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REV. ELIAS BOWEN, D.D.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

THOSE who were favored with an acquaintance with Dr. Bowen, will recognize the skill and fidelity with which our artist has given us his likeness, as he appeared in his latter years. It does one good to look upon that grand countenance—so full of kindness, and yet so uncompromising.

For the facts of the following biographical sketch, we are indebted to one of his daughters, and to an editorial of the *Free Methodist* of Nov. 10th.

Elias Bowen was born in Warwick, Mass., June 6, 1791. When he was a young boy, his father, a farmer, moved with his family to Sennett, N. Y., near Auburn.

At the age of twelve, he and a brother two years older were converted, and for a time he lived in the enjoyment of religion. He was reclaimed, when twenty-one years of age, under the labors of a Congregational minister, but did not connect himself with that church.

Shortly after, he went to Providence, Conn., to his oldest brother's, and found him and his wife members of the M. E. Church. Never having known anything of the Methodists, except by report, he was so much prejudiced against them as to tell his brother, that had he found

them dead he would not have felt worse. Being urged to hear the Methodists for himself, he consented, and went to hear three preachers. The last one, Marvin Richardson, he was so much pleased with, that he wept to find such a talented young man throwing himself away in that manner.

After hearing Richardson a number of times, he felt it his duty to join them, which he did on the 25th of April, 1813, and received from them license to preach. He joined the traveling connection, June 15, 1814.

He was married to Abigail Birdseye, of Sauquoit, January 3, 1821.

In 1834, the death of his oldest boy caused him to seek a deeper work of grace in his heart; which he did, and he lived in its enjoyment until his death. A short time before he died, on being asked if it was all bright ahead, he replied, "Yes;" then, lifting his hands, said, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, for His goodness to me!

He was prominently before the Methodist public for over fifty years. His piety, his devotion to the work of God, and his high order of talent, obliged him to take, at an early age, much against his will, responsible appointments. The fifth year of his ministry, he was sent to the city of Montreal, Lower Canada. Requesting, the next year, a less responsible appointment, he was sent to the

still more important station of Utica. At the close of the year, his return was unanimously asked for by the society. But such was his diffidence, that he urged to be sent to a lighter charge.— But the people at Utica were dissatisfied, and after an absence of five weeks he was returned, and labored there with great acceptability the remainder of the year. At the next Conference, he would have been placed upon a district but for his earnest protest against it. He, however, was soon after appointed, and for twenty-four years filled the office of Presiding Elder, to the satisfaction of both preachers and people.

He was elected delegate to the General Conference seven times, and at one period was strongly urged to become a candidate for the Episcopacy.

In the anti-slavery struggle, he took a decided stand in favor of the oppressed. He was one of the very small minority who voted, in the General Conference, against the resolutions censuring Orange Scott for lecturing against slavery, and condemning the anti-slavery movement generally. These resolutions, as found in the General Conference Journal for 1836, read as follows:

“Resolved, by the delegates of the Annual Conferences in General Conference assembled: 1. That they disapprove, in the most unqualified sense, the conduct of two members of the General Conference, who are reported to have lectured in this city recently, upon and in favor of modern abolitionism.

“2. Resolved, That they are decidedly opposed to modern abolitionism, and wholly disclaim any right, wish or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave, as it exists in the slave-holding States of this Union.”

These resolutions passed by the decided vote of 122 for, to 11 against the first resolution, and 130 for, and 14 against the second. Dr. Bowen, in each case, voted with the minority.

He labored long, and hard, and earnestly, with both tongue and pen, to save the Church of his choice from the disgrace of giving its sanction to “the sum of all villainies,” up to the latest moment of its existence. His labors were unsuccessful. When, at last, slavery was abolished by the sword, and the Methodist Episcopal Church no longer received slaveholders to its communion—because there were no more slaveholders to be received—and the General Conference passed a resolution congratulating itself “that the Methodist Episcopal Church had always taken the lead of sister Churches in the anti-slavery movement,” his honest soul was stirred with righteous indignation at such bare-faced hypocrisy. He could not admire the valor of those who kicked the dead lien.

When the Genesee Conference of the M. E. Church commenced to persecute and expel from her pale those who were guilty of laboring to promote Methodism as it came to us from the fathers, Dr. Bowen, though a stranger to them personally, wielded his powerful pen in their defence. At a Quarterly Meeting, some two years ago, he was greatly blessed; and told the people that he had been a Free Methodist for fifty years and over—that they were the people that he originally joined, and if they were willing to recognize him as such, he should like to have a place among them, in name, as well as in reality. It is needless to add that he was cordially received. The subsequent fall, he was admitted into the Susquehannah Conference of the Free Methodist Church. He did not take an appointment, but labored efficiently in holding Quarterly Meetings as his strength permitted. By his wise counsels, and his decided stand in favor

of carrying out the Discipline of the Church, he contributed very greatly toward bringing that Conference to its present state of harmony and efficiency.

As a preacher, Dr. Bowen was strong, clear, forcible, and thoroughly evangelical. He was quiet in his manner, yet he often manifested in the pulpit the deepest feeling. He was bold and fearless. His semi-centennial sermon—preached before the Oneida Conference—affords one of the best specimens of pulpit courage and fidelity that we have ever met with. The Conference had treated him with the most marked kindness and consideration; yet he pointed out to them, with the greatest plainness, their departures from God and from Methodism.

Few men wielded a more vigorous and powerful pen than Dr. Bowen. His numerous contributions to religious periodicals were always on important subjects, and always clear and to the point. He wrote, because he had something to say, and he said it well and strong.

In 1859, he published a book of 317 pages, 12mo., entitled, *Slavery in the Methodist Episcopal Church*. It is a strong work, but shows too clearly the great guiltiness of the Church to have ever been very popular. We give a specimen, taken at random, from which an opinion may be formed of its style. It is from the chapter entitled, "The Church Responsible for Slavery." He says: "The Church, which was designed to be an asylum for the oppressed, has become an asylum for the oppressor, and there is no protection. The hunted, panting lamb, is pursued by the devouring wolf even into the sheep-fold, and there is no protection. He is hunted, and worried, and devoured, even under

the very eye of the shepherd, and there is no protection. Nay, the shepherd himself becomes the devouring wolf, feeding and fattening and rioting upon the blood of his hapless victims, and there is no protection." Bold words; but, alas! too true.

His last literary work, was writing a *History of the Origin of the Free Methodist Church*. This work was ready for the press about two years ago, but the plates were destroyed by fire; and one delay after another has occurred, until it is again ready for publication, and unless some unforeseen contingency prevent it, may be looked for in a few weeks at farthest.

From the unsparing manner in which Dr. Bowen attacked popular sins, strangers to him have gathered the idea that he was harsh and unfeeling. This is a great mistake. He was one of the most kind and tender-hearted men in everyday life. He was deeply beloved by his friends, and children hailed his presence with delight. His piety was deep, uniform, and consistent. A good man and a prince in Israel has gone to his reward.

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NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give account of himself to God. Abhor any approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution.—*J. Wesley*.

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SPURGEON remarks of preachers, including himself, that "we too often flog the church, when the whip should be laid on our own shoulders."

The same noble preacher says:—"God openeth many hearts with gentle pick-locks, while with others he useth the crowbar of terrible judgment."

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

BY JOHN T. JAMES.

SEVERAL things, of importance in these times, have presented themselves to my mind in connection with Jericho, one of the places whose history is mentioned for our instruction and comfort.

I. *The cause of the shutting up of Jericho.*—A strange people, just come across the river from out the wilderness, were encamped before its walls. And there are strange sounds coming from that camp,—sounds of rejoicing, which betoken the consumption of “the old corn,” washed down with “oil and wine.”—Josh. v. 12. And Jericho is “straitly shut up.”—vi. 1. Now, Jericho was to the Israelites come up out of the wilderness, just what the world is to a church, or society, or soul, that has got out of the wilderness state into the land of “perfect love,” or “entire sanctification.” The Israelites appeared to the people of Jericho, just as the church at Pentecost did to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, when they charged them with being “drunk with new wine;” and just as every fully saved soul or people have ever since appeared to that part of the world they were nearest to. Only let a church now get fully saved from the *inner lustings*, as well as before from sin’s *outer corruptions*, and commence to “be filled with the Spirit,” and immediately the hearts of the people of this world will be “shut up” against it. Jericho was to the Israelites, just what the world is to every saved soul and every saved people. Only get crucified right well, and buried and raised up, and you will come up into a world with *high walls and closed gates*.

Have any in this day, as they emerged from the wilderness into the land of perfect love, been grieved to find the world closing its gates against them? Be encouraged, O ye souls, for this is evidence that God is with you; else you would never know what Jericho is. It was because the Israelites had God’s ark in their camp, with His law in it, that Jericho shut its gates. And it is because

the law of God is now written in your heart, and you carry it about with you, that you find walls and gates. It is because that same spirit that fills you with joy, is also a spirit of testimony for Christ against the sins of the world, that you find gates closed against you. Men will not endure to have you coming in at their *Eyes and Ears* with such alarming truths. They see that if they yield to you, they must *die out* to the world just as you have,—even as the people of Jericho doubtless knew that they were to be put to death if their city was taken. Be encouraged to find walls and closed gates. It was the *law of God* in the camp of Israel, that *found high walls and shut up cities* in Canaan—the land of idolatry and full-measured iniquity. *Those men who go through to Jerusalem from Egypt, and travel all through the land of Canaan without finding anything but corn and wine and oil—who come to no shut-up places,—what sort of men are they?* Can they have God’s testimonies in their hearts? Can they be in that Spirit that was sent into the world to convince the world of sin, as well as to comfort the saints? Nay, verily. The world has not ceased its enmity to God, and God has not ceased His testimonies against the world.

“If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” If any man goes into Jericho without taking “the sword of the Spirit,” “which is the word of God,” he is a friend of the world and an enemy to God. Any one who goes into Jericho for other purposes than on business for the King—to kill and to make alive—is guilty of improper fellowship with God’s enemies. “Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?” “Whosoever will be the friend of the world (except in God’s way,) is the enemy of God.”—*God’s way of friendship with the world, is to put “worldliness” to the sword; just as he ordered Joshua to do with Jericho. “I came not to send peace in the earth, but a sword.” Whoever makes peace with the world save by the sword, is the enemy of God.*

But blessed be God! *high walls* and *closed gates* are only an occasion of manifesting the power of God and the faith of the church. "*Shut-up*" cities are to be taken. God sent not His Son—the living expression of His law—into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. "God is not willing that any should perish." Hence, the walls must come down. And the next thing is—

II. *The campaign against Jericho.*—In this we see several things worthy our attention.

1. "Early rising." The children of Israel got over the river by becoming early risers.—Josh. iii. 1. While this does not take us into the land, yet we never knew any to get over in any other way. When people begin seriously to contemplate parting with "the old man"—Eph. iv. 22—they commence by leaving him in bed of a morning. So the children of Israel that crossed the river Jordan, were the young people—and they left the bodies of the *old ones* in their graves in the wilderness. Abraham had to wait until his *father died*, before he could get into the land and become a pilgrim. *A pilgrim does not snore in bed after the sun is up.* "The old man" is fond of his morning nap. And so it helps much to get rid of him to "rise up early in the morning."—Josh. vi. 12, vii. 16, viii. 10; Psalms cxix. 60; Mark i. 35. And Joshua and his people did not backslide in this respect after they got over. We find them rising up early to commence operations against Jericho.

2. "Walking in the commandments." The people, as they went around the walls day after day, walked after the law in the ark—in the footsteps of the priests who carried it. "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also to walk, even as *He* walked." We must be in perfect fellowship with Christ, and walk in all His ways, to do His work. God's truth must find no walls in our hearts, if we want to see it work upon the walls of sinners' hearts. If we "shut up" our hearts to the smallest part of God's truth in Christ Jesus, we

will walk around Jericho to our shame. Ps. cxix. 6—"Then shall I not be ashamed when I have respect to *all* thy commandments."

3. "Quietness, unity, order." Joshua did not tell the people, when they got into the land of freedom, that now they no longer needed a man to lead them—that they were done with "*one-man power*," and must pitch in—every man for himself—into vineyards, or corn-houses, or Canaanites, just as they pleased—*just as the Spirit led them.* No; it seemed that they never had had so much need of control and discipline as then. True, Joshua was not their *king*, as Moses had been "in Jeshurun"—Deut. xxxiii. 4, 5—but he was their *divinely appointed leader.*—Num. xxvii. 18–23. The people of God were not to be *in bondage*, but they were to be kept *in order*—as all other good things must, else they cease to be good. The water of the ocean is for watering the earth; but God has set bounds to those waters, else they would drown the world. The Hollanders, who live below the ocean level, have dykes to keep the ocean from drowning them. Many poor souls live so far down below the ocean level in the souls of the saints, that the saints have to be careful not to let too much water on them at once, lest they be washed away. *Restraint* is much needed when folks get among vineyards and in wine-cellars—especially when enemies are near. The people were told to keep quiet,—to curb their joys while they were marching around the city.—No matter how much "the wine" might be working in some of them, they must keep quiet and not make a noise. No matter how much they felt the incoming strength of "the old corn," they were to do nothing before the time. No matter how supple the "oil" might make them, and how much they might feel like running up against the walls, or trying to scale them, they were to keep in ranks. God was about teaching them a new lesson: *that of being burdened for the state of the world*—or the state of the Canaanites, among whom such gross sins prevailed. They must now learn

to enter into His feelings respecting this world that will not have His Son to rule over it, and to wait for the triumph of the sword of the Spirit in human hearts, to have part in His joy.

This is a lesson that many Israelites, who profess to have been long in the land, have not yet learned. It often happens that when a Joshua now calls the people to come up against some Jericho, he finds them scattered over the land, enjoying their liberty. One man is in the top of a vineyard; another is sitting under a fig-tree; some are giving expression to the wine; and others are trying the suppleness of their limbs.—Probably a squad of them will come in and report about what a time they have just had out in the land a little distance; how they got into vineyards and among fig-trees; how they got blessed, and carried on; how they made the country ring with “such singing as never was heard on earth;” how scared the poor Canaanites looked. But when Joshua tells them that the Lord wants them to do something more besides scare the Canaanites, how few are ready to lay aside their selfish joys long enough to get burdened with a sense of God’s dishonor by the Canaanites around! But God’s order must be obeyed, if God’s success is achieved. We can no more gain entrance into human hearts with our ark and sword, except in God’s way, than Joshua could have got into Jericho without God’s throwing down its walls.

4. “The trial of faith.” “By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.”—Heb. xi. 30. It was by faith, and a perfect faith. God fully tested their faith in His word before He gave success. The people did not get under temptation as soon as their joys commenced to quiet down, and their souls to get burdened, as some later saints do. They did not break ranks, and run back to camp, and take on some more wine. Nor did they stop the march, and send for Joshua to come and pray for them until they got blessed. And they did not get tempted that they were not in God’s order, because the walls did not shake or tremble

the first time they went around them—and go off to try some other city.

No; they carried the burden of Jericho for seven days, having their souls refreshed each night when they got back into camp.

In their camp, they were joyful in the Lord. On the march, they were serious; for they were about a serious business—the death of all the people in the city being the work before them.

But faith has its time of triumph, as well as trial. And so it had in this instance.

[Concluded next month.]

CONFIDO ET CONQUIESCO.

John xiv. 1.

BY EMMA L. WHITING.

“LET not your hearts be troubled.” Pure
and holy
Float down the words so simple and serene,
That, to His followers, meek and faithful
ever,
Were spoken by the holy Nazarene.

“Let not your hearts be troubled.” I am
with you
In every darkened moment of your life.
The Comforter will evermore be near you,
In hours of grief and sadness, and of strife.

Why should our hearts be troubled, when
our Father
Is ever near the souls that love Him best?
Why should our hearts be troubled, when
Christ bids us,
“Come unto me, and I will give you rest”?

“Let not your hearts be troubled;” many
mansions
Are in my Father’s house, to which I go.
And there, when life is o’er, you all shall
meet me,—
I would have told you if it were not so.

“Let not your hearts be troubled;” through
life’s journey
I will not leave you comfortless and lone.
And when your earthly duties all are ended,
A rest remaineth in your heavenly home.
Kewanee, Ills.

TEMPTATION.

BY LEWIS MENDENHALL.

EVERY man is successfully tempted, "when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." But temptation, alone considered, is nothing more than the presentation of an object to the mind that has a tendency to produce lust, or entice the soul out of God. Lust, which is inordinate desire, is always conceived before sin is committed; as James has clearly expressed it, that "when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin."—Temptation is the germ, the soul is the soil, and the fruit is death.

The holiest Christian is subject to temptation. This has been denied by some; or rather, they have affirmed that if any can attain to holiness, they will be out of the reach of temptation. In a certain sense, they will be. They will be out of the reach of its contamination as long as they keep "looking unto Jesus," who was in like manner tempted. What! was the immaculate Son of God—that pure and holy Being—tempted? Yes; and "in all points . . . like as we, yet without sin." If you have ever doubted that temptation is consistent with a sanctified state, let me ask you to pause a moment. Do you see Jesus, the Holy One of God, as He comes from the place where He was baptized? The Spirit of God is leading Him. He enters the wilderness; and now do you inquire, For what purpose? It is, "to be tempted of the devil." Do you see Him again on that "exceeding high mountain" that overlooks "the kingdoms of this world?" Satan is with Him, and is making this liberal proposition: "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Seeing, then, that all the servants of God will be tempted—as they are not above their Master—let me repeat His exhortation, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Watching the devices of Satan, and our own weakness, will lead us to prayer; and prayer, when offered in faith, will quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one.

There is great danger of entering into temptation; so many deadly influences are brought to bear against us. The spirit of the world will soon vitiate the Christian's life, unless he be constantly on his guard. We must resist the temptations of the world and the devil, with the means that God has placed within our reach. But notwithstanding all our resistance, temptations will come, and at times their pressure will be so great upon the soul, that it will be "in heaviness through manifold temptations."—Every child of God knows what this heaviness is. The Saviour felt it, but more intensely than others could. It is said of Him, that he was "very heavy;" and He expressed His own feelings on this occasion in these words: "My soul, is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." This is not to be wondered at, for

"All the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son."

God has a special object in view when He allows heaviness to come upon us. Manifold temptations do not always bring it. There are times when a flood of temptation as little affects the soul, as the surging waves the mighty rock against which they beat. But we are taught that "now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." "Manifold temptations," accompanied by heaviness, severely try our faith. But, under such circumstances, we have a great promise to cheer us. It is this: "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear." No, never. Our ability is always regarded, and the temptations duly proportioned. If we yield to them, it does not reflect upon the sufficiency of God's grace, but upon ourselves.

Some fall into sin, not by doubting their ability to resist temptation, but by trying to make a way to escape from it. That is God's work; for He that has

said that we shall not be tempted above that we are able to bear, has also said that "He will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape." We ought always to watch for God's "way to escape," which will save us from impatience when no visible deliverance is at hand. Every temptation should be endured with patience; for "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." He is blessed with an increase of grace.—Behold Job, after he has passed through that fiery trial of his faith! What is the reward of his patient endurance? Why, he receives "twice as much as he had before." In like manner does God deal with Christians in this dispensation. But if they permit temptations to overcome them, they gain no strength, but lose all they had before.

Strong men and women in Christ Jesus are they that steadfastly resist the fiery darts of the wicked one. If we expect to be eternally saved, we must endure unto the end. And blessed is the man that thus endures; "for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."

KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE.—It is impossible that the affections should be kept constant to an object which gives no employment to the understanding. The energies of the intellect, increase of insight, and enlarging views, are necessary to keep alive the substantial faith in the heart. They are the appointed fuel to the sacred fire. In the state of perfection, all the other faculties may, perhaps, be swallowed up in love; but it is on the wings of the Cherubim—which the ancient Hebrew doctors interpreted as meaning the powers and efforts of the intellect—that we must first be borne up to the pure empyrean; and it must be seraphs, and not the hearts of poor mortals, that can burn unfueled and unfed. "Give me understanding," exclaimed the royal Psalmist, "and I shall observe thy law with my whole heart. Teach me knowledge and good judgment. Thy commandment is exceeding broad. O how I love thy law!"—Coleridge.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY ANNETTE GROVE.

I WAS converted to God in the winter of 1852, in the old Methodist Church at Pekin, N. Y.; and I have never doubted that my sins were forgiven at that time. I was very happy in God for a time; then trials came; and oh, how my poor soul was tossed about upon the billows of life's tempestuous sea, like a tempest-driven bark, without an anchor! At times, I would get to God and plead with Him to forgive my sins. He would answer my prayers, and I would be enabled to rejoice in Him as a sin-pardoning God. I would then take courage and go on, walking very carefully, hoping to do better. But it only required a provocation for all my old passions to manifest themselves again; then oh, what condemnation and anguish!

I read the life of Bramwell, and saw clearly that he enjoyed power with God. I knew nothing of. About this time, Elder Kingsley preached a sermon in our church upon Holiness; and oh, how my hungry soul feasted upon that sermon! Now I saw clearly what I needed; and oh, how joyfully I went to one I had placed much confidence in, as a spiritual teacher, and said, "That is just what I want; I must have it!" He turned to me and said, "Be very careful; that is dangerous ground." Oh, how that bright hope that had just begun to cheer me, faded out, and left me again to struggle on, sinning and repenting, and longing for the end!

Things continued about so until the fall of 1858, when Bro. Roberts was sent to us. Oh, how I had prayed, that God would send us a man that would do us good! The Sabbath morning came for him to preach his first sermon to us. I was very anxious. He began to read the Scripture lesson, and oh, how the power of God was manifested in the lesson, and in the very expression of his face! The friend I spoke of sat beside me. I said, in triumphant joy, "Now we shall hear something that will do us good." He replied, "I shall be

disappointed if we do, for he is a bad man; I can't see why they sent him to us." Down went my hopes again; but only for a few moments. As he began to talk to us, I felt God was with him, and for once dared to differ with my spiritual adviser, feeling confident the preacher could lead me out of my difficulty. I speak of this only to show how careful we should be in giving instruction or advice to young converts. Well, *he did do us good*. He and Sister Roberts both labored earnestly and faithfully, amid terrible opposition and persecution,—as those who know anything of those three stormy years that followed can testify. We had the light as never before. Many cold, formal professors were brought into the liberty of the Gospel of Christ. Many experienced the blessing of holiness. I, with others, sought it, and received glorious light and liberty.

I supposed I had obtained the blessing, and rested there with "Nothing more to wish or to fear." Soon God began to lead me out to call after sinners. Now came the trial of the work upon my heart. He led me to speak to those, whom of all others I most dreaded to approach upon that subject. Oh, how I trembled, groaned and wept! I asked myself the question, Can this be the cross of Christ? Can the yoke of Christ be easy, and His burden light? Then I would go back and examine my experience. *Was I converted? Yes; I know I was.* Was that the blessing of holiness I experienced? What else *could* it be? Then I would quiet myself with the thought, It is the cross, and I must bear it to satisfy conscience. But it brought no glory, and I would feel ashamed to meet the one I had addressed upon that subject. This was very trying; but I thought *this* must be temptation. Oh, how God was trying to show me what I needed! that it was the fear of man that was tormenting me. Oh, how blind I was! This pleased Satan. He does not care how faithful we are, if we only will offend in "one point." He knows that *one point* will keep us out of heaven.

In this state of mind I came to Michigan. I found no religious privileges here, and was constantly shrinking from this duty. Soon, darkness came over my soul. Alternating between hope and fear, I lived about four years. Then God took away my sandy foundation, and showed me I was no better than other sinners. Oh, how my soul then cried out for mercy! and between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock at night, on the 25th of last June, while the thunder, lightning, wind and rain were keeping time to the more fearful storm raging within my soul, God said, PEACE, BE STILL; and there was a great calm.

Oh, glory to God! Since then, He has led me very gently, but surely.—Every day, since that hour, has brought me nearer to God, until I can reckon myself indeed dead to sin, and alive unto God. Hallelujah! I now do not fear the face of clay. Oh, glory!

I want to say, just here, if we have *awful crosses*, be sure Satan has something to do with it; for the yoke of Christ *is* easy, and His burden *is* light. If it is more than our meat or drink to do the will of God, whence the awful burden? We may offer sacrifices that *cost* us something. We may find, daily, some way by which we may deny ourselves for the glory of God. But is this a burden hard to be borne? I do not see it so.

Now my heart goes out in gratitude to God, for His wonderful goodness to me during those years of rebellion and darkness. I shall never cease praising Him for keeping me from falling into open sin, surrounded, as I was, by almost every kind of temptation. Oh, my Father, my loving Father! how I love Thee! Like as a father pitieth his frail, helpless child, *so* tender is my Father of me. Praise Him, oh my soul!

ENJOY the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to-morrow.

WHAT DO I BELIEVE WHEN I PRAY?

BY REV. D. B. DODGE.

"BELIEVE when I pray! What do I believe when I pray? Why, I don't know. I confess, I have not thought much of this faith in prayer. When I pray, I just get down and pray. It is true, I am terribly troubled with wandering thoughts, and suggestions of almost everything; and, I own, when through praying, if put on oath, I could scarcely commonly remember anything I asked for."

"Why, then, do you pray?"

"Why, you see I am a member of the church, and looked upon by the world as a religious man. I must pray to sustain my character. If I left off prayer, my character would go down. If the world learned that I did not pray, what would my religious pretensions go for?"

"Again: sometimes I get into some very close places. I am threatened with a fever, or death impends over my family or friends. In these cases, I go to my knees. I beseech God to save my life and theirs. I don't feel ready *just now* to die; and I cannot bear the tho't of losing dear ones."

"Not if it is God's WILL?"

"Oh, don't talk so! I never like to think of that. Sometimes I see disaster ahead in business, somebody is likely to fail,—I shall lose thousands. Over this I go to God. I confess my wanderings, and promise, if He will overrule, I will amend, for the future. I see it safely in the distance; then forget my vows to God, and take another plunge into the world."

"But, generally, I pray to silence my conscience. If I pass a few days without prayer, conscience lashes my soul awfully. I find no possible way to quiet it but go and pray. If conscience had not goaded me so, I should have given up prayer long ago. I never loved it. Between prayer and the stings of conscience, as the least of two evils, I choose prayer."

"You ask me why I commonly pray.

These are the reasons. You ask *what I believe when I pray*. This is a novel idea to me; still, I must confess I do not believe anything."

I bade the church-member, Good morning, and passed on. I met a sister. She had recently united with the church. I said to her,

"What do you believe when you pray?"

"Believe! Believe! Oh, I have thought a great deal of that word of late. I fear I know little of what it means. The subjects of "Prevailing" or "Ineffectual" prayer greatly perplex me. I know that faith enters, in *some way*, into true prayer; but just how, I cannot tell."

I suggested: "Do you believe God HEARS?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you believe He is ABLE to give you the blessing you ask?"

"Certainly."

"Do you believe He is WILLING to do it?"

Here she paused. In a moment, however, she replied, "I believe God is willing to grant me anything which He has said in the Bible He is willing to give His children. In regard to things not mentioned or promised in the Bible, I am at a loss to know whether they are according to the will of God or not."

"Well, laying this last class of objects aside, look at those things '*promised*.' Do you believe, when you ask God to fulfill one of His promises, that He is willing to do it?"

"Most certainly I do. If not, why did He make the promise?"

"In regard to THESE blessings, then, you believe that God HEARS, IS ABLE, and IS WILLING, do you?"

"I do."

"Then I suppose, when you rise from your knees, after pleading a promise, you *expect to receive* what you asked."

She bit her lips, and cast down her eyes. "'*Expect to receive*!' What do you mean by this? I never looked at prayer in this way."

"What I mean is simply, that without expecting to receive, your prayer is

good for nothing. Does not God say in James, speaking of the gift of wisdom, that the one who asks, must ask in faith nothing wavering, and if he wavers he shall receive nothing?"

"That is just what I have been thinking of," she said. "But my distress arose from this: *What* am I to believe? The first question you asked me, was, 'What do you believe when you pray?' I know faith is *necessary* to true prayer. I know that I must believe *something*; but what? I told you when I prayed, I believed God *heard*; that He was *able* and *willing* to fulfill His promises.

"But, believing all this, I have prayed months, and have not received the spiritual blessings I have asked, although they are most plainly promised in God's Word. I ask, but do not receive; and because I do not, my soul is assailed with all the darts of the devil. My spiritual distress is sometimes unendurable. Oh, that I might get the question answered, 'What am I to believe when I pray?'"

I drew forth my pocket Testament, and silently turned to the eleventh chapter of Mark, verse 24th, "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, BELIEVE THAT YE RECEIVE THEM, and YE SHALL HAVE THEM."

This I showed her. After a moment she exclaimed, "How wonderful! I never saw this before. I have read this many times. I see it now. I am not only to believe God *hears* me, that He is *able* and *willing*, but THAT HE WILL. Oh, this is it! '*Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have.*' How strangely clear it seems!"

In a few days, I met her. Her first words were, "Oh, how good is God!—How dear is Jesus! How I love the blessed Saviour! From that interview, I went directly home, and repeated my accustomed prayer for spiritual illumination, and the love of God to be shed through my soul by the Holy Ghost. I knew this was the will of God, for the Bible taught it. And then I *believed*. Yes, I believed. And glory be to God! He filled my soul with His priceless

blessing. I am aware that God might justly have withholden the blessing a time, to *try* my faith. In some cases, He does this. But—bless His name!—*while I was yet speaking, He came.*"

"How I had longed for the coming of God! And sought Him by prayer, and searching His Word; With watching and fasting my soul was oppressed, Nor would it give over till Jesus had blessed. The tokens of mercy at length did appear—According to promise He answered my prayer; And glory was opened in floods on my soul, Salvation, from Jesus, did mightily roll."

My dear brother or sister reader, I put to *you* the question: "What do you believe when you pray?" "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." "Believe that ye receive."

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one the duties wait thee—
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dream elate thee—
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, (bright gifts from Heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs will meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadow passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee, for to-morrow
Every day begins again.

Every hour that fleets too slowly,
Has its tasks to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, in the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but, one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere thy pilgrimage is done.

OBEYING GOD.

BY REV. G. W. MARCELLUS.

THERE is no salvation, no heaven without it. There cannot be any *real* trust nor faith without obedience to God. It is easy to exercise faith if we obey. Perfect faith and perfect obedience are inseparable. A weak and wavering faith is the result of hesitating to obey. Faith is not the result of *involuntary*, but *voluntary* obedience; for the latter is alone acceptable to God. Entire and perfect obedience, implies perfect submission in *all* respects to authority.—Therefore, it requires constant and complete obedience to do what is implied in the words, “Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven.”

They that obey God know God. Because God reveals Himself specially to those that fear Him. “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.” The glorious fact is revealed to them that God, in the person of His Son, is their present Saviour. For “God, who is the Saviour of all men,” is, “*specially* of them that believe.” They that obey shall know of the doctrine. “If any man will do His will [obey the Lord], he shall know the doctrine,”—the doctrine of faith and the witness of the Spirit. For, “as many as received Him to them, gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.” That is, “as many” as receive Christ, with all the commandments and obey them fully, they and *they* only have the witness of the Spirit. John shows the connection between obeying God and knowing Him. “And hereby we do know [this is the witness of the Spirit,] that we know Him, [by a happy and glorious experience,] if we keep His commandments.” “He that saith, I know Him, [*i. e.*, I am a Christian,] and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.”

Dear reader, do you obey the Lord by keeping His commandments? Pause, look the ground over carefully, for the commandments of God stand opposed

to *all* sin—sin of thought, of motive, and of action. There is just one way, and only one way, to keep them; but there are a thousand ways in which they may be broken. Let us call your attention to two or three of them. And,

First—*Do you keep the Sabbath day holy?* Do you visit, or allow visitors at your house, on the Lord’s day? Do you not call upon your friends or “kin-folks,” just for a pastime? If you call upon the sick, to minister to their wants, that will be right. But the circumstances are very few wherein one is excusable on any other consideration. Do you visit at church, before or after service? in the hall, vestibule, or pew? Perhaps you have been thinking, during the week, I want to see such persons; I have something to tell them; I must be *sure* and see them,—if I do not, I shall have to go to their house during the week.—Thus making the Sabbath and its ordinances an occasion of advantage. This is not keeping the Sabbath holy. Do you send or carry your children, on the Sabbath, to the place where they go to school during the week? Can you make a practice of this and be justified? I think not. Let us all “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.”

Second—*Do you obey God by keeping the ninth commandment?* Which is—“Thou shalt not bear false witness.”—This not only prohibits perjury, but all whispering, tale-bearing, slander, and calumny. It forbids all that may be told that has a tendency, directly or indirectly, to injure another in his goods, person, or character,—suppressing the truth, by which a person may be defrauded of his property or his good name, or lie under injuries or disabilities, which a discovery of the truth would have prevented. This is certainly a great crime. Reader, dost thou speak evil of any one? Then thou art in danger of hell. The commandment is, “Speak evil of no man.” May we remember, that “Death and life are in the power of the tongue.” May our prayer ever be: “O Lord, set a watch before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.” Jesus says, “If ye love me, keep [all] my commandments.”

TYRANNY OF TOBACCO.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

How strange that tobacco-users should so generally forget other people's rights! After a sick night recently, I got into a railway car to go home, having been away from home trying to save souls. Upon sitting down in the seat selected, I saw a great quid of tobacco spread over the floor at my feet, in the midst of puddles of spittle. I commonly avoid such a seat at any time; but, feeling as I did then, I left that place tolerably quick.

If I did chew tobacco, I would neither spit on other people, nor leave it where they would get into it.

While suffering one day with nervous headache, I went out on the street for fresh air. I soon found a man on the walk, before me, smoking a miserable cigar. The smoke made my head swim again. I rushed past the smoker, to get rid of the nuisance. But I found another tobacco-chimney before me, and rushed by him in like manner, only to find another, belching smoke like a volcano, just ahead. It then seemed to me that a curtain of tobacco smoke rested down on the whole city. I at once raised the question in my mind, Whether a man with nervous headache, had any street rights that smokers were bound to respect?

I then remembered that in some New England town, a municipal law forbade smoking on the streets. I longed to be there.

I went into the State House one day, to look at the law-makers of the State of New Jersey. I arrived a few minutes before the time for opening. About one-fourth of the members present were smoking, and the chamber was filled with the sickening odors common to a crowded and heated room. It was a nice place! a likely fountain for pure laws! The ladies were there, too, to see the gallant legislators, and to smell the smoke.

I was at a select meeting of temperance men—many of them men of mark.

It was an occasion of interest. I asked a minister present, How he enjoyed the meeting. "Very well," said he; "except that the man next to me on my right stunk so of tobacco that it made me sick. All that right side of me is sick now." The man was temperate about rum, but intemperate in the use of tobacco.

Well, this is a free country; of course it is. Your smoker and chewer has a right to smoke and spit when he chooses. Bunker Hill and Monmouth stand good for that.

But what becomes of our rights *not* to be smoked brown and sick, and spit upon besides? Don't Bunker Hill and Monmouth work that way too? And what if a man does his smoking at home, and then brings his smoke-dried carcass, wrapped in well smoked clothes, and sits down by you in church, or in a car-seat? Must you endure, even to nausea?

Can neither the Declaration of Independence, nor the Golden Rule, do anything for you? Is this such a free country, that everybody has the right to take your rights away?

It is consoling, that there will be no smoking or chewing in *heaven*. Thank God for that! But what is to become of those who smoke and spit the saints half to death while on earth? Will the smoking-car take them through the Gates of Pearl into the Celestial City? And if so, what will they do for tobacco? "for there shall not enter into it anything that defileth." But that is their business—not mine. I am not to be tormented with smoke and juice any more.

PURITY.—BACKSLIDING.—Cornelius turned to God in the army; and the sons of Eli followed after Satan in the temple. Domitian and Marcus Antoninus filled the same throne, where the one astonished the universe by his wickedness, the other by his virtue. The treasurer of the queen of Ethiopia was converted in the vanity of a heathen court, while Judas went astray in the company of the apostles and of Christ.—Fletcher.

TO THE OVERCOMERS.

BY NEWMAN CHAMBERLAIN.

If we are to be kings, we ought to conduct ourselves with reference to the positions of exaltation which we expect to occupy. If we have been anointed to share in the sublime adjudications of the world to come, we should exhibit a corresponding bearing; and study, labor, and pray to be filled with that spirit of truthfulness, wisdom, justice, and harmony with the mind of God, which alone can qualify us for duties so responsible and sublime. People who expect to be judges, dare not spend their years of preparation in idleness, or waste their time upon perishing and useless trifles. They must be diligent in their search into the principles of right and truth.—They must be earnest in bringing themselves under a proper discipline, to be able calmly to hear and weigh causes, and to decide them righteously. They need wisdom, and training, and culture, which can only be obtained by long, faithful, and laborious application.

And how much more is it needful to be instructed, trained, and exercised in righteousness, to be fitted to participate in those sublime administrations, for which the saints are destined! Let us, then, go away from this subject, resolved to work and pray and study as we never hitherto have done. Let us show, by our way of using this world, that we do really regard it as the mere temporary scene of preparation for judgeships and kinghoods in the world to come. Let us deal with its poor honors and possessions, not as things in which to locate our affections, or to seek our portion; but as the mere, perishable scaffoldings by which to mount up to far sublimer dignities, which are to endure forever. And as there are eternal principedoms placed within our reach, let us ever press forward to them, and see to it, above all things, that we do not let them slip.

And unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and has engaged to make us kings and priests, unto God, even the Father,

to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

“Wherefore,” saith Paul—and this is my closing appeal to you all—“seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us; and let us run with patience the race that is set before us,” looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but “looking unto Jesus, the Author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame,” going straight forward, meeting unflinchingly the duties and dangers of the way, finally braving death itself, and is now set down, in reward for his fidelity, at the right hand of the throne of God.—May His be our example, our victory, and our reward.

It is with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, that I accept the great sacrifice—the Son of God—to save me from a burning hell, and His blood that cleanses from all sin. God has placed a life in my soul that will live on and on,—that will grow brighter and brighter, clearer and clearer, as long as eternity endures. All its brightness and glory for the future. Praise God for Jesus, who is my inseparable life! Praise God for the honors, the crowns, the palms, the blood-washed throng, that await those that overcome the world, the flesh, and sin. Hallelujah! Praise God for a look into the upper world of glory!

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”—“Prayer is the heart’s sincere desire;” “The language of the soul to its God.” The Christian heart is a living fountain from which prayer and praise never cease to flow. He is not wholly given up to God, who does not pray without ceasing. Not that, the Christian must be always on his knees, with hands extended toward heaven, crying, Father! Father! But the desire of his heart, for God and Glory, and the coming of Christ’s Kingdom, is as constant as a mighty river, moving onward to its ocean bed. D.

Cooperstown, Pa.

THE WORK AND THE WAY.

MINISTERIAL gifts are not bestowed upon a slumbering, lukewarm, and worldly Church. And suppose they were bestowed, of what value would they be either to you or to others, if you are surrendered up to the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life? The ministry can only labor successfully as you labor with them. If you then really desire to witness the triumph of the cause of the Redeemer, you must begin to live a holy, self-denying life.— You men of wealth must cease from accumulation, and devote, not only your property but yourselves to the work of the Lord. You men in active business, must be content to accumulate less rapidly, that you may have more of your time to consecrate to the salvation of men. Ye who, professing obedience to Christ, and are yet living in subjection to the maxims of the world, eagerly chasing its frivolities, and teaching the lesson to your children, must commence a life of godly simplicity and Christian self-denial. Every disciple, by his mode of life, must show that he is not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world. When ministers and people thus begin to labor in earnest for Christ, we shall witness results such as the ages have not yet seen.

The nineteenth century since the advent of Christ is now half completed, and the world still lieth in wickedness. It is high time that the heathen were given to Christ for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. Never, from the beginning, have the disciples of Christ enjoyed such advantages for the universal dissemination of the Gospel, as at present. Let us, then, go up and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it. Nothing is now wanting to subdue the world unto Christ, but the universal and earnest, self-sacrificing work of His disciples, in firm reliance upon the Spirit from on high.— *Wayland.*

THE memory of good actions is the starlight of the soul.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

All Merciful One!
When men are furthest, then art Thou most
near; [shun,
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone!

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing:
Beneath it I am bound and sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath
been, [land
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty 'round me
throng;
From Angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

'Tis nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless
eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture; waves of tho't
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine!
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine!
—Mrs. Lloyd.

THE most lovely in the sight of God
is that tenderness of spirit which fears
before the Lord always.

TESTIMONY OF REV. B. POME-
ROY,

AT ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING,
SEPT. 7, 1870.

Reported by Rev. L. N. BEAUDRY; Corrected and
Explained by the Author.

As there are diversities of operations by the same Spirit, we need caution ourselves against setting up any particular experience as the test operations either for ourselves or others. Evidently it is the work of the Holy Ghost, to produce poverty of spirit, as well as joyfulness.

Sometimes I feel poor—very poor.—It is natural for any one to feel thus when he stands in comparison with his superiors. I do not attribute this to the Spirit. There is also a supernatural feeling of poverty, produced by a sense of God's holiness and our own unworthiness, in which, at times, we abhor ourselves in dust and ashes. Both these kinds of poverty I am acquainted with. But at present I feel wonderful well,—was too happy last night to sleep,—am in a very serene and restful state this morning,—am where I run no risks.—Oh, how safe! The Lord takes all the risks when I obey Him, and takes me along with them.

Soon after coming into this meeting, I seemed to hear about the prophetic altars—the snapping of tongs for live coals. I made up my mind that hearts and tongues were to be touched with fire. For there are a company of God's tried and true ones present, who can be trusted with rare endowments. They are the holy unconquerables, who will contend for a triumph at this meeting or make a fuss about it.

This meeting cannot be diverted into a pleasant, pic-nic affair. This is a field of conflict, where the battles of the Lord are to be waged. And here are the earnest contenders for the truth, who are used to warring not only against principalities and powers, but against pride and formalities in high places. It is true, they do not appear much by human calculation, neither did the five stones and sling in ancient times. Their want

of show, their meek demeanor and lowliness of spirit, is what indicates the hiding of God's power; they seem so hid away, and especially so, just before the emergencies come on—how weak, how small they look and feel! but when the Spirit wields them, look out for the reeling Goliaths. These are they through whom God hurts badness and bruises Satan's head.

Brethren, we must have a triumph for truth and God at this meeting; and we shall. We see the triumph—not from afar; we feel it near. I almost hear the jingle of armor-buckles now, as if God were about to gird the elect with the panoply of Heaven.

Although I have had but little rest since May—having been in nine States, and not abating my labors through the excessive heat of this season; yet I seem to feel the battle and triumph and grandeur of a thousand years in me to-day. Yes; through the grace of God, there is that in some of these saints which a thousand years could not master. What, shall we talk about going to Heaven now? Then, if the old sufferers for truth and righteousness were to ask us why we came there so soon, what could we say? Old as I am and half worn out, it would seem premature to die now.

Even this unworthy one, is worth too much for this world to go to Heaven yet. I cannot afford it, or at least the smallness of my future reward would hardly admit of closing up my labors and sufferings so soon. The Lord cannot afford it. He has borne too long with me, and expended too much on me, with but little returns. And I feel it, perhaps, more and more, that I have been unprofitable. The Lord seems determined to better the case, rather than call it a failure. Amen!

But let the thousand years roll on.—Yes, let the Infinite have a long chance in His experiment with littleness.

But a little more on this diversity of operations. A brother at Hamilton meeting exclaimed, "I feel sweet, don't you, brother Pomeroy?" I don't know what that means. "No," replied a sis-

ter, standing by, "he feels grand."—Sweet seems too small and lame a word to apply to great emotions surging the soul; it belongs to babies and flowers.

I have times of feeling meek and comely and smooth—somewhat as a rainbow looks; but I don't know anything about sweet. Let those who do, be thankful that it is not sour. At other times, I feel ashamed of my blunders and mistakes,—ashamed even of my clothes, and my voice, and everything that belongs to me. How contemptible I seem to myself!—almost wish I were not so large—so tall. My body is the hypocrite of me—it shows altogether too much.

My feelings remind me of that angel standing before the Throne, with bowed head and drooping wings,—or rather, when with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet.—Such a sense of worthlessness and inferiority! I wish I could hide away under wings, or something else, to be out of sight.

This experience is generally the prelude to that state of mind, which might be represented by that same angel, with all his six wings spread for a majestic sweep.

How sublime—how grand! How lifted up into a princely, reigning attitude of soul! It is then that the moon comes under our feet as we sing. Let no one call this fanaticism; for it is the experience of olden times; it is that which used to mount up on wings as eagles.

But generally, when the Holy One breathes on me, it imparts a kind of fire,—I feel all astir,—feel full of lightning, as it were. It sets me moving. There comes into me a spirit of daring aggressiveness, as if authorized to command the powers of hell to stand back, for conquering Messiah to come through.—This is the spirit which plants the standard in regions beyond,—putting down the stakes, and drawing the kingdom lines farther out into the world of death and darkness. Brethren, this is the same thing which made one think he could leap over a wall and run through a troop,—which once exclaimed, "thro'

God I can do valiantly." This is one of the blessings which avails for the good of a lost world.

Oh, that we could learn more and more to retain, and prize that blessing, which brings with it the spirit of holy work and holy suffering, by which, with pleasure we forego present ease and rest and self-aggrandizement, in behalf of the everlasting welfare of others.

We can wait a little for our rest and final triumph. A shout may be postponed, but brands on fire must be quenched quick.

O ye professed followers of the Lamb, who are so tempted to choose your good things in this life,—who spend so much money for show and aristocracy,—who are giving your life for things which perish with the using: do come forth with your money and all, and by Divine aid, make a strike that shall tell on the coming ages. Do not let this great opportunity of probation slip, and leave you at last only as the flower of the field, and as the grass that withereth.

Your opportunities and days are few; the work of eternity is crowded into an inch of time—a *moment's space!*

And ye faithful workers together with God, work on! by labors, sacrifices, and sufferings, if need be; so holy—so Jesus-like—make yourselves worthy of the brotherhood of martyrs, putting immortality into your debt. Go out of this world so empty-handed—so worn and wasted for a lost world—as shall settle your right to glorification beforehand.

Or, if this is too much to hope for, at least postpone your heaven of ease, of rest, and grand parade, till coronation-day; when the final, "Come, ye blessed," shall settle your princely pedigree, and put you into joint heirship, with Jesus Christ, to the wealth of the Universe!

Oh, that I could encourage the few, who sigh and cry for the abominations which are committed in the land, to wait a little longer,—yes, *work* and wait:

"So that each, in the day
Of His coming, may say,"

I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.

REAL BAPTISMS OF THE HOLY GHOST DISCERNED.

BY REV. D. B. DODGE.

WHAT is a baptism of the Holy Ghost? That there is such a thing we know. Some of its effects we know. How it may be secured we know.

Vagueness in many minds respecting this subject, is a fruitful source of delusion. Not knowing the precise nature of baptisms of the Holy Ghost they regard *genuine* certain tides and bursts of feeling which have no Holy Ghost in them. They regard spurious some *genuine* outpourings of the Spirit. Their ignorance occasions themselves much trouble, and sadness to many fellow-Christians. Let us examine the questions—what is not—what is—a genuine baptism of the Holy Ghost.

1. The loss of bodily strength by deep emotion is *not sure* evidence of such baptism.

In the time of the Revolution a man was set to ring the bell—thus announcing the enemy's surrender. When the intelligence came he was so overcome that his strength instantly gave way. He sank to the ground, and, under this unnatural excitement, died. Here was no Holy Ghost. These wonderful bodily effects were caused simply by political news, in which he was deeply interested.

I read of a case of a lady who had been, for weeks, unutterably anxious for the salvation of her son. One night he went to an inquiry-meeting. His mother remained at home praying for him. There he found the Saviour. On entering the house he told his mother that he was saved. She saw the change in him—his brightened eye, elastic step, buoyant spirits. She saw that it was true, and was so overcome by her feelings that she sunk to the floor. But her emotions were too strong to be contained in this mortal body. Her soul burst its earthly house and in a few moments she was with those "before the throne."

Hundreds of other cases are on re-

cord, in which not only *bodily strength* has departed, but *life* has been taken through strong emotion. Yet in this emotion the Holy Ghost was not. He did not cause it. It is, therefore, plain, that the loss of bodily strength under deep emotion is not *sure* evidence of a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Under real baptisms of the Spirit bodily strength is often taken entirely away. But the *mere* loss of strength is not *sure* evidence of such baptism.

2. Emotion which is *not caused by clear views of spiritual truth* is not evidence of a baptism of the Spirit.

Much emotion, among professors of religion, does not result from the mind's being enlightened to see spiritual things. Nothing is more true or better known, than that the human soul, in its present condition, is strongly inclined to excitement

I am not now arguing against strong emotion. God forbid. I believe in it. God has it. Angels have it. True saints have it. Read the Psalms. I speak of *spurious* emotion, or that which arises from a different cause from that producing it in angels and in God.

There is a tendency in man, with his physically depraved constitution, to fly off like a tangent at most any thing. This is true of some individuals more than of others. One man beholds a wound and blood, and faints. Another looks unmovedly on. Some are carried by an eloquent preacher wheresoever he wills. Others sit it out like stoics, almost, or entirely unaffected. Let a person break out in meeting with weeping and earnest cries for mercy, a thrill like lightning pierces many hearts. However much the seeker for mercy may be under the influences of the Spirit, there is not *necessarily* any Holy Spirit in the strong feelings aroused in those witnessing the scene. This may be only the *natural* sympathy, on the arousing of deep feeling by virtue of a natural sympathy of heart with heart, on seeing another in distress. Now, let this go on. Let the weeping become more profuse,—the cries more earnest and agonizing. Probably some other persons will be so

affected that they will cry out too; others will faint and swoon away. Some, perhaps, suppose that this tempest of emotion is *sure evidence* of a general descent of the Holy Ghost. But, in fact, it is no evidence that any beside the *first person* is under the influence of the Holy Ghost at all. And, *perhaps*, the *first* manifestation of feeling was caused by the person's own imaginings, in a morbid state of mind, or body.

Let me not be misunderstood. Think not that persons under the influence of the Holy Ghost do not cry out sometimes in meeting. Surely on Pentecost, it was so, when the air was startled with the agonizing cry: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" I only wish to set right a common delusion that great bursts of feeling in connection with religion are *infallibly* caused by the Holy Ghost. In many cases all this results from natural causes, and can thus easily be accounted for. There is no bringing before the soul, in clear light, spiritual truths. The intellect is all dark, at the same time emotion rises and rushes like a torrent. There is no Holy Ghost in this. I repeat:—emotion which is not caused by views of religious truth is not evidence of a baptism of the Spirit.

3. In those who have right hearts, emotion which is caused by enlightenment of mind and the presentation to it, of spiritual truth, is infallible evidence of a baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The emotion may be little or much, feeble or tempestuous. The question is: Whence is it? Was it caused by something which appealed to one or all of the senses? or by truth brought before the mind? There are two elements in a baptism of the Spirit,—an enlightenment of mind—a presentation of truth, previously seen dimly or entirely unseen. Under this influence the mind is intensely engaged. It is a natural law of the human soul that thought awakens emotion. Objects appealing to the senses awaken it too. The point is: from which of these two sources does your emotion spring?

Intense thought causes intense emo-

tion. Intense thought on subjects naturally exciting, as all religious truths are, produces very intense emotion. But "the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit." Scriptural truth is not clearly visible to the mind not under the influences of the Spirit. If seen at all, truths must be viewed under the Spirit's illumination.

SEEING spiritual things is a *condition of emotion* on those subjects. Without an enlightenment, or which is the same thing, an anointing or baptism of the Holy Ghost, the human soul never obtains such views of spiritual truths as cause emotion.

The "natural man" is excited on *worldly* subjects, he is tremblingly alive to them. Toward *spiritual* objects he is *profoundly dead*.

While worldly things seem reasonable and clear to him, spiritual things are foolishness and indistinctness. The "God of this world has blinded his eyes."

Looking at this subject in its true light, many of my dear readers will probably see that they have been baptised by the Spirit many times. You have had your minds enlightened in the time of prayer, or meditation, or at some seemingly most unlikely season. Your soul has looked through the *letter* upon the *reality* of truth. It may be the *condition of sinners*, was the truth you saw. Your soul was filled with anguish. It may be you saw some part of the *character of God*. Immediately your soul leaped toward him with intensest love. O this is blessed! "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but *my Father* which is in heaven."

In case of one whose heart is right, emotion resulting from clear seeing of religious emotion, is sure evidence of the present anointing of the Spirit. The emotion may be a gentle breeze, just stirring the soul, or a "mighty rushing wind."

Next month, God willing, I will write of the MANNER IN WHICH THE HOLY SPIRIT COMES.

CHRIST is ready to receive you.

EXPERIENCE.

BY EBER BRADLY.

I LOVE God with all my heart. Jesus Christ maketh me whole. Praise His name. My Master is my shepherd, my all. His Spirit witnesseth with my spirit, and all fear has vanished before the perfect love of Jesus. And the same "King eternal, immortal, invisible," impresses His will as my duty,—and prompts me to do it, and "I will not fear what man can do unto me." I have counted the cost, and all is well. I have lost the desire for praise of men. I am willing to suffer as well as to do His will. Many years I reposed in a Church *home*, and was rocked in the cradle of carnal security, and in return did the same service blindly. I was always ready to speak, and pray, and pay the preachers, and would not have the meetings go down, holding the Church, (so called) higher than Christ. Knew how to speak and pray so as not to hit nor hurt any body, especially a church member.

Nearly thirty years of my life went smoothly on, full of speculations and efforts to lay up treasures on earth. I used tobacco and other indulgencies. I was groping for the new and living way. I loved God's holy word. I read it, searched it, and at times hungered and thirsted after righteousness, but followed in the popular wake. I felt the need of another prop and united with a *secret society*, and still there was a void and gnawing hunger. About two years since, God by His own means (more faithful ambassadors) and His Spirit aroused me. I awoke. God be praised. I found Him of whom Moses and the Prophets did write, and became as foolish as the Samaritan woman who left her pitcher at the well, and ran into the streets preaching Jesus. Though the good brothers and sisters have rocked more intently than ever, and administered their cordials. My blessed Jesus has kept me in His arms. Oh! how I love Him. I have slept long enough. I trust Jesus. The props are

all knocked out. I stand on the Rock. I am hid with Christ. He is my Captain and King, High Priest, and Master. I have no continuing city. I seek one to come; a way-faring pilgrim—a soldier of the glorious cross. I turn my back upon the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the wonderful variety of allurements, and the vain pomp and show of a fashionable *Church*. But for the power of the Holy Spirit a soldier would faint, get weary, trying to stem the tide of such formidable inventions, indulgencies and superfluities. They are contrary to God's word and will, though sanctioned by the popular priesthood and church authorities, under the plea that times change, and God's cause must be made attractive by way of *keeping up with the carnal age*. God said, His gospel "is the power of God unto every one that believeth." I am not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus. There is danger of even looking back towards the broad way. Remember Lot's wife. Fellow-soldiers, let us keep our eyes on the mark of the prize. The power of the gospel is able to level down the highest mountains, and strongest walls of sectarianism, and bridge over the deepest gulfs of bigotry. Truth saves to the uttermost, lifting our sight out of the most horrible pit of mire and clay, if we only will embrace it now. But when this probation is past it will be too late—the Intercessor will be Judge. It will then be too late to get free. "Lord, I have cast out devils in thy name." Held protracted meetings in the winter, and "done many wonderful works." "Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you." "Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

THE three things, "in the flesh," "under law," and "sinning," always go together. Where one is, all are found. And the three things, "in the spirit," "under grace," and "holiness," always go together. Where one is, all are found.

THE SABBATH VINDICATED.

A STEAMBOAT came up from Cincinnati, and got into Wheeling on Saturday night. A man on board told his friend he should stop there, and keep the Sabbath, though the boat was going on to Pittsburg, and, if not hindered, would arrive there the next day. He thought they had both better stop; they could then attend church; and, on Monday, should another boat pass, they could take that; and, if not, they could take the stage, go to Cumberland, and there take the rail-car. He had traveled much, and had found that men who stop on the Sabbath seem to get along, on the whole, quite as well as those who travel. At any rate, he should stop. His friend appeared almost persuaded to stop also. He seemed to know that it was right; but, he was "peculiarly situated." Every enlightened man who would break the Sabbath, must, to satisfy either himself or others, make out that he is "peculiarly situated." *Conscience takes the side of the Sabbath.* He must show that his case is an exception to the rule, or condemn himself. What, in this man's case, was the *peculiarity*? He had his family with him, coming over from the west, after long absence, to see old friends at the east. That was a reason why he should stop and keep holy the Sabbath, and thus set a good example to his family, rather than a reason why he should travel. But it would cost more. True, it might. Sometimes it does, and sometimes it does not. But suppose it should. God did not say, Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, unless it will cost more; and why should any man act as if he had said this?

There are two things which no man should ever forget. One is, we have no right to obtain any more money than we can by obeying God. The other is, when we have obtained money, we have no right, and it is not wise, to keep any more than we can and keep holy the Sabbath. All the money which the proper keeping of the Sabbath requires, should go freely. It is a good invest-

ment; and yields often thirty, sixty, and even a hundred fold. Nor can any thing valuable be ultimately gained by doing what a man knows to be wrong.

But the man seemed to forget this, and he went on. On Sabbath morning, that beautiful morning, one of those sweet little children fell overboard and was drowned. In the course of a week, after the father had got over to Pennsylvania, he met the friend who stopped at Wheeling and kept the Sabbath. "Oh," said he, "I did wrong at Wheeling. I ought to have stopped as you did, and kept the Sabbath. But I went on, and I have lost my child." He *might* have lost his child, if he had stopped. Men that do right sometimes lose their children, and it is very trying. But it is much more trying, for a father to lose a child in doing what he knows to be wrong, as this father deeply felt, and as every father similarly situated would feel. The spirit of a man, when sound, will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear it? There is no safety but in doing right. The fear of the Lord which leads a man to do his duty, whatever it may cost him, is not only the beginning, but also the perfection of wisdom. It is the surest way to the highest ultimate good. It is the best policy in this world, and will bring the most gracious and glorious reward in the world to come."—*Edwards.*

NEVER repeat a story unless you are certain it is correct, and not even then unless something is to be gained either of interest to yourself, or for the good of the person concerned. Tattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbor, never reproach his character by saying that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another till the tale becomes enormous.

A GREAT safeguard to youth and age
—meditation upon the word of God.

"REMARKS" FROM A SERMON.

FATHER OLIPHANT ONCE SAID: "I have been reading the Bible now two hours, and have read over yet but two verses." Ah! he had been drinking in their spirit and partaking of their power! Christ spake to his soul! Said I not unto thee, "If thou canst believe, thou shalt see the glory of God?" And have not some of you lingered long on your knees, whilst Christ was saying to your inmost heart—Said I not unto thee, "All things are possible to him that believeth?" The fact is, that when the heart is laid open and prepared to have his glory revealed, a single sentence, a word, has an ocean of meaning. Now, the pearl of great price is found, and verily all else is worthless but Christ. When you speak to them of Christ, they cry—Tell us that story of the cross again! There is no end to their desire to hear of Christ.

I have had occasion many times to say to my friends—You can never settle these questions about the person of Christ, by controversy. You must go to Christ for yourselves and say to him—Reveal thyself to me: Thou art divine; let me know it in my own experience. Didst thou not say, "When He, the Spirit of truth, shall come, He shall reprove the world of sin because they believe not on me?" Let that Spirit guide, reprove and sanctify me.

If ministers do not preach the law, they cannot make men understand the Gospel. So long as the spirituality of the law is not understood, people will lose the true idea of Christ.

Sometimes after the law has deeply convicted men of sin, a single sermon on Christ will bring in hundreds to accept him as their Saviour. But, if men have not this sense of lostness, preaching Christ to them does no good. You might as well proclaim a remedy for an unknown disease.

Who of you have Christ? Whoever has will say—The treasure is far richer than I expected. So it will always be. And with every fresh view of his glories, deeper and deeper will

sink your views of self; higher and higher will rise your views of Christ.

If you have not really found Christ so that you can truly count all things but loss for his name, then you have much more yet to do. You have by no means reached the place yet to rest. O, if theological students were to seek Christ more, and love of book-learning less, they would surely have far more power. Let them get a rich experience of Christ in the soul, and then they will have one of the best requisites for preaching Christ out of their very souls. It is entirely essential to persuasive eloquence that men should absolutely know that of which they try to persuade others.

On the same principle, every Church member needs to have the living Gospel in his own heart before he can hope to commend it with any effect to the hearts of his fellow men. You must yourself find Christ as the merchantman found a precious pearl; then you can direct your fellows how to search and where to find.—Finney.

DAVID'S SYLLOGISM.

THOMAS FULLER, in his "Scripture Observations," says:

Lord, I find David making a syllogism, in mood and figure: two propositions he perfected.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

"But verily God hath heard me. He hath attended to the voice of my prayer."

Now, I expected that David would have concluded thus:

"Therefore, I regard not wickedness in my heart." But far different, he concludes:

"Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

Thus David hath deceived, but not wronged me.

I looked that he should have clapped the crown on his own, but he puts it on God's head. I will learn this excellent logic; for I like David's better than Aristotle's syllogism, that whatever the promises be, I make God's glory the conclusion.

THOUGHTS UPON METHODISM.

1. I AM not afraid that the people called Methodists, should ever cease to exist either in Europe or America. But I am afraid lest they should only exist as a dead sect, having the form of religion without the power. And this undoubtedly will be the case, unless they hold fast both the doctrine, spirit, and discipline with which they first set out.

2. What was their fundamental doctrine? That the Bible is the whole and sole rule, both of Christian faith and practice. Hence they learned, (1.) That religion is an inward principle? that it is no other than the mind that was in Christ? or, in other words, the renewal of the soul after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness. (2.) That this can never be wrought in us, but by the power of the Holy Ghost. (3.) That we receive this, and every other blessing, merely for the sake of Christ? and, (4.) That whosoever hath the mind that was in Christ, the same is our brother, and sister, and mother.

3. In the year 1729, four young students in Oxford agreed to spend their evenings together. They were all zealous members of the Church of England, and had no peculiar opinions, but were distinguished only by their constant attendance on the church and sacrament. In 1735 they were increased to fifteen; when the chief of them embarked for America, intending to preach to the Heathen Indians. Methodism then seemed to die away? but it revived again in the year 1738; especially after Mr. Wesley (not being allowed to preach in the churches,) began to preach in the fields. One and another then coming to inquire what they must do to be saved, he desired them to meet him all together; which they did, and increased continually in number. In November, a large building, the Foundry, being offered him, he began preaching therein, morning and evening; at five in the morning, and at seven in the evening, that the people's labor might not be hindered.

4. From the beginning the men and women sat apart, as they always did in

the primitive church; and none were suffered to call any place their own, but the first comers sat down first. They had no pews; and all the benches for rich and poor were of the same construction. Mr. Wesley began the service with a short prayer; then sung a hymn and preached, (usually about half an hour,) then sung a few verses of another hymn, and concluded with prayer. His constant doctrine was, salvation by faith, preceded by repentance, and followed by holiness.

5. But when a large number of people were joined, the great difficulty was, to keep them together. For they were continually scattering hither and thither, and we knew no way to help it. But God provided for this also, when we thought not of it. A year or two after, Mr. Wesley met the chief of the society in Bristol, and inquired, "How shall we pay the debt upon the preaching house?" Captain Foy stood up and said, "Let every one in the society give a penny a week, and it will easily be done." "But many of them," said one, "have not a penny to give." "True," said the Captain; "then put ten or twelve of them to me. Let each of these give what they can weekly, and I will supply what is wanting." Many others made the same offer. So Mr. Wesley divided the societies among them; assigning a class of about twelve persons to each of these, who were termed leaders.

6. Not long after, one of these informed Mr. Wesley that, calling on such a one in his house, he found him quarreling with his wife. Another was found in drink. It immediately struck into Mr. Wesley's mind, "This is the very thing we wanted. The leaders are the persons that may not only receive the contributions, but also watch over the souls of their brethren." The society in London, being informed of this, willingly followed the example of that in Bristol; as did every society from that time whether in Europe or America. By this means, it was easily found if any grew weary or faint, and help was speedily administered. And if any walked

disorderly, they were quickly discovered, and either amended or dismissed.

7. For those who knew in whom they had believed, there was another help provided. Five or six, either married or single men, met together at such an hour as was convenient, according to the direction of St. James, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, and ye shall be healed." And five or six of the married or single women met together for the same purpose. Innumerable blessings have attended this institution, especially in those who were going on to perfection. When any seemed to have attained this, they were allowed to meet with a select number, who appeared, so far as man could judge, to be partakers of the same "great salvation."

8. From this short sketch of Methodism, (so called,) any man of understanding may easily discern, that it is only plain Scriptural religion, guarded by a few prudential regulations. The essence of it is holiness of heart and life; the circumstances all points to this. And as long as they are joined together in the people called Methodists, no weapon formed against them shall prosper. But if even the circumstantial parts are despised, the essential will soon be lost. And if ever the essential parts should evaporate, what remains will be be dung and dross.

9. It nearly concerns us to understand how the case stands with us at present. I fear, wherever riches have increased, (exceeding few are the exceptions,) the essence of religion, the mind that was in Christ, has decreased in the same proportion. Therefore I do not see how it is possible, in the nature of things, for any revival of true religion to continue long. For religion must necessarily produce both industry and frugality; and these cannot but produce riches. But as riches increase, so will pride, anger, and love of the world, in all its branches.

10. How, then, is it possible that Methodism, that is, the religion of the heart, though it flourishes now as a green bay-tree, should continue in this state?

For the Methodists in every place grow diligent and frugal; consequently, they increase in goods. Hence the proportionable increase in pride, in anger, in the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eyes, and the pride of life. So, although the form of religion remains, the spirit is swiftly vanishing away.

11. Is there no way to prevent this? this continual declension of pure religion? We ought not to forbid people to be diligent and frugal; we must exhort all Christians to gain all they can, and to save all they can; that is, in effect, to grow rich! What way then, (I ask again,) can we take, that our money may not sink us to the nethermost hell? There is one way, and there is no other under heaven. If those who "gain all they can," and "save all they can," will likewise "give all they can," then, the more they gain, the more they will grow in grace, and the more treasure they will lay up in heaven.—*John Wesley.*

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 To BECOME UNHAPPY.—In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself, and of your own things. Don't care about anybody else. Have no feelings for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but the rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them, and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your "rights" are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you.

"PRECIOUS PROMISES."

At a Bible-meeting which I recently attended, one of the speakers, in advocating the claims of the society, said, "I have often thought if we could bear in mind how even *one* text has sometimes been made a comfort and blessing to ourselves, we should be more earnest that this 'book of texts' should be in the hands of every sinning and suffering fellow creature. The promises that have supported *us*, were written also for *them*; the words of hope that have cheered *us*, may also cheer *them*."

These remarks brought powerfully to my mind a scene in my past life; and, hoping that my experience may prove useful to some suffering and fearful brother or sister, I will try to relate it.

At the time of which I write, I was a patient in a London hospital, surrounded by suffering in various forms, and expecting soon to undergo a somewhat serious operation. I was no stranger to pain; I had long suffered; but my sufferings had, until then, been alleviated by the thoughtful care of a beloved mother, sister, or friend, whose sympathy and companionship had been of untold comfort to me. Now, only strangers were around me. I missed the many comforts that had become almost necessities to one in my situation, and I yearned for the familiar home faces, and the clasp of some loved one's hand.

The chief surgeon, attended by a large staff of assistants and students, had just been visiting the ward, and, on leaving me, he had said kindly, "Well, my girl, we will try what we can do for you on Saturday." Oh how my heart sank! I had thought myself courageous, but now my courage seemed to forsake me. I knew I was to take chloroform, and the thought that possibly I might die, without one loved one near me, was almost more than I could bear. "Lord, help me!" burst from my heart; and instantly the answer came, "Lo I am with you *always*." Ah! then I felt how precious is that ever-present "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

With a quiet and trusting spirit I

turned to my Bible to find further comfort. I opened it at Isaiah xli, my eye falling on the tenth verse: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Many times I had read that verse, but never had I seen its beauty and fullness until now. How much of consolation and strength does it contain! All I needed was there promised: the presence of a loving and powerful Friend; strength to bear what was laid upon me; help when strength should fail; and support through all!

But the thirteenth verse came home to me with still greater force: "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." Surely I had seen that verse before, but I did not remember it; and now it seemed expressly written for me. I had longed for some dear one from home, to stand by me and hold my hand, during my time of danger. That "*I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.*" O blessed words! My heart rested in them, and my fears gave place to grateful trust.

And the Lord was faithful to his word. On the Saturday I was enabled not only calmly, but cheerfully, to meet the assembled doctors, and with full confidence in divine help I placed myself in their hands. Just as I was losing consciousness, the nurse who attended me took hold of my right hand. I could not then remember the *words* of my promise, but I still felt its power, and my last thoughts were of my *present* and loving God. When I awoke the danger was past, and I was again in my bed in the ward. Then followed weeks of pain and weakness. Often my memory seemed too feeble to remember, even one text; but my Bible was close at hand, and in every time of special fear I could turn to my short verse, and in the strength of that promise I was enabled patiently to bear my pain.

If any of my readers are now passing

through trial and suffering, let me remind them that the promises which supported and comforted *me* are *theirs* also; and, if God be their friend, they also may sing,

When walking through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay:
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

—*Christian Miscellany.*

THE PROCESS OF FAITH.

THERE is firm groundwork for faith. Yet in its full exercise, or, if the reader please, in its exercise unto full salvation, THERE IS A VENTURING movement of the HEART. The intellect apprehends the groundwork, that "God *is*, and that he is a REWARDER," and it commands the heart to abandon itself by one sudden impulse to the mere mercy, through Christ, of the great Invisible. But the heart shrinks, as if some terrible experiment were to be tried. However distinctly the heart may have the needful consciousness of having surrendered all idols, it is inclined to wait passively for God to come to it and lead it to faith by feeling, rather than actively to venture upon God, to find feeling by faith. At least, it would fain not move till it have a sign. It has been accustomed to tangible pledges. Its attachments and its studies of produce have been confined to temporal things, "which are seen." To press along toward the invisible and untried sea, then, (not absurdly waiting first to feel the unreached element) TO DROP RIGHT OFF, without plank or plummet; THIS IS VENTURING, heart venturing.

Such process, it is believed, is more or less vivid in the memory of most persons who have experienced the deep things of God. Testimonies might be multiplied. For brevity, the following only are submitted: The Rev. John Butterworth, a minister of England says: "One day as I was reading in a book called the 'Marrow of Modern Divinity,' a sentence from Luther was quoted, which was this: 'I would run into the arms of Christ, if he stood with a drawn sword in his hand.' This

thought came bolting into my mind, 'So will I too;' and these words of Job occurred: 'Though he slay me, yet WILL I TRUST IN HIM.' My burden dropped off; my soul was filled with joy and peace, through believing in Christ; A VENTUROUS BELIEVING, as Mr. Belcher calls it, was the means of setting me at liberty."

Dr. Adam Clarke testified that his successful struggle for a clean heart, was "while earnestly wrestling with the Lord in prayer and endeavoring self desperately to believe."

"CALL ME."

THE following anecdote, in connection with the labors of President Finney, is said to be authentic:

He was preaching, years ago, in one of the central cities of New York, to a large audience, in a time of revival. He had been explaining that men, under conviction of sin, would sometimes show their conviction in singular ways. Sometimes it would make them cross and fault-finding. They would scold their wives, and make all about them uneasy. Then he added, "If I knew you as well as your pastor does, I could point to you where you sit. *You*, are in this condition,—*you* know you are a sinner, and need now to repent; and will not. *You* have been scolding that good wife, who has been praying for you these years. I could call you out now by name." At this point, he was interrupted by a voice from the farther part of the room, saying, "Call me." The man afterwards explained, that he verily expected to hear his name announced, and only spoke to be beforehand. He could not, at first, be persuaded that Mr. Finney did not know his case, or had not been told it by some one. He said: "This very morning I scolded my wife, and everything besides,—all the while knowing I was a miserable sinner. Then I harnessed my horse, and came into the city with her to church. I suppose, *somehow*, you must know my name." Oh, for such preaching as makes men feel, I am the man!—*Exchange.*

EDITORIAL.

WORK FOR GOD.

THE highest favor that can be conferred upon a mortal, is to be permitted to work for God. The dignity of the calling does not depend upon the work done; but upon the exalted character of Him for whom it is performed. The Queen of Sheba regarded the servants of Solomon as objects of envy. His fame was great throughout the world, and his servants shared in his renown.

If those who serve an earthly monarch, derive lustre from his power, much more are those exalted who do the bidding of the KING OF KINGS. They are the favored ones of earth. They are akin to angels. These do the will of God in Heaven; the saints do it in the more difficult place—on Earth. Their reward is great. It will be bestowed—not according to the nature of the work; but according to the fidelity with which it is done.

God will give employment to every one who will consent to do His will. But we cannot choose our work. God does that. We are very apt to over-estimate our own ability. A railroad could never be run if every man was allowed to choose his own position. The brakemen would all want to be conductors—the conductors, directors—the firemen, engineers, and the engineers, superintendents. There is always confusion in the cause of God when the disciples insist upon choosing their places. Diotrephes is never satisfied, unless he can have the pre-eminence. His motto is, "Rule or ruin;" and where he rules, he is almost sure to ruin. The foot is a very useful member of the body; but place it where the eye should be, and it becomes a deformity and a nuisance. He who is sulky and fault-finding unless he can be a class-leader, is not fit for a class-leader. He who backslides because a license is not given him, stands more in need of saving grace than of a license.

If we really desire to serve God, we shall take our work as His Providence opens it up before us. We shall not grumble at his allotments. We shall not keep everything in confusion by insisting upon having

our own preferences gratified. Some persons, who really appear to want to be good, can never be, for any length of time, contented anywhere. Things do not go as they wish. The wills of others come in conflict with their own. Unexpected difficulties arise. Faith and perseverance might overcome them; but they take it for granted that they are out of order, and they seek a change.

Let God give you your work. If it is taking care of children, nurse them for Him, and He will give thee thy wages. If it is serving others, do it, not with eye-service as men-pleasers; but do it heartily as unto the Lord. Whatever your work is, do it well; and do it for God. This is the main point. The nature of the work is a matter of inferior importance. It is the disposition that God looks at, far more than the service done. You can hire strangers to fill a genteel situation; but if a lingering disease preys upon you, it is love alone that can perform with cheerfulness the unpleasant service that your circumstances require. We manifest most affection for Jesus, when we perform for Him the most menial, and least honorable service in our power.

 BESETTING SINS.

EVERY one has his besetting sin. It varies in different individuals. In one it is pride; in another it is self-indulgence, in some of its thousand forms; in another, indolence; in another, avarice, and in another, self-will.

It is very easy to gain the victory over the besetting sin: it is very hard to hold the victory when gained. When a pond is full of water, it overflows at the lowest place. The besetting sin is the natural outlet for heart depravity.

Let a saint grieve the Spirit of God in any way, and the loss which he has sustained will soon be manifested by his yielding to his besetting sin. It will gain the mastery. He may struggle at first; but he is almost sure to go under. Then comes a period of spiritual darkness and desolation—of deep humiliation and of breaking down before God.

No quarters whatever should be shown to the besetting sin. It should be sentenced to die without benefit of clergy. The sentence should be speedily and thoroughly executed. Give the besetting sin no indulgence. To gratify it, will be only to prolong its existence. If it lives, the soul dies. If it has dominion, the soul will wail in the blackness of darkness forever.

The efficient remedy against the besetting sin, is the all-cleansing blood of Jesus. The provisions of the atonement are ample. When it is said, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanses us from all sin," the besetting sin is not excepted. It is included in *all sin*. Desponding one, there is hope. Help is laid on *One mighty to save*. Every chain may be broken. The soul may walk, even on this earth, amid temptations, free and unfettered. We may be blameless and harmless—the sons of God without rebuke. The condition is, that *we walk in the light*. Our convictions on all points must be obeyed. Consecrations that are made when the mighty power of the Spirit is upon us, must be carried out when the testing time comes. There must be no drawing back—no withholding of anything from God.—Besetting sins send their fibres down deep into the soul, and they hold on with a tenacious grasp. The blood that cleanses goes no deeper than the consecration. If you want, then, *dominion over* your besetting sin, take up daily *the cross* that causes you to die to your own will,—to die to the world. If duties are clearly presented to your mind, and held before it by the Spirit and the Providence of God, compel your cordial consent to their performance.

Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and finisher of our faith.

DESPAIR.

PAUL gives us a catalogue of the fruits of the Spirit. Despair is not among them. The Spirit of God does not beget despair. It convicts, but with the conviction there is encouragement. Despair implies a de-

sire for salvation. This is begotten by the Holy Spirit. In it is a pledge of God's willingness to save. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." A desire to be saved is a good desire. God is always ready to fulfil this desire whenever it comes from the heart. The ability of Christ to save to the uttermost, is limited only to those that come unto God by Him. There is no limitation whatever to any class or classes of character. The depth of our poverty has nothing to do with the ability of a rich man to help us. The pauper is as capable as any one of being comfortably clothed and well fed. So he who is utterly helpless in the strong grasp of sin, has the capacity of being delivered by Him who is MIGHTY TO SAVE. The saving power belongs exclusively to Jesus. No quality belonging to us contributes to His ability to save. *The chastisement of our iniquities was laid upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed.* It does no good for us to chastise ourselves. Penances do not benefit us. Repentance unto salvation is all that is demanded. The requirement is, LOOK UNTO ME AND BE YE SAVED. To look at ourselves begets despair—looking unto Jesus brings salvation.

Then do not be discouraged over your many failures. You have tried your own resolutions—they have utterly failed you. Now try Jesus. Come to Him as at the first. Do not try any longer to settle that troublesome doubt as to whether you ever were converted or not. Come to Jesus now. Rely fully upon Him. Offer up your whole being a living sacrifice to His service. Take His yoke fully upon you; and you shall find rest to your soul—rest from guilt—from fears—from sin.

NEW YEAR.—God bless you, dear reader, and give you a happy new year! Do you wish to know how to have every day happy? Govern your life by the precepts of Jesus. Especially claim the blessing pronounced in the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of Mathew.

May this year be the best one thus far, in your life.

REV. JOHN JONES.

THERE are some Christians, who can be depended upon in an emergency. When the zeal of others who make much larger promises gives out, they hold on, and overcome difficulties and conquer seeming impossibilities.

Such a man was Rev. John Jones. He was one of the first to welcome us to New York, and was one of the few to stand by the work until death.

John Jones was born in Armagh Co., Ireland, of pious parents, in 1804, and died in the 65th year of his age, Oct. 31st, 1869.—His father was of Quaker parentage; but his mother was a Methodist, the daughter of Mr. Gardner, a very excellent man, whose life has been published as being one of the pioneers of Methodism where he lived, and in whose house Mr. Wesley preached. He has often said, he owed his first convictions in connection with the Holy Spirit, to his mother's prayers. He has often met her coming out of the barn, her eyes red and wet with tears, where she had been praying for him, when he had been out all night, perhaps, at the pleasure party. But he had put off all convictions until he was about twenty years of age. The Spirit of God strove with him one day, as he was plowing, and told him to yield his heart to God now, or it would be the last opportunity he would have. He immediately went to a corner of the field, and there, for the first time in real earnest, poured out his heart to God in prayer for pardon; and he never ceased the struggle till he found that peace which passeth all understanding.

He was taken into the Methodist Church on trial, and commenced immediately to work for the Lord, to save souls. He went from house to house, telling them what the Lord had done for his soul. He was licensed to exhort, and walked three or four miles every Sabbath morning to lead his class. And so he labored, and studied for the ministry—for he believed the Lord called him to it—for four years. He was then ordained, and stood ready to fill his first appointment, when, by some intrigue, the nephew of one of the ministers was sent out in his place,—one that did not pass

his examination nor preach his trial sermon. The disappointment proved a heavy trial to him.

He shortly afterward married, and came to this country. He joined the Conference, and traveled for some time. His wife's health was not good, and she did not enjoy religion, and refused to go with him. At that time, preachers had to undergo hardships and trials that they know nothing about in these days. In short, everything combined to discourage him, especially as he had to leave his wife among strangers, with very little to make her comfortable. So he withdrew from the Conference, but continued to preach and labor, working with his own hands—not only that he might not be a burden to any, but that he might have to give to him that needed. Like his Master, he went about doing good to the bodies and souls of his fellow-men; and his labors were not disowned of God.

In the Attorney St. Protestant Methodist Church, where he labored for about eighteen years, they have more than once solicited him to become their pastor, instead of the one sent them by Conference. About the same time, he became acquainted with an Episcopalian Bishop, who wanted him to join that church, and he would give him one of the best parishes in his diocese; but he would not do it, but continued to labor for the salvation of souls among the despised Methodists.

About nine years ago, through the *Earnest Christian*, he began to learn about the Free Methodists. He was among the first to urge us to form a society in New York, and was one of the eight that formed the first class. He labored to increase their number with such as, we trust, shall be saved in glory,—not only preaching for them, but opening his house to preachers and people. All were welcome. When we were without a place of worship, he opened his house in 20th St., New York, for public worship; and for nearly two months, he, with Sister Jane Dunning, labored unitedly and with great success. Simon Boyd was one among the number that were saved at that time. He has since gone home to glory.

That society, with the blessing of God, owes its existence to him and his faithful labors. Nor did he leave it, until a preacher came, appointed by Conference to New York City. He then, in 1868, moved to Brooklyn, and found work in abundance. Several years before he died, he gave up business, and devoted himself entirely to the work of the Lord and the salvation of souls. He also opened his doors and established a weekly meeting for prayer and experience, which he continued to hold every Thursday evening, until Bro. Mackey purchased the Brooklyn church.

Eternity alone will tell the results of his labors. He was prized and loved most by those who knew him best, for forty years, not only as a preacher and class-leader, but as an every-day Christian. And by none, more than his own beloved family, where his memory will be ever fresh; and where he was not only honored and respected, but almost worshiped by his little ones. But their loss is his gain—praise the Lord! It is written, *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.*

"THE FREE METHODIST."

THIS paper, in its new form and under its new management, is fairly under way. Brother Mackey succeeds in making a most excellent paper. It is well filled, from week to week, with valuable reading matter. It is thoroughly religious. It is not, like many of the periodicals, professedly religious, but in reality secular with a religious department.

Although, as its name implies, it is the organ of the Free Methodist Denomination, it may be read with profit by all. Give it a generous support. It is an able advocate of uncompromising Christianity. Subscribe for it yourself—recommend it to your friends.

Weekly—\$2.00 a year. Address Joseph Mackey, 88 White street, New York.

THE flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends toward the Sun of Righteousness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DYING TESTIMONY.

HANNAH BARRON, wife of Rev. J. W. Barron, was born in Holland, Erie Co., N. Y., in the year 1814. Died in Quincy, Branch Co., Mich., Oct. 5, 1870, in the 56th year of her age.

Bro. and Sis. Barron moved from the East, and settled in Elkhart, Ind., where they lived some thirty-five years. About two years after they settled there, she experienced religion and joined the M. E. Church, under the labors of Rev. Richard Robinson. Previous to her conversion, she was extremely fond of dress and dancing. But the Lord saved her from these, and she lived a consistent, Christian life up to the time of her death. She was, therefore, waiting for the summons to come. Some six or seven years ago, she became dissatisfied with the way things were going in the Church to which she belonged. She therefore left them, and joined the Free Methodist Church, under the labors of T. S. LaDue. Soon after this, she and her family removed to the East, and became identified with the same denomination, where Rev. O. O. Bacon was then laboring. After they had lived there some six years, Sister Barron desired to go back West.—She said she did not want to die East.—Bro. Barron, therefore, sold his farm and came to Michigan, and settled in the town of Quincy, where she died after an illness of two weeks, during which time she was a very patient sufferer.

About forty-eight hours before her death, she was unable to talk much, although she retained her reason to the last. If anything was said about Jesus [to her, she would rouse up and smile, and give expression of her delight in Him whom her soul loved. But if any other matter was talked of, she hardly noticed it. She said but very little during her sickness. Her lamp was trimmed and burning. She was prepared to die, because she was prepared to live. She left a living testimony, rather than a dying one. She was a very efficient laborer at the August camp-meeting, held on the old Quincy cam ound this last summer. She left

some very good, pointed testimonies, which told for God and the truth. She enjoyed the meeting uncommonly well. The Lord was ripening her for another world.

Her body is no more with us, but her memory is sweet and lasting. It was a solemn and glorious time at the funeral. May the good Lord inspire many more to live and die as she has done! It is certainly desirable to have such an experience. Her friends, east and west, will feel her loss—but it is only for a short time; and we shall have this to think of, There is one more in heaven to praise God when we get there.

W. W. WARNER.

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LOVE FEAST.

NETTIE CLARK.—The Lord has favored me, the past summer, with a place among real pilgrims. It has been a great blessing to me, and I am now proving His power to save. The Lord keeps my soul in perfect peace. He gives me that perfect love that casteth out all fear. I am living on the Rock, where the inhabitants are allowed to shout aloud for joy. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Jesus reigns in my heart without a rival, and I would not disobey Him to please the best of earthly friends. The Lord has greatly strengthened my faith, by healing a bodily disease.—From a little child, I have been troubled with the catarrh. When I have heard others tell what the Lord has done for their bodies, I have often wished that I might be healed. But I would very soon find myself saying, The day of miracles has passed; and almost doubting the testimonies of those who had been healed. I thought and said, that if the Lord did heal me, I would never speak of it, as it would only cause those who had no experience in such blessings, to ridicule, and call me a fanatic. But when I asked the Lord to heal my disease, He showed me that I must desire it for His glory, and be willing to testify to what He did for me. When I promised to use the health He gave me to His glory, He gave me the blessing; and to-day I have an evidence, bright as the noon-day sun, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth my heart and healeth my disease. A

short time since, when tempted, I asked the Lord for a passage of Scripture to cheer me. I opened at these words: "Beloved, I desire above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." I love the plain, uncompromising way. I take this way from choice, and pray daily for the Lord to give me light and grace. I heard a good sister say, at the camp-meeting, that she was one of the Lord's invincibles. There has scarcely a day passed since, but those words have come to my mind; and I have been asking the Lord to make me invincible for Him and His cause.

SUSIE E. ULLYETE.—O, glory to the Lamb! Jesus saves me this morning, and gives me the glory in my soul. O, bless His name! I am saved so sweetly, and feel such peace and joy in my soul. I am filled with love to Jesus.

"Oh for this love! let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak."

Nearly nine months have passed since Jesus saved me and made me wholly his.—Since that time, he has been leading me in the "highway cast up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in." Sometimes temptations have been strong, and for a time seemed almost to overcome me; but through all I could hear the still small voice, saying, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Oh, glory to Jesus! He is *able* and *willing* to deliver us when we are tempted. His promises are sure. And He promises never to leave us, nor forsake us. Oh, glory!—Hallelujah! I am *all* the Lord's—soul, body and spirit—and have the witness continually, that I am His and He is mine. I am in the "narrow way," and my feet upon the "Rock." I ask all earnest Christians to pray for me, that I may ever be faithful and overcome; for Jesus says, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Oh, how precious is the sound of Jesus' name!

MARY P. HAVEN.—My heart is filled un-

utterably full of love and gratitude to God for His unbounded goodness to me. I know He loves and owns me for His dear child, although so unworthy. Words cannot express my love for God and His dear children—His faithful followers, no matter by what name they may be called. I am striving to live very near my dear Redeemer. I love His will better than my own. The past year has been one of much suffering, and I have had some severe trials; but my precious Saviour has been my support. He is always nearest when I need Him most. Forever blessed be his dear name!

JOSEPH FRANCISCO.—Last February—three days after I said I could not work for the Lord in the way that He wants me to—my eye became sore and blind. Soon as I resolved to do His will, my eyes got better, although I am not yet able to read or write. But the blood of Jesus cleanses me this morning from all sin. I am going through, for the King is in the camp. Hallelujah!

B. F. ISENHOWER.—I praise the Lord this morning, for a full and free salvation that cleanses from all sin. Praise the Lord, O my soul!

ANNA E. ISENHOWER.—I can praise the Lord, this morning, for what I feel in my soul. I can praise the Lord for a full and free salvation. He has cleansed me, and made me whole. I belong to the Evangelical Association.

WM. CANTINE, JR.—Truly, my soul waiteth upon God; from Him cometh my salvation. Praise Jesus! I feel He saves me now. God reclaimed me from a backslidden state, on the 30th of October, 1870.—Glory to God! He is saving souls here; many are turning to Christ. Brethren, rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks. The language of my heart is—Praise the Lord.

MARY CARPENTER.—To-day finds me happy in the Lord. I look for stormy days—have seen a few of late. But I find that Jesus is better than all my fears. He not

only leads my feet by the side of still waters, but He even carries me in His arms. He never seemed so good to me as now.—Last Monday night, while praying with those who love the Lord, the baptism of the Holy Spirit came down in a plentiful shower, filling the room, and our souls were abundantly refreshed. I went out from that room, feeling that a new creation had been wrought more fully in me than ever before. Glory be to God for a new and living way for all His redeemed ones!

WM. WENTZ.—My experience this hour is, that I love God with all my heart. No privation, trial, or effort seems too great, if I may but know and answer the end of my being. I am saved—fully saved. The narrow way is better to me than all earthly possessions or glory; and to God be all the glory, for His redeeming love to me—a poor sinner, saved by grace.

WM. FELL.—I enjoy the precious love of Jesus in my soul. All is serene and lovely within. I am kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. Glory be to God forever and ever, amen! The work of God is going on here in Buffalo. Things look bright and encouraging. I am still engaged in assisting to preserve the peace of the city, and my Jesus does help me do His blessed will. Dear brother, take courage; stand straighter than ever; preach closer; don't swerve a hair; blow your trumpet louder. The cause of God demands it. There never was need of it more than the present. I am praying for you night and day.

P. M. PLUMMER.—I was one of the first that subscribed for the *Earnest Christian*. And I can say, from the bottom of my heart and before God, that I am not sorry that I ever did, on the camp-ground near St. Charles, start in favor of the clean thing. To-day, though deprived of my earthly companion—who, after three weeks' illness, was buried on the 20th of Nov. last—I find Jesus more and more precious. I cannot give up the *Earnest Christian*. I love the testimonies I find recorded in its pages.