that a period of time

may elapse between the act of faith and the reception of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The baptism of the Spirit, and the purifying and sanctifying process are the same. So the baptism of the Spirit is sometimes called the baptism of fire, because of its refining influence. But to say that the Holy Ghost is not always given as soon as we believe, is wrong, for salvation is the result of the baptism or cleansing of the Spirit. But what is saving faith? Is it not a divine assurance that God saves me *now*?

But how can I be assured that God saves me *now*, unless he has promised to save me *now*, if I believe it? And if God has promised to save me the moment I trust him, will he not keep his word? But he saves me by the cleansing or baptism of his Spirit. Will I not then surely receive it, the moment I believe? He says, "Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive it and ye shall have it." Shall have it, when? The moment ye believe, of course. God would not say, "believe that ye receive it," (now,) unless he meant to give it *now*. Away then with the blasphemy so often sung; "My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for the fire," as tho' man was more ready to be saved than God is to save him. But it is said, that of course God saves the man the moment he believes; we do not deny that. Well then what is the man waiting for? Not the assurance of it, certainly; for tho' a man may *think* he has salvation when he has it not, he cannot have it without knowing it. How absurd to suppose that a man can be transformed by the Spirit of God, so that old things have passed away, and all things have become new; and he yet be unconscious of the change. Beware then of this naked faith, that is so naked that it brings to the soul no knowledge of a present salvation. It is not gospel faith. I grant that it brings to the soul a kind of peace, the peace that self-deception always produces, either among Christians or heathens, but it is not the peace of God that passeth all under

standing, for this peace is the fruit of the Holy Ghost alone. May God deliver the people from such delusive peace, and not let them rest without that peace that dwells in the soul of him alone, who is in conscious fellowship with God. The faith that brings such peace to the soul is not a mere inference, it is "*The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*"

In the third place, these deceivers teach that the promise of God is all the witness they need of their having obtained salvation, and all that can innocently be desired. Anything more than this they call asking for a sign. Thus they boldly deny one of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, the direct witness of the Spirit. But so far is the promise of God from being sufficient evidence of present salvation, that it is no evidence of it at all, and cannot be in the nature of things; I might form a syllogism and argue myself into a belief that I am saved thus! "God promises that if I will do thus and so he will save me." But an assurance of salvation is not arrived at by a process of reasoning. Personal salvation is a matter of positive knowledge, or consciousness, and this is never arrived at by reasoning. If salvation was merely a matter of inference, then God's promise would be the best of testimony; but being a matter of consciousness, it is not needed as proof.

John says,—1 Epis. v. 19. "And we know that we are of God and the whole world lieth in wickedness." But we will illustrate. The promise of God bears the same relation to salvation, the thing promised, as a promissory note does to the sum of money, the thing promised in it. A promissory note is of value only because we expect it to bring us into conscious possession of the money promised in it. So the promise of God is of use only in bringing us into conscious possession of the salvation promised in it. The fact of our receiving the note, is a proof of our faith in the veracity of the giver of it. So our receiving the promise of

God proves our faith in his veracity. The money is sure to be paid in proportion to the man's truthfulness. So salvation is absolutely certain, because God is infinite in truth. The holding on to the note after it becomes due, is no proof that we have received the money according to the promise; in fact, it is rather proof of the opposite. So after we have complied with the conditions of the promise, the continuing to hold on to it, is no proof that we have received the salvation promised.

The money brings with it the knowledge or consciousness of its possession. So does salvation. "While it is natural enough that a man should exhibit a note to prove that he *would* receive money, he would be foolish to exhibit it in proof that he *had* received it. So a man can point to the promise of God as proof that God *will* save him, but not as proof that God *has* saved him. No man would consult a note to assure himself that he had money. So no reasonable man will consult the promise of God, to assure himself that he has salvation. But to make assurance doubly sure, lest our deceitful hearts should persuade us that we have salvation when we have it not, God has added to the testimony of our own sanctified hearts, the witness of his Spirit. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God." The man at the National Camp-meeting who declared that he carried the witness of his salvation in his pocket, must have been a deceived man. So these preachers who insisted that they dared not look into their own hearts, but only at the promise, while professing holiness, were blind leaders of the blind. "If our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things." The Lord deliver us from such holiness and such holiness teachers. No wonder a Conference of Free Mason preachers endorses both. The Lord help these who have the unction that teacheth them all things, to expose this delusion of the devil.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY W. N. HIBBARD.

I HAD religious training; and to those principles of piety, instilled by my parents, I mostly owe my present state. In January, 1864, God thought it best to take from me my mother. Previous to her death I prayed earnestly for her recovery. I groaned, wept, and made my vows to God, I promised to get saved, and work for souls; to consecrate time, talent, and voice, anything if he would save her. I could not, would not say, "the will of the Lord be done." But mother died, and I thought God was cruel to take her. How I wonder that I was not cut off as a cumberer of the ground. After mother's death, I went with father to the State of Illinois.

For some months I thought but little of God, and only at night would I say a prayer. Finally, in the year 1865, at Bushnell, during a protracted effort, the Lord saved me, as well as two of my cousins at the same time. How changed all things were! Our way home led across the prairie, a distance of three miles, but that distance was traveled with such ease that I scarcely noticed it. My sleep, that night, was little, but my heart was light. Being very timid, I felt the cross very heavy when testifying, but was always blest in so doing. Moving to another part of the State, near "Egypt," I joined the M. E. Church in full connection. Peter Cartwright gave me the right hand of fellowship, and assisted at my baptism. A revival broke out, and spread in great power, so that many souls were saved. In the beginning of this work, I paid but little attention to it, as I had grown cold and indifferent. I saw while at this meeting just where I stood, and promised to do better, and felt the Divine favor. We had young people's meetings, and how the Lord would bless us. Some would weep, some shout aloud, others would walk the floor and sing; the word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified.

Leaving Illinois we came to our old home, and there I gave my letter to the M. E. Church. I became acquainted with the Pilgrims, but did not love them very much, as they were too straight to suit my ideas. I used occasionally to attend their meetings, with a good old aunt of mine, and prejudice gave way to conviction that this was the way; the commandment came, "walk ye in it." I was received into the "F. M." Church, at Lockport, N. Y. When I chose this way, I counted the cost. Reproach came, friends forsook me, but the Lord cared for me, because I put my trust in him. I left home to do for myself, to go where the Lord directed, with an empty pocket-book, not knowing where I should go. I got passage on a canal boat with a Pilgrim Brother, and went to the first Murray camp meeting. The Lord opened the way before me, and I lived at North Parma fifteen months. My health, (always poor) began to improve. I think I ought to say here to the glory of God, that he not only forgives my sins, but heals my body, so that I am able to work as I have never done before.

The first camp meeting I ever attended was at Spencerport, in the year 1867, and there I received the witness of a clean heart. To this point I was led by the labors of Rev. D. Dempsey.

Some six months afterwards I attended a General Quarterly Meeting, at Ransomville, N. Y. And while looking my consecration over, and re-consecrating myself, thought I was all on the altar, when the Lord asked me if I was willing to walk in a certain direction that was very obnoxious to self. I instantly sprang from my knees, declaring I would never! never!! never!!! go that way. For a few moments I had such mental agony that words cannot describe. I picked up my cap and went over to the church. I saw little real enjoyment till I got where I would say, "Thy will be done." This is a chapter of my experience I fain would have left out, because there was so much rebellion in

it, still I feel held to it. By that one simple act I lost so much. All the Lord required was simply, obedience, and that I refused to give.

When will we learn to obey God at once without questioning? O, the leanness that I so keenly felt. I wanted to destroy myself, but the Lord saved me. "Obedience is better than sacrifice."

The time has now come when I will do anything for God. But it was a long time before I would give up the contested point.

And now, just now I am all on the altar for time and eternity. The way grows better all along. Praise God. How wonderfully the Lord has led me, and my only desire is to do something for him in return for the great love wherewith he hath loved me. I will go here and there just as he leads, on errands of love to precious souls. Brethren, let us lay hold on God. We are able to go up and possess the land. Let us "Come up to the help of the Lord, the help of the Lord against the mighty."

By the grace of God I am going in for the life and power of religion while I live. Soon I expect to get home with the redeemed, and the blood-washed. Praise God for all his mercies.

Rochester, N. Y.

THE POWER OF PRAISE.

BY JOHN T. JAMES.

THIS is an element of strength that is often overlooked by the Christian. Its importance is often but imperfectly realized even among those of a mature experience. Its place in symbolical worship among the Jews was represented by the Censer and its incense in respect to individuals. When the children of Israel on one occasion gave way to a spirit of *murmuring*, and the plague came upon them, Moses directed Aaron to take a censer and go out and burn *incense* among the people, and the plague was stayed.—Num. xxv. 41.

The incense of *praise* offered up for the people made an atonement for their *murmuring*, and they were healed of the awful plague. So we see the *medicinal* power that praise has upon the soul.

Not long since a sister was taken sick with a violent disease something like the *cholera-morbus*, which threatened to terminate her life. Some of the faithful gathered around her, and one of them rebuked the spirit of disease, in the name of Jesus. She was then persuaded to accept the act as done, and exhorted to *praise* the Lord. She did so—and her pains relaxed, just like something letting go of her, until she was soon free. Then Jesus made such revelations of his love to her soul that she went almost into a rapture. But in the night she got to reasoning over the gracious interposition—got fearful—doubted, and soon the unclean spirit had seized her frail body again. One of the family hearing her groans, came in and seizing hold of her, exhorted her to praise the Lord. She did so, and again the disease went, and she gained a complete victory—learning a lesson that will do her good all her life.

The incense of praise to God is to evil spirits what the fumes of brimstone are to us. Hence our safety is in enveloping ourselves with clouds of incense, in burning the incense of praise continually.—Ex. xxx. 8. Herein consisted the security of the holy of holies—it was full of the incense of the Golden Censer.—Lev. xvi. 12, 13. Heb. ix. 4.

The wonderful power of *praise* is in that it counteracts the sin of *murmuring*, which is a state of discontent with God, dissatisfaction with his providence or grace. As we give ourselves to this—it opens the way for Satan and evil spirits, and brings *disease* and *death* to the soul. *Praise* reverses this, and brings *life* and *health*. *Praise keeps our gates* when Satan is driven out. "Thy gates Praise."—Isa. lx. 18.—Sometimes it is well to call upon others to help praise—to stand in the gate

with us. Satan will not come inside our walls if his only inlet is right through clouds of incense, songs of praise. *Praise to Jesus is brimstone to devils.* Glory to God! That which is most grateful and refreshing to the Lord, is most obnoxious and distressing to the devil. And after he has been forced from some strong-hold, by faith, it wonderfully hastens his retreat to send after him some shouts of *Glory to the Lamb!*

And when from neglect of praise we perceive that the atmosphere betokens the presence of spirits from the Pit, if we will seize our neglected Censers and raise clouds of incense about us, our souls will soon be inhaling the pure air of heaven again.

But it does not require one to be continually singing aloud in order to be constantly burning incense. There may be the constant melody of a heart in perfect harmony with the will of God—that is *richest incense*. There may be the constant, though silent *song of the heart*, like incense quietly burning within the veil; seeing God in everything, trusting God in everything,—in everything giving thanks. This is the incense God wants. Noisy words of praise when things go well, and murmuring discontent when things go ill,—as we think, is an abomination to the Lord. The feeling—the tone of the heart, and not the words of our lips, is what constitutes the incense of the soul. The Golden Censer is like Mary's Box of Spikenard. It is a clean heart filled with Jesus. A heart made white as Mary's alabaster box, filled with the love of Christ and aflame with the Holy Ghost—this is the preparation for incense. There may be a great deal of "Praise the Lord!" on our lips which is a hollow empty sound—a grief to the spirit. There must be incense in the censer before it can burn before the Lord. Having the preciousness of Christ in our hearts—"let us offer the sacrifice of *Praise* to God continually." Amen.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech.

CONQUERED.

THE following from an Episcopal paper shows how the victory over covetousness was gained.

A stingy Churchman was listening to a missionary sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directed upwards, towards the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself: "I'll give ten dollars; and again he said, "I'll give fifteen." At the close of this appeal, he was very much moved, and thought he would give fifty dollars. Now, the boxes were passed. As they moved along, his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything. "Yet," said he, "this won't do—I am in a bad fix. My hopes of heaven may be in this question. This covetousness will be my ruin." The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was under his chin,—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know that he was heard. In the agony of the final moment, he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it, "Now squirm, old natur'." This was a victory beyond any that Alexander ever won—a victory over himself. Here is a key to the problem of covetousness. "Old natur'" must always go under.

It will take great giving to put stinginess down. A few experiments of putting in the whole pocket-book may, by-and-by, get the heart into the charity box, and then the cure is reached. All honor to the deaf old gentleman. He did a magnificent thing for himself, and gave an example worth imitating, beside pointing a paragraph for the students of human nature.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY S. E. WINGER.

WHEN a boy of fourteen summers, Jesus found me all covered and engrossed by sin.

He washed me in his own blood, and gave me the *Witness of the Spirit*.

Bless his holy name.

I went on professedly with my hand in his until I wished to take his in mine, not willing to be led by God. On this very rock I almost wrecked my all.

God pointed out very plainly my path of duty. It led to the ministry, but I said *no*. (How very unchristian-like.) Just then there seemed to be hanging over my head the *blackness of darkness*. I felt that unless I would do the will of the Lord I would be lost to all eternity. "Thy will be done!" came from the depth of my heart, and in spite of all my efforts, the big tears filled my eyes, and would fain have rolled in torrents down my cheeks.—O I bless God from my very soul for that hour's decision. I was again enabled to rejoice in Christ my Saviour.

Shortly after my conversion I read in the *Word* of a higher life than that of justification. This excited in me a hungering after holiness. I tried to live for it, but not one ray of hope cheered my heart of ever growing into it. I prayed for it, but received it not. Thus I lived for more than four years, in doubt and fear, and clouds. On the 10th of last August, God led me to the Tonawanda Camp-meeting, for which I have thanked him more than a hundred times.

I had heard but very little about the Free Methodists before my going there. I was first struck by their dress. Secondly, by the subject held up by the ministry; and thirdly, by their child-like simplicity. All new to me. I watched the movings closely for two days, and then came to the conclusion that this people were God's people, and their God is the Lord.

I fell to seeking the blessing of holi-

ness; for which I sought at the altar, in the tent, and in the woods. For three days I could not understand why I did not receive it. I had made an unreserved offering and surrender to God, but right here is where the secret lay. I had a way marked out, and fixed up in my own mind that the Lord was going to bless me just so. Here I was trifling with God's business; and on the 13th day of August, 1870, I was enabled to lay hold of the promise by *faith in the Son of God*. By faith alone I held on without feelings of ecstasy, of joy, till the next day 10 o'clock, when the devil told me I had not the blessing. I not wanting to be deceived in this great thing, replied to him: "If this is not the blessing I am determined to have it if I should seek till death. So back down, devil, and I at once went in the altar, and knelt to pray, when at once my mouth was closed, and I could not pray, feeling I had nothing to pray for. I was led back to the place where the day previous, God, for Christ's sake, *made me whole*. I did not dare doubt. I can never doubt. O, glory to God, because a great change has taken place in me. My besetting sins, which were as millstones around my spiritual neck are all gone. Praise the good Lord. Now all is sunshine. *O, glory forever and forever to the Lord most high*.

Now I am all the Lord's. I am here to do *his* will. I am doing his will. Bless the good Lord. I would by far,

"Rather be the least of them,
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And set upon a throne.

"Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."
"High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear."

It is getting better and better. *I'm a Pilgrim going home.*

PARDON, FIDELITY AND LOVE.

TWENTY five years ago, expecting never again to look in freedom upon a beautiful world of activity and growth, a young man entered the Massachusetts

State Prison. In a tipsy spell he had set fire to his house, and his own brother had perished in the flames. Overwhelmed in spirit at the sad consequence, he plead "guilty" on trial, and to the surprise of every one was sentenced for life.

At a recent festival in the prison, quite a numerous audience of Charleston citizens assembled in the chapel. The long line of uniformed prisoners filed in, taking their accustomed places. The usual devotional exercises were conducted by the chaplain, and the warden made an address. At its close he adverted to the custom of the Governor, each year pardoning one of the prisoners. Said the warden.

"This time he pardons George Hunnewell. Will he please step out?"

From the body of the prisoners, there slowly trembled up the tall form of a slightly bent, sad faced, gray-haired man fifty-nine years old. Surprise was depicted in his countenance, no less than conflict within, between incredulity and hope. Tears trickled from his large blue eyes, as in a tremulous voice he asked,

"Me, sir, *Me, sir!* Is there no other Hunnewell here than me?"

"*You, George.* It is you, and nobody else, feelingly replied the warden, and the audience broke forth into exciting cheers in which the prisoners joined with a will. Completely overcome in the midst of it the old man sank into his seat, and burying his face in his hands sobbed convulsively. Men's eyes watered as they cheered.

In a cottage garden in one of our Western villages, every morning may now be seen, weeding and working together, an elderly white-haired man and a beautiful dark-eyed woman. Though betrothed for more than twenty-five years, they are newly married. Through all that while toiling as a teacher in an Eastern city, that woman, scarcely past the prime of life, has cherished as her brightest dream, the reality they now enjoy.

Speak comfort to the afflicted.

I Am Dying.

RAISE my pillow, husband dearest,
Fainter and fainter comes my breath,
And these shadows stealing slowly,
Must I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand;
Yours that ever has sustained me
To the borders of the land.

For your God and mine—our Father,
Thence shall lead me on,
Where upon the throne eternal,
Sits the loved and only Son;
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreams of childhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride—
How my heart filled with love's triumph
In the hour of woman's pride.
Dreams of thee and all the earth chords
Firmly twined about my heart—
Oh, the bitter, burning anguish,
When first I knew that we must part.

It has passed, and God has promised
All my footsteps to attend;
He that's more than friend or brother
Will be with me to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portal
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank heaven that I'm spared them,
Thou wilt feel that "all is well."
Bring my boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping, do not wake them—
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them kindly of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake;
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This, the last night of my life,
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."

Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chastning rod;
Throw your strong arms 'round our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God.

Editorial.

Revival Efforts.

A REVIVAL should always commence in the closet. Here the battle with the powers of darkness should first be fought. The victory won here will, for the most part, determine the extent and depth and permanency of the revival. Good is accomplished when some one gets hold of the throne in earnest prayer. Others join with him, encouraged by his example; and where "two or three are agreed as touching" a revival of religion, God sends one in answer to their faith.

The first aim of revival efforts should be to bring professing Christians, in their experience and their lives, up to the Gospel standard. This should be done for two reasons:

First—Their help is needed. A preacher can no more do all the work for the Church, than a general can do all the fighting for an army. There is talent enough in any church, if it is brought out, and sanctified, and set on fire, to keep the whole community in a revival blaze. Strangers may assist, as opportunity offers, but it will not do to depend on them. Rome was mistress of the world as long as her sons were her soldiers. But when they became too refined and too enervated for the drudgery of the camp, and mercenary troops took their place, her power waned, she was torn by internal commotions, and became an easy prey to her enemies. It will be just so with any Church. A few revivals carried on by foreign help, will use it up. The old members and the young converts will not coalesce. The tender sympathy, the brotherly love, essential to the well-being of a Christian community, will be lacking.

Second—The converts will not, as a rule, enjoy a deeper state of piety than that which prevails among the older members. If they are selfish and worldly, and Christians only in name, the converts will partake of the same spirit. It does not matter how straight the preaching is; if the preacher endorses those whose lives are

notoriously crooked, the converts will follow their example. If the first layers of brick in a wall are out of place, the succeeding ones are likely to be more so.—Commence right. Judgment must begin at the house of God.

But it will do no good to scold, and talk in a fault-finding spirit. Many persons may be easily led, who will not be driven. In spiritual matters, you must act the part of a pioneer. Go ahead of those whom you would lead into the promised land. Be like Caleb and Joshua. Go over into the land of corn and wine and oil, and bring back of its delicious products. "The husbandman that laboreth must be first partaker of the fruits."

There is everything in the spirit and manner of saying things. We cannot say them as we should, unless we feel as we should. Defects in others are easily seen. They may be perceived with the natural eye. It is easy for one gifted in language to declaim against them, even though he never had an experience of saving grace. But to correct their faults, to "strengthen the things that remain," requires wisdom and grace that God only can bestow. The most ignorant and indolent may destroy the edifice that the most skillful hands have reared. A minister of Satan can tear down, but it requires a saint to edify.—Devils can stir devils; but the power of Jesus alone can cast them out.

But it is not essential to the success of revival efforts that all the members of the Church should be right. It is desirable that they should be; but God can work without. Two or three resolute souls, who are right with God and man, can claim the promise. When you have got all you can to come up to their privileges, lead them on and boldly assail the enemy's camp.—There is no restraint with God to work with many or with few. One of the most important victories of Israel was won by Jonathan and his armor-bearer; another, by David alone, when the champion of the Philistines fell before his sling-stones.

Formality has its regular methods of working hard—and doing nothing. God works in a variety of ways, and under cir-

cumstances very strange and forbidding. Let us HAVE FAITH IN GOD. Relying on His power, let us put forth determined efforts for a revival of His work.

Putting on More Steam.

SEE that locomotive standing on the track. It is in perfect order. Every part of the machinery is highly polished. It looks beautiful. But it does not move. It is provided with fuel and with water, and sends off a steady stream of smoke and vapor. It is too steady. It does no harm, and does no good. Soon it begins to puff, and, as it were, breathe short and quick. The steam is up, and the load moves.

Many of our preachers and churches are like the locomotive at rest. You can find no particular fault with them; they are so quiet and proper—nothing wrong. But they accomplish nothing. They go through the services with propriety; but there is no stir—no excitement—nobody quickened—nobody saved. All their efforts are lost for want of more love—more life and power. A few blows rightly aimed, at the critical time, have often changed defeat to victory.

A Correction.

In our September number is a piece of poetry entitled, "Thy Way, not Mine," and credited to Eleanor J. Wilson. This is a mistake. It was written by H. Bonar.—The mistake was ours. Miss Wilson has too much sense and grace to be a plagiarist.

In writing, be yourself. If you copy from others, say so. Get filled with the Spirit before you attempt to write for the *Earnest Christian*. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Our Post Office.

WE reside at North Chili, N. Y., ten miles west of Rochester, near the School. Our publication office is at Rochester. Letters may be addressed to us at either place. In writing us on business, be sure and give your name, Post Office and State.

A New Dress.

THE January number of this magazine will be issued with new type throughout. Its appearance, in every respect, will be improved. We hope to make it the best magazine of religious reading in the land. Aid us by your prayers, your contributions, and especially by extending our circulation. Send on new subscribers at once. We will send the December number, gratis, to all new subscribers for 1871 that reach us during the month—that is, as long as our supply holds out.

Have you a son, a daughter, or a friend, living away from the means of grace?—Send them, as a present, the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*. In this way, you can do a great deal of good with a little money.

Rev. E. Bowen, D.D.

A STEEL engraving of this faithful minister of Jesus Christ, accompanied by a biographical sketch, will be found in our January number. The engraving is made by a celebrated New York artist, and will alone be worth half the subscription price for a year. It will do you good to look upon the countenance of an able minister, who steadily refused, to the end of life, to bow the knee to the modern Baal—now so popular—Expediency.

Do Not Wait.

IF the time for which you have paid for the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN* has expired, do not wait, but send on at once your subscription for another year. Get all you can to subscribe, but do not wait for them. We want to double our list for another year.—We mean to deserve it; and if all our friends will take hold and help us, it may be accomplished.

In sending more than one subscription, send money order on Rochester Post Office, if you can obtain it; otherwise, send a registered letter.

DISCIPLINES.—Our Disciplines are still delayed. We have the promise of it about the first of January.

Correspondence.

NORTH BRIDGEPORT, CONN., NOV. 22, 1870.

To the Editor of the *Earnest Christian* :

DEAR BROTHER :—In your August number, under the title "Baptized with the Holy Ghost," I notice you printed my late experience, received in Trinity Church, Springfield, Mass., which you copied from the *Springfield Republican*. To correct many impressions in many minds concerning Baptisms of the Holy Ghost, there are several things relating to that experience and to like experiences, generally, which ought to be said.

1. The first I mention is a notion that baptisms similar to the one I then received, are usually a gift of God's *arbitrary sovereignty*: that is, that they come without the use of means, simply because God for some mysterious reason, or other, has become ready to bestow them. This idea may, by some, be entertained in regard to my own case, from the abruptness with which the printed accounts of my experience began. Nothing was there said of *preceding* heart-struggles, efforts made, means used, with an expectation and design to secure to myself a Baptism of God's blessed Spirit. It does appear, to the reader, as if for some unknown, or for no reason, the heavens suddenly opened on my soul. For the information of those who have read the printed account, I will state, that at the time of sending this to the Editor of the *Springfield Paper*, I sent also a statement of my *previous* experience—how my soul groped its way from darkness into day; but because it might have extended the article to undue length, I suppose, he omitted this. My only motive in having this experience published at all, was to answer the inquiries of hundreds of persons who saw me at the time of receiving the blessing, and to silence, so far as possible, the cavils of skeptics.

In regard to my previous experience, let me say, that for fifteen months I struggled, prayed, sought, an anointing of God. Much of this time, my distress of mind was so great, that I could scarcely bring myself at all, to study branches prescribed in the

Theological Seminary, of which I was then a member. When converted, some eight months before entering the Seminary, I received no light, no joy, no witness of the Spirit. All the evidence I then had of my acceptance, was a consciousness that my will was no more in rebellion, but was in sympathy with the will of God. With this I had quiet of conscience, and freedom of heart condemnation. But I soon learned that I needed something more than these, to enable me to conquer temptation. A soul wrung with bitter sorrow for newly committed sin, drove me to my knees.

For the first few months "*pardon*" was my soul cry. After some time I learned from President Finney's *Systematic Theology*, that the Bible offered grace to such souls as mine, sufficient to make them "more than conquerors." I examined the promises. It was true. A gleam of hope started, and a resolution, that, by the help of God, I would obtain all the grace he had in store for me. The great concern of my soul was, to *overcome sin*. "*How may I be freed from the accursed thing?*" Is there any way in this life? Popular theology said, no. The Bible answered, "Reckon yourselves DEAD INDEED unto sin, but alive unto God, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD." What did this mean? I was troubled. For weeks I tried to make it mean any thing but what it does. Finally the blessed Spirit gave me light enough to see that the passage requires *all Christians*, by faith in Christ; to regard themselves ENTIRELY DEAD to, or DONE WITH all sin, and alive to God; that is, holy. When converted, or turned from sin to holiness, at the command of God, they are to reckon themselves entirely and forever DONE with all sin, not trusting in their own heart for strength, but trusting *Christ*, momentarily, for sufficient grace to keep them so. The Scripture also answered, "my grace is sufficient for thee." At this I stumbled: Does God mean that his grace is *sufficient for me* in *all* circumstances, and that he *offers me* that sufficiency? Yes, I saw this at last. Now seeing the blessing, faintly, far distant, I began, not now to pray for "*pardon*," but for GRACE. Here is where the

twelfth week previous to my baptism found me. So I prayed. I read the Scriptures. My cry was "*grace, grace.*" But grace did not seem to come. My soul, more than ever before, was now sensible of its unspirituality, emptiness, weakness, dryness. I felt perfectly helpless, spiritually. It seemed as if it would be a miracle for God to give me the desired grace.

But the question came, "*why* do you not receive?" "Why is not the Holy Ghost poured upon you?" Does not God say, "The promise is to all that are afar off," even to as many as he shall "call." You know you are called and converted. You are pleading the promise in agony, and receiving nothing; but instead of being filled with God's fullness, are more than ever becoming sensible of the husks of your own emptiness. "Why is this?" Here the devil had me; I could not answer this question. The suggestion came, "Perhaps there is no God." "How do you know there is?" I looked at some dozen arguments proving the existence of God, and soon settled this. Then came another suggestion, more deadly to my soul than the first. "How do you know the Bible is God's word?" "You have been pleading promises week after week. The Bible says, 'ask and ye shall receive.' You have asked and asked, and asked; but seem now farther than ever from receiving any thing. The Bible perhaps is not true. At any rate, how do you know it is?" Here I found myself. What was to be done? When I undertook to pray, my mind would immediately fill with doubts. The Bible is true because my school teacher or father and mother believe it so, no longer satisfied my mind. They, with all the Theological Professors in the world, may be deceived. I must see for myself. So I began. The Seminary library was overhauled, volume after volume, was transferred to my room. I obtained all I could on the evidences from Hornes' Introduction to Patterson's "Fables of Infidelity." Every moment I could secure from other studies, which I dared not neglect I put on these books. With paper and pen, I studied, copied, weighed, reasoned, and prayed. I went to the beginning of things and came through to the end. I began at the end and went

upward to the beginning. I meditated on the nature of different kinds of evidence; on facts, on probabilities, and improbabilities, Miracles, Prophecy, Evidences Internal, Evidences External, those designed, those undesigned. Thus passed some weeks of spiritual confusion and anxiety. At last I reached the conclusion, that although historical evidences, and those from miracles and prophecy, were unimpeachable, still my skeptical mind was so disputing every point, with questions of its own discovery, as to prevent these evidences ever giving it satisfaction.

Now I felt "out at sea." I gave up all hope in myself, or in man, I prostrated soul and body before God. I besought him to clear away my mental and spiritual blindness, and enable me to see that the Bible was his word.

I was led to look at the evidence of the divine origin of Christianity arising from the intellectuality, the stupendousness of the doctrines of Scripture. For instance, the atonement—vicarious—a provision in the government of God for sustaining law and the holiness of God's character, still allowing of the pardon of a world of rebels with no injury to the universe, but on the whole greater blessings than if these were punished. Ah, here is something! It is easy to be a copyist of the events of nations. It is easy to note the workings and forces of nature's laws. Here, all things are made to the hand of the penman, and illustrated before his eyes in a thousand ways. Even in this work, however, the greatest men complain that their intellects are insufficient, and that, often doing their best, for a life-period, they feel like boys picking up pebbles on the shore, while the great sea lies beyond their reach, unexplored. If this is so, oh where is the man, where is the human intellect that could, or can, devise a way of salvation for guilty men. The greatest ancient philosophers tried in vain, and gave it up. Proud men to-day, with Bible in hand, make vain pretensions. Man's intellect is confused and overwhelmed in an examination of nature's laws. Where then is the intellect that can devise and dictate the laws of grace. The mind of man, will never, while in this mor-

tal body, be able to *understand* these doctrines in all their perfection, breadth, length, bearings, and fullness: how much less is it, or has it been able to *invent* them. Before this work, the powers of human intellect shrivel into nothingness. But *one* intellect has power to originate the doctrines of the Bible. That is of GOD. So I thought, So I saw.

I was destined to be lifted once more. I contemplated the *purity*, the *holiness* of the doctrines and truths of Scripture. I thought of *human nature*. All men who have not passed through that change of heart which the Bible requires are averse to its teachings. They dislike to *read* a single page. I find from observation, reading, and general testimony that all unconverted men possess a common character. Was the Bible an invention and production of such men as these. Can wicked men write a pure book. Would they if they could? O how this thought shot through my soul. It was like a rocket's gleam. That moment my infidelity went out. It has not returned. I thanked God for this clear conviction. I was now prepared to continue my prayers for grace. I began to *do so*. But the old question, "Why don't you receive?" came anew. This must be answered.—Here God mercifully opened my eyes to see that prayer to prevail must be *in faith*—*nothing wavering*. Did I really believe I should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost? Was I depending on God's word, and *expecting* it. O, no! My prayers were only deep desire. I had no real confidence in God respecting an actual reception of the blessing. How I struggled. Can I believe? Why not? Oh the blessing is too great! But God is *able*. Yes, but does he mean *me*? Does the promise really mean as it appears to? Does the Greek read as the English does? Here was conflict. I was like a chop-sea between winds. 'Point after point was settled and re-settled,' till finally in the wonderful mercy of God I came to "Lord, I believe." I *depend* now on thy word. Thou wilt not fail. If the promise tarry I will wait in faith for it. Send me thy Spirit in thine own time and way. I am expecting, believing, waiting. I *believe* he will come. Five weeks of waiting faith

interspersed with momentary unbelief, then, glory be to Jesus, I received the experience published in the August number of *The Earnest Christian*. The character, blessedness, sweetness, holiness, loveliness, and gloriousness of Christ was so revealed to my soul that all my strength for a while left my body. But I will not re-tell the story. Then I came into another sphere spiritually. It is no longer, "O wretched man that I am," but *VICTORY* through the mighty grace of Christ, *to whom be all glory*. I now find God's *grace sufficient* to meet all *temptations*, and for the performance of all *duty*.

It is evident that in my case a baptism of the Holy Ghost followed, and came on condition of, the Scriptural use of means. Here was no contrary sovereignty. Let no Christian say, I cannot receive the Holy Ghost with power. God is not willing to give him to me. He favors others. He will not thus favor me. Remember God has said, Acts ii, "The promise is to *ALL*" that he shall "*CALL*" into his kingdom. Are you a *Christian*? Then the promise is to *you*. Remember, also, nevertheless, *I will be inquired of* by the house of Israel to do it for them. In the days of the Apostles, faith and the laying on of hands were the conditions of receiving the blessing. To-day it is to be secured by the *PERSEVERING PRAYER OF FAITH*. Seek, my brother. Seek, my sister. Seek in faith, and "*YE SHALL FIND*." "Then shall ye receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Your Brother,

D. B. DODGE.

DYING TESTIMONY.

Died, in the Township of Forest, Genesee county, Mich., Sister Mary P. McComb, aged 28 years.

In early life she sought and obtained forgiveness of her sins; lived an exemplary Christian life for many years. Four years since she became convicted for a deeper work of grace in her heart, and through faith was enabled to lay all on the altar, and through the merits of the atonement, claim Jesus as her Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption. The great work

God had wrought in her soul was perceptible to all. From that time her life was wholly consecrated to God. It could truly be said, She walked in the King's highway of holiness, cast up for the redeemed of the Lord. She soon identified herself with the little pilgrim band in this place, and stood nobly for God and his truth everywhere. About this time God laid his afflicting hand on the companion of her youth, and after a short but severe illness of two weeks, he fell a victim to death. On his death-bed he sought and obtained pardon of his sins, and died happy. This affliction came suddenly, and fell with crushing weight upon our Sister, but she murmured not. Scarcely had she ceased to mourn for her companion, before death again entered her dwelling, and tore from her embrace an only daughter, aged three years. Still, not one word of complaint escaped her lips. She felt that the Lord had a right to that which was his own. She has now gone to join them, where there will be no more parting. Her disease was consumption. She attended our camp meeting, held on this Circuit in September. Her health was such that she remained in the tent near the stand. She enjoyed the preaching and other services on the occasion much, but was never able to go to her home afterward. She sank rapidly. I visited her often. Always found her calmly resting in Jesus. On the same day, at the same place, her aged mother, Mrs. Philena Gillett, passed away from earth, at 2 1-2 o'clock, and Sister Mary followed her at 5 1-2 o'clock. It was a solemn scene. Their funerals were attended by a large and attentive congregation, and addressed by Rev. A. Omens, from John v. 28, 29.

MRS. JANE CRIPPEN.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Our beloved brother, Henry Shingler, fell asleep in Jesus, in the Township of Forest, Genesee county, Mich., Nov. 7, 1870, in the 53d year of his age.

His disease was dysentery. He suffered much, but patiently. He was in every sense of the word, an earnest Christian, a holy

man—an Israelite indeed. When he was converted he was converted to God, and soon imbibed the ennobling sentiments and principles of the religion of the Bible. His fidelity to God was marked by all who knew him. He never sought the applause of men, or the honors of the world, but was ever ready to do his duty without any respect of persons. He obeyed the injunction of St. Paul, to be "instant in season and out of season"—was ever ready to reprove, rebuke, or exhort, as the case required. He always manifested the spirit of his Master, at home and abroad, always felt deeply the worth of immortal souls, and labored for their salvation. His faithfulness in obeying the commands of God, and following the leadings of his holy Spirit, brought such persecutions as few have been called to endure. Yet none of these things moved him, he had the glory of God in view. The religion he professed, he lived out to the fullest extent. None could say to him, when reprov'd for wrong. Physician, heal thyself. He kept himself pure by the grace of God.

To the unsaved, he was a root out of dry ground, but to those who could understand him, he was all he professed to be. His whole ambition was to do good. He ran for the prize, and won it. He labored while the day lasted. He was never weary in well-doing. The doctrine and polity of the Free Methodist Church were in perfect harmony with his experience and views. He united with this people about four years since. Soon after he received an exhorter's license, in which office he acted occasionally, until called to his reward. He has left an affectionate companion and five children, and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. He has fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith, and entered into rest.

To attempt to describe the death-bed scene would be in vain. It would take a more able pen, and then not be accomplished. By his request the members of the class were present to sing, and pray, and praise. He conversed with all individually that came in to see him—with the same calmness that had characterized his life.

We felt that the chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of heaven. His death was triumphant.

And can we the words of our brother forget,
O! no, they are fresh in our memory yet,
An example so fitting shall never be lost,
He fell like a martyr, he died at his post.

MRS. JANE CRIPPEN.

LOVE FEAST.

CHARLOTTE A. BROWN.—I am eleven years of age. I was converted three years ago on the Sardinia camp ground. One morning, at family prayer, I found Jesus very precious to my soul, and have ever since. I feel to-day that he blesses me, and owns me as his child, and saves me from all sin. Glory be to his name! He enables me daily to take up my cross, and follow him.

Kenyonville, N.Y.

ELIZABETH SHEPARD.—Jesus is with me to-day. I feel the witness in my soul. Bless his name! I feel that God has forgiven all my sins. Praise his name. I thank him for free salvation through the blood of the Lamb! How Jesus keeps me in the narrow way! Everything I have belongs to God. I am all the Lord's, to do or suffer his righteous will. This world is not my home. I praise God that I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

MRS. MARY A. MORSE.—I still feel to praise God for salvation, I am not weary of the way of life; and yet I do feel, sometimes, that this life, out of Christ, would be a burden to me. He surely is my all in all. Oh, how sweet to feel that the blood of Christ, the Son of God, flows through our very existence, cleansing us from all sin! Hallelujah! Cleansed pure, washed white through the blood of the Lamb.—Glory! How it makes my soul leap forth with joy and praise! I still feel to cry,

"I come, I come, with heart's delight,
To do my Master's will:
I come to battle for the right,
And own my Master still."

Mich.

ANN MCBAIN.—I love God, for he is the centre of all truth, and the one altogether lovely. Bless his name! I thank God for the Bible, for its soul-saving principles, and its doctrine of non-conformity to this world of sin. I can say from the depths of my heart,

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

Bless his name! I love *The Earnest Christian*, because its literature is so pure and uncompromising, and all its teachings accord with the Bible. May God help us to live as we profess, to separate ourselves from all manner of sin. You and I will have to answer for the light we have received, how we live, how we walk, that we do not make Infidels. May God bless us, and breathe on us more Holy Ghost power. Amen.

FRANCES VAN BUREN.—I am the Lord's, and he is mine. I am realizing to-day that I have been bought with a price, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Jesus, which to-day cleanses my heart from sinful thoughts and desires. I hate sin in all its forms. Once I was in the dark, but now I see! Once in the broad way, but now in the narrow way, which I mean to travel, in the strength of Jesus, for my own strength is weakness. Nearly three years since, I followed the remains of my husband and child to the grave; and oh what trouble! what a heavy heart; nothing to cheer me in this world, and no hope in the other. One year ago last July,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."

Oh, my loving Saviour! Words are too feeble, language fails to express the feelings of my heart, when Jesus came and saved me to the uttermost. Though storms may rage without, I have peace within. Father is at the helm, and in him is all my hope and trust. Jesus saves me now. Hallelujah Amen.

Fulton, N.Y.

t
a
s
l
e
s
l
d
t
s
r

o
l-
d
s
n.
y
v.

